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Lives Of Great Men

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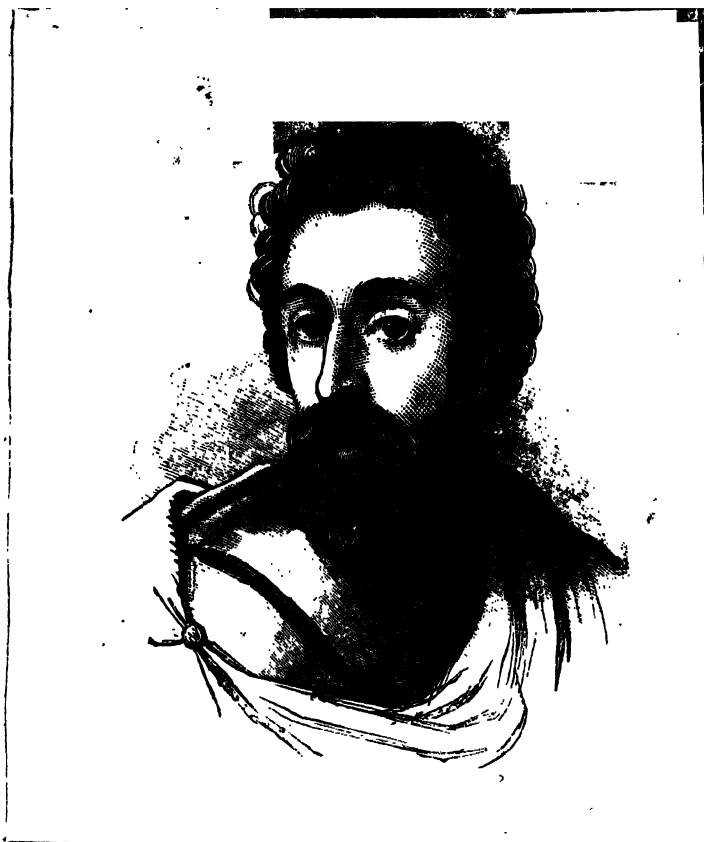
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SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

"Fell Southrons said that Wallace felt na sair,
Guid devotion, sac, was his beginning,
Contained therewith, and fair was his ending."

—DRUM HOGG'S CHRONICLE.

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INTRODUCTORY.

OF all the names with which Scotland has adorned history, no one stands out more proudly than that of Sir William Wallace. This famous hero is in a conspicuous manner the boast

of his country—a country which, from first to last, has contributed rather more than her fair share of the great men of the world.

Romance never pictured to herself a career of more thrilling interest than that of Wallace.

by Providence, and by the achievement of such success as he had attained, the lot even of the despotic monarch. We follow his footsteps with sympathy, and find in him an "extraordinary instance of what a short space of time, in the compass of his life, may develop a character which, without exaggeration, he termed heroic."

His memory is cherished, and his achievements are remembered, not only by his countrymen, but by all who love the deeds of liberty, will not be forgotten by those who read the following

CHARACTERISTICS FOR A KING

On the night, in March 1286, Alexander III. of Scotland, long remembered as "the good King Alexander," rode along the north shore of the Forth opposite to Edinburgh. Near the present burn of Kinghorn he had to pass over a rugged rocky story of basaltic trap. Here he was pitched from his horse and killed.

This event must be our starting point if we are to understand the career of Sir William Wallace and intelligently estimate the services rendered by him to his country.

With the death of Alexander a period of profound tranquillity came to a close. His reign had been characterized by national prosperity of no ordinary order. Manufactures had flourished, industry on all hands had grown rich, the ports of Scotland had been crowded by foreign merchantmen, and it had been emphatically a time of peace and plenty. The period which was opened may well be described as one of the most glorious in the history of the nation.

Heir to the Scottish throne was Alexander's grand-daughter, and his daughter, King Eric of Norway, a little princess, just two years of age.

This child was of special interest to the English nation. Their monarch, Edward I., had resolved on her marriage to his son, and as a peaceful means of effecting the union of the two kingdoms, a project long entertained on the south side of the border. He had even gone so far as to obtain a dispensation from the Pope to enable the wedding to take place—the young Edward and the infant Queen of Scots were cousins-german—and so within the prescribed limits by the canon law.

Edward's plans, however, were frustrated by an unlooked-for death. On the 1st September, 1290, the young Queen—the Maid of Norway, as she was called—died at Orkney, on her way to Scotland. In her the royal line of William the

lion became extinct, and an empty throne had to be supplied for.

Galloway were now ransacked, and could attest that an inter-marriage with royal blood had occurred in his family, by a claim to be King. There were no fewer than three claimants. The two who certainly show the best title were Robert Bruce and Baliol. The question between these two claimants was not free from doubt, according to the custom of the time; and Edward, to whom the decision was referred, appears at first to have acted with good faith. But this great King, who had already subdued Wales, was now bent on uniting the British Islands under one sceptre, and in the pursuit of that object he sacrificed humanity, honour, and justice. To the English crown he declared for neither Baliol nor Bruce, but for himself as sovereign, recognising Baliol, however as vassal king, and accordingly he had that weak-minded man crowned at Scone on the 30th November, 1290.

Taking advantage of his superior power, and of his influence with the barons of Norman race, who were then the foremost persons among the nobility of Scotland, Edward now led his host to establish English supremacy over the northern kingdom. Sailing under favourable changes, the Scottish fleet made an attempt, when Baliol at the head, to drive out the English, and capture the usurper. It failed, however, and the battle of Dunbar, fought in the spring of 1296, only made Edward's power the greater. Baliol was captured and sent to London, and all the accessible portions of the country were placed in the hands of English troops.

The influence of Edward's authority over the sovereignty of Scotland, and the country with which it was enforced, removed the opposition of all classes of the Scottish people, except the higher nobles. The country, and the middle and lower classes of the Lowlands, had for many years identified themselves with the country in which they dwelt, rather than with the great English race from which most of them drew their descent; and what has been styled the War of Independence began, which resulted in the deliverance of Scotland from foreign rule. At the cost, however, of the comparative civilization and tranquillity which the country had enjoyed under the descendants of Malcolm Canmore. Of this struggle Wallace was the great head.

WALLACE'S BIRTH AND DESCENT; MILITARY CAPACITY AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Sir William Wallace was born in the reign

Alexander III. The precise year of his birth is not mentioned in any record at present known to exist. He was the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerslie, near Paisley, a knight whose family was ancient but neither rich nor noble. He had himself been knighted, and was thus, by the etiquette of Norman chivalry, as well entitled to lead armies as any noble, or even monarch, of his day.

"To which of the several races inhabiting Scotland his family belonged," says Mr. John Hill Burton, "is a question that has been deemed interesting, since he was certainly the representative and champion of the remnant of the Saxon, or pure Norse inhabitants of Britain, who had not yet been subjected to the southern yoke. But social position was of more weight in this matter than mere origin. He may have been of Norman descent; there were Wallaces scattered over England, and one came in with the Conqueror. But in reality the Normans were of the same northern Teutonic blood as the Saxons.

"If a family had been living among the Scotch people from generation to generation, it mattered not whether the first who had pitched his tabernacle there had come from Denmark or Friesland; whether he had been one of the Saxons of England, seeking refuge from the tyranny of William's forest-laws, or a grandson of one of William's own followers. The interests and feelings of such a family would be in harmony with those of the commonalty of which they were a part, and it was of such a family that William Wallace came."

Wallace was a man of vast political and military genius. As a soldier we find in him one of those marvellously-gifted men met with at long intervals, who can see through the military superstitions of the day, and organize a formidable resistance out of those elements which the pedantic soldier rejects as rubbish. In those days bodily strength and knightly powers were of the highest consequence in commanding respect and ensuring success. Wallace had an iron frame. His make, as he grew up to manhood, approached almost to the gigantic; and his personal strength was superior to the common run of even the strongest men. His passions were hasty and violent; a strong hatred to the English, who now insolently lorded it over Scotland, began to show itself at a very early period of his life; and this aversion was fostered in the youth by an uncle, a priest, who, deploring the calamities of his country, was never weary of extolling the sweets of liberty, and lamenting the miseries of dependence. Philosophy had not yet come to the conclusion that one government is as good as another.

FIRST EXPLOITS.

"Of the character," remarks Mr. Hill Burton, "in which Wallace first became formidable, the accounts in literature are distractingly conflicting. With the chroniclers of his own country, who wrote after the War of Independence, he is raised to the highest pinnacle of magnanimity and heroism. To the English contemporary chronicler he is a pestilent ruffian; a disturber of the peace of society; an outrager of all laws and social duties; finally, a robber—the head of one of the many bands of robbers and marauders then infesting Scotland. But Edward's government and organization were not of a kind to permit mere daring and robbery, and there were far more formidable powers at work than these, which the administration of criminal justice could cope with. The people were all exasperated, and all ready to rise against their now oppressors, wanting but a leader; and the course of events brought them that leader in Wallace."

The intrepid temper of Wallace appears first to have shown itself in a quarrel in the town of Lanark, with some of the English officers who insulted him. This led to bloodshed; and he would have been overpowered and slain in the streets had it not been for the interference of a female dependent, to whose house he fled, and by whose assistance he escaped to the neighbouring woods. In a spirit of cruel and unmanly revenge, Hislop, the English sheriff, attacked the house and put the woman to death; for which he was himself assaulted and slain by Wallace.

The consequence of this was to him the same as to many others who at this time preferred a life of dangerous freedom to the indulgence and security of submission. He was proclaimed a traitor, banished his home, and driven to seek safety in the wilds and fastnesses of his country. It was here that he collected by degrees a little band, composed at first of a few brave men of desperate fortunes, who had forsworn their vassalage to their lords and refused submission to Edward, and who at first carried on that predatory warfare against the English to which they were impelled as well by the desire of plunder and the necessity of subsistence as by the love of liberty.

These men chose Wallace for their chief. Superior rank—for as yet none of the nobility or barons had joined them—his uncommon courage and personal strength, and his unconquerable thirst of vengeance against the English, naturally influenced their choice, and the result proved how well it had fallen. His plans were laid with so much judgment, that in his first attacks against straggling

parties of the English he was generally successful. Or if surprised by unexpected numbers, his superior strength and bravery, and the ardour with which he inspired his followers, enabled them to overpower every effort which was made against them.

To him these early and desultory excursions against the enemy were highly useful, as he thus became acquainted with the strongest passes of his country, and acquired habits of command over men of fierce and turbulent spirits. To them the advantage was reciprocal, for they began gradually to feel confidence in their leader; they were accustomed to rapid marches, to endure fatigue and privation, to be on their guard against surprise, to feel the effects of discipline and obedience, and by the successes which these insured, to regard with contempt the nation by whom they had allowed themselves to be overcome. Amongst the stories told of Wallace at this time, we may repeat the following, in which there is something characteristic.

A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE.

One day, having visited Ayr in disguise, Wallace's attention was attracted by a crowd collected near the quarters of the military. In the midst of a circle of his own countrymen there stood an Englishman of huge dimensions, playing off his wicker against the Scots, and offering, for a groat, an opportunity of avenging any injury they might have received from the English, by permitting the best among them to exert their utmost strength in striking a blow upon his back with a pole which he held in his hand; accompanying this absurd declaration with ridiculous gestures and scurrilous language, while his mailed companions, with arms akimbo, stood loitering round, laughing and enjoying the humour of their bulky buffoon.

Wallace approached, and offered three times the sum for the permission offered. This was readily agreed to by the jester, who winked to his companions, as he prepared to fulfil the conditions. The wary Scot had observed the trick; and grasping the pole above the place where it was intended to give way, he let fall a blow with such good will that the spine yielded to its force, and the foolish fellow sank with a groan at the feet of his companions.

Instantly the swords of the English were out to revenge the slaughter of their favourite. One of them, advancing towards the offender, received a blow on the head, which laid him dead across the body of the jester. Surrounded on all sides by the increasing numbers of his adversaries, he applied his weapon with a rapidity and force which

kept the most forward of them at bay. Over the steel bacinet of a powerful trooper the fatal pole was shivered to pieces. Others, seeing him, as they imagined, disarmed by this incident, rushed forward, expecting to overwhelm him with their numbers; but on drawing his sword, which he had concealed under his dress, they as quickly receded from the well-known power of his arm.

Having, by his trusty blade, cleared the way to one of the outlets of the town, he was there attacked by two of the boldest of the garrison, who had not before mingled in the fray. The object of one of them appeared to be, to engage him in a little sword-play, and thus give his party an opportunity of hemming him in; but Wallace, aware of the value of his time, broke through the guard of his artful opponent with a blow which clove him to the teeth; while the other, in the act of retreating, received a thrust through an opening in his armour which laid him senseless by the side of his companion. Five of the English soldiers had now fallen beneath the arm of the youthful warrior, and the rest seemed so averse to come within his reach that he had time to gain a little copse in the neighbourhood, where he had left his horse before he had entered the town, and bounding into the saddle, Wallace was soon beyond the reach of any fresh assistance they might procure. Horse and foot were, however, soon on the alert; but after a long and fruitless pursuit, they were obliged to return—some of those who had already witnessed his prowess no way displeased at their want of success.

THE BURNING OF THE BARN OF AYR.

Another of Wallace's exploits about this time was the burning of what were called the Barns of Ayr. It seems that the English governor of Ayr had invited a large number of the Scottish nobility and gentry to meet him at these barns or buildings, for the purpose, as he pretended, of conferring together in a friendly manner on the affairs of Scotland. He really, however, meditated the most cold-blooded and relentless treachery. His intention was to put the whole assembly of gentlemen to death, by causing soldiers in attendance to run nooses over their heads, and then hang them to the beams of the roof. A large number accepted his invitation, unsuspecting of any such plot, and as they were admitted into the house, nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were immediately drawn up to the beams overhead and hanged. Amongst the sufferers in this infamous tragedy was Reginald Crawford, the sheriff of Ayrshire, and uncle to Wallace.

Wallace heard what had happened, and he deter-

mined on severe retaliation. Selecting fifty of his confederates, he hastened to the spot, and being joined by a number of the retainers of the murdered gentlemen, they surrounded the buildings where the English were cantoned, and who, indulging in fancied security, arising from the terror which they imagined their last act was likely to impress upon the Scots, had, after a deep carousal, betaken themselves to rest, little dreaming of the vengeance that awaited them.

Having procured the necessary combustibles, Wallace, after disposing of his men so as to prevent the escape of any of the English, set fire to the thatch, which being covered with pitch, the flames soon spread to every part of the buildings, and rose in one general conflagration, while the screaming wretches within, vainly attempting to escape, were received on the points of the Scottish swords, and either killed or forced back to perish in the devouring element. It is said that five hundred of the English suffered in this lamentable manner. The severity of the retaliation can only be palliated by the nature of the war the parties were engaged in, and the desperation to which the cruelty of the invaders had goaded on the wretched inhabitants.

If tradition may be credited, Wallace did not remain till the flames were extinguished; for when about two miles on his return, at an elevated part of the road, he is said to have made his men look back on the still blazing scene of their vengeance, remarking at the same time that "the barns of Ayr burn well." This spot is still pointed out.

AT GARGUNNOCK.

The Scottish insurgents having at last become abundantly supplied with all the munitions of war, and being animated by their success to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, became impatient to prosecute hostilities against their oppressors; and their leader, who was not of a character to allow the swords of brave men to rest in their scabbards, soon found them an opportunity to gratify their wishes.

At Gargunnoch, in the neighbourhood of Stirling, the English had erected a small fortification, or *peel*, which they had plentifully furnished with provisions. Some of the Scots in that quarter, who secretly adhered to Wallace, observing the carelessness which at times prevailed in setting the watch, and that the drawbridge was occasionally left down all night, for the purpose of admitting in the morning the labourers who were still employed about it, conveyed the intelligence to their chief, who resolved to make himself master of the place the following night. Accordingly, two spies

were despatched, to ascertain the probability of success.

Towards evening a column of smoke was seen rising from a neighbouring hill—it was the signal agreed upon if the party were to advance. Wallace instantly set his men in motion, and about midnight arrived in front of the place which was the object of attack. As they expected, the drawbridge was down, but they found the door strongly secured within. Impatient at the delay this occasioned, our hero raised a heavy piece of timber, and rushing with it against the door, the fastenings gave way with a violence that loosened the stones, not yet properly cemented, and nearly a yard of the wall came tumbling to the ground. The porter, awakened by the noise, attempted to strike him with a ponderous mace. Wallace avoided the blow, and before he could recover his unwieldy weapon, laid him lifeless at his feet.

Thornton, the captain of the garrison, now appeared with the men under his command; but the Scots had got too firm footing within the fort to be easily expelled. After a sanguinary conflict, in which the captain fell by the hand of Wallace, the garrison was put to the sword, with the exception of the women and children, who received from the victors as much courtesy as the rudeness of the age entitled them to expect. The wife and three children of Thornton, after being supplied with what necessaries they required, were allowed to depart along with the other women, and furnished with a pass from Wallace by which they could proceed in safety to any of the towns in the possession of the English. The Scots found in the peel of Gargunnoch abundance of all kinds of necessaries, with a large sum of money, which Wallace divided equally among his followers; and, after distributing what part of the stores they did not require among his oppressed countrymen in the neighbourhood, he demolished the fortification, and proceeded with his companions on their crusade against the enemies of their independence.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Shortly before engaging in this contest with the English, Wallace, according to some chroniclers, had fallen in love. Going to the kirk of Lanark one day, he had seen Marion Bradfute, the orphan daughter of Sir Hugh Bradfute of Lamington. Her father, mother, and brother being dead, the orphan girl led a retired life at Lanark, purchasing protection from insult by paying a sum of money to Hasting, the English governor, who, it is said, intended, with an eye to her estate, to make a match between her and his son. She was at this

time eighteen years of age, and an ancient minstrel gives this interesting account of her:—

"All suffered she, and right lowly her bare,
Amiable, so benign, and wise,
Courteous and sweet, full-filled of gentleness,
Well ruled of tongue."

For a while Wallace struggled between love and duty—between Marion Bradfute and his native country. However, he managed at last to reconcile the two by marrying the gentle Marion. The marriage had a tragic end, for it appears that the heiress of Lamington was, early in her husband's career, slain by the English, under what circumstances does not very clearly appear. According to some it was into her house that Wallace escaped when in danger of his life in the streets of Lanark, as we have already related; but as to this nothing certain is known, and so nothing certain can be told.

SURPRISING THE ENGLISH AT SCONE.

The consequence of many partial advantages gained by Wallace over the English was soon seen. At first few had dared to unite themselves with so desperate a band as his. But confidence came with success, and numbers flocked to the standard of revolt. The continued oppressions of the English, the desire of revenge, and even the romantic and perilous nature of the undertaking, recruited the ranks of Wallace, and he was soon at the head of a great body of Scottish malcontents.

When it was known that he had raised open banner against the English, Sir William Douglas, who had been taken by Edward at the siege of Berwick, and restored to liberty upon swearing fealty, disregarded his oath, and joined the Scottish force with his numerous vassals.

Omesby, the English justiciary, was, at this time, holding his court at Scone; and Surrey, the guardian, had gone to attend the English Parliament. Wallace, by a rapid march, surprised the justiciary, dispersed his followers, and whilst he himself escaped with the greatest difficulty, took a rich booty and many prisoners.

This exploit gave new confidence to their little army; they more openly and boldly ravaged the country, and put all Englishmen to the sword. As circumstances allowed, they either acted together or engaged in separate expeditions. Whilst Wallace marched into Lanark, the castles of Disdeir and Saugular were taken by Douglas, and when their united strength afterwards broke in upon the west of Scotland, they were joined by some of the most powerful of the Scottish nobility.

Their united forces, led by the military skill and

animated by the personal intrepidity of Wallace, continued to be successful in repeated attacks upon the English. These successes were frequently followed by many circumstances of cruelty and violence,—a fact to be regretted, though it may well excite little surprise.

The revenge of the Scots seems chiefly to have been directed against the English ecclesiastics who were possessed of Scottish livings. A public edict, passed by the Scottish estates in 1296, had banished these intruders from Scotland; and this edict Wallace, it is said, improved upon with a refinement in cruelty. Some aged priests, and, it is even asserted, although almost too horrible to believe, some defenceless women, had their hands tied behind their backs, and in this helpless state were thrown from high bridges into rivers, their dying agonies affording sport to their merciless captors.

THE BATTLE OF STIRLING BRIDGE.

Those responsible for the tranquillity of Scotland saw in these events an ugly tendency to turbulence, which must be extinguished at the beginning. Surrey gave instructions to his nephew Percy to proceed to the north to stamp out the disturbances. At Irvine Percy came upon Bruce, afterwards the famous Scottish hero, and a cluster of other barons, who all seem to have been undecided whether to cast in their lot with Wallace or submit to the English King. They chose the latter course, and surrendered on terms.

We have no reason for supposing that Wallace was present on this occasion. His name is not mentioned by the English chronicler, whose account of the affair is the most minute and the source of all others. Wallace indeed seems at this time to have been in the north, laying his plans for resisting the English army at the Forth, or the Scots Water, as it was then called. He organised a large force in the Lowland counties northward of the Tay, drawing large accessions from Aberdeenshire. He then laid siege to the castle of Dundee.

The siege was barely begun when news arrived that the English, under the command of the Earl of Surrey, and Cressingham the treasurer, were advancing on Stirling Bridge.

Wallace at once resolved to encounter them there. He left the siege of Dundee Castle to be continued by the citizens of the town; and marched with great expedition to the banks of the Forth. By good fortune his arrival in the neighbourhood of Stirling was before that of the enemy.

Nothing could have been better chosen than the ground taken up by Wallace. "It is marked by the tall tower of the Abbey of Cambuskenneth

on the flat carse lands below Stirling, through which the river Forth winds itself. Close behind him was the Abbey Craig, an abrupt trap rock, yet not in all places so abrupt but that pathways might be found on the top, which those first in possession could use, and then so fortify as to defy any others to follow them. From the back of the Craig a neck of broken ground led immediately to the near mountain range called the Ochil Hills; so much for the means of retreat. For receiving an enemy the ground was still more happily selected. It was within one of the loops of the Forth, which swept almost all round it in a circle. In all ages of warfare the advantages of such a position are notorious—it makes the commander inside the loop master of the situation."

The English force arrived on the southern bank. In number they had the advantage: all told there were fifty thousand foot soldiers and one thousand horse, amply sufficient, their commander thought, for all possible needs. Indeed, they would have availed themselves of a reinforcement of over eight thousand men under Lord Henry Percy, had not the cost of its maintenance appeared likely far to exceed the value of its services.

The steward of Scotland, the Earl of Lennox, and others of the Scottish barons were at this time with the English army. They now requested Surrey to delay an attack till they had attempted to bring Wallace to terms. They soon returned, and declared that they had failed in their hopes of pacification, but that they themselves would join the English force with sixty armed horse.

It was now evening, and the Scottish barons, in leaving the army, met a troop of English soldiers returning from forage. Whether from accident or design, a skirmish took place between these two bodies, and the Earl of Lennox stabbed an English soldier in the throat. This, of course, raised a tumult in the camp; a cry arose that they were betrayed by the Scots; and there seems to be little doubt that Lennox and his friends were secretly negotiating with Wallace, and only waited for a favourable opportunity of joining him. Crying out for vengeance, the English soldiers carried their wounded comrade before their general, and reproached him with having trusted those who had broken their faith, and would betray them to the enemy. "Stay this one night," said he, "and if to-morrow they do not keep their promise, you shall have ample revenge." He commanded his soldiers to be ready to pass the bridge next day, and then, with a carelessness little worthy of an experienced commander, who had the fate of a great army dependent on his activity and foresight, he permitted Wallace to

tamper with his countrymen in the English service; to become acquainted with the numbers and array of the English force; and to adopt, at his leisure, his own measures for their discomfiture.

Early next day—indeed before Warren had left his bed—five thousand foot and a body of Welsh archers had passed the bridge. These troops, however, on finding that they were not supported by the rest of the army, soon returned to their original station. Warren, who rose about an hour after, feeling, perhaps, reluctant to attack the Scots in their present position, despatched two friars to make a last attempt at pacification.

The answer returned was evidently intended to exasperate the English, and bring them on headlong to the fray. After a bold declaration of independence, a taunting allusion was made to the conquerors of England. "We came not here," said the intrepid assertor of Scotland's rights, "to negotiate, but to fight; and were even your masters to come and attack us, we are ready to meet them at our sword's point, and show them that our country is free."

Incensed at this cool defiance, the English presumptuously and eagerly demanded to be led on; upon which Sir Richard Lunding, a Scottish knight who had gone over to the enemy at Irving, anxiously implored them to be still.

"If," said he, "you once attempt to pass the bridge, you are desperately throwing away your lives. The men can only cross two by two. Our enemies command one flank, and in an instant will be upon us. I know a ford not far from hence where you may pass by sixty at a time. Give me but five hundred horse, and a small body of foot, I shall turn the enemy's flank, whilst you, lord earl, and the rest of the army, may pass over in security."

This was the sound advice of a veteran soldier who knew the country; but although it convinced some it only irritated others, and among the last Hugh Cressingham the treasurer. "Why, my lord," cried he to Surrey, who was prudently hesitating, "why do you protract the war, and spend the King's money? Let us pass on as becomes us, and do our duty."

Stung by this reproach, Surrey weakly submitted his better judgment to the rashness of the churchman, and commanded the army to defile over the bridge. Sir Marmaduke Twenge, a knight of great experience and courage, along with Cressingham himself, led the van; and when nearly half of the army had passed the bridge, perceiving that the Scots kept their strong ground on the heights, Twenge, with chivalrous impetuosity, gave orders

for a charge, and made the heavy-armed cavalry spur their horses up the hill.

The consequence of this precipitate movement was fatal to the English. A part of the Scottish army had by this time made a circuit and possessed themselves of the foot of the bridge, and Wallace, the moment that he saw the communication between the van and the rear of the English force thus cut off, rushed rapidly down from the high ground, and attacking Twenge and Cressingham, before they had time to form, threw them into inextricable confusion. In an instant all was tumult and disorder. Many were slain, multitudes of the heavy-armed horse plunged into the river and were drowned in making a vain effort to rejoin Surrey, who kept on the other side, a spectator of the discomfiture of the flower of his army. In the meantime, the standard-bearers of the King and of the Earl, with another part of the army, passed over, and shared the fate of their companions, being instantly cut in pieces.

A spirited scene now took place. Sir Marmaduke Twenge, on looking round, saw that the Scots had seized the bridge. A knight advised in this perilous crisis that they should throw themselves into the river, and swim their horses to the opposite bank. "What," cried Twenge, "wouldst thou have me do when I can cut my way through the midst of them back to the bridge! Never let such foul slander fall on us!" So saying he put spurs to his horse, and driving him into the midst of the enemy, hewed a passage for himself through the thickest of the Scottish columns and rejoined his friends, with his nephew and his armour-bearer, in perfect safety.

Meanwhile the Scots committed a dreadful slaughter. Multitudes perished in the river, and as the confusion and slaughter increased, and the entire defeat of the English became inevitable, the Earl of Lennox and the Steward of Scotland, who, although allies of the King of England, were secretly in treaty with Wallace, threw off the mask, and led a body of their followers to destroy and plunder the flying English. Surrey, on being joined by Sir Marmaduke Twenge, remained no longer on the field; but having hastily ordered him to occupy the castle of Stirling, which he promised to relieve in ten days, he rode, without drawing bridle, to Berwick: a clear proof of the total defeat of the powerful army which he had led into Scotland. From Berwick he proceeded to join the Prince of Wales in the south, and left the country which had been entrusted to him exposed to ravage and desolation. Although the English historians restrict the loss of soldiers in this fatal and important battle to five thousand foot and a

hundred heavy-armed horse, it is probable that nearly one-half of the English army was cut to pieces, and Cressingham the treasurer was amongst the first who fell. Hemingford allows that the plunder which fell into the hands of the Scots was very great, and that waggons were filled with the spoils. Smarting under the cruelty and rapacity with which they had been treated by the English, the Scots were not slow now to take their revenge, nor was Wallace of a temper to restrain his soldiers. Few prisoners seem to have fallen into their hands, and the slaughter was general and indiscriminate. So deep was the detestation in which the character of Cressingham was regarded, that his dead body was mangled, the skin torn from the limbs, and in savage triumph cut into pieces, and afterwards tanned and converted into sword-belts.

The decisive nature of the defeat is, perhaps, most apparent from the important consequences which attended it. To use the words of Knighton, "this awful beginning of hostilities roused the spirit of Scotland, and sunk the hearts of the English." Dundee immediately surrendered to Wallace, and rewarded his army by a rich booty of arms and money. In a short time not a fortress or castle in Scotland remained in the hands of Edward. The castles of Edinburgh and Roxburgh were dismantled; and Berwick, upon the advance of the Scottish army having been hastily abandoned, Wallace sent Henry de Haliburton, a Scottish knight, to occupy this important frontier town. Thus, by the efforts of a single man, not only unassisted, but actually thwarted and opposed by the nobility of the country, was the iron power of Edward completely broken, and Scotland once more able to lift her head among free nations.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Later chroniclers inform us how Wallace, having now the country at his command, set to work and adjusted thoroughly effective systems for the official organisation of the executive, the administration of justice, and the transaction of local business by properly-constituted local boards. But at such a period the defence of the country would be the first consideration, and so we are told how he split up the country into military divisions, and appointed a muster-book of able-bodied men, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, to be kept in each shire, barony, lordship, town, and burgh. The persons, it has been shrewdly remarked, who mention these things lived at a time too late to have practical knowledge of them; and we all have experience of the fact that it has been an established historical etiquette to attribute such organisations to the hero of a country's idolatry

when the fortune of war has given him the upper hand.

One little authentic vestige of his conduct after the battle, however, exists, and it shows him prompt to help the cause of peaceful progress. There lately was found in the old commercial city of Lubeck a short document which is of great interest. It is dated October 11th, 1297, and is a communication to the towns of Lubeck and Hamburg, in the names of Andrew de Moray and William Wallace, Generals of the Army of the Kingdom and Community of Scotland. They thank the worthy friends of their country in these towns for services and attentions which the unfortunate state of their country had hindered its people from duly acknowledging. They assure their distant trading friends, however, that commerce with the ports of Scotland will now be restored; for the kingdom of Scotland, thanks be to God, has been recovered by battle from the hands of the English. Scotland was fast becoming a prosperous trading nation before the commencement of her troubles, and this little document is a touching testimony to the prevalence of those peaceful pursuits which were so cruelly crushed by the remorseless invaders.

DAYS OF FAMINE.

A famine now fell upon Scotland, and bands of armed men, impelled either by hunger or hatred, crossed the Border, and played havoc in Cumberland and Westmoreland, over the old disputed district. "The English Chronicles—which are the only contemporary accounts of this affair—are confused," says Mr. John Hill Burton, "as all accounts of plundering and devastating inroads, whether by friend or foe, must needs be. Language and imagination are almost exhausted by the monkish chroniclers in describing the cruelties and brutalities of these rovers, and yet the accounts of their deeds want originality, for there had been a sort of terrible formula for describing the work of a Scots' invading army from the Battle of the Standard downwards. Of cruelty and rapacity there was no doubt a fearful amount, but it must be remembered that the suffering side had the telling of the story; and it was a policy with the English clergy, who were also the historians, to make out that the Scots were sacrilegious as well as cruel, and reserved their special tortures and indignities for holy men and women."

A SACRILEGIOUS ATTACK.

Wallace appears to have been, at least for a time, in command of the invading and plundering Scots. One incident of his command was long remembered. The winter had set in with

great severity. The frost was so intense, and the scarcity of provisions so grievous, that many of the Scots perished by cold and famine, and Wallace commanded a retreat.

On returning to Hexham, where there was a rich monastery, which had already been plundered and deserted on the advance, a striking scene occurred. Three monks were seen in the solitary monastery. Thinking that the tide of war had passed over, they had crept back, to repair the ravages they had left, when suddenly they saw the army returning, and fled in terror into a little chapel. In a moment, the Scottish soldiers with their long lances were upon them, calling on them, on peril of their lives, to show them the treasures of their monastery. "Alas!" said one of the monks, "it is but a short time since you yourselves have seized our whole property, and you know best where it now is." At this moment Wallace himself came into the chapel, and, commanding his soldiers to be silent, requested one of the canons to celebrate mass. The monk obeyed, and Wallace, all armed as he was, and surrounded by his soldiers, reverently attended. When it came to the elevation of the host, he stepped out of the chapel to cast off his helmet and lay aside his arms, but in this short absence the fury and avarice of his soldiers broke out. They pressed on the priest, snatched the chalice from the altar, tore away its ornaments and the sacred vestments, and even stole the missal in which the service had been begun. When their master returned, he found the priest in horror and dismay, and gave orders that the sacrilegious wretches who had committed the outrage should be sought for and put to death. Meanwhile he took the canons under his protection. "Remain with me," said he; "it is that alone which can secure you. My soldiers are evil disposed. I cannot justify, and I dare not punish them." This sacrilegious attack was the more unpardonable, as the monastery of Hexham was dedicated to the patron saint of Scotland, and enjoyed a perpetual protection from King David. Wallace, to atone for the outrage, granted a charter of protection to the priory and convent, by which its lands, men, and movables, were admitted under the peace of the King, and all persons interdicted from doing them injury. The Scots now advanced to Newcastle, but finding the garrison prepared to stand a siege, they contented themselves with ravaging the adjacent country; and having collected the booty, they allotted their part to the Galwegians who were with the army, and marched homewards. It had been a prosperous raid, and was long remembered, but with very different feelings, both by the spoilers and by those they spoiled.

IN SCOTLAND AGAIN.

Soon after his return from his expedition into England, Wallace, in an assembly held at the Forest Kirk in Selkirkshire, which was attended by the Earl of Lennox, William Douglas, and others of the principal nobility, was elected Governor of Scotland, in the name of King John, and with the consent of the community of Scotland.

Strengthened by the high title which he so well deserved, and which the common people believed was ratified by the express approval of St. Andrew, he proceeded to reward his friends and fellow-soldiers, and to punish his enemies, and, despising the jealousy and desertion of a great majority of the nobility, he sought to enforce those public measures which he considered necessary for securing the liberty of the country. By a strict severity he restrained the licentiousness of his soldiers, and endeavoured to introduce discipline into his army.

In a short time, such were the effects of his firm and courageous dealing in the government, that the most powerful of the nobility were compelled by the fear of imprisonment to submit to his authority, although they envied him his high elevation, and whenever an opportunity presented itself, took part with the King of England. But although few of the barons had joined him, the lesser barons and gentry repaired in great numbers to the banner of the Governor, and willingly supported him with all their forces.

There is just one writ by the Guardian extant—it appoints Alexander of Scrinischur, or Scringeur, to be constable of the castle of Dunblow, and invests him with certain lands on the hill above the town in reward for his fidelity in bearing the royal banner of Scotland. "The constabulary and the estate were held for centuries by St. Ingemar, who distinguished themselves by honourable service; and a special lustre was always conceded by the popular voice to that race which held a hereditary title conferred by Wallace."

AN ENGLISH INVASION.

Though the enemy had been swept out of the country, they were now, however, about to return, and Scotland was to be plunged once more in all the troubles of warfare. Immediately on the return of King Edward from Flanders, where he had been, to England, he descended from his Parliament a grant for the punishment of Scotland. Having got what he could, and while his troops were gathering, he took the opportunity of making a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. John of Beverley, "a kind of incidental aid which he always sought for his projects when it did not interfere with the

preparations for effecting them by the arm of the flesh."

He entered Scotland with an army which, if it even approached the description of the chroniclers, was magnificent and overwhelming. There were at first seven thousand mounted men-at-arms, three thousand of them in coats of mail; and they were afterwards joined by five hundred from Gascony. After this the number of footmen was of little moment. Eighty thousand is spoken of as the number.

The plan adopted by Wallace for the defence of Scotland was the same as that so successfully employed at a later date by Bruce. It was to avoid a general battle, which, with an army far inferior to the English, must have been fought at a disadvantage; to fall back slowly before the enemy, leaving some garrisons in the most important castles, driving off all supplies, wasting the country through which the English were to march, and waiting till the scarcity of provisions compelled them to retreat, and gave him a favourable opportunity of breaking down upon them with full effect.

Edward had determined to penetrate into the west of Scotland, and there he purposed to conclude the war. He directed a fleet with supplies for his army to sail round from Berwick to the Firth of Forth; and he then proceeded by moderate marches into Scotland, laying waste the country, and anxious for a sight of his enemies. No one, however, was to be found who could give him information respecting the Scottish army; and he proceeded through Berwickshire to Lauder, and without a check to what is now Kirkcaldy, a small town between Edinburgh and Linlithgow.

Here, as provisions began to grow scarce, he determined to remain in order to receive the earliest intelligence of his fleet, and, in case of accidents, to secure his retreat. At this time he learned that frequent attacks were made against the foraging parties of his rear division, by the Scottish garrison in the strong castle of Dirlinton, and that two other fortresses which he had passed on his march were likely to give him annoyance. Upon this he despatched his favourite marshal, Bishop Anthony Beck, who sat down before the castle; but on account of the want of proper battering machines, found it too strong for him. He then attempted to carry it by assault, but was driven back with loss. His division began to be in extreme want, so the bishop sent Sir John Marmaduke to require the King's pleasure.

"Go back," said Edward, "and tell Anthony that he is right to be pacific when he is acting the

bishop, but that in his present business he must forget his calling. As for you," continued the King, addressing Marmaduke, "you are a relentless soldier, and I have often had to reprove you for too cruel an exultation over the death of your enemies; but return now whence you came, and be as relentless as you choose. You will have my thanks, not my censure; and look you, do not see my face again till these three castles are razed to the ground."

In the meantime the besiegers were relieved from the extremities of want by the arrival of three ships with provisions; and the bishop, on receiving the King's message, took advantage of the renewed strength and spirit of his soldiers to order an assault, which was successful. The garrison stipulated, before surrender, that their lives should be spared.

Edward, when at Kirkliston, had raised some of the young squires in the army to the rank of knighthood; and these new knights were sent to gain their spurs by taking the other two fortalices. On coming before them, however, they found that the Scots had abandoned them to the enemy; and having destroyed them, they rejoined the main army.

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

These transactions occupied a month, and the army began again to suffer from the scarcity of provisions. The fleet from Berwick was anxiously looked for, and Edward foresaw that in the event of its arrival being protracted a few days longer, he should be compelled to retreat. At last a few ships were seen off the coast, which brought a small supply; but the great body of the fleet was still detained by contrary winds, and a dangerous mutiny broke out in the camp. The Welsh troops had suffered much from famine; and a present of wine having been sent to them by the King, their soldiers, in a paroxysm of intoxication and national antipathy, attacked the English quarters in the night, and inhumanly murdered eighteen priests. Upon this the English cavalry hastily ran to their weapons, and breaking in upon the Welsh, slew eighty men. In the morning the Welsh, of whom there were forty thousand in the army, exasperated at the death of their companions, threatened to join the Scots. "Let them do so," said Edward, with his usual cool courage; "let them go over to my enemies: I hope soon to see the day when I shall chastise them both." This day, however, was, to all appearance, distant. The distress for provisions now amounted to an absolute famine. No intelligence had been received of the Scottish army.

As the English advanced, the country had been wasted by an invisible foe; and Edward, wearied out, was at length compelled to issue orders for a retreat to Edinburgh, hoping to meet with his fleet at Leith, and thereafter to recommence operations against the enemy.

At this critical juncture, when the military skill and wisdom of the dispositions made by Wallace became apparent, and when the moment to harass and destroy the invading army in its retreat had arrived, the treachery of her nobles again betrayed Scotland. Two Scottish lords, Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, and the Earl of Angus, privately, at daybreak, sought the quarters of the Bishop of Durham, and informed him that the Scots were encamped not far off in the forest of Falkirk. The Scottish earls, who dreaded the resentment of Edward, on account of their late renunciation of allegiance, did not venture to seek the King in person. They sent their intelligence by a page, and added, that having heard of his projected retreat, it was the intention of Wallace to surprise him by a night attack, and to hang upon and harass his rear. Edward, on hearing this welcome news, could not conceal his joy. "Thanks be to God," he exclaimed, "who hitherto hath extricated me from every danger! They shall not need to follow me, since I shall forthwith go and meet them." Without a moment's delay, orders were issued for the soldiers to arm, and hold themselves ready to march. The King was the first to put on his armour; and, mounting his horse, rode through the camp, hastening the preparations, and giving orders in person to the merchants and sutlers who attended the army to pack up their wares, and be ready to follow him.

At last all was ready, and at three o'clock the whole army was on its advance from Kirkliston to Falkirk. It was late before they reached a heath near Linlithgow, on which they encamped for the night. They were not allowed the refreshment of disarming themselves, but, to use the striking words of Hemingford, "each soldier slept on the ground, using his shield for his pillow: each horseman had his horse beside him, and the horses themselves tasted nothing but cold iron, champing their bridles."

Towards morning orders were given to march. They passed through Linlithgow a little before sunrise, and on looking up at a rising ground, at some distance in their front, observed the ridge of the hill lined with lances. Soon they were in the presence of their Scottish foes.

The Scottish army did not amount to the third part of the force of the English. and Wallace, who dreaded this great disparity, and knew how much,

Edward was likely to suffer by the prolongation of the war and the want of provisions, at first thought of a retreat, and hastened to lead off his soldiers; but he soon found that the English were too near to admit of this being done without certain destruction. He therefore proceeded to draw up his army, so as best to avail himself of the nature of the ground, and to sustain the attacks of the English. He divided his infantry into four compact divisions composed of his lancers. In the first line the men knelt, with their lances turned obliquely outwards, so as to present a serried front to the enemy on every side. In this infantry consisted the chief strength of the Scottish army, for the soldiers stood so close, and were so linked or chained together, that to break the line was extremely difficult. In the spaces between these divisions were placed the archers, and in the rear was drawn up the Scottish cavalry, consisting of about a thousand heavy-armed horse.

After hearing mass, the King of England, being informed of the Scottish disposition of battle, hesitated to lead his army forward to the attack, and proposed that they should pitch their tents, and allow the soldiers and the horses time for rest and refreshment. This was opposed by his officers as unsafe, on account of there being nothing but a small rivulet between the two armies. An immediate advance was therefore ordered; the barons who commanded the first division, the Marshal of England and the Earls of Hereford and Lincoln, leading their soldiers in a direct line against the enemy. They were not aware, however, of an extensive morass which lay along the front of the Scottish position, and on reaching it were obliged to make a circuit to the west, which retarded their attack. Meanwhile, the second line, under the command of the Bishop of Durham, being better informed of the nature of the ground, in advancing inclined to the east, to avoid the morass. The bishop's cavalry was fiery and impetuous. Thirty-six banners floated above the mass of spears, and showed how many leaders of distinction were in the field; but Anthony Beck, who had seen enough of war to know the danger of too precipitate an attack, commanded them to hold back, till the third lines under the King came up to support them.

"Stick to thy mass, bishop," cried Ralph Basset of Drayton, "and teach not us what we ought to do in the face of an enemy."

"On, then," replied the bishop: "let on in your own way. We are all soldiers to-day, and bound to do our duty."

So saying, they hastened forward, and in a few minutes engaged with the first column of the

Scots, whilst the first line, which had extricated itself from the morass, commenced its attack upon the other flank.

Wallace's anxiety to avoid a battle had in all probability arisen from his having little dependence on the fidelity of the heavy-armed cavalry, commanded by those nobles who hated and feared him. The event showed how just were his suspicions, for the moment the lines met, the whole body of the Scottish horse shamelessly retired without striking a blow.

The columns of infantry, however, with the intermediate companies of archers, kept their ground, and a few of the armed knights remained beside him. The archers soon gave way, but the columns of the Scottish infantry stood firm.

Edward now brought up his reserves of archers and slingers, who showered their arrows upon them, with volleys of large round stones, which covered the ground where they were stationed. This continued and galling attack, along with the reiterated charges of the cavalry, at last broke the first lines, and the heavy-armed horse pouring in at the gap which was thus made, threw all into confusion, and carried indiscriminate slaughter through their ranks.

Wallace, with the remains of his army, having gained the neighbouring wood, made good his retreat, leaving nearly fifteen thousand men dead on the field.

WALLACE IN FRANCE.

"From this time," says the shrewd but somewhat sceptical historian, Mr. John Hill Burton, "we hear no more of Wallace concerning himself in active life in Scotland. Much has been said of the cabals and aristocratic jealousies which drove him from the office of Guardian; but in reality the whole affair is a secret to the present day.

"The romancers after this time send Wallace to France, where he comes out as the true knight-errant in feats with lions, robbers, and pirates. Here, again, some vestiges of evidence lately found tend to confirm the material fact that he sojourned in France. In a mere list of documents found in his possession when he was carried captive to London, was a letter of safe-conduct to him from King Philip of France. While he was in power, indeed, Wallace kept a sort of ambassador in France in William Lamberton, Bishop of St. Andrew's. Lamberton was in fact his own bishop. When the See became vacant, William Comyn was the candidate favoured by King Edward, and as this rendered it necessary that the national party should have another person, Lamberton was made bishop.

"That Wallace should have had a safe-conduct

to France is not sufficient to inform us that he went there and used it, but the probability that he did so is much strengthened by finding that he got credentials from France onwards.

"A very minute scrap among documents in the Tower of London, without date, was found to be a letter by Philip, King of France, to his representatives at the court of Rome, recommending to them his good friend, William le Walois of Scotland, knight, and desiring them to do what in them lay to expedite the business he had to transact at the court of Rome."

RETURNED TO SCOTLAND.

On the night of Wallace's return from France to Scotland we are told that he landed near one of his old places of resort, accompanied by Sir Thomas de Longueville, John Blair, Thomas Gray, and a few other friends who had attended him abroad. He wished to gain some knowledge of the state of the country, to enable him to regulate his further proceedings, and for this purpose he raised his bugle to his lips, and before the reverberations had died away among the woodlands, a rustling was heard among the underwood, and presently an unarmed Scot stood before him. From this ready adherent, who had been watching the landing of the party, Wallace learned the situation of the kingdom, the slaughters committed by Edward, the submission of the regency, and the terror that pervaded the nobility.

Finding from the number of the English that were in the neighbourhood, the necessity of betaking himself to some place of concealment, he and his party were conducted by their informer to a farmhouse in a secluded part of the country, occupied by a relation of Wallace, of the name of Crawford. Here he was joyfully received, and a hiding-place artfully constructed in the barn for him and his companions, where they lurked during a search made for them by Sir John Butler, who commanded a body of troops which had been instructed to search for Wallace.

In this retreat they might have remained till some favourable occurrence had enabled them to appear more openly, but it seems the unusual quantity of provisions which Crawford was obliged to purchase for the maintenance of his guests awakened the suspicions of the English at Dundee, and on his return, having mentioned the examination to which he had been subjected, Wallace and his party thought it prudent to retire to a neighbouring thicket, and wait the result. They had not long adopted this precaution before a body of the English made their appearance, and having surrounded the dwelling of Crawford, they dis-

covered, in the course of search, the lair of the fugitives.

The wife of Crawford having refused to answer their inquiries regarding the route of her visitors, they were proceeding by violent measures to compel her to disclose the place of their retreat, when Wallace, ascertaining the danger to which she was exposed, advanced from the thicket, and sounded a bold defiance to the enemy. The situation he had chosen was such as could only be assailed by three narrow and rugged paths; these he proposed to guard by dividing his little party, which consisted only of about twenty men, into three divisions. With the smallest of these he undertook to defend the path that was most exposed to the enemies' attacks.

Butler was not long in commencing the assault, which he did by a simultaneous movement on all those little bodies of Scots. The resistance, however, which he met with, aided by the rugged nature of the ascent, rendered all the ardour of his troops unavailing. As the evening advanced he called them off, and having beat a retreat he attempted to persuade Wallace to surrender, by representing the folly of continuing a resistance which must at last terminate in the ruin of himself and his friends. Our hero replied, by advising him to stand to his arms; for in place of surrendering, he intended, before morning, to become the assailant. Irritated by this coolness, Butler determined to take every precaution to prevent his escape, and for this purpose kept his men under arms all night.

Wallace, however, was as good as his word, for at daybreak, under cover of a thick mist, he descended at the head of a little band, and before the enemy was aware of his approach, broke into that quarter where Butler had his station. The surprise occasioned by his sudden appearance threw the English into confusion, while their uncertainty as to the number of their assailants greatly increased; and availing himself of the disorder into which they were thrown, Wallace pressed forward, and came in contact with Butler, who after a slight resistance fell beneath his arm.

The Scots having forced their way through the enemy, Wallace now discovered that their faithful host, Crawford, had been left behind. Returning, therefore, to the charge, he was fortunately in time to save him from the spear of an English soldier, whom he slew; and grasping his wounded friend in one of his arms, he carried him off in triumph to his companions. Favoured by the denseness of the fog, the gallant little band was soon lost to their pursuers.

Though thus relieved from their perilous situa-

tion, they are said to have suffered the greatest privations in the wild and unfrequented solitudes to which they were now obliged to retire. However, their indefatigable chief, always fertile in expedients, found means to preserve them from actual starvation, till Edward withdrew his troops for the purpose of resuming his march of subjugation throughout the kingdom.

THE CAPTURE OF WALLACE.

The only man in Scotland who had steadily refused submission to the English was Wallace, and the King, with that inveterate enmity and unshaken perseverance which marked his conduct to his foes, now used every possible means to hunt him down and become master of his person. He had already set a large sum upon his head; he gave strict orders to his captains and governors in Scotland to be constantly on the alert, and he now carefully sought out those Scotchmen who were enemies to Wallace, and bribed them to discover and betray him.

For this purpose he commanded Sir John de Mowbray, a Scottish knight then at his court, and who seems at this time to have risen into great favour with Edward, to carry with him into Scotland Ralph de Haliburton, one of the prisoners lately taken at Stirling. Haliburton was ordered to co-operate with the other Scottish men who were then engaged on the attempt to seize Wallace, and Mowbray was to watch how this brave person conducted himself.

What were the particular measures adopted by Haliburton, or with whom he co-operated, it is now impossible to say; but it is certain that, soon after this, Wallace was betrayed and taken by Sir John Menteith, a Scottish baron of high rank. Perhaps we should trace this infamous transaction to a family feud. At the battle of Falkirk, Wallace, who on account of his overbearing conduct had never been popular with the Scottish nobility, opposed the pretensions of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, when this baron contended for the chief command. In that disastrous defeat, Sir John Stewart, with the flower of his followers, was surrounded and slain; and it is said that Sir John Menteith, his uncle, never forgave Wallace for making good his own retreat without attempting a rescue. By whatever motive he was actuated, Menteith succeeded in discovering his retreat, through the treacherous information of a servant who waited on him; and having invaded the house by night, seized him in bed, and instantly delivered him to Edward.

The generally received account of the capture of Wallace is as follows, and, in the main, no doubt, it is to be relied on as a narrative of facts:—On

the night of the 5th August, 1305, Sir William Wallace and a faithful friend of the name of Kerlé, accompanied by a youthful attendant, had betaken themselves to their lonely retreat at Robroyston, to which place their steps had been watched by a spy who, as soon as he had observed them enter, returned to his employers.

At the dead hour of midnight, while the two friends lay fast asleep, the youth, whose turn it was to watch, cautiously removed the bugle from the neck of Wallace, and conveyed it, along with his arms, through an aperture in the wall; then slowly opening the door, two men-at-arms silently entered, and seizing upon Kerlé, hurried him from the apartment, and instantly put him to death. Wallace, awakened by the noise, started to his feet, and, missing his weapons, became sensible of his danger, but grasping a large piece of oak, which had been used for a seat, he struck two of his assailants dead on the spot, and drove the rest headlong before him.

Seeing the fury to which he was roused, and the difficulty they would have in taking him alive, Menteith now advanced to the aperture, and represented to him the folly of resistance, as the English, he said, having heard of his place of resort, and of the plans he had in contemplation, were collected in too large a force to be withstood; that if he would accompany him a prisoner to Dunbarton, he would undertake for the safety of his person; that all the English wished was to secure the peace of the country and to be free from his molestation.—adding, that if he consented to go with him, he should live in his own house in the castle, and he, Menteith, alone should be his keeper; that, even now, he would willingly sacrifice his life in his defence, but that his attendants were too few and too ill-appointed to have any chance of success in contending with the English. He concluded by assuring Wallace that he had followed in order to use his influence with his enemies in his behalf, and that they had listened to him on condition of an immediate surrender; but that if he did not instantly comply, the house would soon be in flames about him. These, and other arguments, were urged with all the seeming sincerity of friendship; and our patriot, confiding in early recollections, and the private understanding that subsisted between them, allowed himself to be conducted to Dunbarton Castle.

On the morrow, however, no Menteith appeared to assert his influence, in order to prevent the unfortunate hero from being carried from the fortress; and strongly fettered, and guarded by a powerful escort, under the command of Robert de Clifford and Aymer de Vallance, he was hurried to the

outh, by the line of road least exposed to the chance of a rescue.

LED INTO CAPTIVITY ; A CRUEL FATE.

The fate of Wallace, as was to be expected, was soon decided ; but the circumstances of refined cruelty and torment which attended his execution effect an indelible stain upon the character of Edward ; and, were they not stated by the English historians themselves, could scarcely be believed. Having been carried to London, he was brought with much pomp to Westminster Hall, and there arraigned of treason. A crown of laurel was placed in mockery on his head, because Wallace had been heard to boast that he deserved to wear a crown in that hall. Sir Peter Mallorie, the King's justice, then impeached him as a traitor to the King of England, as having burnt the villages and abbeys, stormed the castles, and slain and tortured the liege subjects of his master the King.

Wallace indignantly and truly repelled the charge of treason, as he had never sworn fealty to Edward ; but to the other articles of accusation he pleaded no defence ; they were notorious, and he was condemned to death.

The sentence was executed on the 23rd August. Discrowned and chained, he was now dragged at the tails of horses through the streets, to the foot of a high gallows, placed at the end in Smithfield. After being hanged he was cut down, yet breathing, and his entrails taken out and burned before his face. His head was next struck off, and his body divided into four quarters. The head was placed on a pole on London Bridge, his right arm above the bridge at Newcastle, his left arm was sent to Berwick, his right foot and limb to Perth, and his left quarter to Aberdeen.

"These," says an old English historian, "were the trophies of their favourite hero, which the Scots had now to contemplate, instead of the banners and gonfalon which they had once proudly followed." But he might have added, remarks a Scottish historian, that they were trophies more glorious than the richest banner that had ever been borne before him ; and if Wallace already had been, for his daring and romantic character, the idol of the people—if they had long regarded him as the only man who had asserted, throughout every change of circumstances, the independence of his country—now that the mutilated limbs of this martyr to liberty were brought amongst them, it may well be conceived how deep and inextinguishable were their feelings of pity and revenge. Tyranny is practically short-sighted ; and Edward, assuredly, could have adopted no more certain way of canonising the

memory of his enemy, and increasing the unforgetting animosity of his countrymen.

THE FUTURE OF SCOTLAND : THE CAREER OF WALLACE.

The course of events which soon followed this cruel sentence demonstrates the truth of these remarks. For fifteen years Edward had been employed in the reduction of Scotland—Wallace was put to death—the rest of the nobility had sworn fealty—the fortresses of the land were in the hands of English governors, who acted under an English guardian—a Parliament was held at London, where the Scottish nation was represented by ten commissioners, and these persons, in concert with twenty English commissioners, organized an entirely new system of government for Scotland. The English King, indeed, affected to disclaim all violent or capricious innovations, and it was pretended that the new regulations which were introduced were dictated by the advice of the Scotch nobles, and with a respect to the ancient laws of the land ; but he took care that all that really marked an independent kingdom should be destroyed, and that whilst the name of authority was given to the Scottish commissioners who were to sit in Parliament, the reality of power belonged solely to himself. Scotland, therefore, might be said to be entirely reduced ; and Edward flattered himself that he was now in quiet to enjoy that sovereignty which had been purchased by a war of fifteen years, and at an incredible expense of blood and treasure. But how idle are the dreams of ambition ! In less than six months from the execution of Wallace, this new system of government was entirely overthrown, and Scotland was, to the joy of the whole country, once more free.

Summing up the career of Wallace, one writer truly remarks:—"Contradictory as are the accounts of the English and Scottish chroniclers, it is not difficult to discover the true character of Wallace. He was the true leader of a national insurrection against a foreign yoke. He shared in the cruel and violent habits of his time, and in this was more excusable than the great King whose ambition and tyranny he opposed. The cruelties inflicted in his invasion of England were undeniable, but he did what he could to mitigate them, and he should not be severely blamed if, under far greater provocation, he tolerated what the good King David, in his war of the Standard, was unable to prevent. His memory lives, and will ever live, in the hearts of his countrymen, who know that they owe to him, and to those who followed in the same course, that their history has not been as 'unhappy as the history of Ireland.'"

BLIND HARRY THE MINSTREL.

The chief authority for the Life of Wallace, as told by Scottish writers, is the poem of Henry the Minstrel—long known by the familiar name of Blind Harry. His work is so often mentioned in connection with our Scottish hero, that a few particulars regarding him will not be out of place.

Of the personal history of Blind Harry the memorials are indeed scanty. They are almost entirely comprised in the following passage from Dr. John Mair, who was born about the middle of the fifteenth century. "During my infancy," says Mair, "Henry, a man blind from his birth, composed a separate work on the exploits of Sir William Wallace; collecting such accounts as were then preserved by popular tradition, he exhibited them in popular rhyme, which he cultivated with success; but writings of this kind I only credit in part. The author was a person who, by the recitation of stories before men of the highest rank, earned his food and raiment, of which he was worthy."

"It is obvious," remarks Dr. Irving, in his "History of Scottish Poetry," "that Henry's unfortunate privation of sight excluded him from many of the advantages incident to his mode of life. A person blind from his birth is entirely deprived of one of the most copious sources of knowledge; and many of the images of poetry are drawn from the appearances and vicissitudes of external nature. Notwithstanding this great and manifest disadvantage, he produced a work which maintained an extensive and uninterrupted popularity during the course of several centuries; and if we consider it as the composition of a man blind from his infancy, we cannot but be disposed to class its author among the most remarkable individuals recorded in the history of literature.

"He has conducted a very long narrative with an uncommon degree of spirit and vivacity. His accounts of battles and adventures are not very unfrequently diversified with picturesque descriptions of the works of nature or art; but such is the vigour of his mind and the fervour of his patriotism, that he rarely suffers the reader's attention to languish. His poem exhibits little more than a perpetual succession of adventures, marked with blood and slaughter; but the incidents themselves are sufficiently varied, and he proceeds to every new encounter with fresh and unabated ardour."

The numerous impressions of "Blind Harry's" "Wallace" sufficiently attest the extent of its

popularity. The earliest edition that has yet been traced was printed by Lekprevik, in 1570;¹ and another made its appearance in 1594. The most valuable edition that has yet appeared was published by Dr. Jamieson in 1820.

The following extract will give some idea of the style of versification:—

THE DEATH OF WALLACE.

On Wednesday the false Southron furth brocht
To martyr him, as they before had wrocht.¹
Of men in arms led him a full great rout.
With a bauld sprite guid Wallace blent about:
A priest he asked, for God that diel on tree.
King Edward then commanded his clergy,
And said: "I charge yon, upon loss of life,
Nane be so bauld yon tyrant for to shrive.
He has reigned long in contrar my highness."
A blyth bishop soon, present in that place;
Of Canterbury he then was righteous lord;
Again' the king he made this richt record,
And said: "Myself shall hear his confession,
If I have might in contrar of thy crown.
An thou through force wilt stop me of this thing,
I vow to God, who is my righteous King,
That all England I shall her interdite,
And make it known thou art a heretic.
The sacrament of kirk I shall him give:
Syne take thy choice, to starve² or let him live.
It were mair weil, in worship of thy crown,
To keep sic ane in life in thy bandoun,
Than all the land and good that thou hast reived,
But cowardice thee ay fra honour dreived.
Thou has thy life rungin³ in wrangous deed;
That shall be seen on thee or on thy seed."
The king gart⁴ charge they should the bishop ta,
But said lords counseil to let him ga.
All Englishmen said that his desire was richt.
To Wallace then he rakit in their sight,
And sadly heard his confession till ane end:
Humbly to God his sprite he there commend.
Lowly him served with hearty devotion
Upon his knees and said ane orison.
A psalter-book Wallace had on him ever
Fra his childheid: fra it wald nocht discever;
Better he trowit in wyage⁵ for to speed.
But then he was displayed of his weel.
This grace he asked at Lord Clifford, that knight,
To let him have his psalter-book in sight.
He gart a priest it open before him hald,
While they till him had done all that they wald.
Stedfast he read for ought they did him there;
Feil⁶ Southrons said that Wallace felt na sair.
Guid devotion, see, was his beginning,
Contented therewith, and fair was his ending.
While speech and sprite at anis all can fare
To lasting bliss, we trow, for evermair.

¹ Contrived.

² The necessary consequence of an interdict.

³ Spent. ⁴ Censured.

⁵ Expedition—his journey to "the other world."

⁶ Clothes. ⁷ Many.



ROBERT BRUCE, THE SCOTTISH HERO.

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AN HEIR TO A THRONE.

WE have now to trace the history of the great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce, and to

follow the events of one of the most heroic struggles for independence in the annals of the world. We must presuppose in the reader a

knowledge of the events immediately following the death of Alexander III.:—the death of the young princess Margaret on her way from Norway; the disputes regarding the succession; the reference to Edward of England; Edward's decision in favour of Baliol, who did homage immediately as the vassal of Edward; and the subsequent struggle in which Sir William Wallace played so prominent a part.

Amongst the ten competitors who claimed the throne on the death of the princess Margaret, there were but two whose pretensions rested on a solid basis. One of these was Baliol, the other was Robert Bruce, lord of Annandale, both being descended from daughters of David, Earl of Huntingdon, the brother of William the Lion. Baliol was the grandson of the elder daughter, and Bruce the son of the younger. The latter was thus nearer in relationship, but, according to modern notions, the former would be the right heir, as the descendant of an elder child. The decision of Edward was in favour of Baliol, as everyone knows; recognising him, however, only as a vassal-king.

After the disappearance of Baliol from the pages of history in 1304, and the execution of Wallace in 1305, a fiercer desire than ever seems to have possessed the Scots to shake themselves free from the oppression of their English foes; and Robert Bruce, the grandson of the lord of Annandale, who had opposed Baliol, and the subject of the present paper, now found his opportunity.

Young Bruce spent his early years at Turnberry Castle, in Ayrshire; and at the age of sixteen or thereabouts, on the death of his mother, the Countess of Carrick, he succeeded to the earldom of Carrick. Old Bruce, the grandfather, died in 1295; Bruce, the father, died in 1301; and young Bruce, Earl of Carrick, was thus the sole representative of the house.

ASSUMING THE CHARACTER OF PATRIOT.

Bruce was upwards of thirty years old before he assumed the character of patriot. His father had chiefly resided in England, with little inclination to put forward any claims to the Scottish throne; and, bred up with a desire to conciliate Edward's favour, he himself was inclined to remain a peaceful subject to England, and, on one occasion, took oaths of fealty to him. The heroism and fate of Wallace at last induced him to take a different view of things. His conduct for some years was characterised by great prudence, if not dissimulation. He became desirous of, attempting to free Scotland from

English intrusion, provided it could be done with a good chance of success.

After Baliol was sent to France in 1304, a prospect seemed to open up for gaining the Scottish crown; and this, no doubt, contributed to fix Bruce's wavering resolutions. Yet there was a rival to his aspirations after kingly honours; this was a personage usually known as the Red Comyn, and against whom he had a grudge on account of Comyn having perfidiously made known to Edward that Bruce was wavering in his allegiance.

At the time of which we speak, Bruce was in London; and it is said that Edward, his tongue one day having been a little loosened by the wine-flask, dropped words which showed that Bruce was in imminent danger of his life. A friend at court, the Earl of Gloucester as it was said, sent him a symbolical warning,—a sum of money and a pair of spurs.

THE MURDER OF COMYN.

Bruce, taking the hint, resolved to quit London. The following morning, accompanied by two attendants, he was hurrying along the north road. There was snow on the ground; so, to baffle pursuit, he had the horses shod the reverse of the usual way, so that their traces appeared those of riders on their journey to town.

On the road they fell in—at least so says tradition—with a messenger going to court with dangerous papers from Comyn. Him they slew.

Bruce halted at Dumfries, where it happened that the English judges were sitting *in assize*. On them Comyn, being a freeholder in the neighbourhood, was in attendance; so the two rivals met face to face.

An interview was arranged in the church of the Minorites, or Grey Friars. In this sacred building they had a brief and angry conversation. Bruce spoke of the miserable prospect of Scotland, once a sovereign State, now nothing but a province of England, and showed how they two, powerful as they were, if they only worked in common, might restore the ancient kingdom. He then made this proposal:—

"Take my estates and help me to be King; or, if you prefer it, I shall take yours and support your claim."

Comyn objected, professing duty and loyalty to Edward.

Bruce then charged him with betraying certain important secrets of his.

"You lie!" answered Comyn; on which Bruce instantly stabbed him with his dagger; and

hurrying from the sanctuary which he had defiled with blood, rushed into the street, and called, "To horse!" Two of his followers, Lindsay and Kilpatrick, seeing his agitation, asked what was amiss.

"I doubt," said Bruce as he leapt into the saddle, "that I have slain Comyn."

"Do you doubt it?" said Kilpatrick; "then I mak sikar"—I make secure: and entering the convent, he slew the wounded man outright. Comyn's uncle, who had come to his rescue, was slain beside him.

It is interesting to know that the crest of the Kilpatricks, or Kirkpatricks of Cloosburn, descendants of this impetuous follower of Bruce, is a hand with a dagger erect in pale dropping blood, and their motto is "I mak sikar."

IMPORTANT CONSEQUENCES.

The die was cast. There was no drawing back now, even though prudence might have suggested waiting for a more favourable opportunity. Acting on the spur of the moment, Bruce and his party attacked the place where the English judges were assembled. These, after the building had been set on fire, had the discretion to surrender. To make captives of them would be inconvenient, and they were driven across the border.

The murder of Comyn had been perpetrated by Bruce and his companions in the heat of passion, and was entirely unpremeditated; but its consequences were important and momentous. Bruce's former varying and uncertain line of policy, which had arisen out of the hope of preserving, by fidelity to Edward, his great estates, and of seeing his rival crushed by his opposition to England, was at once changed by the murder of which he had been guilty. His whole schemes upon the crown had been laid open to Edward. This was ruin of itself; but, in addition to this, he had, with his own hand, assassinated the first noble in the land, and in a place of tremendous sanctity. He had stained the high altar with blood, and had directed against himself, besides the resentment of the powerful friends and vassals of the murdered earl, all the terrors of religion, and the strongest prejudices of the people. He had no alternative left but either to become a fugitive and an outlaw, or to raise open banner against Edward, and, although the disclosure of his plan was premature, to proclaim his title to the crown. Having determined on this last, he repaired to Lochmaben, Castle, and despatched letters to his friends and adherents.

CORONATION AT SCONE.

Bruce's first step was bold and decisive. He determined immediately to be crowned at Scone, and for this purpose repaired from his castle of Lochmaben to Glasgow, where he was joined by some of the friends who supported his enterprise.

On the road from Lochmaben, a young knight, well armed and horsed, encountered his retinue, who, the moment Bruce approached, threw himself from his horse, and did homage to him as sovereign. He was immediately recognised as Sir James Douglas, the son of William the fourth Earl Douglas, and was affectionately welcomed. The father had fought with Wallace, and the son had already shown some indications of his future greatness. Douglas immediately joined the little band who rode with Bruce; and thus commenced a friendship which, after a series of as noble services as ever subject paid to sovereign, was not dissolved even by death: for it was to this tried follower that in after years his dying master committed his heart to be carried to Jerusalem.

From Glasgow Bruce rode to Scone, and there was solemnly crowned, on Friday the 27th of March. Edward had carried off the ancient regalia of the kingdom, and the famous stone chair in which, according to ancient custom, the Scottish kings were inaugurated. But the ready care of Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, supplied from his own wardrobe the robes in which Robert appeared at his coronation: and a slight coronet of gold, probably borrowed by the Abbot of Scone from some of the saints or kings who adorned his abbey, was employed instead of the hereditary crown. A banner wrought with the arms of Baliol, was delivered by the Bishop of Glasgow to the new King, and Robert received beneath it the homage of the prelates and earls who attended the ceremony.

On the second day after the coronation, and before Bruce and his friends had left Scone, they were surprised by the sudden arrival of Isabella, Countess of Buchan, sister of the Earl of Fife, who immediately claimed the privilege of placing the King upon the throne. It was a right which had undoubtedly belonged to the Earls of Fife from the days of Malcolm Canmore; and as the Earl of Fife was at this time of the English party, the countess, a high-spirited woman, leaving her home, joined Bruce at Scone, bringing with her the war-horses of her husband.

To have refused Isabella's request might give to his enemies some colour for alleging that an essential part of the ancient solemnity had been omitted in his coronation. The King was, there-

fore, on the 20th of March, a second time installed in the regal chair by the hands of the countess, who afterwards suffered severely for her alleged presumption.

Bruce next made a progress through various parts of Scotland, strengthening his party by the accession of new partisans; seizing some of the castles and towns which were in the possession of the enemy; committing to prison the sheriffs and officers of Edward; and creating so great a panic that many of the English fled precipitately from the country. But his party was small; the Comyns possessed the greatest power in Scotland, and they and their followers opposed him, not only from motives of policy, but with the deepest feelings of feudal enmity and revenge; while many earls and barons who had suffered in the late wars, preferred the quiet of submission to the repeated hazards of insurrection and revolt.

EARLY MISFORTUNES.

In the early part of his career, Bruce was decidedly unfortunate; and his military talents, which afterwards conducted him through a course of unexampled victory, were nursed amid times of incessant hardship and defeat. Soon after the inauguration at Scone, he advanced towards Perth, in those days a walled and strongly-fortified town, where the Earl of Pembroke, the English regent, lay with a small army of soldiers.

Bruce, on arriving at Perth, and finding the earl comfortably housed within the walls, sent a challenge requesting him, in the chivalrous style of the age, to come out and try his fortune in the open field. Pembroke replied that the day was too far gone, but that he would fight with him next morning; upon which the King retired and encamped about a mile from Perth, in the wood of Methven.

Towards evening, whilst his soldiers were preparing their frugal supper, and many were dispersed in foraging parties, a cry was heard that the enemy was upon them. It was too true. Pembroke, with his whole force, which outnumbered the Scots by fifteen hundred men, broke in upon the camp. The surprise was so complete that it can only be accounted for by the belief that Bruce had implicitly relied on the promise of the earl.

The King and his friends armed themselves in haste, and made a short resistance. But no efforts of individual courage could restore order or long delay defeat. Bruce was nearly taken, and some of his best and bravest associates fell into the hands of the enemy.

WANDERING ABROAD.

Bruce and his friends now began to feel the miseries of outlaws. A high price was set on his head, and he was compelled to harbour in the hills, deprived of the common comforts of life. He and his followers presented a ragged and wretched appearance. Their shoes were worn off their feet by constant toil in a mountainous country; and hunting, in better days a joyful pastime, became a necessary occupation.

At length want and distress drove him and his little band into the low country; and at Aberdeen, his brother, Sir Nigel Bruce, met him, with his queen and other ladies determined to share the pains of war and banishment with their husbands and fathers.

Here, after enjoying a short season of repose, a report was brought of the near advance of the English. The King and his friends, accompanied by their faithful women, retreated into Breadalbane. And now, if already they had experienced distress, it was, we may believe, aggravated by the presence of those whose constitutions were little able to struggle against cold and hunger, and whose love, as it was of that sterling kind which was ready to share in every privation, only made the hearts of the men of the party more keenly alive to their sufferings.

An ancient author has given a striking account of their mode of life. The roots and berries of the woods, the venison caught in the chase, the fish which abounded in the mountain rivers, supplied them with food; the warm skins of deer and roe with bedding; and all laboured to promote their comfort, but none with such success as the brave and gallant Sir James Douglas. This young soldier, after the imprisonment and death of his father, had been educated at the polished Court of France; and whilst his indefatigable perseverance in the chase afforded them innumerable comforts, his sprightly temper and constant gaiety consoled the King and amused his forlorn companions.

They had now reached the head of the Tay, and deep r distresses seemed gathering round them, for the season was fast approaching when it was impossible for women to exist in that remote and wild region, and they were on the borders of the Lord of Lorn's country, a determined enemy of Bruce, who had married the aunt of the murdered Comyn.

Lorn immediately collected a thousand men, and, with the barons of Argyle, beset the passes, hemmed in the King and attacked him in a narrow defile where Bruce and his small

band of knights could not manage their horses. The Highlanders were on foot, and, armed with that dreadful weapon the Lochaber axe, did great execution. Sir James Douglas, with Gilbert de la Haye, were both wounded, and many of the horses severely cut and gashed; so that the King, fearing the total destruction of his little band, managed to get them together, and having placed himself in the rear between them and the men of Lorn, commenced his retreat, halting at intervals, and driving back the enemy when they pressed too hard upon them.

DANGERS AND DISTRESSES.

It was in one of these skirmishes that Bruce, who, in the use of his weapons, was esteemed inferior to no knight of his time, with his own hand killed three soldiers who attacked him at the same time and at a disadvantage,—a feat which is said to have extorted even from his enemies the praise of superior chivalry.

Having thus again escaped, a council was held, and it was resolved that the Queen and her ladies should be conducted to the strong castle of Kildrummie, in Mar, under an escort commanded by young Nigel Bruce, the King's brother, and John, Earl of Athol. The King, with only two hundred men, and beset on all sides by his enemies, was left to make his way through Lennox to Kintyre, a district which, from the influence of Sir Niel Campbell, who was then with him, he expected would be somewhat more friendly. He now gave up all his horses to those who were to escort the women, and having determined to pursue his way on foot, took a melancholy farewell of the Queen. It was the last time he ever saw his brother, who soon after was taken, and fell a victim to the implacable revenge of Edward.

Bruce, meanwhile, pressed on through Perthshire to Loch Lomond. On the banks of this lake his progress was suddenly arrested. To have travelled round it would have been accomplished at great risk, when every hour which could convey him beyond the pursuit of his enemies was precious. After some time they succeeded in discovering a little boat, which from its crazy and leaky state could but hold three persons, and that not without danger of sinking. In it the King, Sir James Douglas, and another, who rowed them, first passed over. They then despatched it in return for the rest; so that the whole band at length succeeded in reaching the other side.

Amid these complicated dangers and distresses, the spirit of their royal master wonderfully supported his followers. His memory was stored

with the tales of romance so popular in that chivalrous age; and in recounting the sufferings of their fabled heroes, he is said to have diverted the minds of his friends from brooding too deeply on their own.

They now began to feel the miseries of hunger; and in traversing the woods in search of food, they encountered the Earl of Lennox, who, since the unfortunate defeat at Methven, had heard nothing of the fate of his sovereign. Lennox fell on his master's neck, and the King wept in embracing him. But even this natural burst of grief proved dangerous by occupying too much time; for the enemy were now pressing on their track, and everything depended on Bruce's gaining the coast where he expected to meet Sir Niel Campbell, whom he had sent in advance.

This he fortunately accomplished; and Campbell, with a few boats which he had collected, conveyed the monarch and his followers to Kintyre, where they were hospitably received by Angus of Ilay, lord of Kintyre. From thence, deeming himself still insecure, he passed over with three hundred of his company to the little island of Rathlin, situated on the northern coast of Ireland, amid whose rude but friendly inhabitants he buried himself from the pursuit of his enemies.

In the spring of 1307, the fugitives determined to revisit their native land, where their mysterious disappearance had created some sensation. Accordingly Sir James Douglas and Sir Robert Boyd went over to the Island of Arran, where they found the castle of Brodick strongly garrisoned by the English. Having laid an ambuscade, they had the good fortune to surprise the under-warden; and after killing forty of his soldiers, made themselves masters of a very valuable cargo of provisions, arms, and clothing.

This proved a seasonable supply to the King, who soon after arrived from Rathlin with a fleet of thirty-three galleys, and in his company about three hundred men.

Ignorant of the situation of the enemy, Bruce first despatched a messenger from Arran into his own county of Carrick, with instructions, if he found the people well-disposed, to light a fire on a day appointed upon an eminence near Turnberry Castle. When the day arrived, Bruce, who watched in extreme anxiety for the signal, about noon perceived a light in the expected direction, and instantly embarked, steering, as night came on, by the light of the friendly beacon.

Meanwhile his messenger had also seen the fire, and dreading that his master might embark, hastened to the beach where, on meeting his friends, he informed them that Lord Percy, with

a strong garrison, held the castle of Turnberry; that parties of the enemy were quartered in the town, and that there was no hope of success.

"Traitor," said the King, "why did you light the fire?"

"I lighted no fire," he replied; "but observing it at nightfall, I dreaded you might embark, and hastened to meet you."

Placed in this dilemma, Bruce questioned his friends as to what had best be done, when his brother, Sir Edward, declared loudly that he would follow up the adventure, and that no power or peril could induce him to re-embark. This was said in the true spirit of a knight-errant: but his royal brother, who was playing a game of which the stake was a kingdom, might be allowed to hesitate. His naturally fearless and sanguine temper, however, got the better of him, and, dismissing caution, he determined to remain, and, as it was still night, to attack the English quarters.

The plan succeeded. The enemy, cantoned in careless security in the houses and hamlets around the castle of Turnberry, were easily surprised and put to the sword; while Percy, hearing the tumult, and ignorant of the small number of the Scots, did not dare to attempt a rescue, but shutting himself up in the castle, left a rich booty to the assailants, amongst which were his war-horses and his household plate.

Little, however, was to be done in the Carrick region; the inhabitants were friendly enough, but they were afraid openly to take the part of Bruce. The most acceptable part was played by a lady, a relation of his own, who brought him a seasonable supply of money and provisions, and a reinforcement of forty men. From her, too, he learned what had happened in Scotland during his absence.

UNWELCOME NEWS.

The news was disheartening enough. Nigel Bruce, one of the King's brothers, and a youth remarkable for comeliness, had been taken, and afterwards hanged and beheaded. The same doom had befallen the husband of Bruce's sister; Christopher Seton, and his brother Alexander Seton, the Earl of Athole, Simon Fraser, and Herbert de Norham, had been put to death at London, after the horrible form of the execution of traitors; and the chroniclers say that Athole, being in some slight degree akin to the royal blood of England, had the distinction that the gibbet he was hanged on was thirty feet higher than the others. There had been many inferior victims.

The Queen, he heard, and his daughter Marjory, thinking themselves insecure in the castle of Kildrummie, which was threatened by the English army, had taken refuge in the sanctuary of St Duthac, at Iain in Ross-shire, but had been made prisoners through the treachery of the Earl of Ross. The Queen and her daughter were committed to close confinement in England, where in different prisons and castles they endured an eight years' captivity.

A more severe fate awaited the Countess of Buchan, who had dared to place the King upon the throne, and who was soon after taken. In one of the outer turrets of the castle of Berwick was constructed a cage, latticed and cross-barred with wood, and secured with iron, in which this unfortunate lady was immured. No person was permitted to speak with her, except the women who brought her food, and it was carefully stipulated that these should be of English extraction. Confined in this rigorous manner, and yet subjected to the gaze of every passer-by, she remained for four years shut up, till she was released from her misery and subjected to a milder imprisonment in the monastery of Mount Carmel, in Berwick.

HISTORICAL DIFFICULTIES; AN OUTLAW'S LIFE.

"It is extremely difficult," remarks the late Dr. John Hill Burton, "to give distinctness and chronological sequence to the events in Scotland from 1306 to 1310; the conditions are, indeed, antagonistic to distinctness. We have a people restless and feverishly excited to efforts for their liberty when opportunity should come, but not yet embodied in open war against their invaders, and therefore doing nothing distinct enough to hold a place in history; in fact, if after events did not attest the determined spirit of opposition then smouldering among the people, the natural inference would be that they were now thoroughly broken in. The other prominent feature in the historical conditions was the new-made king, as yet so insecurely seated that he must be treated as a competitor only for a throne. He was not, however, in this capacity holding himself apart in serene dignity until his partisans should come to tell him that the cause of legitimacy is at length triumphant, and a devoted people are impatient for their sovereign. On the contrary, he was doing his own work with labour, peril, and suffering."

We soon become acquainted with the nature, physical and moral, of the adventurer. He is a tall, strong man, of a comely, attractive, and

commanding countenance. When clad in steel and mounted on his war-horse, he is a thorough paladin, dealing with sword or mace the doughtiest blows going in his day. But when he has to cast aside his panoply he can take to the ways of the half-naked mountaineer—can make long journeys on foot, scramble over rugged ground, and endure cold and hunger. He is steady and sanguine of temperament: his good spirits and good humour never fail; and in the midst of misery and peril, he can keep up the spirits of his followers by chivalrous stories and pleasant banter. To women he is ever courteous, and he is kind and considerate to all less able to bear fatigue and adversity than himself. There is, indeed, a remarkable parallel between Robert Bruce and Henry the Great of France, with the difference in Bruce's favour of his living in an age which did not applaud the immoralities of gallantry.

To the account we have already given of his wanderings we may add one or two more incidents. On one occasion, when in Galloway, and hard pressed by a large party of the natives, he went forward in advance of his party to reconnoitre, in company with Sir Gilbert de la Haye. The ground was well fitted for defence. A steep path led up from the brink of the river to the summit of the bank: and Bruce took his stand at the gorge, where it was so narrow that the superior numbers of the enemy gave them little advantage. Here he listened for some time, till at length the baying of a hound told him of the approach of the Galwegians, and, by the light of the moon, he could see their land crossing the river and pressing up the path. He instantly despatched De la Haye to rouse and bring up his little force, whilst he remained alone to defend the pass.

The fierce mountaineers were soon upon him; but although mounted and armed after their own fashion, they stood little chance against so powerful an adversary as Bruce, clothed in steel, and having the advantage of the ground. One only could attack him at a time; and as he pressed boldly but blindly forward, he was transixed in a moment by the spear: whilst his horse borne down to the earth and instantly stabbed, blocked up the path in such a way that the next soldier must charge over his body. He, too, with many of his companions, successively but vainly endeavoured to carry the pass. They were met by the dreadful sword of the King, which swung around on every side. Numbers now fell and formed a ghastly barrier around him; so that on the approach of his men the Galwegians drew

off and gave up the pursuit. When Bruce's own party came up, they found him wearied but unwounded, and sitting on a bank, where he had cast off his helmet to wipe his brow and cool himself in the night air.

In this manner, partly by his own valour, and partly from the private information which he received from those kindly disposed to him, he escaped the various toils with which he was beset; and as he still counted among his party some of the bravest and most adventurous spirits in Scotland, it often happened that when his fortunes seemed sinking to the lowest ebb, some auspicious adventure occurred which re-animating the hopes of the party, and encouraged them to persevere.

The castle of Douglas had been rebuilt by the English. It was again attacked by its terrible master the "Good Sir James;" and although he failed in getting it into his hands, its captain was slain, and a great part of its garrison put to the sword: after which, having heard that the Earl of Pembroke, with a large force, was marching against the King who still lay in the mountainous parts of Carrick, Douglas joined his sovereign and awaited their advance.

Bruce had now been well trained. He was familiarly acquainted with this parti-san warfare; and it was his custom, when keenly pursued, to make his soldiers disperse in small companies, first appointing a place of rendezvous where they should re-assemble when the danger was over. Trusting to this plan and to his own personal courage and skill, he did not hesitate, with only four hundred men, to await the attack of Pembroke's army, which had been reinforced by John of Lorn, with eight hundred Highlanders, familiar with war in a mountainous country, and well trained to act in the moors and mcrasses of this wild region. Lorn is, moreover, reported to have taken along with him a large bloodhound, which had once belonged to the King, and whose instinctive attachment was thus meanly employed against its old master.

The Highland chief contrived so successfully to conceal his men, that Bruce, whose attention was fixed chiefly on Pembroke's force, found his position unexpectedly attacked by Lorn in the rear, and by the English, with whom was his own nephew Randolph, in the front. His brother, Edward Bruce, and Sir James Douglas, were now with him, and after making head for a short time, they divided their little force into three companies, and dispersed among the mountains. He trusted that he might have thus a fairer chance of escape: but the bloodhound instantly

fell upon the track of the King; and the treacherous Lorn, with his mountaineers, had almost run him down, when the animal was transfixcd by an arrow from one of the fugitives, and Bruce with great difficulty escaped.

In this pursuit it is said that with his own hand he slew five of the enemy, which, as the men of Lorn were probably half-naked and ill-armed mountaineers, who had to measure weapons with an adversary fully accoutred and of uncommon personal strength, is in no respect unlikely to be true. Bruce, however, had the misfortune to lose his banner, which was taken by Randolph, then fighting in the ranks of the English.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

The heroic spirit of Bruce had now transfused itself into the peasantry of the country: and the King began to reap the fruits of this popular spirit in the capture of the castle of Linlithgow by a common labourer. His name was Binney; and being known to the garrison, and employed by them in leading hay into the fort, he communicated his design to a party of Scottish soldiers, whom he stationed in ambush near the gate. In his large wain he contrived to conceal eight armed men, covered with a load of hay. A servant drove the oxen, and Binney himself walked carelessly at his side. When the portcullis was raised, and the wain stood in the middle of the gateway, interposing a complete barrier to its descent, the driver cut the ropes which harnessed the oxen: upon which signal the armed men suddenly leaped from the cart, the soldiers in ambush rushed in, and so complete was the surprise, that with little resistance the garrison were put to the sword, and the place taken. Bruce amply rewarded the brave countryman, and ordered the castle and its strong outworks, constructed by Edward I., to be immediately demolished.

At last Bruce not only secured possession of the country, but increased the number of his partisans by causing many powerful Scotch gentlemen, who had hitherto taken the side of the English, to join him. In the year 1313, only a few vestiges of English intrusion remained, in the shape of an unredoubted garrison here and there. Nor had Bruce's exertions been confined to Scotland itself. Imitating the conduct of Wallace after the Battle of Stirling, he had made two forays into the north of England, devastating and spoiling the country: and he had also seized the Isle of Man.

At last, after repeated complaints from the people of Cumberland, whose territories Bruce

had ravaged, and from the small party of Scotch nobles who still adhered to the English interest, Edward II., who had succeeded, on the death of his father, to the English throne, began to make preparations in earnest to invade Scotland, and an army greater than had ever followed his victorious father was ordered to be raised.

The immediate cause of this invasion, however, was this: Edward Bruce, the King's brave and hot-headed brother, had attacked Stirling Castle. The English commander, Philip de Mowbray, offered to surrender if the castle were not relieved before a certain date. The effect of this treaty was to allow the English time to assemble an army, and to commit the fate of Scotland to the issue of a great general battle, such as it appeared most prudent in the meantime to avoid.

The first half of the year 1314 was spent by each kingdom in gathering all its strength for this great day. When the appointed time for this decisive conflict drew near, Edward entered Scotland by way of Berwick and the Lothians. Bruce caused all his available forces to be summoned to meet at Torwood, near Stirling.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Everything being arranged, the King reviewed his troops, and declared himself well satisfied with their appearance and equipment. The chief leaders of the Scottish army were Sir Edward Bruce, the King's brother, Sir James Douglas, Randolph, Earl of Moray, and Walter, the High Steward of Scotland. These, with the exception of the last, who was still a youth, were experienced and veteran leaders, long accustomed to war, and on whom the King could place entire reliance. Bruce, therefore, fully explained to them his intended order of battle, and awaited with great tranquillity the approach of the enemy.

The latest historian of Scotland, Dr. John Hill Burton, has given a graphic account of the conflict which followed, the most momentous event in the annals of the country, and we shall here follow his clear and interesting narrative.

On the 23rd of June, the two armies were visible to each other. If the Scots had, as it was said, between thirty and forty thousand men, it was a great force for the country at that time to furnish. The English army might be, as it was said to be, a hundred thousand in all. The efficient force, however, was in the mounted men, and these were supposed to be about equal in number to the whole Scots army.

This great host was appaielled with unusual magnificence. Had it been assembled for some object of courtly display, it would have been

a memorable exhibition of feudal splendour. The countless banners of all colours and devices, and the burnished steel coats of the many thousand horsemen glittering in the summer sun, left impressions of awe and admiration which passed on from generation to generation.

"There are efforts, not always successful, to describe the exact division and disposal of the Scots army. It seems more important to keep in view the general tactics on which its leader was prepared with confidence to meet so unequal a force. It was the same as Wallace had practically taught. Its leading feature was the receiving charges of cavalry by clumps—square or circular—of spearmen; and simple as it was, it was revolutionising the military creed of Europe by sapping the universal faith in the invincibility of mounted men-at-arms by any other kind of troops. Bruce had a small body of mounted men, but he was not to waste them in any attempt to cope with the English cavalry; they were reserved for any special service or emergency."

For the hopes of Scotland the great point was that the compact clumps of spearmen should be attacked upon their own ground. But there was a serious danger to be met beforehand. Holding the approaches to the castle from the east was far more difficult than holding the ground of the main army. If any body, however small, of the English army could force their passage, and could reach the castle gate or the sloping parts of the rock, the primary object of the invasion would be accomplished. The castle would be relieved, and the English army, no longer bound to attack the Scots on their own strong ground, could go where it pleased; and, in fact, this movement, so dangerous to the Scots, had been well-nigh accomplished.

It was the duty of King Robert's nephew, Randolph, with a party told off for the purpose, to guard the passage. The King observed that a party of eight hundred horse, under Clifford, were making a circuit, evidently with the purpose of reaching the passage, and that no preparations were made to receive them. He pointed this out to Randolph, with a severe rebuke for his negligence. Burning to redeem his honour, he ran with a body of spearmen, who planted themselves in the way of the English horsemen, forming a clump, with spears pointing forth all over like the prickles of a hedgehog. The horse attacked them furiously in front without breaking them, then wheeled round and round them, vainly assailing them from all points.

From a distance the little party seemed

doomed, and Douglas hastened with a following to their rescue; but as he approached, the aspect was more cheering. It was not so certain that they were to be beaten, and chivalry forbade him to give unnecessary aid. The assailants had suffered heavy loss. Sir William d'Eyncourt, an illustrious English knight, was numbered among the dead; and the horsemen, breaking up in confusion, had to retreat to the main army.

A MEMORABLE PASSAGE AT ARMS.

This was followed by a short and memorable passage at arms. King Robert was riding along the front of his line on a small horse or hackney, conspicuous by a little gold circlet round his head to mark his rank. An English knight, Henry de Eham, rode forward into the space between the two armies, after the fashion of a challenger to one of the single combats which at that time gave liveliness to the intervals between the serious business of battle. Bruce accepted the challenge. He warded off his enemy's charge, and, wheeling round, cleft his skull with a small battle-axe, the handle of which went to pieces.

His followers blamed him for so rashly risking the safety of the army in his own, and he had nothing to say in his defence. Yet the act was not so flagrant as it might be if the like were done in our days. One so thoroughly trained to personal warfare as Bruce must have known the extent of his own resources, and might be able to calculate on the next to certainty of killing his man and on the inspiring influence of such an act.

We can easily believe what is said of this incident, showing a feeling of despondency and apprehension through the English host. It was nothing in itself, but it was an evil portent.

A GREAT SCOTTISH VICTORY.

At daybreak on the 21st of June, the English army advanced to the charge. This was a preparatory movement attended with great danger to the Scots. The English army contained a large body of archers, whose motions on foot and in their lines were not impeded by the difficulties of the ground. A detachment of these wheeled round and took up a position where they could rake the compact clumps of Scots spearmen. Here was a use for Bruce's small reserve of cavalry. It charged the archers, and dispersed them; and now the spearmen could give their undivided attention to the onset of the English cavalry.

They soon found how judiciously the ground had been prepared for them. They were par-

celled out in ten battles or battalions, but there was not room to move these separately on the narrow ground available for cavalry, and the whole seemed to their enemy thrown into one disorganized mass, or "scheltum" as they called it. The spearmen stood against the charge of the horsemen firm as a rock. It was one of the formidable features of this method of resistance that a great proportion of the wounds fall to the poor horses, who rushed hither and thither in their agony; or, as Barbour has it, the horses "that were sticked rushed and reeled right rudely."

The English cavalry attempted by repeated charges to break the line of the Scottish spearmen, but were repulsed with terrific slaughter. The Scots fought like men animated by the remembrance of many years of wrong and oppression.

The Scottish army suffered much at the hands of the English bowmen; and Bruce, dreading the effect of the constant shower of arrows, directed Sir Robert Keith, the Marshal, to make a circuit with the five hundred horse which were in the reserve, and charge the archers in flank. This movement was successfully executed: the whole body of archers was thrown into confusion: part of them fled to the main army, and the rest did not again attempt to rally or make head during the continuance of the battle.

Bruce now brought up his whole reserve; and the four battles of the Scots were now engaged in one line, the Scottish commanders—the King, Edward Bruce, Douglas, Randolph, and the Steward—fighting in the near presence of each other, and animated with a generous rivalry.

The wavering of the English lines was at last discernible by the Scottish soldiers, who shouted when they saw it, calling out, "On them, on them! —they fail!" and pressed forward with renewed vigour, gaining ground upon their enemy. At this critical moment there appeared over the little hill which lay between the hill and the banner of the Scottish army, a large body of troops marching apparently in firm array towards the field. This spectacle, which was instantly believed to be a reinforcement proceeding to join the Scots, although it was nothing more than the sutlers and camp-boys hastening to see the battle, spread dismay amidst the ranks of the English; and King Robert, whose eye was everywhere to perceive and take advantage of the slightest movement in his favour, put himself at the head of his reserve, and raising his war-cry, furiously pressed on the enemy.

It was this last charge, followed by the advance of the whole line, that decided the day. The

English, who hitherto, although wavering, had preserved their array, now broke into disjointed squadrons: part began to quit the field; and no efforts of their leaders could restore order. The flight became general, and the slaughter great. The banners of twenty-seven barons were laid in the dust, and their masters slain.

IN FLIGHT; PRISONERS AND PLUNDER.

On seeing the entire rout of his army, Edward reluctantly allowed the Earl of Pembroke to seize his bridle and force him off the field, guarded by five hundred heavily-armed horse. Multitudes of the English were drowned when endeavouring to cross the Forth. Many in their flight got entangled in the pits, which they seem to have avoided in their first attack, and were there suffocated or slain; others who vainly endeavoured to pass the rugged banks of the Bannockburn were slain in that quarter; so completely was this little river heaped up with the dead bodies of men and horses, that the pursuers passed dry over the mass as if it had been a bridge. Thirty thousand of the English were left dead on the field; and amongst these two hundred knights and seven hundred esquires. A large number of Welsh fled; but the greater part of them were slain or taken prisoners before they reached England.

Such also might have been the fate of Edward himself, had Bruce been able to spare a sufficient body of cavalry to follow up the chase. To the Lothian peasant, the mighty King of England, galloping past like a criminal fleeing from justice, must have been a sight not to be presently forgotten. The King reached Dunbar, a fastness still in his own hands, and took shipping for Berwick.

The camp apparel left behind by the fugitives made a booty so extensive and so costly as to astonish its captors. Still more valuable than this inanimate merchandise was the living sport—the crowd of noble captives who had to be ransomed. In this very lucrative kind of booty, Bannockburn was peculiarly rich, from the nature of a conflict in which so much was gained by disabling the horses rather than the riders.

In the treatment of the dead, many of them the heads of the most distinguished houses in England, Bruce gained golden opinions. Much care was taken in their decorous interment, with church rites; and in some instances, where application was made for such a concession, the body was removed to England with all fitting ceremonies, that it might be laid where the illustrious family of the slain man desired that his ashes should rest.

"Among the prisoners," says Dr. John Hill Burton, "was one whose story furnished the Scots with a merry jest to grace these triumphs. He was a certain Camerlito friar named Baston; and it was said of him, whether truly or not, that he had been taken to see the battle, in order that he might the better be able to perform a certain function assigned to him, which was the celebration of the triumph of the English King as he returned victorious,—an expectation which Bower characterises as proud presumption and presumptuous pride. He was told that, as the price of his ransom, he must celebrate the triumph of the real victors, and that without ambiguity. The result is preserved; and whatever other merits it may have, shows a laboriously earnest effort to accomplish his task to the satisfaction of his instructors.

Stirling Castle was delivered up in terms of the stipulation. Edward Bruce was blamed for having made it, and given such dangerous terms to England; but the result was fortunate.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

A deep and general panic seized the English after the disastrous defeat of Bannockburn. The weak and undecided character of the King infected his nobility; and the common soldiers, having lost all confidence in their officers, became feeble and dispirited themselves. "A hundred English would not hesitate," says Walsingham, "to fly from two or three Scottish soldiers, so grievously had their wonted courage deserted them."

Taking advantage of this dejection, Bruce, in the beginning of autumn, sent Douglas and Edward Bruce across the eastern marches, with an army which wasted Northumberland, and carried fire and sword through the principality of Durham, where they levied severe contributions. They next pushed forward into Yorkshire, and plundered Richmond, driving away a large body of cattle, and making many prisoners. On their way homeward they burned Appleby and Kirkwold, sacked and set fire to the villages on their route, and found the English so dispirited everywhere, that their army reached Scotland, loaded with spoil, and unchallenged by an enemy.

BRUCE AND THE POPE; IN IRELAND.

In 1317, Bruce passed over to Ireland, to assist his brother Edward, who had been elected King of that country, and defeated the Anglo-Irish, under the Baron of Clare. The adventures and achievements of Bruce and his brother are among the most exciting chapters in the romance of

war. Many brave Scots were thus lost to their country in the hour of need that was coming. Among the deaths the most conspicuous was that of Edward Bruce himself; but "that it was a loss to his country," remarks one writer, "is open to question, for gallant and popular as he was, his reputation was not of the kind that promises a good pilot in a storm."

The political condition of Scotland now pressed for serious consideration at the Papal Court. After the ruin that had overtaken his invading force, the King of England had a keen desire for peace; but the Scots would not let him have it unless he acknowledged their independent sovereignty. Application was made to Rome for a pacificating bull, which was issued. It was addressed to "Our dearest son in Christ, the illustrious Edward, King of England, and our beloved son, the noble Robert de Bruce, conducting himself as King of Scotland." It lamented the loss of Christian blood in civil wars, when the rescue of the Holy Land was in vain calling for champions, and adjudged a truce between the two countries for two years, excommunicating those who might break it.

On the presentation of the documents, Bruce said to the friar who brought them, that the letters and papal instruments were not addressed to him as King of Scotland, returned them to him with much contempt, and declared that he would on no account obey the bulls so long as his royal titles were withheld, and that he was determined to proceed with the war, and make himself master of Berwick, at the siege of which place he was then engaged.

The envoy, we are told, then publicly declared before the Scottish barons and a great concourse of spectators that a two years' truce was, by the authority of the Pope, to be observed by the two kingdoms; but his proclamation was treated with such open marks of insolence and contempt, that he began to tremble for the safety of his person, and earnestly implored them to permit him to pass forward into Scotland to the presence of those prelates with whom he was commanded to confer, or, at least, to have a safe-conduct back again to Berwick. Both requests were denied him, and he was commanded, without delay, to make the best of his way out of the country. On his way to Berwick, the unfortunate monk was waylaid by four armed ruffians, robbed of his letters and papers, amongst which were the bulls excommunicating the King of Scotland, and, after being stripped to the skin, turned naked upon the road. "It is rumoured," says he, in an interesting letter addressed to the cardinals

containing the account of his mission. "that the Lord Robert and his accomplices, who instigated this outrage, are now in possession of the letters entrusted to me." There can be little doubt that the rumour rested on a pretty good foundation.

THE ENGLISH AGAIN.

At last, after the northern counties of England had suffered for several years from army after army of marauders, each treading on the heels of another, England spoke of a truce from hostilities as a preliminary to some ulterior permanent arrangement. It was negotiated on the 21st of December, 1319, and was to last for two years.

A change of policy, however, took place on the part of England: and in 1322, preparations were again made for a great and final invasion of Scotland. But Scotland was stronger than it had been eight years before, and was not compelled by the force of circumstances to risk a critical battle on a given day and at a given place. To give England a foretaste of the character of the new war, the Scots began it by a raid across the Border as far as Lancashire, where, according to the accounts of the day, they swept away with them, in their usual light-handed manner, a booty well worth their pains; though how their previous pillaging should have left anything in that part of England worth carrying off is a mystery.

When the English army marched northwards, the policy of the Scots was the same that Wallace tried before the Battle of Falkirk,—to leave the enemy to march over bare fields, and keep clear of a battle. The season was well on in August when the new army crossed the Border; but the harvest cannot have advanced so far as to afford any available food, for we are told that on the line of their march there was blank famine. There was much jealousy about their obtaining near Traquair, in East Lothian, a full—a poor lame least left behind when its brethren were driven to the hills. The Scots army waited behind the Frith of Forth, leaving the invaders in the hands of a deadlier foe—starvation.

Starvation did its work with signal effect while the army was still in the Lothians. They turned southwards; and the starved wretches who were able to drag themselves across the Border, died in multitudes from the incapacity with which they fell on the food presented to them on English ground.

The Scots followed on the heels of the fugitives, and harassed them in every possible way. At

Billand Abbey, in Yorkshire, King Robert gained another victory over his foes; but it must have been a comparatively easy matter to triumph over a body of dispirited refugees.

THE TREATY OF NORTHAMPTON.

England had now had enough of fighting, and negotiations were begun for the establishment of a permanent peace. The great difficulty was the acknowledgment of independence, but the affair resolved itself into a sort of compromise. Bruce and his people were permitted to *take* the titles of King and Kingdom, but England would not *give* them. On the 7th of June, 1323, King Robert issued a solemn instrument accepting of a truce, or rather of a permanent peace, for his kingdom of Scotland. In this document the war came to an end. The peace was to last for thirteen years.

On the accession of Edward III., however, in 1327, hostilities were recommenced. The "good King Robert," as his people called him, was now justified by age and infirmity in declining military duty; but an expedition into England was committed to the thoroughly competent hands of Douglas and Randolph. This brought the English to their senses. It was agreed to treat on such terms as the Scots would listen to. At a Parliament held at York in January 1328, a document was prepared and issued in the King's name, acknowledging the independent sovereignty of Scotland. It is discursive in solemnities, as such documents ordinarily were, but in the essentials it is quite clear. "The King of England declares for himself and his heirs, that the kingdom of Scotland shall remain for ever to the great prince Lord Robert, by the grace of God illustrious King of Scotland, and to his heirs and successors; and that Scotland by its old marches in the days of King Alexander shall be separated from the kingdom of England, and free of all claims of subjection or vassalage, while all writings or obligations inconsistent with their independence are to be cancelled."

The treaty which followed on this resolution by Parliament was concluded at Edinburgh on the 17th of March. It was ratified by the Parliament of England at Northampton in April, and is hence called the Treaty of Northampton.

THE DEATH OF KING ROBERT.

The good King Robert was now visibly approaching the end of his days on earth; and it gives one pleasure to think that in the infirmities from which he could not recover, he had the proud satisfaction of possessing that Treaty of

Northampton—the certificate that he had recovered for his people their conquered kingdom. He died at Cardross, near Dumbarton, on the 7th of June in the year 1329.

On his death-bed he delivered to the Scottish barons his last advice regarding the best mode of conducting the war against England. They concentrate in a small compass the wisdom and experience which he had gained during the whole course of his protracted but glorious war; and it is perhaps not too much to say that there is no instance in their subsequent history in which the Scots have sustained any signal defeat where it cannot be traced to a departure from some of the directions of what is affectionately called the “Good King Robert’s Testament.” His injunctions were, that the Scots in their wars ought always to fight on foot; that, instead of walls and garrisons, they should use the mountains, the morasses, and the woods; having for arms the bow, the spear, and the battle-axe; driving their herds into the narrow glens, and fortifying them there, whilst they laid waste the plain country by fire, and compelled the enemy to evacuate it. “Let your scouts and watches,” he concluded, “be vociferating through the night, keeping the enemy in perpetual alarm; and, worn out with famine, fatigue, and apprehension, they will retreat as certainly as if routed in battle.” Bruce did not require to add that then was the time for the Scots to commence their attacks, and to put in practice that species of warfare which he had taught them to use with such fatal effect.

*A SCENE FROM FROISSART.

Some time before his death, an interesting scene took place, of which Froissart gives us a beautiful and affecting narrative.

“When King Robert of Scotland,” says that historian, “felt that his end drew near, he sent for such barons and lords of his realm as he most trusted, and very affectionately entreated and commanded them, on their fealty, that they should faithfully keep his kingdom for David his son, and when their prince came of age, that they should obey him and place the crown on his head.

“After which he called to him the brave and gentle knight Sir James Douglas, and said, before the rest of the courtiers,—

“Sir James, my dear friend, none knows better than you how great labour and suffering I have undergone in my day, for the maintenance of the rights of this kingdom; and when I was hardest pressed, I made a vow, which it now grieves me

deeply I have not accomplished. I vowed to God that if I should live to see an end of my wars, and be enabled to govern this realm in peace and security, I would then set out in person, and carry on war against the enemies of my Lord and Saviour, to the best of my power. Never has my heart ceased to bend to this point; but our Lord has not consented thereto; for I have had my hands full in my days, and now, at the last, I am seized with this grievous sickness, so that, as you all see, I have nothing to do but to die. And since my body cannot go thither, and accomplish that which my heart hath so much desired, I have resolved to send my heart there, in place of my body, to fulfil my vow. And now, since in all my realm I know not any knight more hardy than yourself, or more thoroughly furnished with all knightly qualities for the accomplishment of the vow; in place of myself, therefore, I entreat thee, my dear and tried friend, that for the love you bear to me, you will undertake this voyage and acquit my soul of its debt to my Saviour; for I hold this opinion of your truth and nobleness, that whatever you undertake I am persuaded you will successfully accomplish; and thus shall I die in peace, provided that you do all that I shall tell you. I will, then, that as soon as I am dead, you take the heart out of my body and cause it to be embalmed, and take as much of my treasure as seems to you sufficient for the expenses of your journey, both for you and your companions; and that you carry my heart along with you and deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, since this poor body cannot go thither. And it is my command that you do use that royal state and maintenance on your journey, both for yourself and your companions, that into whatever lands or cities you may come, all may know that you have in charge, to bear beyond seas, the heart of King Robert of Scotland.”

“At these words, all who stood by began to weep; and when Sir James himself was able to reply, he said,—

“Ah, most gentle and noble King, a thousand times do I thank you for the great honour you have done me, in making me the depositary and bearer of so great and precious a treasure. Most faithfully and willingly, to the best of my power, shall I obey your command, albeit I would have you believe that I think myself but little worthy to achieve so high an enterprise.”

“Ah, gentle knight,” said the King, “I heartily thank you, provide I you promise to do my bidding on the word of a true and loyal knight.”

“Assuredly,” my liege, I do promise so,” replied

Douglas, 'by the faith which I owe to God and to the order of knighthood.'

"Now praise be to God," said the King, 'for I shall die in peace, since I am assured that the best and most valiant knight of my kingdom has promised to achieve for me that which I myself could never accomplish.'

"And not long after this, this noble King departed this life."

THE BURIAL OF BRUCE; THE HEART OF THE KING.

Immediately after the King's death, his heart was taken out, as he had directed. He was then buried with great solemnity under the pavement of the choir of the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, and over the grave was raised a rich marble monument, which was made at Paris.

Centuries passed on: the ancient church, with the marble monument, fell into ruins, and a more modern building was erected on the same site. This also gave way to time; and, in clearing the foundations for a third church, the workmen laid open a tomb, which proved to be that of Robert the Bruce. The lead coating in which the body was found, was twisted round the head into the shape of a rude crown. A rich cloth of gold, but much decayed, was thrown over it; and, on examining the skeleton, it was found that the breastbone had been sawn asunder to get at the heart.

There remained, therefore, no doubt, that after the lapse of almost five hundred years, his countrymen were permitted, with a mixture of delight and awe, to behold the very bones of their great deliverer.

As soon as the season of the year permitted, Douglas, having the heart of his beloved master in keeping, set sail from Scotland, accompanied by a splendid retinue, and anchored at Sluys in Flanders, at this time the great seaport of the Netherlands. His object was to find out companions with whom he might travel to Jerusalem; but he declined landing, and for twelve days received all visitors on board his ships with a state almost kingly. He had with him seven noble Scottish knights, and was served at table by twenty-eight squires, of the first families in the country. "He kept court," says Froissart, "in a royal manner, with the sound of trumpets and cymbals; all the vessels for his table were of gold and silver; and whatever persons of good estate went to pay their respects to him, were entertained with the richest kind of wine and spiced bread."

At Sluys he heard that Alonzo, the King of

Leon and Castile, was carrying on war with Osmyn the Moorish governor of Granada. The religious mission which he had embraced, and the vows he had taken before leaving Scotland, induced Douglas to consider Alonzo's cause as a holy warfare; and before proceeding to Jerusalem, he first determined to visit Spain, and to signalize his prowess against the Saracens.

But his first field against the infidels proved fatal to him, who in the long English war had seen seventy battles. The circumstances of his death were striking and characteristic. In an action near Shēba, on the borders of Andalusia, the Moorish cavalry were defeated; and after their camp had been taken, Douglas, with his companions, engaged too eagerly in the pursuit, and being separated from the main body of the Spanish army, a strong division of the Moors rallied and surrounded them.

The Scottish knight endeavoured to cut his way through the infidels; and in all probability would have succeeded, had he not again turned to rescue Sir William Saint Clair of Roslin, whom he saw in jeopardy. In attempting this he was inextricably involved with the enemy.

Taking from his neck the heart of Bruce, he cast it before him, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Now pass onward as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die."

The action and the sentiment were heroic, and they were the last words and deeds of a heroic life, for Douglas fell, overpowered by his enemies; and three of his knights, and many of his companions, were slain with their master.

On the succeeding day, the body and the casket were both found on the field, and by his surviving friends conveyed to Scotland. The heart of Bruce was deposited at Melrose, and the body of the "Good Sir James," the name by which he is affectionately remembered by his countrymen, was consigned to the cemetery of his fathers in the parish church of Douglas.

THE CHARACTER OF BRUCE.

Bruce undoubtedly belongs to that race of heroic men regarding whom we are anxious to learn even the commonest particulars. But living at so remote a period, the lighter shades and touches which confer individuality are lost in the distance. We only see through the mists which time has cast round it a figure of colossal proportions "walking amidst shadowy peers;" and it is deeply to be regretted that the ancient chroniclers, whose pencil might have brought him before us as fresh and true as when he lived, have disdained to notice many minute circum-

stances with which we now seek in vain to become acquainted.

• Some faint idea of his person, however, may be gathered from the few scattered touches presented by these authors, and the greater outlines of his character are too strongly marked to escape us.

In his figure the King was tall and well-shaped. Before being broken down by illness he stood nearly six feet high; his hair curled closely and shortly round his neck, which possessed that breadth and thickness that belong to men of great strength. He was broad-shouldered and open-chested, and the proportions of his limbs combined power with lightness and activity. These qualities were increased not only by his constant occupation in war, but by his fondness for the chase and all manly amusements. It is not known whether he was dark or fair-complexioned; his forehead was low, his cheekbones strong and prominent, and the general expression of his countenance open and cheerful, although he was maimed by a wound which had injured his lower jaw.

His manners were dignified and engaging; after battle nothing could be pleasanter or more courteous; and it is infinitely to his honour that in a savage age, and smarting under the injuries which attacked him in his kindest and tenderest relations, he never abused a victory, but conquered often as effectually by his generosity and kindness as by his great military talents. We know, however, that when he chose to express displeasure his look was stern and kingly, and imposed silence and insured obedience. He excelled in all exercises of chivalry; to such a degree, indeed, that the English themselves did not scruple to account him the third best knight in Europe.

His memory was stored with the romances of the period, in which he took a great delight. Their hairbreadth escapes and perilous adventures were sometimes scarcely more wonderful than his own; and he had early imbibed from such works an appetite for individual enterprise and glory, which, had it not been checked by a stronger passion, the love of liberty, might have led him into fatal mistakes. It is quite conceivable that Bruce, instead of a great King, might, like Richard I., have become only a kingly knight-errant.

From this error he was saved by his attachment to his country, directed by an admirable judgment, an unshaken perseverance, and a vein of strong good sense. It is here, although some may think it the homeliest, that we are to find the brightest part of the character of the King. It

is these qualities which are especially conspicuous in his long war for the liberty of Scotland. They enabled him to follow out his plans through many a tedious year with undeviating energy; to bear reverses, to calculate his means, to wait for his opportunities, and to concentrate his whole strength upon one great point, till it was gained and secured to his country for ever.

Brilliant military talents and consummate bravery have often been found amongst men, and have proved far more a curse than a blessing; but rarely indeed shall we discover them united to so excellent a judgment, controlled by such perfect disinterestedness, and employed for so sacred an end as in the case of Robert Bruce. There is but one instance on record where he seems to have thought more of himself than of his people, and even this, though rash, was heroic.

"THE BRUCE" OF JOHN BARBOUR.

A sketch of the life of Bruce would be incomplete without some mention of the famous national epic, "The Bruce," in which we have a complete history of the memorable transactions by which King Robert asserted the independence of Scotland, and obtained its crown for his family.

Of John Barbour, the author of "The Bruce," but little is known. Nothing is known of his parentage, and of his birth it can only be conjectured that it occurred about 1320. In his own age he was accounted a man of great worth and learning; he was Archdeacon of Aberdeen as early at least as 1357, and he held that office till his death in 1395.

"When we endeavour," says Dr. Irving, in his "History of Scottish Poetry," "to appreciate the literary merit of Barbour, we must at the same time endeavour to transport ourselves to the remote and unrefined age in which he lived; we must recollect the general barbarism of many preceding centuries, the difficulty of acquiring extensive liberal knowledge, the rude and grotesque taste of almost all his contemporaries. When all these circumstances are duly considered, his poem will be found entitled to an ample share of our approbation.

"Fortunate in the choice of a subject, he has unfolded a series of remarkable events, and has diffused over a very long narrative that lively interest which an ordinary writer is incapable of exciting. Here we are not to expect the blandishments of modern poetry; the author stands conspicuous amid the ruins of time, and, like an undecayed Gothic tower, presents an aspect of majestic simplicity. The lively strain of his

narrative, the air of sincerity which he always exhibits, his earnest participation in the success or sufferings of his favourite characters, as well as the splendid attributes of the characters themselves, cannot fail of arresting the attention of every reader familiarly acquainted with the language in which he writes. The age of the great King Robert was the age of Scottish chivalry; and the monarch himself presented the most perfect model of a valiant knight. Whatever inconsistencies may have appeared in his early conduct, the best portion of his life was undoubtedly spent in the exercise of heroic valour or of political wisdom. Such a hero and such a crisis were a most fortunate selection; and although the intrinsic merit of the poem is very conspicuous, yet the attraction of the poem is partly to be ascribed to his judicious choice of a subject."

Barbour, in the opinion of all who are competent to judge, has adorned the English language by a strain of versification, expression, and poetical imagery, far superior to his age. His historical merits have also been generally admitted. Bruce died in 1329; and as Barbour was employed in writing his poem within forty-six years from that date, he enjoyed many opportunities of collecting information. He might himself have conversed with warriors who fought at Bannockburn.

The following extracts will give the reader some idea of the style of the poem:—

APOSTROPHE TO FREEDOM.

"A! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome may set man to half liking!
Fredome all so need to man giffs;
He levys at use that frely levys!
A noble hart may half name e-e,
Na ellys nocht that may him please,
Gyff fredome faily the: for fre liking
Is yearnyt our all othir thing.
Na he, that ay lease levys tre,
May nocht know weill the profferte,
The angry, na the wretched o-ne,
That is couplid to foule thyngedome.
Bot gyff he had assayit it,
Then all perper he sould in wytt;
And sould think fredome war to pryse
Than all the gold in world ther is."

THE DEATH OF SIR HENRY DE BOHUN.

[Of this incident, which took place on the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn, we have already given an account. In the extract we give as much as possible the modern spelling.]

"And when the king wist that they were
In hule battle, comit he to war,
His battle gert he to be arm,
He made gude and rich paires
Lacecht and jowis maynment
His lance, yit was in hand,

And on his bassinet he baro
An hat of tyre aboon ay where;
And, thereupon, into takin,
Ane high crown, that he was king.
And when Gloster and Hereford were
With their battle approachand near,
Before them all there camo ridand,
With helms on heid and spear in har!
Sir Henry the Boon, the worthy,
That was a wicht knicht, and a hardy,
And to the Earl of Hereford cousin;
Armed in arms gude and fine;
Came on a stouit bowshot near,
Before all other that there were;
And knew the king, for that he saw,
Him sae range his men on raw,
And by the crown that was set
Also upon his bassinet.
And toward him he went in by.
And the king sae apertly
Saw him come, forouth all his fears,
In by till him the horse he steers.
And when Sir Henry saw the king
Come on, forouth abasing,
Till him he rode in greet by.
He thought that he should weel hieldly
Win him, and have him at his will,
Sin' he him for-it saw sae ill.
Spent they samen inill a lyng;
Sir Henry missed the noble king;
And he that in his stirrups stode,
With the ax, that was hard and gude,
With sae greet main, rucht him a dunt,
That nouthir har nor helm might stint
The heavy dunt, that he him gave,
That near the lead till the haris clava.
The hand-ax shaft, frushit in tway;
And he down to the yird gan gao
All flailins, for him failit richt.
This was the first strik of the fight,
That was performit doughtily,
And when the king's men sae stoutly
Saw him, richt at the first meeting,
Forouthen doubt or abasing,
Have slain a wicht sae at a strik,
Sic hardiment therout gan they tak,
The they come on richt hardy.
When Englishmen saw them sae stoutly
Come on, they had greet abasing;
And specially for that the king
Sae smartly that gude knicht has slain,
That they wold draw them everilk ane,
And durst not ane abide to fight;
Sae dreid they for the king's might.

When last the king repairit was,
That gert him men all leave the chase,
The lordis of his company
Blamed him, as they durst, greatlyndy,
That he him put in aventure,
To meet sae stith a knicht, and stour,
In sic point as he ther was seen.
For they said weel, it might have been
Cause of their tynsal everilk ane.
The king ansaw, but made them nans,
But maid him hand-ax shaft sae
Was with the strik broken in tway."



HORATIO NELSON.

"Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell, your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep, while the stormy winds do blow."—CAMPBELL.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE naval history of England has no name to be compared in eminence with that of

Horatio Nelson, the greatest admiral the world has ever seen.

Neither is there in the whole range of biography

a life more full of excitement than his, or one from which the reader may derive more spirited instruction.

The coolness of Nelson amidst danger, his foresight in providing for every chance, his promptitude in action, his humanity to his foes, are all to be taken note of by those who wish their reading to aid their improvement, and who would form their characters on the great models of the past.

We see him avoiding no labour or sacrifice which promised to make him a better sailor or officer, and shunning no peril when he saw a reasonable chance of success in any enterprise. We find him literally on fire with that ardour of enthusiasm, without which scarcely any great man has ever achieved distinction; and we gather from his whole life this valuable lesson, that the true charms to secure success are those which are at everybody's hand, good character and conduct.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

Horatio Nelson was born on Michaelmas Day, 1758, in the parish house of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk. His father was rector of that parish, Horatio was the fifth son, and was called after his god-father, the first Lord Walpole, to whom his mother was related.

As a child, he was feeble and sickly; and all through life his small, frail, and attenuated frame seemed to consort but poorly with the daring and impetuous spirit which stirred and lifted him to high attempts. In spite of his weak constitution, however, he became distinguished among his youthful companions for bold and adventurous achievements.

The first school of any importance to which he was sent was the High School at Norwich. While studying here, he was recalled home on the death of his mother, who died in 1767. The funeral of Mrs. Nelson brought her brother, Captain Suckling, of the Royal Navy, on a visit to the rectory, and Coram heard his uncle relate many stories and anecdotes of his sea-life. These fired his imagination, and he determined, if possible, to be a sailor.

During the Christmas holidays of the year 1770, he read in a newspaper that Captain Suckling was appointed to the *Porpoise*, of 61 guns. Young Horatio well knew that eight children were a heavier burden than his father's income could well support, and he had often expressed a wish to remove his part of the weight. It was the thought of providing for himself that now actuated him in proposing that he should go to sea with his uncle.

His father, who was then at Bath, understood the generous nature of the boy's feelings, but did

not oppose his resolution. Accordingly, he wrote to his brother-in-law.

Captain Suckling had promised to provide for one of his nephews, but Horatio was not the one he would have chosen, on account of the delicacy of his constitution. "What," said he in reply, "has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action, a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once."

EARLY LIFE AT SEA.

In the spring of 1771, the boy was sent by his father to join the ship, then lying in the Medway. At the end of the journey, he was put down with the other passengers, and left to find his way as well as he could. After wandering about in the cold, he was at last observed by an officer, who asked him a few questions, and happening to know his uncle, took him home and gave him something to eat. When he got on board, Captain Suckling had not joined, and he paced the deck for the rest of the day without being noticed by anyone. Such was the unpromising entrance on the naval profession of one who was destined to be its brightest ornament.

At first, as was to be expected, Horatio was wretchedly homesick. Added to this, he had to endure much physical hardship, the loss of every comfort, even of sleep. Nelson had a feeble body and an affectionate heart, and he remembered through life his early days of wretchedness in the service.

The *Raisonné* did not remain long in commission, and on his being paid off, Captain Suckling was appointed to a guard-ship in the Medway. This he thought much too inactive a life for his nephew, and he, therefore, sent him in a merchant ship to the West Indies. "I came back," says Nelson, "a practical seaman, with a horror of the Royal Navy, and with a saying then constant with the seamen, *after the most honour, forward the better man*." So strongly was he possessed with this prejudice, that when, on his return, Captain Suckling received him on board, it was many weeks before he was in the least reconciled to a man-of-war.

His uncle, who noticed this, and who seems also to have rightly appreciated the boy's character, held out to him as a reward, that if he attended well to navigation, he should go in the cutter and in the decked long-boat, attached to the commanding officer's ship; and thus he became a good pilot, and confident of himself among rocks and

sands, which, he said, afterwards was of great comfort to him.

In April 1773, an expedition of discovery towards the North Pole was sent out under Captain Phipps, in consequence of an application from the Royal Society. On account of the severity of the service, effective men were entered instead of boys; but Horatio contrived to get with Captain Lutwidge as his coxswain, in the *Curcass*, one of the two ships composing the expedition.

One night, when the ice was all around them, the young coxswain and a shipmate of his own standing, stole from the ship to hunt a bear. It was not long before they were missed: a thick fog had come on, and Captain Lutwidge was exceedingly anxious for their safety. Between three and four in the morning, the mist cleared off, and they were seen at a considerable distance in pursuit of their game. The signal was made for their return, but Nelson was too intent upon his object to obey it. A chasm in the ice luckily separated him from the bear; his musket flashed in the pan. "Never mind," said he, "do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end, and we shall have him." A gun from the ship terrified the animal, and Nelson was obliged to return, disappointed and expecting a reprimand. Captain Lutwidge reproved him somewhat sternly, and asked him what reason he could have for hunting a bear. "Sir," he replied, pointing his lips as he used to do when agitated, "I wished to get the skin for my father."

A VOYAGE TO INDIA—A GLIMPSE OF GLORY.

Soon after his return to England, his uncle recommended him to Captain Farmer of the *Nehorse*, 20 guns, then going to India in the squadron under Sir Edward Hughes. He was stationed in the foretop at first, but the mast, seeing how anxious he was to become acquainted with the minutest part of a seaman's duty, particularly recommended him to the Captain, who accordingly placed him on the quarter-deck, and rated him as midshipman.

The service which he had gone through had strengthened his constitution, his countenance at this time was florid, and he seemed rather stout and athletic; but in India he caught one of the malignant diseases of that climate: it totally deprived him of the use of his limbs, and nearly brought him to the grave. In consequence of this he returned to Europe, in an alarming state of weakness.

During the voyage home he was much depressed. He had left his companions in the vigorous pursuit of duty and full of the brightest hopes; while

over him there appeared to be hanging a cloud presaging an unprofitable destiny. "I felt impressed," said he, long afterwards, "with an idea that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patrons. Well then, I exclaimed, I will be a hero, and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger."

From that hour, as he often afterwards declared, a radiant orb was suspended before his mind's eye, which urged him onward to renown. No person has ever looked to the attainment of any great and worthy object without experiencing similar fluctuations. Nelson spoke of these aspirations of his youth as if they had in them a character of divinity, as if the light that led him on was light from heaven.

His fits of dejection were altogether causeless. His prospects were fair, and his progress almost as rapid as it could be. When he reached England, he found his uncle Comptroller of the Navy, and was immediately appointed to act as fourth lieutenant of the *Worcester*, 64 guns, then on the point of sailing for Gibraltar. His age might have been a sufficient cause for not entrusting him with the charge of a watch, yet the Captain used to say he felt as easy when Nelson was on deck as any other officer in the ship.

FROM 1777 TO 1783.

On the 8th April, 1777, he passed his examination. Captain Suckling sat at the head of the table; and when it had ended in a manner highly creditable, introduced Horatio as his nephew. The examining captains expressed their surprise that he had not told them of their relationship before. "No," replied the Comptroller, "I did not wish the youngster to be favoured. I felt convinced that he would pass a good examination, and you see I have not been disappointed."

On the following day, Nelson received his commission as second lieutenant of the *Lowestoft*, a frigate of 32 guns, under Captain William Locker, then fitting out for Jamaica. After a year's active service he was removed to the *Eristol*, the flag-ship of Sir Peter Parker, to whom Captain Locker warmly recommended him. This change was only for a short time, for on the 8th December, 1778, Nelson, then about twenty years and two months old, was appointed commander of

the *Badger* sloop. Six months afterwards he acquired the last step, being made Post into the *Hinchinbrooke*, of 23 guns.

Nelson's services were next engaged in a naval expedition against the Spanish territories in Honduras. This terminated in disaster, owing in a great measure to the ignorance and incapacity of those entrusted with the military conduct of the affair. Of eighteen hundred men who were sent to different posts upon this ill-fated scheme, only three hundred and eighty returned, whilst of the whole crew of the *Hinchinbrooke*, consisting of two hundred men, only ten were saved, the rest almost all falling victims to the deadly effect of the climate.

Nelson narrowly escaped. He had been injured by drinking from a stream in which boughs of the manchineel tree had been thrown; and though his undaunted spirit remained unsubdued, yet he never ceased to feel the consequences so long as he lived. His health, indeed, had suffered so severely that he was compelled to return home.

On his arrival in England, he was carried to Bath, where the change of air and the waters had so good an effect that at the end of three months we find him unable to remain any longer idle, and hastening to the metropolis to apply for employment. In August 1784, he was appointed to the *Albemarle*, 23 guns, and sent to the North Sea. During this voyage he gained a considerable knowledge of the Danish coast and its soundings—knowledge which afterwards proved of much importance.

On his return he was ordered to Quebec. Here he became acquainted with a Mr. Alexander Davison, who saved him from an imprudent marriage. Nelson was about to quit the station, had taken leave of his friends, and had gone down to the river to the place where men-of-war usually anchor; nevertheless, the next morning, as Mr. Davison was walking on the beach, he saw him coming back in his boat. He could not, he said, leave Quebec without offering himself and his fortune to the woman whom he loved. Davison told him his utter ruin, situated as he was, must inevitably follow.

"Then let it follow," was his reply, "for I am resolved to do it."

His friend, however, was equally resolute that he should not; and, after some dispute, Nelson, with no very good grace, suffered himself to be led back to his boat.

Soon after this he was introduced to Prince William Henry, afterwards King of the Netherlands, then serving as a midshipman under Lord Hood. He did not prove the imposing looking character His

Royal Highness had been led to imagine after hearing of his various exploits. He found him the merest boy of a captain he had ever beheld. He had on a full-laced uniform; his lank, unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length, and the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure. The Prince and Nelson were not long in becoming fast friends.

Lord Hood, who had been intimately connected with Captain Suckling, took the *Albemarle* with him to the West Indies, and treated Nelson with the most gratifying kindness. "He treats me," says Nelson, "as if I were his son: nor is my situation with Prince William less gratifying."

In the spring of 1783, peace was concluded between England and France and Spain, and the unhappy contest with the American Colonies also terminated. The *Albemarle* returned to England, and was paid off, Nelson seizing the opportunity to pass a few months in France.

AT THE LEEWARD ISLANDS. MARRIAGE—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

Early in the ensuing year he was appointed to the *Boreas*, 23 guns, and proceeded to the Leeward Islands as a cruiser on the peace establishment.

Here he rendered himself conspicuous, and at the same time decidedly obnoxious to the planters by his zeal on behalf of British commerce. The Americans at this time, taking advantage of the registers of the vessels, issued when they were British subjects, carried on a great trade with our West Indian Islands. This illicit traffic, in direct violation of the Navigation Act, was at last put an end to by Nelson.

At Nevis, Nelson became acquainted with Mrs. Nisbet, a widow in her eighteenth year. They were married on the 11th March, 1787, Prince William Henry, at his own desire, giving away the bride. This union lasted happily for several years, till at last, as we shall hear, it was brought to a strange termination.

A few months after his marriage, Nelson returned to England. By what seems a cruel neglect, the *Boreas* was kept from the end of June till the end of November as a sloop and receiving ship. This treatment excited in Nelson the strongest indignation; and but for the good offices of a friend, he would have resigned his commission, and never again set foot on board a man-of-war.

His resentment having been to a certain extent removed, he was anxious to be employed, and repeatedly applied to the Admiralty requesting that he might not be left to rust in indolence.

"I must still," he says in one of his letters, "buffet the waves in search of—what? Alas! that thing called honour is now thought of no more. My integrity cannot, I hope, be amended, but my fortune, God knows, has grown worse for the service—so much for serving my country. I have invariably laid down and followed close a plan of what ought to be uppermost in the breast of an officer, that it is much better to serve an ungrateful country than to give up his own fame."

IN THE WAR WITH FRANCE.

With the advent of the war with revolutionary France, the time came when Nelson was to excite amazement in the world by a series of noble deeds, in the lustre of which all other naval glory looks pale. The French having declared war against Great Britain on the 1st February, 1793, a contest began, which soon brought Spain and Holland into union with France, and caused England, with some wretched allies, to maintain one of the most tremendous struggles known in history.

By the influence of the Duke of Clarence and Lord Hood, he was appointed, on the 30th January, 1793, to the *Agamemnon*, of 61 guns.

The temper with which Nelson engaged in this war is manifested in the instructions he gave to one of his midshipmen. "There are three things, young gentleman, which you are constantly to bear in mind; first, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety; secondly, you must consider every man as your enemy who speaks ill of your king; and thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil."

The *Agamemnon* was ordered to the Mediterranean under Lord Hood; and there Nelson commenced a career, first, of unexampled exertion, and, finally, of unequalled glory.

His first exploits were rather of a military than a naval character. He took a distinguished part in the sieges of Bastia and Calvi. Speaking of the siege of the former place, which continued nearly seven weeks, Nelson says: "I am all astonishment when I reflect on what we have achieved: 1000 regulars, 1500 national guards, and a large body of Corsican troops, laying down their arms: 1000 sailors and marines, and 200 seamen. I always was of opinion, and have acted upon it, that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen. Had this been an English town, I am sure it would not have been taken."

The siege of Calvi was carried on by General Stuart. Nelson had less responsibility here than at Bastia, but the service was no less hard.

More than four months he was thus employed on shore, till he felt almost qualified to pass his examination as a besieging general. The climate proved more destructive than the war. Nelson described himself as the reed among the oaks, bowing before the storm that laid them low. "All the prevailing disorders have attacked me, but I have not strength for them to fasten upon. One plan I pursue, never to employ a doctor—Nature does all for me, and Providence protects me."

His services before Calvi were, by an unaccountable omission, altogether overlooked; his name did not even appear in the list of wounded, though he lost an eye. "One hundred and ten days," says he, "I have been actually engaged at sea and on shore against the enemy, three actions against ships, two against Bastia in my own ship, four boat actions and two villages taken, and twelve sail of vessels burnt. I do not know that any one has done more; I have had the comfort to be always applauded by my Commander-in-Chief, but never to be rewarded; and what is more mortifying, for service in which I have been wounded, others have been praised who at the time were actually in bed. They have not done me justice; but never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own." How amply was this second-sight of glory realized!

It was not long before a colonelcy of marines was given him, a thing which he had hoped for rather than expected. It came in good time, when his spirits were considerably oppressed by the feeling that his services were not acknowledged as they deserved.

The *Agamemnon* now entered on a new line of service, being appointed, with a small squadron of frigates, to co-operate with General Devins. He began in high spirits, but the want of activity and decision in the Austrian generals soon gave him melancholy forebodings of what was to follow. His own exertions were unremitting, but he was crippled for want of means.

Weak as his force was, it was almost reduced to nothing by Sir Hyde Parker, after Admiral Hotham had struck his flag. He left him only one frigate and a brig, whereas he had demanded two seventy-fours and eight or ten frigates or sloops, to ensure safety to the army. That army received a defeat from which it never recovered. The generals, of course, imputed it to the want of naval co-operation, asserting that if their left wing had not been exposed to the French fire, it would not have happened.

"I pretend not to say," says Nelson, "that the Austrians would not have been beat had not the g. boats harassed them, for in my conscience I believe they would; but I believe the French

could not have attacked had we destroyed all their vessels of war."

To follow Nelson through his subsequent services in the Mediterranean till the fate of Italy was decided, would exceed our limits. In the whole of his conduct he displayed the same zeal, the same indefatigable energy, the same intuitive judgment, the same decision, which always characterised him. While his name was hardly known to the English public, it was feared and respected throughout Italy. A letter came to him directed "Horatio Nelson, Genoa." When the writer was asked how he could direct it so vaguely, he replied, "There is but one Horatio Nelson in the world." In the letter wherein he mentioned this to his wife, he says,—"Had all my actions been gazetted, not one fortnight would have passed during the whole war without a letter from me. One day or other I will have a long gazette to myself; I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. I cannot, if I am in the field of glory, be kept out of sight. Wherever there is anything to be done, Providence is sure to direct my steps."

These hopes and anticipations were soon to be fulfilled. His mind had long been irritated and depressed by the fear that a general action would take place before he joined the fleet. At length he sailed from the Mediterranean with a convoy for Gibraltar, whence he proceeded to the westward in search of the Admiral.

ENGAGEMENT WITH THE SPANISH FLEET UNDER ADMIRAL D. JOSEPH DE CORDOVA.

Off the mouth of the Straits he fell in with the Spanish fleet, and on the 13th February, communicated the intelligence to Sir John Jervis. Nelson, now Commodore, was directed to show his broad pendant on board the *Captain*; and before sunset the signal was made to prepare for action. At daylight the enemy were in sight. The British force consisted of two ships of 100 guns, two of 98, two of 90, eight of 74, and one of 64, with four frigates, a sloop, and a cutter. The Spaniards had one four-decker of 136, six three-deckers of 112, two of 81, and eighteen of 74, with ten frigates and a brig. Their Admiral, D. Joseph de Cordova, had learned from an American that the English had only nine ships, which was indeed the case when he had fallen in with them.

Upon this information, instead of going to Cadiz, as had been his intention, he determined to seek an engagement with an enemy so inferior in numbers; and relying with fatal confidence upon the superiority of the American, suffered his ships to remain too far dispersed, when the morning of the

14th broke, and the English came in sight. A fog for some time concealed their numbers. The lookout ship, fancying her first signal disregarded, made another that the English force consisted of forty sail-of-the-line. This, as the Captain afterwards said, "he did to rouse the Admiral." It had the effect of perplexing him and alarming the whole fleet.

Before the enemy could form a regular order of battle, Sir John Jervis, by carrying a press of sail, came up with them, passed through their fleet, tacked, and then cut off nine of their ships from the main body. These ships attempted to turn on their larboard tack, either with a design of passing through the British line or to leeward of it, and then rejoining their friends. Only one of them succeeded. The others were so warmly received that they took to flight and did not appear again in the action till the close.

The Admiral was now able to direct his attention to the enemy's main body, still superior in number to his whole fleet. He made signal to tack in succession.

Nelson, whose station was in the rear of the British line, perceived that the Spanish fleet was beating up before the wind, with an intention of forming their line, joining their separated ships, or flying. To prevent either of these schemes from taking effect, he, without a moment's hesitation, disobeyed the signal.

This at once brought him into action with the *Santissima Trinidad*, 136, the *San Joseph*, 112, *Salvador del Mundo*, 112, *San Nicolas*, 80, *San Isidro*, 74, another 74, and another first-rate. Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, nobly supported him. The *Blenheim* then came to their assistance. The *Salvador del Mundo* and *San Isidro* dropped astern, and were fired into by the *Excellent*, Captain Collingwood, who made the latter strike. "But Collingwood," says Nelson, "distaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up with every sail set to save his old friend and comrade, who was to all appearance in a critical situation."

The *Captain* was at this time actually fired upon by three first-rates, the *San Nicolas* and a 74 with-in pistol-shot of her. The *Blenheim* was ahead, and the *Culloden* crippled and astern. Collingwood ranged up and passed within ten feet of the *San Nicolas*, giving her a most awful and tremendous fire; then pushed on for the *Santissima Trinidad*.

At this time, the *Captain* having lost the fore-top-mast, not a sail, shroud, or rope left, her wheel shot away, and incapable of further service in the line or in chase, he directed Captain Miller

to put the helm a-starboard, and called for the boarders.

The first man who leaped into the enemy's mizen chains was Captain Berry. He was supported from the spritsail yard, which hooked in the *San Nicolas'* mizen rigging. A soldier of the 69th broke the upper quarter-gallery window, and jumped in, followed by the Commodore himself and others as fast as possible. The cabin doors were fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at them through the window. The doors were soon burst. Nelson pushed in, and found Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign down. The English were at this time in full possession of every part of the ship; and a fire of musketry opened upon them from the stern gallery of the *San Joseph*.

Nelson, having planted sentinels at the different ladders, and ordered Captain Miller to send more men into his prize, gave orders for boarding the *San Joseph*. It was done in an instant, he himself leading the way, and exclaiming, "Westminster Abbey or Victory!"

It was not long before he was on the quarter-deck, where the Spanish captain presented to him his sword, and told him the Admiral was dying of his wounds below. One of his sailors came up, and, with an Englishman's feeling, took him by the hand, saying he might not soon have such another place to do it in, and that he was heartily glad to see him there. Nelson received only a few bruises.

The Spaniards had still eighteen or nineteen ships, which had suffered little or no injury; that part of the fleet which had been separated from the main body in the morning was now coming up, and Sir John Jervis made signal to bring to. The *Captain* was lying a perfect wreck on board her two prizes, and many of the other vessels were wholly unmanageable. The Spanish Admiral, meantime, according to his official account, inquired of his captains whether it was proper to renew the action. None of them answered explicitly that it was not, some replied that it was inexpedient to delay the business—two only were for fighting.

RAISED TO THE RANK OF REAR-ADMIRAL.

Before the action was known in England, Nelson had been advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral. The Order of the Bath was now conferred on him. Amongst the numerous congratulations which he received, none can have affected him with deeper delight than a letter from his venerable father. "I thank God," says this excellent man, "with all the fervour of a grateful soul, for the mercies

He has most graciously bestowed on me in preserving you amid the imminent perils which so lately threatened your life at every moment. The height of glory to which your professional judgment, united with a proper degree of bravery guarded by Providence, has raised you, few sons, my dear child, attain to, and fewer fathers live to see. Tears of joy have involuntarily trickled down my furrowed cheeks. Who can stand the force of such general congratulation? The name and services of Nelson have sounded throughout the city of Bath, from the common ballad-singer to the public theatre."

AT THE BLOCKADE OF CADIZ—HIS EXPEDITION AGAINST TRINIDAD.

Sir Horatio, having shifted his flag to the *Thesius*, was now employed in the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. And here occurred one of the most perilous actions in which he was ever engaged. One night his barge got alongside of a large Spanish launch of twenty-six men. Nelson had only his ten bargemen, Captain Fremantle, and John Sykes, an old and faithful follower. The contest was desperate—hand-to-hand with cutlasses. Sykes twice saved the life of the Admiral by parrying the blows that were aimed at him, and at last interposed his own head to receive the stroke of a sabre which he could not by any other means avert. The whole of the Spaniards were killed or wounded, and Nelson brought off the launch.

He was less fortunate in an expedition which he led against the island of Tenerife; indeed, the enterprise utterly failed. Nelson was in the act of stepping out of the boat at the landing when he received a shot through the right elbow and fell. His son-in-law, Lieutenant Nisbet, who was close to him, placed him at the bottom of the boat. He then examined the wound, and taking some silk handkerchiefs from his neck bound them above the lacerated vessels. Had it not been for Nisbet's presence of mind, Nelson afterwards declared he must have perished.

Whilst rowing off to the *Thesius*, the *For* cutter received a shot under water and went down. Ninety even men sank with her, and eighty-three were saved, many by Nelson himself, whose exertions on this occasion materially increased the pain and danger of his wound.

On reaching his own ship he peremptorily refused all assistance in getting on board, so insistent was he that the boat should return in time that it might save a few more men from the *For*. He desired to have only a single rope thrown

over the side, which he twisted round his left hand. "Let me alone," said he, "I have yet my legs left, and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments; I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better." The spirit which he displayed in jumping up the ship's side astonished every one.

Nelson in his official dispatches makes no mention of his own wound; but in a private letter to Lord St. Vincent, the first which he penned with his left hand, he shows himself to have been deeply affected by the failure of this expedition.

But honours enough awaited him in England to heal his wounded spirit. The freedom of the cities of London and Bristol were transmitted to him, and he was awarded a pension of £1000. The requisite memorial of his services stated that he had been four times engaged with fleets, and no less than one hundred and twenty times in action; he had assisted at the capture of seven sail-of-the-line, six frigates, four corvettes, eleven privateers, and taken or destroyed nearly fifty sail of merchant vessels.

When his health was restored, with that pious feeling which formed a leading feature of his character, he transmitted a note of thanks to the minister of St. George's, Hanover Square: "An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed on him."

ON BOARD THE "VANGUARD."

Early in the ensuing year, Sir Horatio hoisted his flag in the *Vanguard*, and was ordered to rejoin Earl St. Vincent. Upon his departure his father addressed him with that affectionate solemnity which marks all his letters:—"I trust in the Lord," said he, "that He will prosper your going out and your coming in. I earnestly desired once more to see you, and that wish has been heard. If I should presume to say I hope again to see you, the question would be readily asked, How old are you?—*Vale, Vale!*"

A gloomy foreboding, it is said, hung on the spirits of Lady Nelson at their parting: this, of course, can only have been a fear of losing him by the chances of war; no apprehension of losing his affection could possibly have existed, for all his letters at this time evince that he considered himself happy in his marriage, and his private character had hitherto been as spotless as his public life. One of the last things he said to her was that his own ambition was satisfied, but he went to raise her to that rank in which he had long wished to see her.

Immediately on his rejoining Earl St. Vincent.

he was dispatched to the Mediterranean that he might ascertain if possible the object of the great expedition fitting out at Toulon. The first news he received of this armament was that it had surprised Malta. It was clear that the destination was eastward, and he thought, Egypt: for Egypt therefore he made all sail. He reached Alexandria, but the enemy were not there; and he returned to Sicily without obtaining any news of them.

Through the secret agency of Sir William Hamilton, at that time ambassador at Naples, he obtained requisite supplies, and renewed his search. At last he resolved on again revisiting Alexandria, where on the forenoon of the 1st August, 1798, he saw the French fleet at anchor in Aboukir Bay.

For many preceding days Nelson had hardly taken either sleep or food; he now ordered his dinner to be served while preparations were making for battle; and when his officers rose from table and went to their separate stations, he said to them, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

The advantage of numbers alike in ships, guns, and men was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships-of-the-line and four frigates, carrying 1,196 guns and 11,230 men. The English had the same number of ships-of-the-line, carrying 1,012 guns and 8,068 men.

Nelson's plan was to double upon the French and anchor his ships one on the outer bow and another on the outer quarter of each ship of the enemy as far as his force would extend. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of this design, exclaimed with transport, "If we succeed what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case," replied the Admiral. "That we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

As the squadron advanced, the enemy opened a steady fire, from the starboard side of their whole line, full into the bows of our van-ships. It was received in silence; on board of every ship the crew were employed aloft in furling sails, and below in tending the braces and making ready for anchoring.

At length, when anchored, mostly by the stern, the English opened a most destructive fire. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away—that they should be struck no British admiral considers as a possibility. The whole of the ships being judiciously placed, the battle raged with the utmost fury. Unfortunately the *Culloden* got fast

a ground, and though she served as a beacon to other ships entering the bay, it was impossible for her to be of use in the fight. Before the whole fleet had anchored it was quite dark.

The first two ships of the French line were dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the action began, and the others had suffered so severely that victory was already certain; the third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half-past eight. Meanwhile Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot; the skin of his forehead was stripped away and hung down over his face. The great effusion of blood caused an apprehension that the wound was mortal. Nelson was carried below and the surgeon hurried to examine him. "No, no," exclaimed he, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows."

When he had at last been looked to, and the wound had been pronounced not mortal, the utmost joy prevailed. The wound was dressed, and Nelson sat down and began the official letter which appeared in the *Gazette*.

Suddenly a cry was heard on deck that the *Orient*, the largest of the French ships, carrying the flag of Admiral Bruceys, was on fire. In the confusion, Nelson found his way up, and to the astonishment of every one appeared on the quarter-deck, when he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Bruceys was dead. He had received three different wounds, yet would not leave his post; a fourth cut him almost in two: he desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered the ship. By the prodigious light of this conflagration the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours being clearly distinguishable. About ten the *Orient* blew up; the tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful—the firing instantaneously ceased on both sides, and the first sound was the fall of her shattered masts and yards, which had been carried to a vast height.

The cannonading was partially continued till three in the morning, when it ceased, leaving the English in possession of nine French ships-of-the-line. The victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene." He therefore called it a conquest. The loss of the English in killed and wounded was 895; that of the French 5225; the rest, including the wounded, were sent on shore.

Nelson was now at his height of glory; congratulations, rewards, and honours were showered

upon him by all the states, princes, and powers to whom this victory gave a respite. In England he was created Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2000 for his own life and that of his two immediate successors. The East India Company presented him with £10,000, and various other gifts were received from different bodies in England; whilst rich presents were bestowed by Turkey, Sicily, Naples, Sardinia, etc.

ON THE NEAPOLITAN COASTS—LADY HAMILTON— IN THE BALTIC.

From this time Nelson remained chiefly employed on the Neapolitan coasts, during which period he sanctioned that which must ever remain a blot on his character, and which tarnished the honour of the British flag—the execution of the aged Prince Caraccioli.

This was a nobleman, nearly seventy years old, and of an unblemished reputation, who was highly beloved by the Neapolitans, as an excellent officer, having been long at the head of their marine service. This respectable man accompanied the royal family to Sicily; but when the new republic was established, and an edict was issued, decreeing that those who did not return within a limited time should forfeit their estates, Caraccioli unfortunately thought it prudent to hasten back to Naples, to preserve his patrimony. There he was soon solicited to take the command of the navy, as he was greatly esteemed by the seamen; and with this request he was induced to comply, most probably from the fear of incurring the resentment of those who had everything at their disposal, and who could, of course, in a moment have deprived him of his property and his life.

Caraccioli, perceiving that his destruction was determined upon, and seeing that the English commander had violated the only means by which his life could have been saved, endeavoured to effect his escape in disguise. The distribution of money, however, among the peasantry, and the offer of ample rewards for the apprehension of the proscribed revolutionists, quickly brought this venerable old man within the grasp of those who thirsted for his blood. He was taken in the disguise of a peasant, and hurried on board Nelson's own ship; which thus became, by a most unnatural act, a jail for the imprisonment of those who were neither subject to our laws nor could be brought from their own shores to be confined there, without manifest injustice.

Within an hour from the time that this poor old man was brought on board the *Foudroyant*, a court-martial of Sicilian officers, the president of

which was his determined enemy, assembled in that ship by the orders of Lord Nelson, to try the subject of another state for treason. That Caraccioli was found guilty by this junta, who had no authority for what they did, was a matter of course. He received sentence of death, the report of which being communicated to the British admiral, he signed the warrant for its being carried into effect the same evening, by hanging the prisoner at the yard-arm, on board a Sicilian frigate.

Capua and Gaëta now surrendered to the naval force under Nelson's orders. In February 1800, Nelson sailed for Malta, and captured the French ship-of-the-line *Généreux*, which escaped from Aboukir, and also a frigate.

On Lord Keith's return from England, Nelson came home, leaving Captain Troubridge in command of the squadron blockading Malta, which island capitulated in September 1800. Within three months after his return he separated from Lady Nelson, in consequence of his infatuated attachment to Lady Hamilton. This was a woman of questionable antecedents but perilous fascination, the wife of the British ambassador at Naples, with whom he was unhappily thrown into contact. The influence which she now obtained over him she continued to the end to exercise. That to the charms of an impure adventuress he sacrificed the wife to whom he had been tenderly devoted, is one of the saddest instances on record of the fatal influence of beauty. Let us compassionate the one frailty of a man in all else as gentle and generous as he was brave.

The character of Lady Hamilton is thus sketched in Mr. Clarke's *Life of Nelson* :—

"Emma Lady Hamilton, one of the most extraordinary women of the age, amidst all her faults, was greatly noted for her general attention and hospitality. In the voluptuous court of the Sicilian monarch, her fascinating person commanded a very powerful influence; but in a situation of so much delicacy and danger, she never forgot the character that was expected from the wife of an English ambassador, nor was deficient in any of those courtesies and friendly attentions which mark a liberal and humane disposition. From the arrival of the British squadron at Naples, she had exerted herself to support that good cause for which Admiral Nelson had been detached; and having in this respect rendered some service, the natural vanity of her mind led her to imagine, and to endeavour to make the noble admiral and others believe, that from her alone proceeded the means of performing those great events which threw such a splendour on the favourite object of

her idolatry. Her leading passion was the love of celebrity; and it was this passion, added to the above delusion, which gradually brought on that fatal and highly-wrought attachment which she formed for the hero of Aboukir; for it was the hero, and not the individual, who had captivated her glowing imagination. Its ardour, as it increased, overpowered the natural kindness of her disposition, and eventually involved her in an endless succession of private altercation and public disappointment."

Nelson's life at this time, surrounded though he was by all the outward marks of popularity and success, was far from satisfactory. The 29th of September, the anniversary of his birth, when he completed his fortieth year, was celebrated with extraordinary splendour by Sir William and Lady Hamilton. At an expense of two thousand ducats, they entertained upwards of seventeen hundred of the nobility and gentry of Naples with a ball and supper, all the arrangements of which, as he himself remarked, were enough to fill him with vanity. "Every ribbon, every button, has Nelson, etc. The whole service is marked H. N., Glorious 1st of August." In spite of all this homage his mind could not reconcile itself to the general character and politics of the Neapolitans. Before his arrival he had written to the Commander-in-Chief, "I detest this voyage to Naples; nothing but absolute necessity could force me to the measure." Again, on the 30th September, he says, "What precious moments the courts of Naples and Vienna are losing! Three months would liberate Italy; but this court is so enervated that the happy moment will be lost. I am very unwell, and the miserable conduct of this court is not likely to cool my irritable temper. It is a country of fiddlers, poets, and scoundrels." Subsequent events furnished but too complete a justification of this seemingly harsh judgment.

A remarkable instance of the folly into which great men can fall when they suffer themselves to be led away from the path of duty by the allurements of pleasure, happened just about this time. One of Nelson's favourite amusements was to go about the streets in disguise, accompanied by Lady Hamilton, who could adopt any character and perform it to great advantage. Having taken a cheerful glass on a fine evening, he proposed to Lady Hamilton to have a ramble about the city; which was acceded to, and they accordingly sallied forth, laughing at all they met, but without being known until they entered a house of entertainment, where a party of English officers were enjoying themselves with their ladies. Here our hero and his friend indulged in the humours of the

place, thinking that they were undiscovered ; but it chanced that the boatswain of the *Foudroyant* looked into the room with a midshipman, and recognised the admiral. The boatswain being a man of pleasant manners and genteel address, contrived to watch his Lordship and his companion from place to place, till they reached the ambassador's house, after which, the two shipmates, out of frolic, went to court, which was very easy of access to British officers. There the boatswain attracted the notice of the king, who entered into conversation with him, which ended by conferring on the man one of the orders of knighthood. This afterwards became known to Lady Hamilton, who followed the unfortunate chevalier with inexorable vengeance ; and the admiral, at her instigation, turned the boatswain, notwithstanding his new dignity, before the mast ; but the midshipman escaped with a reprimand for having been a party in a frolic which, to say the most of it, was far from deserving censure, and least of all from those who had been guilty of exhibiting in their own conduct an unpardonable degree of levity and indiscretion.

IN THE BALTIC.

Nelson sailed, March 12th, 1801, as second in command to Sir Hyde Parker, to the Baltic, with a fleet of eighteen sail-of-the-line, frigates, bombes, fire-ships, etc., amounting in all to fifty-three sail, having on board the 49th regiment, two companies of rifles, and a detachment of artillery. The fleet arrived in the Sound, and after some time lost in negotiations by Mr. Vansittart, anchored between the island of Huen and Copenhagen. Lord Nelson having offered his services in the attack on the Danish fleet, he was detached with twelve ships-of-the-line and smaller craft, making thirty-six sail, on the 1st of April, 1801, and anchored at dark off Drægo Point, two miles from the Danish line.

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

The battle of Copenhagen requires less detail than that of the Nile, though it made the talents of Nelson, if that be possible, yet more conspicuous. The Danes were admirably prepared for defence. Upwards of a hundred pieces of cannon were mounted upon the crown batteries at the entrance of the harbour ; and a line of twenty-five two-deckers, frigates, and floating batteries, stretched across its mouth.

A Dane who came on board during the ineffectual negotiations that preceded hostilities, having occasion to express his proposals in writing, found the pen blunt, and holding it up, sarcasti-

cally said, "If your guns are not better pointed than your pens, you will make little impression on Copenhagen." He and his countrymen relied on the fortifications of the Sound as their outpost ; but the Swedish batteries were silent, and the fleet passed without damage. The soundings were made under Nelson's own eye ; day and night he was in the boat, till his health had nearly sunk under the unremitting fatigue.

The action was fought on the 2nd of April. Nelson had with him twelve ships-of-the-line, with all the frigates and small craft ; the remainder of the fleet was with the Commander-in-Chief, about four miles off. Three of his squadron grounded ; and owing to the fears of the masters and pilots the anchors were let go nearly a cable's length from the enemy. Had they proceeded they would have deepened their water, and the victory would have been decided in half the time.

Of all the engagements in which Nelson had borne a part, this, he said, was the most terrible. It began at ten in the morning, and at one victory had not declared itself on either side. A shot through the main-mast knocked a few splinters about the Admiral. "It is warm work," he observed, "and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment. But mark you," said he, stopping short at the gangway, "I would not be elsewhere for thousands."

Just at this time Sir Hyde made signal for the action to cease. It was reported to him : he continued walking the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal lieutenant meeting him at the next turn, asked if he should repeat it. "No," replied Nelson, "acknowledge it." Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted, and being answered in the affirmative, said to him, "Mind you keep it so."

He now walked the deck moving the stump of his right arm in a manner which always denoted great agitation. "Doctor, you know," said he, to the surgeon, "what's shown on board the Commander-in-Chief, No. 39!" He was asked what that meant. "Why, to leave off action!" then shrugging up his shoulders as he repeated the words "leave off action"—"No, d—n me if I do! You know, Foley," said he to the Captain, "I have only one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes.—D—n the signal! hoist mine for closer battle ; that is the way I answer such signals—Nail mine to the mast!"

Admiral Graves disobeyed that of the Commander-in-Chief in like manner, whether intentionally or by a fortunate mistake has not been explained.

The squadron of frigates hailed off. At the

moment the *Amazon* showed her stern to the enemy, Riou was killed; almost his last words had been an expression of regret at being obliged to retreat. "What," said he, "will Nelson think of us?"

About two, great part of the Danish line had ceased to fire, some of their lighter ships were adrift, and many had struck. It was, however, difficult to take possession of them, partly because they were protected by the batteries on Amak Island, and partly because an irregular fire was made on the English boats as they approached from the ships themselves, the Danes being able to recruit their crews from the shore. This irritated Nelson; "he must either," he said, "send on shore and stop these irregular proceedings, or send in fire-ships and burn the prizes." In this part of the battle the victory was complete, but the three ships ahead were still engaged and exposed to a superior force. Nelson, with a presence of mind peculiar to himself, seized this occasion to secure the advantage which he had already gained, and open a negotiation.

He therefore wrote thus to the Crown Prince: "Admiral Lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must be obliged to set on fire all the prizes that he has taken without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them."

A wafer was brought him for this letter; he ordered wax and a candle, saying, "It was no time to appear informal," and he affixed a larger seal than usual. Captain Frederick Thesiger was sent in with it. During his absence the remainder of the enemy's line eastward was silenced; the Crown batteries continued to fire till the Danish General Lindholm returned with a flag of truce, when the action closed, after four hours' continuance.

The message from the Prince was to inquire what was the object of Nelson's note? Nelson replied, "It was humanity;" he consented that hostilities should cease, and that the wounded Danes should be taken on shore, and he on his part would take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off his prizes as he thought fit. He presented his humble duty to the Prince, saying "he should consider this the greatest victory he had ever gained if it might be the cause of a happy reconciliation between the two countries."

Having given this reply, he referred Lindholm to the Commander-in-Chief, and availed himself of the opportunity to get his ships out of the intricate channel from which had hostilities con-

tinued, they could not have disengaged themselves till the Crown batteries were destroyed. His proposal was accepted in the course of the evening, and a suspension agreed on for four-and-twenty hours, during which it was resolved that he should land and negotiate in person with the Prince.

Some difficulty occurred in adjusting the duration of the armistice. He required sixteen weeks, giving, like a seaman, the true reason, that he might have time to act against the Russian fleet and return. This not being acceded to, a hint was thrown out by one of the Danish commissioners of the renewal of hostilities. "Renew hostilities!" said he to one of his friends, for he understood French enough to comprehend what was said, though not to answer in the same language. "Tell him we are ready at a moment! ready to bombard this very night." Fourteen weeks were at length agreed to.

RAISED TO THE RANK OF VISCOUNT.

The death of Paul intervened, and the Northern Confederacy was destroyed. For this signal service, in which Nelson appeared not less conspicuous as a statesman than as an admiral, he was raised to the rank of Viscount. There was some, prudence, perhaps, in dealing out honours to him step by step—had he lived long enough he would have fought his way to a Dukedom.

When Britain was alarmed by preparations at Boulogne, Nelson was appointed to a squadron on that station. His attack upon the flotilla failed, because the divisions did not all arrive in time. The enemy's vessels were moored by the bottom to the shore and to each other with chains, and it was not possible to retain possession of those which struck, because as soon as this was attempted the French fired upon them, utterly regardless of their own men.

AFTER THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

The Peace of Amiens was concluded shortly afterwards; and when it was found equally incompatible with the honour and safety of this country to remain at peace with Bonaparte, Nelson went out as Commander-in-Chief to the Mediterranean.

We must pass on now to the concluding scene, the consummation of his labour and glory.

After having watched the Toulon fleet for nearly two years, ready at any time to give it battle with an inferior force, it escaped him, formed a junction with the Spaniards, and ran for the West Indies. With eight ships and three frigates, he pursued eighteen sail-of-the-line and six frigates with 12,000 troops on board. The mere terror of

his name compelled them to fly before him ; false intelligence misled him, and they secured their return to Europe, whither they fled, without having accomplished any part of their purpose except that of reinforcing their own islands ; ours were preserved from pillage, invasion, and not improbable conquest by this pursuit, which is in all its circumstances unparalleled in naval history. Having pursued them to Europe, he delivered over his squadron to Admiral Cornwallis, lest they should make for Brest to liberate that fleet and place him between two fires : and then he returned to England, meaning to enjoy a little leisure with his friends.

He had not been at home a month when news arrived that the French fleet, now increased to thirty-four sail-of-the-line, had got safely into Cadiz.

When Captain Blackwood arrived at Merton with this news, Lord Nelson is stated to have treated it lightly, having no intention to go to sea again, and contenting himself with saying, "Let the man trudge it who has lost his budget." "But," observes one historian, "amid all this *allegro* of the tongue to his friends at Merton Place, Lady Hamilton observed that his countenance, from that moment, wore occasional marks of *he penseroso* in his bosom. In this state of mind he was pacing one of the walks of Merton garden, which he always called the quarter-deck, when Lady Hamilton told him that she perceived he was low and uneasy. He smiled and said,—"No ! I am as happy as possible : " adding, that he saw himself surrounded by his family ; that he found his health better since he had been at Merton ; and that he would not give a sixpence to call the king his uncle. Her Ladyship replied that she did not believe what he said ; and that she would tell him what was the matter with him. That he was longing to get at those French and Spanish fleets ; that he considered them as his property, and would be miserable if any other man but himself did the business ; that he must have them as the price and reward of his long watching, and two years' uncomfortable situation in the Mediterranean ; and finished by saying, "Nelson, however we may lament your absence, and your so speedily leaving us, offer your services immediately, to go off Cadiz : they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it. You will have a glorious victory ; and then you may come here, have your *otium cum dignitate*, and be happy." He looked at her Ladyship for some moments ; and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "Brave Emma ! good Emma ! if there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons. You have pene-

trated my thoughts. I wish all you say, but was afraid to trust even myself with reflecting on the subject. However, I will go to town." He went accordingly, next morning, accompanied by her Ladyship and his sisters. They left him at the Admiralty, on the way to Lady Hamilton's house in Clarges Street ; and soon after received a note informing them that the *Victory* was telegraphed not to go into port, and begging they would prepare everything for his departure.

He reached Portsmouth only twenty-five days after he had left it ; numbers followed him to the shore, and many when they saw him embark knelt down and blessed him, a proof of public love of which perhaps our history affords no other example. The wind was against him, and blew strong ; nevertheless such was his impatience to be upon the scene of action that he worked down Channel, and after a rough passage arrived off Cadiz on his birthday, September 29th, 1805, on which very day the French Admiral, Villeneuve, received orders to put to sea on the first opportunity.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

From this time till the 21st of October, when the battle of Trafalgar was fought, Nelson never came in sight of land ; he feared that if the enemy knew his force they would not venture out, notwithstanding their superiority. This was the case ; Villeneuve had called a council of war on hearing that Nelson had taken the command ; and their determination was not to leave Cadiz unless they had reason to believe themselves one-third stronger than the British force. Many circumstances tended to deceive them into such an opinion, and an American contributed unintentionally to mislead them by declaring that Nelson could not possibly be with the fleet, for he himself had seen him only a few days before in London.

Relying upon this and upon their superiority, which was in truth sufficiently great, though they imagined it greater than it was, in an unhappy hour they sailed out from Cadiz. On the 19th the signal was made that they were at sea. In the afternoon of the next day it was signified that they seemed determined to go to the westward ; "and that," said Nelson in his Journal, "they shall not do, if it be in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them."

He had previously arranged his plan of attack. The order of sailing was to be the order of battle ; the fleet in two lines of sixteen ships, with an advanced squadron of eight, the fastest sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the

entire charge of his line, was to break through the enemy; about the twelfth ship from the rear he would lead through the centre; and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. They were so to proportion this to the strength of the enemy, that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they cut off. The only difference to this plan on the day of action was that the fleet bore up by signal in two columns.

The British force consisted of twenty-seven sail-of-the-line. The enemy's was thirty-three, and their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers—4,000 troops were on board, and the best riflemen who could be selected were dispersed through the fleet.

The plan of defence was as original as that of attack. The ships of the enemy were formed in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern.

Nelson never went into battle without a full sense of its dangers, and always seems rather to have prepared his mind for death than to have banished the thought of it. On the morning of the 21st he wrote a prayer in his Journal, followed by an extraordinary memoir, in which he solemnly bequeathed Lady Hamilton as a legacy to his king and country. He left also to the beneficence of his country his adopted daughter, desiring she would use in future his name only. This memoir we give here in full:—

"Whereas the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to our king and country, to my knowledge, without her receiving any reward from either our king or country:

"First, that she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother the King of Naples, acquainting him of his inclination to declare war against England; from which letter the ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis, to strike a stroke, if opportunity afforded, against either the armaments of Spain, or her fleets: that neither of these was done, is not the fault of Lady Hamilton; the opportunity might have been offered.

"Secondly, the British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be wrote to the governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into

Syracuse, and received every supply; went to Egypt, and destroyed the French fleet.

"Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country. But as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my king and country; that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life.

"I also leave to the beneficence of my country, my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson, and I desire she will use, in future, the name of Nelson only.

"These are the only favours I ask of my king and country, at this moment, when I am going to fight their battle.

"May God bless my king and country, and all those I hold dear! My relations it is needless to mention; they will, of course, be amply provided for."

He had put on the coat which he always wore in action, and kept for that purpose with a degree of veneration: it bore the insignia of all his orders. "In honour I gained them," he said, "and in honour I will die with them."

When it was certain that the enemy could not avoid an engagement, he became highly animated, saying he should not be content with less than twenty of them.

Captain Blackwood was walking with him on the poop when Nelson asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. The Captain replied, he "thought the whole of the fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about." He had, however, scarcely spoken, before the signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language and the name of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal—"England expects that every man will do his duty." It was received with a shout throughout the fleet, an answering acclamation, made sublime by the feeling which it conveyed. "Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

Captain Blackwood, being about to return to his ship, took him by the hand, saying he "hoped soon to return and find him in possession of his twenty prizes." He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again."

As usual, Nelson hoisted several flags, that they might not be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. The *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was therefore only dis-

tinguished by her four decks; to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered.

It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Before this could be done, and before the victors fired a shot, fifty of her men were killed or wounded, and her mizen top-mast, with all her studding sail, and their bows on both sides, shot way. In this state she ran on board the *Redoutable*, which, firing her broadsides into the English flagship, instantly let down her lower deck ports for fear of being boarded through them.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoutable* on the other side; another ship in like manner was on board the *Téméraire*, so that these four ships, in the heat of battle, formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads all lying the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory* immediately depressed their guns and fired with a diminished charge, lest their shot should pass through and injure the *Téméraire*; and because there was danger that the enemy's ships might take fire from the guns of the lower deck, whose muzzles touched her side when they were run out, the firemen of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed at the hole made in her sides by the shot. The *Victory* passed astern so as to play upon the *Bucentaure*, Villeneuve's ship, and the *Santissima Trinidad*, with her larboard guns, and upon the *Redoutable* from the other side.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

In the prayer which Nelson wrote before the action, he prays that humanity after victory might distinguish the British flag. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoutable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; and as she carried no flag, there was no means of ascertaining the fact.

From this ship, whose destruction was twice delayed by his wish to spare the enemy, he received his death. A ball, fired from her mizen top, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder: he fell with his face on the deck. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he, "my backbone is shot through." Yet not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; and that he might not be seen by the crew he took out his handkerchief and covered his face with it, and the insignia upon his coat. Had he but concealed

them from the enemy, England perhaps would not have received with sorrow the tidings of the battle of Trafalgar.

Certain, by the sensation in his back and the gush of blood which he felt every minute within his breast, that no human aid could avail him, after the wound had been probed, he ordered the surgeon to return to the wounded and assist those to whom his services could be useful, "for," said he, "you could do nothing for me." The pain he suffered was so severe that he wished himself dead. "Yet," said he in a lower tone, "one would like to live a little longer too;" doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun.

His thoughts now fluctuated wholly between his glory and his love. "I am going fast," said he; "it will be all over with me soon. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Afterwards he observed, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!"

Upon inquiring how many ships had struck and hearing fourteen or fifteen certainly, but it was impossible as yet to ascertain, "That's well," said he, "but I bargained for twenty;" and then he emphatically exclaimed, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" To this the Captain replied that he supposed Admiral Collingwood would now take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," cried the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "no, do you anchor, Hardy."

Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard," and desired that he might be buried by his father and mother, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. "Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. I have done my duty. Thank God! I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last which he uttered.

NATIONAL SORROW.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity. Men started at the news and turned pale, as if they had heard of the death of a dear friend. An object of admiration and affection, of pride and hope, was suddenly removed, and it seemed as if people had never till then known how deeply they loved and revered him. What the country lost in its great naval hero, the greatest of all English history, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly indeed had he per-

formed his part, that the maritime war might from that day be considered at an end : the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed ; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated.

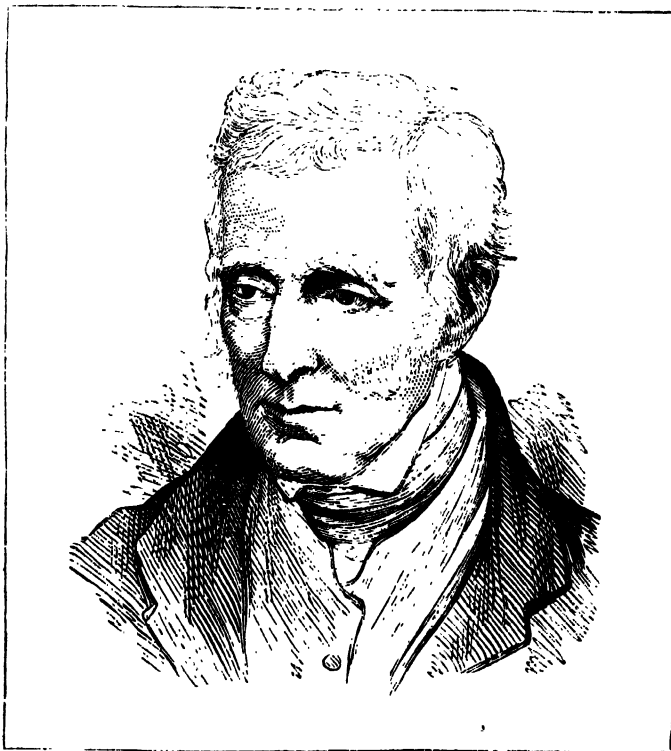
"It was not," says Southey in his *Life of Nelson*, "from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him : the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour ; whom every tongue would have blessed ; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and 'old men from the chimney corner' to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy ; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas : and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength ; for, while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

"There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done ; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr : the most awful that of the martyred patriot ; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory : and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England ; a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them."

The testamentary papers of his lordship were proved in Doctors' Commons, on the 23rd of December, 1805, by his brother, Earl Nelson, and William Haslewood, Esquire, the executors. In his will, dated May 10th, 1803, he directed that, in case of his dying in England, he should be buried in the parish church of Burnham Thorpe, by the side of his deceased father and mother, and in as private a manner as might be, unless His Majesty should signify it to be his pleasure that his body should be interred elsewhere. After specifying some minor bequests to his relations and friends, he directed that the residue of his personal estates and effects, with certain exceptions, should be turned into money, and invested in the funds so as to afford a clear yearly income of £1,000 to his wife, in addition to all former provisions made for her, and in addition to the sum of £4,000 lately given to her. The estate and dukedom of Bronte he limited in such a manner as to accompany the barony of Nelson, with which limitations the new titles of Earl and Viscount Nelson of Trafalgar and of Merton were made to correspond. The insignia of the various Orders with which he was invested, were to be transmitted in the nature of heir-looms to the successive possessors of the barony and dukedom. To Lady Hamilton he gave his house and furniture at Merton, with seventy acres of the land belonging to it, to revert, after her death, to his lordship's right heirs, and the residuary estate he bequeathed in equal thirds to his brother and his two sisters.

To this will were added seven codicils, all, excepting the first, which relates to the bequests to Lady Hamilton, in the handwriting of Nelson himself. The second gave to his adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson, the sum of £4,000, to be paid six months after his decease or sooner if possible, and he left his dearest friend, Emma Lady Hamilton, her sole guardian, till she should attain the age of eighteen years. "This request of guardianship," he says, "I earnestly make to Lady Hamilton, knowing that she will educate my adopted child in the paths of religion and virtue, and give her those accomplishments which so much adorn herself, and I hope make her a fit wife for my dear nephew, Horatio Nelson, who I wish to marry her, if he should prove worthy, in Lady Hamilton's estimation, of such a treasure as I am sure she will be." In subsequent codicils he gave to Lady Hamilton the net yearly sum of £500 to be paid out of the rental of his estate at Bronte, the sum of £2,000 and all his hay at Merton, and he desired that the annual sum of £100 might continue to be paid to the widow of his brother, Maurice.

S. I. A.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"Well for the whole, if there be found a man
Who makes himself what nature destined him.
The pause, the central point to thousand thousands,—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence."—SCHILLER.

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THE DUKE'S POSITION AMONG THE ENGLISH NATION.

"THE great space which the name of the Duke of Wellington has filled in the his-

tory of the last fifty years, his brilliant achievements in the field, his high mental qualities, his long and faithful services to the Crown, his untiring devotion to the interests of his country,

constitute claims upon the gratitude of the nation which a public funeral, though it cannot satisfy, at least may serve to recognise.'

These lines occur in an official letter indited at Balmoral by the great Earl of Derby, the "Rupert of Debate," at that time Prime Minister of England. It was written, this official letter, on no ordinary occasion, and was intended for publication in the press throughout the country, that England might know how the Sovereign valued the services and regretted the loss of an illustrious subject, who, long bowed beneath the weight of years and honours, had just passed to his rest.

For, on the evening of the 14th September, 1852, a rumour ran through London that "the Duke" was dead. The report was at first received with incredulity, for there had been no previous intimation that the grand old hero was sick. That good, grey head, bent and feeble with age, was so well known among all classes in London, and in the neighbourhood of that fortress on the pleasant Kentish shore, where the old Warden of the Cinque Ports, amid surroundings of Spartan simplicity, sat working day by day, even when he had passed, by twelve years, the allotted threescore and ten years of human life—that at first it seemed scarcely possible the old familiar face would now be seen no longer among the living. The event seemed to come upon the public by surprise; and men suddenly paused to think how great a figure it was that was suddenly withdrawn from the stage of the world.

But when the morning brought confirmation of the news, and it was known that the Duke of Wellington had died at Walmer, after a few hours' illness, the general sense of loss manifested itself everywhere. The newspapers appeared for several days with mourning borders; in the Thames the vessels had their flags half-mast high; the church bells tolled, and many persons put on mourning. Since that day, nearly half a century before, when the glorious news of Trafalgar came, saddened by the tidings of the death of Nelson, no such general feeling of sorrow had been felt for a public man; no such general sense that a Prince had fallen in Israel. The Duke had become interwoven with the life of his time. In the army, in the senate, in society, his presence was potent. It was felt that a wise voice was silenced for ever in the councils of the nation; and at a time, too, when wisdom and experience could ill be spared. For the second French Empire had just been set up, and in the direction of Russia there was arising

a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that was soon to darken all the horizon with the thunder-storm of war. It was everywhere felt that in the life just ended, in the fulness of years and honours, was embodied the tremendous conflict against the mightiest soldier the world had ever seen. The history of that eventful period, in which England alone of the nations of Europe could boast that her soil had remained unprofaned by the footsteps of a foreign foe, all the remembrances of that time seemed to come back across the vista of almost forty years; and amid the first flush of exultation over his victories, the name of the Duke had hardly been so much a household word as when that glorious life, useful and active to the last, had appropriately closed, in the old sixteenth-century stronghold, where he commanded as Warden.

THE WELLESLEY FAMILY; SCHOOLDAYS AND YOUTH OF ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

Arthur Wellesley, the hero of the Napoleonic era, was the third son of the Earl of Mornington, an Irish nobleman, chiefly remembered for his musical taste, and as the author of the popular glee, "Here in Cool Grot." The family name, Wellesley, or, as it was originally spelt, Wesley, had been adopted on the succession of the Earl's father, in 1728, to the estates of Gerald Wesley, Esq. Under their former name of Colley or Cowley, Arthur Wellesley's ancestors had removed to Ireland from Rutlandshire in the time of Henry VIII. It was on the old Wellesley estate, at Dangan Castle, county Meath, that Arthur Wellesley was born, in March 1769. His mother, who is said to have been exceedingly clever, was a daughter of Lord Dungannon. He received his education at Eton, and must, we should think, have been just the youth who would thoroughly enjoy himself at a public school—strong, active, with excellent health and indomitable pluck, thoroughly able to take his own part. In those days the army was looked upon as offering a favourable field for young men of aristocratic family and moderate abilities; and as young Arthur was known to possess one and supposed to possess the other of these qualifications, while he was considered to be destitute of the talent required for University distinction, he was destined for the army; and to give him some preliminary knowledge of things martial, he was sent to a military college at Angers, in France; and in March 1787, being then eighteen years of age, was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 73rd Regiment.

**ARTHUR WELLESLEY BECOMES A SOLDIER ;
BIRTH AND PATRONAGE ; RAPID PROMOTION.**

In those days of purchase and patronage, a youth of the social rank of Arthur Wellesley, or Wesley, as he continued to write his name, seldom lingered long on the lower steps of the ladder of promotion. The young officer's advance was certainly rapid. In nine months he was a lieutenant in the 76th Regiment, whence he exchanged, first into the 41st Foot, and afterwards into the 12th Light Dragoons. He was only twenty-two years old when, in 1791, he got his captaincy in the 58th Foot. A few months afterwards he exchanged into a crack cavalry regiment, the 18th Light Dragoons. In time of peace, in those days of purchase and exchange, family interest, rank, and money, whence the things that decided promotion. All these young Arthur Wellesley possessed, and very fortunately for him he had mounted all the lower steps of the ladder by these easy means when the breaking out of the great war opened a field for his genius. By that time, 1793, the aristocratic young soldier had mounted two more steps: he had become major in the 33rd Foot, and now, at twenty-four years of age, was lieutenant-colonel of that corps. He had, moreover, already sat in the Irish Parliament for three years, and had been aide-de-camp to the Earl of Westmorland, the Lord Lieutenant.

The first scene of war in which young Colonel Wellesley was called upon to take part was not exactly one of victory. When, in 1791, the French Republic had determined to hold its own in battle against the nations of Europe, William Pitt, who then swayed the destinies of England, determined to join in the fray, for the upholding of tottering thrones against the spread of democracy. An army was despatched into Holland, under the Duke of York, the second son of George III., and a second, under Lord Moira, was sent, *via* Ostend, to assist him.

**THE DUKE OF YORK'S ARMY ; WELLESLEY'S
FIRST SERVICES.**

The strength and spirit of the enemy had been grievously underrated. "One Englishman can beat five Frenchmen at any time," says Goldsmith's disabled soldier; and the expedition to Holland seems to have been organized on this somewhat over-sanguine theory. The troops of the Duke of York were everywhere discomfited, and after enduring hardships and disasters of every kind, were forced to re-embark for England, with sadly diminished numbers, and no great accession of fame. At home the failure

excited anger as well as ridicule; and that wicked wag Gillray, the caricaturist, perpetrated a horrible cartoon, in which the Duke of York is depicted presenting the keys of Paris to his illustrious father, in the presence of the assembled court: the old king, starting up eagerly from his throne, with outstretched hands to grasp the prize, exclaiming, "What, what—what! Keys of Paris! Keys of Paris! Give us hold, give us hold. It's *Veni, vidi, vici*, with you, lad. Hey, hey, hey!" Though it was certainly not *Veni, vidi, vici* with young Colonel Wellesley any more than with his commander, he contrived in this disastrous campaign to show what stuff he was made of. At Schyn del, with his gallant 33rd, he drove back an advancing column of the enemy with great loss; at Meteren he forced a confident body of Republicans to abandon a meditated attack; and at Geldermalsen maintained his position in the face of a far superior force of the enemy. He returned to England with the reputation of a gallant and promising officer.

**COLONEL WELLESLEY IN INDIA ; CAPTURE
OF SERINGAPATAM.**

A prospect very different from the failure "upon the fields of Flanders" was opened to Arthur Wellesley in 1796, when the 33rd was ordered to India. Voyages to India in those days were slow affairs; and in almost every case a call was made at that convenient half-way house, the Cape of Good Hope. Thus the 33rd took ten months to get to Calcutta, arriving there, with its lieutenant-colonel, in February 1797.

The next year the Governor-General, Lord Mornington, Colonel Wellesley's elder brother, became aware of a dangerous conspiracy, that threatened the very existence of English rule in India. Tippoo, Sultan of Mysore, the treacherous son of Hyder Ali, "the tiger," had revived the favourite dream of the disaffected native princes "to drive the English into the sea," and, moreover, intended to achieve his purpose by the old means, the help of the French.

General Harris, who commanded the operations against Tippoo, warmly acknowledged in his reports to Lord Mornington the valuable assistance he received from Colonel Wellesley, who was soon after placed in command of one of the three divisions of the army that advanced upon Seringapatam to punish the rebellious son of Hyder Ali. At Sedaseer Tippoo was put to flight after a brave resistance. At Mullavelly he was for the second time defeated, the infantry

under Colonel Wellesley bearing the brunt of the battle, which was decided by a bayonet charge of the famous "thirty-third." At Seringapatam, the capital, he lost his life. The city was besieged, and taken by storm; and here again, the commander of the operations, General Harris, and his coadjutor, General Baird, were indebted to the judgment, coolness, and gallantry of Colonel Wellesley, who was placed by Harris in command of the fortress after its capture.

Colonel Wellesley had been brought very prominently forward—and he was the Governor-General's brother. It was not to be wondered at that these two facts were represented by the disappointed as closely bearing upon each other. Lord Mornington thereupon wrote to General Harris to clear himself from any imputation of secret favouritism. "With respect to the language," he says, "which you say people have held of my brother's appointment to command in Seringapatam, you know that I never recommended my brother to you, and of course never suggested how, or where, he should be employed; and I believe you know, also, that you would not have pleased me by placing him in any situation in which his appointment would be injurious to the public service. My opinion, or rather knowledge and experience, of his discretion, judgment, temper, and integrity, are such, that if you had not placed him in Seringapatam, I would have done so of my own authority, because I think him in every point the most proper for that service."

SERVICES AGAINST DHOONDIA WAUGH AND THE MAHRATTAS; ASSAYE AND ARGAM.

The next year Colonel Wellesley had a brilliant opportunity of vindicating the sagacity of General Harris in his appointment. A Mahratta trooper, Dhoondia Waugh, liberated by the British from the dungeons of Seringapatam, where he had been captured by Tippoo, collected a large force from among the late Sultan's disbanded followers, called himself "the King of the two worlds," and by the adhesion of various discontented and warlike tribes, became truly formidable in a country where, at that time, rebellion was always smouldering. Wellesley put himself at the head of a small force, and after a persevering pursuit of Dhoondia for three months, over a difficult and hilly country, overtook and defeated him and his 5,000 horsemen at Conahgull, where the robber chief was slain.

A far greater field was, however, opening to Wellesley. It was against the Mahrattas that his name was first to obtain a world-wide cele-

brity. Three great chiefs of that nation, Scindiah, Holkar, and the Peishwa, had long been hostile to each other. The Peishwa, defeated and driven from his territories by a combination against him of the other two, applied to the British for succour. Major-General Wellesley (he had lately gained another step) was appointed to the command of a division, and took the strong fortress of Ahmednuggur, a very important position. Scindiah, the hostile Mahratta chief, with the Rajah of Berar, commanded an army of 38,000 cavalry and 18,000 infantry, with 200 pieces of artillery and 500 zamboraks, or camel guns. Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson agreed to divide their army, which consisted of about 17,000 men; intending to form a junction at a given point for a combined attack upon the enemy. Thus it was that, at the head of a force of 8,000 men, only 1,800 of whom were British, Wellesley suddenly found himself confronted by the whole hostile army, numbering nearly 60,000 men. Wellesley, moreover, had only seventeen guns to oppose to the hostile artillery. But here we have to notice that wonderful union of qualities that made the General what he was. His usual character was that of a cool, cautious man, rigid in calculating the peril of a movement, and not to be swayed or influenced by the excitement of the moment. But where a great thing was to be done, he could greatly dare; and he proved it in this his first grand conflict, the famous battle of Assaye.

The risk here was great, for Stevenson had not yet come up, and the hostile army was eight times the strength of his own. But science might counterbalance the inequality of numbers. The Mahrattas were stationed between two streams meeting at an angle. Wellesley saw at once that by taking up a position near the point of confluence of the streams, he might attack the enemy's infantry where the hostile cavalry could not manœuvre. He availed himself of the opportunity, and as the few guns he had were totally inadequate to cope with the enemy's heavy artillery, he captured the guns on the right by a bayonet charge. With respect to the masterly position he took up, the great commander afterwards said, "My doing this has been called a stroke of genius; I call it common sense." It was, indeed, to the perfection of common sense in Wellington's military career that a large amount of his success was due. The battle of Assaye, after a hard contest, ended in the complete triumph for the British, purchased, however, at a heavy price; more than a third of the attacking force being killed or wounded.

Scindiah was half ruined by the destruction of his army. Like Xerxes,

"He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set, where were they?"

He now sued for peace, and an armistice was granted. But the restless Mahratta would not keep the conditions, and Wellesley inflicted a second defeat on him at Argaum, on the 28th November, 1803, from which he never recovered. The storming of the Fort of Gawilghur concluded the campaign most triumphantly, Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar both making their submission, and ceding large territories to the English.

RETURN TO ENGLAND; INJUSTICE OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY; PUBLIC SPIRIT OF WELLESLEY.

In March 1805, the successful General quitted the country to whose annals he had contributed so remarkable a page. A sword of honour, of the value of £1,000, presented by the inhabitants of Calcutta, a service of plate worth two thousand guineas from the officers, fêtes and addresses at Bombay, Madras, and elsewhere, testified to the estimation in which his deeds were held in India. But the Government of George III. gave him nothing beyond a knighthood of the Order of the Bath, which made him Sir Arthur Wellesley; and that eminently commercial corporation, the East India Company, ignored him altogether. "I have served the country in important situations for many years," wrote Wellesley to a friend, with very natural chagrin, "and have never received anything but injury from the Court of Directors, although there is not an instance on record, or in any private correspondence, of disapprobation of any one of my acts, or a single complaint, or even a symptom of ill temper, from any one of the political or civil authorities in communication with whom I have acted."

He left behind him a grand and glorious name in India. Just, humane, and vigilant, inflexible in maintaining discipline, quick in seeing and rewarding merit, and above all, imperturbable in the discharge of his duty, and alike unmoved by good or evil fortune, he was the very man in whose hands authority, in those troublous times, might be confidently and safely placed. He was thoroughly a soldier, never at a loss, never showing exhaustion of mind or body. He knew how to work—no man more,—but he could play too. "Not a man in his army," writes one of his companions, "seemed more devoid of care." Full of animation and urbanity, no reproving look checked the joke or suppressed the laugh of

those about him. "Come away!" he would call out; and off he went at full speed after his gallant greyhounds, who commonly obtained much of his attention during a march,—and, game abounding, the General, and any officers not required to be with their regiments, who felt disposed to enjoy the coursing, were able to beguile the time with the exhilarating sport.

One great feature in his conduct, that showed itself already in India, and became more and more marked during his subsequent career, was his subordination of his own interests and predilections to the claims of duty. "I never have had much value," he says, in a letter written in March 1801, "for the public spirit of any man who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience when it is necessary."

OPERATIONS AGAINST DENMARK; WELLESLEY'S SERVICES.

The next undertaking upon which Sir Arthur Wellesley was employed was one which has left something like a stain on the character of the English Government of that day; though Wellesley is free from that stain, having simply carried out with eminent ability the commands laid upon him in his capacity as a general. It was the celebrated, or rather the notorious, expedition against Denmark.

Napoleon had roused the righteous anger of England by his insolent decree for the blockade of the British Isles, whereby all British produce, merchandise, and manufactured articles, and all property belonging to British owners, were declared prize of war. But Napoleon's power terminated with the land; over the sea he had no sway since the fatal day of Trafalgar. Denmark still possessed a fleet; and the British Government feared that this fleet would soon be a weapon in the hands of the French emperor, "that at his will he might do danger with;" and with Shakespeare's Brutus, the British Government added, "Then lest he should, prevent." Accordingly, without any warning or intimation, a large naval armament, having on board an army of 20,000 soldiers, was despatched to the Baltic; and the astonished Crown Prince was informed that the Danish fleet and material of war must be given up to the British, to be held by them until the conclusion of the contest, lest Napoleon should seize the ships and employ them for the subjugation of England. Naturally enough the Crown Prince protested, and refused compliance. The fleet had blockaded the island of Zealand; and after a three days' bombardment Copenhagen was obliged to surrender, and

the Danish fleet was carried to England,—a striking instance that in spite of the advance of civilization, as applied to the usages of war, the old mediæval maxim had not yet become obsolete—that “those shall take who have the power, and they shall keep who can.”

The capital had surrendered; but the Danish Lieutenant-General Castenskiöld was still in the field with 14,000 men; and against him Sir Arthur Wellesley was detached with a force of some 5,000. But though his men were full of zeal, Castenskiöld did not at first think fit to give battle to Sir Arthur, but retreated from a very favourable position. When at last it came to a conflict the Danes were put to the rout almost at the first onset; and Wellesley gained great credit during the period that followed for the excellent discipline preserved among his troops, who paid for what they consumed, and even with the permission of the General helped the country people to get in their harvest,—many of the Danes having been compelled to quit their homes and join the army. Seldom has an invading force left so good a name in an enemy's country as the British troops under Wellesley left among the Danes; thanks to the vigilance of their commander in maintaining order, regularity, and discipline among them.

NAPOLEON'S SUPREMACY IN EUROPE; AFFAIRS OF SPAIN IN 1808.

The great qualities of the English General were now to be displayed on a far wider field. Not only national but European interests were to be confided to his care. Napoleon had successively humbled the great continental powers, and grasped at nothing less than universal dominion. In 1805 the great battle of Austerlitz had paralysed Austria. Prussia had been rendered powerless by the tremendous defeat of Jena, in October 1806; and through the battles of Eylau and Friedland, in 1807, Russia had in her turn been compelled to bow under the iron hand of the conqueror. The glory of the great soldier had dazzled the eyes of the fickle Emperor Alexander; and at the treaty of Tilsit, a kind of friendship had been established between the French and the Russian autocrat. Spain and Portugal were now to be taken in hand by the indefatigable setter-up and putter-down of thrones, who from the Tuileries issued his commands to King and Kaiser. He duped the miserable Spanish King Carlos IV., and the still more pitiful-spirited Ferdinand Prince of Asturias and heir-apparent to the throne, into a forced surrender of their rights to the Spanish

crown. The old king had, indeed, been almost powerless for some time, his influence being entirely neutralized by the intrigues of the minister Godoy, the precious “Prince of peace.” His retirement was rather a benefit to him, and certainly to the country he misgoverned; and that Ferdinand was equally worthless as a ruler that shuffling potentate abundantly proved in after years. But in 1808, when the British Government resolved to interfere in the affairs of the Peninsula, the imbecility and treachery of Ferdinand VII. were yet to be developed by future events. Napoleon had despatched large armies into Portugal. The royal family had fled to their colonial possession of the Brazils, and Junot, a brave but incapable French general, who owed his fortune to having attracted the attention of Napoleon by cool courage and presence of mind, many years before, at the siege of Toulon, was established in Lisbon as governor, with the title of Duc d'Abrantes. In Spain, Murat, the brother-in-law of Napoleon, had been appointed regent, at first in conjunction with Don Antonio, the uncle of Ferdinand, and afterwards alone. A rising at Madrid against the French troops quartered there in great numbers had been put down by a massacre. Fifty thousand French soldiers were quartered in Spain, and Joseph Bonaparte, the emperor's brother, was proclaimed king. Various provinces rebelled against the new order of things—Catalonia, Valencia, Galicia, Estremadura, and Andalusia. In the Asturias, “guerra al cuichillo”—“war to the knife”—was declared against the French. At Seville a national government called the Supreme Junta was formed, and in other towns subordinate Juntas acted in co-operation with the chief power. There seemed a fair chance of expelling the French from Spain and Portugal; and accordingly an expedition, consisting of eleven battalions of infantry, the 29th Foot, with a body of dragoons, and a small force of artillery, was despatched to the Peninsula in July 1808, under the command of Sir Arthur, now Lieutenant-General Wellesley.

WELLESLEY IN THE PENINSULA; ROLIÇA; VIMIERO; CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

Considering the possession of Lisbon as the first necessary object, Sir Arthur disembarked his forces in Mondego Bay, northward of that city; and fully appreciating the importance of time, which in military operations he declared to be everything, he advanced at once against Junot. He had been joined, on landing, by General Spencer, with 4000 or 5000 men. Sir

Brent Spencer was a splendid officer, zealous and determined, sure to carry out in first-rate style any duty entrusted to him, and believing greatly in the cold steel, or charging with the bayonet. At Roliça the first encounter took place, a hotly-contested affair, won at the cost of 480 men in killed, wounded, and missing; two gallant colonels, Lake of the 29th and Stewart of the 9th, being among the dead. This first encounter gave the French a very respectful opinion of the man whom Napoleon had contemptuously nicknamed the Sepoy General. Reinforced by Generals Anstruther and Acland, who most opportunely arrived, Sir Arthur, whose forces now amounted to 16,000 men, always energetic, and ready to run great risks where a great prize was to be won, determined to follow up his success and march upon Lisbon. So he pushed on and took up a position at Vimiero. But now arrived Sir Harry Burrard, an officer senior to himself in standing, and unfortunately one who thought to win, like Fabius, by delay. He was for waiting until Sir John Moore should arrive,—and this when success depended on instant action.

Events here favoured Wellesley. Junot had become thoroughly alarmed at his progress, and advanced against him with all his available force. On the 21st of August was fought the battle of Vimiero. Four hours after the commencement of the combined attack by Generals Solignac and Laborde on the British position, the French were in full flight, having lost nearly 3000 men in killed, against the British 800. "To Lisbon!" was now the word among the victorious ranks of the pursuing British; but Sir Harry Burrard was "senior officer;" he assumed command, and halted the army. Sir Arthur remonstrated and protested; but he had no choice but to obey.

Next day brought another commanding officer, Sir Hew Dalrymple, senior to the Fabius Cunctator who had so disastrously checked a victorious career. Sir Hew approved of Wellesley's plan, and desired that the army should advance. But on the morrow General Kellermann brought proposals from Junot for the evacuation of Portugal by the French. Then followed that unfortunate Convention of Cintra, in which the firstfruits of the Peninsular War were wantonly thrown away. Junot and his army, caught as they were in a trap, and in the power of their foes, were allowed to carry away their plunder from Portugal, and to depart in British vessels to their own country. The concession was monstrous in its absurdity, and

naturally aroused a storm of indignation in England. Sir Arthur did what he could to make the conditions somewhat less favourable for Junot and his men. But he had understood that the whole scheme of the campaign was overthrown when that first fatal halt was called. "Well, gentlemen," he had said, turning to his staff with bitter irony, "we may as well go and shoot red-legged partridges."

DISASTERS IN SPAIN; GENERAL WELLESLEY'S REPORT; RESOLVE TO RENEW THE WAR.

Wellesley thereupon determined to quit the army of the Peninsula. "If I could be of any use to the men who have served me so well," he wrote to a friend, "I would stay with them for ever; but as matters are situated I am sure that I can be of no use to them; I am convinced that they cannot render any service, and I am determined to go home immediately." Accordingly he returned to England. Soon after Sir Harry Burrard resigned, Sir Hew Dalrymple was recalled, and Sir John Moore took the command of the forces in Spain. A kind of investigation was held by a board of general officers concerning the Convention of Cintra; but nothing definite was done. The days of Admiral Byng had gone by.

Sir John Moore was entirely over-weighted in the task he had undertaken. That he committed mistakes is certain. It is equally certain that he did his duty as a soldier and a gentleman, without fear and without reproach, till that day of mournful glory when, after repulsing the pursuing foe, "he lay like a warrior taking his rest" in the grave hastily dug on the ramparts of Corunna. In March 1809 the Ministry took the judicious step of consulting Sir Arthur Wellesley on the question whether the Peninsula should be left to its fate; or if not, in what way the war might be best carried on. The great soldier sent a written reply, wherein, in plain language, luminous with common sense, he summed up the necessary conditions of success. Not less than thirty thousand men must be employed, four or five thousand of these to be cavalry, with a large body of artillery; the whole army, native and foreign, be put under British officers; ample reinforcements to be sent as required, and 30,000 stands of arms with clothing and shoes to be forwarded to Lisbon for the Portuguese army.

The prospect of success for an expedition despatched under better conditions induced the Ministry to try again in Spain. This time no such blunder was made as placing any inefficient senior over Sir Arthur's head. As Marshal-General of the armies of Portugal, Sir Arthur

received full authority to do what he would with the troops; and earned a shout of congratulation from the Portuguese, who welcomed him "as if conquest and his name were one." He disembarked once more on the banks of the Tagus, on April 22nd, 1809.

CAMPAIGN OF 1809; THE GENERAL'S DIFFICULTIES AND TRIALS.

They were foemen worthier of his steel with whom he had to try conclusions than the shallow *Sabreur* Junot. Marshals Soult, Victor, and Mortier were all officers of distinguished ability, the first-mentioned especially; and well supplied as they were with men and war material, to encounter them was a task that tried the skill and persistence even of the victor of Assaye. His first achievement was the passage of the Douro in the face of the enemy: a most difficult operation, which put the English in possession of the town of Oporto. So unexpected and rapid was the manœuvre, and so precipitate the retreat of the French, that it was told with glee how Sir Arthur sat down to the dinner that had been prepared for Marshal Soult.

Here, as elsewhere, the energetic commander was prevented by the neglect of others from following up his success. Money was doled out scantily, and the troops were often in want of necessaries. The soldiers, too, showed an inclination to carry on war according to the principles followed by the French armies, and began to plunder as they passed through towns and villages. Wellesley was not the man to allow such irregularities. The provost-marshal was promptly brought upon the scene, and severe corporal punishment, and even the execution of various culprits for plundering, convinced the men that their leader was not to be trifled with. It is told how on one occasion an ill-starred rascal had stolen a mirror from a house and actually carried it on his back for some distance, intending to dispose of it at the first opportunity. Unfortunately for him, the commander-in-chief spied him trudging under his ill-got booty. Trial, sentence of death, and execution followed immediately; and the unhappy wretch was left swinging from the branch of a tree, with the unlucky mirror that had brought Nemesis upon him dangling like a backboard behind him. The soldiers of the succeeding brigades, as they came marching along, glanced up at the "warning example," and wagged their heads gravely at each other. "Atty" (a familiar form of Arthur) "has been here!" they said.

The greatest of Sir Arthur's trials, however,

arose out of his association with the Spanish general Cuesta, a feeble, wayward, effete old gentleman, mortally jealous of the stranger, who, he considered, was superseding him, and full of pride and punctilio. The Commander-in-Chief must have smiled grimly to see this doughty veteran going forth to battle in a carriage drawn by nine mules; or holding a review of his men, seated on a pile of cushions placed on the ground for his convenience, and thus literally realising the idea of a feather-bed soldier. Moreover he was excessively self-opinionated, and fancied himself able, without foreign intervention, to drive the French out of Spain. Had Cuesta been an Englishman under his orders, Sir Arthur would have brought him to his senses by a very summary process. As it was, he dealt with him as one of the difficulties of the campaign, with admirable patience and tact.

BATTLE OF TALAVERA; WELLESLEY A PEER; RENEWED DIFFICULTIES; LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS.

The situation was indeed such as to tax the energies and try the firmness of the strongest of commanders. The army of Joseph Bonaparte, commanded by Marshals Victor and Jourdain, and by General Sebastian, comprised sixty thousand men, admirably posted at Talavera. The British forces numbered only twenty thousand, with thirty guns,—and many of the men were quite young soldiers, recently drafted from the militia. Cuesta's army was present, but rendered no assistance; indeed, during the whole Peninsular War, the Spanish regular troops were worse than useless. The battle of Talavera was contested on the 27th and 28th of July, 1809, against great odds; and never had the self-reliance and firmness of Sir Arthur been more severely tried than on that memorable occasion. Talavera de la Reyna is also noted for the use made by the British army of the bayonet, "a species of combat," said the general orders, "which on all occasions so well accords with the dauntless character of British soldiers." Something of the feeling of chivalry here mitigated the fierceness of war. French and English alike recognized in their opponents "foemen worthy of their steel," and during a pause in the combat, while both armies were removing their dead from the field, many soldiers, coming down to a small stream that flowed between them, actually, as Lord Castlereagh observed in his speech proposing a vote of thanks to Wellesley and the army, "shook hands in token of their reciproca

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

admiration of the bravery, skill, and firmness displayed on both sides."

For this achievement Sir Arthur Wellesley was raised to the peerage. He became Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington of Talavera and of Wellington in the county of Somerset; a pension of two thousand a year was also voted him.

But his trials had only commenced. Exaggerated notions prevailed in England regarding the amount of support the English troops would receive in the Peninsula, and supplies were withheld, until the army was half-starved. Napoleon sent Massena, with more than a hundred thousand men, to the seat of war. It became imperatively necessary to fall back, and withdraw the army from Spain into Portugal. What the difficulties were against which Lord Wellington had to contend will appear by the following terse and soldierly despatch, sent to his brother Marquis Wellesley, who had just superseded the incapable Frere as British Minister. It is dated only a few days after the victory of Talavera:—

"DELEYTOSA, August 8th, 1809.

"TO MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

"I am happy to find that the Junta have taken measures to supply the armies. Your lordship will receive my sentiments upon the permanent arrangements to be adopted for this purpose, by the courier who will deliver this letter. In the meantime I must inform your Excellency, that if the Government have not already made great exertions to supply us, and if we do not experience the immediate effects of these exertions, by receiving a plentiful supply of provisions and forage, we must move away in as many detachments as there are roads from hence to the frontiers of Portugal. I assure your Excellency that since the 3rd the army had had no bread till yesterday, when about 4000 pounds of biscuit were divided among 30,000 mouths.

"The army will be useless in Spain, and will be entirely lost, if this treatment is to continue; and I must say, that if any efficient measures for our relief had been adopted by the Government when they first received the accounts of our distresses from the want of provisions, we ought before now to have received the benefit of them. There is this day again no bread for the soldiers.

"I must at the same time do the late British Minister the justice to declare that I do not conceive that this deficiency of supplies for the army is at all to be attributed to any neglect or

omission on his part. It is to be attributed to the poverty and the extremely bad state of the country; to the inactivity of the magistrates and people; to their disinclination to take any trouble except that of packing up their property and running away when they hear of the approach of a French patrol; and to their habits of insubordination and disobedience of, and to the want of power in, the Government and their officers."

Thus, in his plain, straightforward, and sensible way, did the Commander set forth the true position of affairs. With him to recognise a danger was to find out the remedy. The question now was how to maintain the British army in the Peninsula in the face of overwhelming forces of the enemy. Wellington answered it by planning and carrying out the splendid design of the Lines of Torres Vedras.

These famous defences consisted of a double chain of earthworks, redoubts, and entrenchments, stretching at some distance north of Lisbon, from the Tagus to the Atlantic, in two nearly parallel lines, and thus cutting off completely from the rest of the country, the corner of Portugal in which the capital was situated. The outer line measured from the Atlantic to the Tagus twenty-nine miles, the inner or principal line twenty-four miles. Over and over again these lines proved like a sea-wall against which the waves of the French attack were broken and hurled back.

GUERRILLA WARFARE, 1810; BATTLE OF BUSACO; INEFFICIENCY OF THE REGENCY OF PORTUGAL.

By the end of 1809 it became evident that to hold the frontier of Portugal was the utmost the British could attempt, in view of the largely augmented armies of Napoleon in the Peninsula. Accordingly, for six months they were posted along the Portuguese frontier; the native levies at the extremities, the British towards the centre of the position. The peasantry, excited by the priests, and led on by partisan chiefs of no little talent, among whom the wily Mina and the daring Juan Martin Diaz, better known as the Empecinado, or "blackened-faced," were the most remarkable, now carried on that savage and barbarous guerilla warfare which, while it exasperated the combatants on both sides, could have no real bearing upon the main issue. Many stories are told of the ferocious valour of the guerilla warriors; but Wellington himself had the lowest opinion of them, as useless for regular operations, and tending, by their utter

want of subordination and discipline, to introduce assassination, torture, and other atrocities into the system of warfare.

The battle of Busaco, on the 27th of September, in which Wellington's force of 24,000 maintained itself successfully against Massena's army of more than 50,000, was the chief military event of the war in 1810. Soon after this, on the 8th of October, the British army and its Portuguese allies took up their position behind the defences the admirable forethought of their great chief had provided for them. Massena found it impossible to force the lines; and after lingering some months at Santarem, looking in vain for an opportunity of taking his vigilant enemy at a disadvantage, broke up his camp and withdrew. "Every horror making war hideous attended this dreadful retreat," says Sir William Napier, the eloquent historian of the Peninsular War. "Distress, conflagration, death in all modes—from wounds, from fatigue, from water, from the flames, from starvation, on every side unlimited ferocity! I myself saw a peasant hounding on his dog to devour the dead and dying; and the spirit of cruelty, once unchained, smote even the brute creation." Wellington himself, who, pursuing Massena, saw with his own eyes the state of things, expresses in his despatches his regret at being obliged to declare that the conduct of the French during this retreat was marked by a barbarity seldom equaled, and never surpassed. As if the Commander had not enough to annoy and depress him, in the face of a foe greatly superior in numbers, the Regency of Portugal, and especially Principal Souza, thought fit to interfere with his plans, and to endeavour to thwart them; whereupon Wellington, in a letter which he requested the recipient to communicate to the Government, spoke out in most unmistakable style. "Inform the Regency, and above all Principal Souza," he writes, "that I know best where to station my troops, and where to make a stand against the enemy: and that I shall not alter a system framed upon mature consideration upon any suggestion of theirs. I am responsible for what I do, and they are not; and I recommend to them to look to the measures for which they are responsible, which I long ago recommended to them, viz., to provide for the tranquillity of Lisbon, and for the food of the army, and of the people, while the troops shall be engaged with the enemy." Of Principal Souza he spoke with uncompromising severity: "Either he must quit the country," wrote the offended General, "or I shall."

THE FORTRESSES—BADAJOZ, ETC.; BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

Three important fortresses had fallen into the hands of the French—Almeida, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz. After the brilliant victory gained at Fuentes d'Onoro over Massena, the French garrison of Almeida, which was besieged by the British, managed to escape by night in a very ingenious manner, and joined their comrades of Massena's army.

"The lion went to sleep,
And the lambs were at play,
The eagle spread his wings,
And from Almeida flew away,"

sang the wits of the camp, in allusion to the lion and the lamb, the badges of the 2nd and 4th regiments, who had allowed the enemy to evade them. This was one of the mishaps of which the many adverse critics made the most in their endeavour to prove that the war was mismanaged. Marshal Beresford was entrusted with the duty of regaining Badajoz; and the first of the three sieges of that fatal fortress began. It was soon found to be a tremendous task. The place was of great strength, and the French garrison fought desperately. When the siege had only proceeded a week, as Colonel Napier expresses it, "Five engineers and seven hundred officers and soldiers of the line were already on the long and bloody list of victims offered to this Moloch, and yet only one small battery against a small outwork was completed." The French made a gallant fight. Four hundred of the British were killed in repelling a sortie. But the news of the approach of Marshal Soult caused the siege to be at once abandoned; and on the 16th of May was fought the bloody battle of Albuera, between the English and the French forces, under Beresford and Soult respectively. Within four hours eight thousand French and seven thousand of the British fell. Of the heroic gallantry of the troops there is no doubt; but whether the battle itself was not, as Colonel Napier opines, a huge mistake on the part of Beresford is a very serious question. Only eighteen hundred of the nine thousand British soldiers who marched up the fatal heights of Albuera, escaped unwounded. The private soldiers had an idea that they had been uselessly sacrificed, and loudly lamented the absence of their great chief.

TAKING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.—DESPERATE FIGHTING—THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Badajoz was now besieged for the second time. But the means for carrying on the operations

were wanting. Philippon, the French commander, had greatly strengthened the defences. Two attempts to storm the breach failed; and after a loss of 400 men, the second siege of Badajoz was abandoned like the first. Ciudad Rodrigo, the third fortress, was besieged in January 1812. The heavy artillery soon opened breaches in the walls, and on the 19th a general order began with the words: "The attack upon Ciudad Rodrigo must be made this evening at seven o'clock." Mackinnon, Crawford, Napier, Picton, and others of the best officers in the army were engaged in this affair. "The signal for the assault," says the report of an eye-witness, "was the discharge of a rocket. It rose from one of the batteries. 'Now, lads, for the breach!' cried Crawford; and off started the Light Division in double quick. A tremendous fire from the ramparts, of canister, shell, grape, round shot, musketry, and fire-balls, saluted the advancing column; still, 'Forward!' was the word. Crawford fell at the very first discharge. Pausing not, for safety only lay in suddenness and expedition, the divisions pressed onward, springing into the ditch, clambering up the escarp, and boldly facing terrific showers of bullets. No impediment was respected for a moment—men and officers dashed forward, confronting danger with intrepid indifference, and driving the garrison before them. The great breach is won—the curtain is assaulted—an explosion takes place, and Mackinnon is killed. The lesser breach is in the hands of the Light Division—Napier is cheering on the men—a shot shatters his arm—he falls, but, a hero in his agony, he calls out, 'Never mind me! push on, my lads—the town is ours!' Abandoning the breach, the French spring the mines, fall back, and keep up a tremendous fire from the houses."

The town was taken, at a cost of 1300 men on the British and about 300 on the French side; and then the most horrible scene of the war-drama began. So long as there was work to be done, the soldiers were heroes in their display of united discipline and courage; but the victory once achieved, they ranged through the conquered city like evil spirits let loose. Drunkenness, robbery, murder, disgraced the day of triumph. The men seemed to have gone mad, so utterly had they lost all self-control. They fired from the windows upon the unarmed and terrified inhabitants; they ill-treated and, in many cases, slew the townspeople, without distinction of age or sex. A frenzied band even made an attempt to fire the powder magazine, and almost succeeded. The men even attacked their officers,

who tried to interfere, and hours after the town had been taken, numbers of men fell by the hands of the infuriated inhabitants. Besides Mackinnon, Ciudad Rodrigo cost the country a brave and able soldier in the person of General Crawford. Napier, one of the "three heroic brothers," escaped with the loss of an arm.

HONOURS AND REWARDS; THIRD SIEGE, AND CAPTURE OF BADAJOZ; ADVANCE TO MADRID.

The thanks of Parliament, an earl's coronet, and an additional annuity of £2,000 a year, testified the sense of the majority of Lord Wellington's countrymen as to the importance of the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo; but there was a large minority who, considering the whole war a mistake, objected to the increased annuity, and impugned the tactics of the Commander. Impervious alike to detraction and flattery, Lord Wellington, in spite of the obstacles cast in his way by the supineness of the Government at home and the jealousy and ill-will of the Spaniards, went steadily on his way, calm, secret, and imperturbable. He had planned an important and dangerous undertaking for the next year—nothing less than a third siege of Badajoz. Twice the operations against that fatal fortress had miscarried; it would never do to fail a third time. Accordingly the labours of the army were herculean. The men worked in the trenches up to their waists in water. They were working against time, moreover, for Soult and Marmont were hastening up to relieve the place; while within the walls stern Philippon, with his 5,000 soldiers, was determined to hold out to the last. All the terrible incidents of Ciudad Rodrigo were repeated in tenfold intensity before Badajoz; on the night of the assault, that of the 6th April, 1812, nearly 4,000 men perished; the whole British loss during the siege was above 5,000, the French lost about 2,000. After the town was taken "commenced that wild and desperate wickedness," says Colonel Napier, "which tarnished the lustre of the soldiers' heroism. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage cruelty, and murder-shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz!" Some plunderers were at length hanged in the public square by Wellington's orders; and at last, exhausted by their own excesses, the soldiers were brought back to obedience.

Now that the frontier fortresses were in his hands, Lord Wellington could once more advance into Spain, to fight a great battle. At Salamanca a complete victory was gained over Marmont, who was badly wounded, and lost between 6,000 and 7,000 soldiers as prisoners to the British. Then the word was, "Forward for Madrid!"

The reception in Madrid was most enthusiastic. The whole population flocked out to meet the advancing troops with "Vivas!" and jubilation. The great chief himself afterwards told, with a smile, how he was, on dismounting, "vehemently embraced, and handed over from one female to another, until he became fairly exhausted by their vehement attentions."

SIEGE OF BURGOS; DISASTER AND RETREAT; 1813; LAST ADVANCE INTO SPAIN; VITTORIA.

From Madrid Lord Wellington moved onward to Burgos, in Old Castile, an exceedingly strong fortress. He laid siege to this important place; but his artillery train was totally inadequate to the work, and after vigorous but futile endeavours continued for a month, it was necessary to raise the siege. On the night of the 21st of October, in profound silence, and with the wheels of the gun-carriages muffled with straw, the British troops retreated from Burgos towards the Agueda. It was a bitter reverse. The men were half-starved, in desperately bad humour, ragged and turbulent. They drank to excess whenever they could get a chance, straggled from the line of march, plundered, and otherwise misconducted themselves, so that the peasants turned upon them in wrath, while the enemy pursued them relentlessly, and the retreat from Burgos cost the army 7,000 men. For the brilliant victory of Salamanca Lord Wellington had been advanced a step in the peerage, and was now Marquis of Wellington; but the end of the campaign had not, in this instance, crowned the work, and the British army was once more in cantonments on the frontiers of Portugal.

But elsewhere great events had startled Europe. Napoleon's enormous army had perished in the Russian snows; and in the campaign of 1813 in Germany, the Emperor required every soldier not indispensable elsewhere; Soult was recalled from Spain with 20,000 men; and there was no longer the probability that immense bodies of men would be poured through the Pyrenees. Now was the time for a grand effort, and Wellington felt that the campaign of 1813 would decide the Peninsular War. In May he began his last great march into Spain, in one

extended line, intending to drive the scattered bodies of the French before it, towards the Pyrenees. It was a grand design grandly executed. Napier tells how Wellington, fully conscious that he was crossing a modern Rubicon as he passed the frontier-stream into Spain, rose in his stirrups, looked back on the fair land he was quitting, and, with a wave of his hand, exclaimed, "Adieu, Portugal!"

Before the march of the British, the French continued to fall back. An attempt to defend the passage of the Ebro against the advancing army was foiled by a skilful manoeuvre of the English commander, who passed the river at a higher point. Again the French retreated; but at length, on the 21st of June, they made a stand at Vittoria. On that eventful day, such a victory as he had never yet gained rewarded the patient and indomitable heroism of the great commander. Marshal Jourdain and King Joseph Bonaparte were completely routed. The French were driven from all their positions, lost a great number of prisoners, 151 cannon, 415 waggons of ammunition, and all their baggage, treasure, and provisions. Dalhousie, Colville, Pictou, Beresford, Stewart, and a whole phalanx of brave officers shared with their chief the honour of the day. The road northward to Bayonne was blocked with carriages, specie-waggons, oxen, sheep, horses, asses, milch cows and mules. "Such a jumble never was witnessed before; the finery of palaces mixed up in one heterogeneous mass." Some of the pursuing soldiers made a bolt from the ranks in passing, filled their pockets with dollars and doubloons, and drank "Success to the British arms, and confusion to the enemy" in goblets of Burgundy and hock. There was no doubt as to the excellence of King Joseph's cellar. A soldier of the 87th Regiment handed in a singular trophy, in the shape of Marshal Jourdain's baton. This was despatched to England to the Prince Regent, who in return sent Wellington the staff of an English Field-Marshal.

ADVANCE THROUGH THE PYRENEES; NIVE, NIVELLE, ETC.; THE PEACE OF VIENNA, 1814.

Napoleon now sent Marshal Soult to Spain, to endeavour to stop the onward march of the victor; but it was too late. The French were discouraged, the English and their allies elated with the flush of recent victory. That Soult did all that was possible is evidenced by the fact that the British force was diminished, in its march through the Pyrenees, by 7,300 officers and soldiers in less than a fortnight, while the

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

French lost nearly double the number. Against all difficulties and resistance, the army still pressed onward. San Sebastian was besieged, and taken by an assault whose heroic features were tarnished, alas! by subsequent excesses, more atrocious, if possible, than those that had disgraced the British arms at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. "The disorder continued," says Napier, "until fire, following the steps of the plunderer, put an end to his ferocity by destroying the whole town." Pampeluna capitulated after a blockade; and now the army advanced into France. Glad must Wellington have been to leave behind him the soil of Spain. "In this devil of a country, where I have carried on war for five years," he writes to the French General Dumourier, then living in London, "I have always found, with your Henry IV., that with little armies we accomplished nothing, and with great ones we die of hunger." Nive, Nivelle, Orthes, and Toulouse, scenes of new victories, were added to the names inscribed on the British banners; and then came the abdication of Napoleon at the beginning of April 1814,—and on the 18th Soult capitulated, and for the time Wellington's task was done.

Peace being now concluded, and the Bourbons restored in France in the person of Louis XVIII., the admiration and gratitude of the nation was shown in the parliamentary vote of £400,000 on Lord Wellington, that he might support the dignity of a dukedom to which he was raised. He arrived in England just at the time when the monarchs of Prussia and Russia, the venerable 'Marshal Vorwärts,' better known as Prince Blücher, Platoff, Hetman of the Cossacks, and a multitude of other celebrities, were being feasted in England in honour of a peace which all believed to be permanent. And after a most effusive reception from the Prince Regent, and an amount of public applause which must have bored him exceedingly, the Duke started for Paris, having been appointed Ambassador at the French Court; and presently was despatched to replace Lord Castlereagh at the Congress then being held at Vienna to settle the boundaries of the states of Europe.

1815, RETURN OF NAPOLEON; FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVIII.; WELLINGTON ASSUMES THE COMMAND IN BELGIUM.

While the members of the Congress were proceeding with their work in leisurely diplomatic fashion, each trying to obtain for the nation he represented the greatest procurable number of plums from the "Cabinet" pudding, there came upon them a piece of intelligence startling as a

clap of thunder from a clear sky: Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and had landed, with a few hundred soldiers, in the south of France!

The report seemed incredible, but it was true. In a remarkably short time the restored Bourbons had contrived to disgust the nation that had at first received them with acclamations, by a senseless disregard of public opinion, by ungenerous treatment of the army, whose veteran officers were cashiered, or superseded by members of noble families, flourishing what Béranger calls "innocent" sabres, and by a foolish partiality for returned emigrants hungrily demanding preferment, and for Jesuit priests anxious to reimpose the old yoke of the Church. Napoleon's progress to Paris was a triumph. At Grenoble, the 5th regiment of the line, marching out to oppose him, burst into a great shout, not of defiance, but of jubilant welcome, when the well-known figure in the cocked hat and the grey coat advanced *alone* to meet them. Everywhere the soldiers declared for their old chief. Marshal Ney, who had assured Louis XVIII. that he would bring back the disturber of Europe in an iron cage, went over to Napoleon like the rest. Bonaparte established himself once more at the Tuileries, and the Bourbon king and his followers hastened with all speed to put the Belgian frontier between themselves and their enemy. The great powers at once determined to enter into no negotiation with Napoleon, but to treat him as a man with whom there could be neither peace nor truce. "I now recommend you to put all your force in the Netherlands at the disposal of the King of France," wrote the Duke to Lord Castlereagh. "I will go and join it if you like it, or do anything else that Government choose." The Duke was appointed to head the struggle, of whose dimensions few or none at that time could judge; and with what consummate skill, coolness, and common sense he carried to a triumphant termination the task entrusted to him is known to the most superficial reader of history. Napoleon's plan was to attack the allies in detail; his sole chance consisted in forcing a contest, and defeating one army before the others could join. Belgium wished for reunion with France, and Belgium accordingly was to be the theatre of the campaign. Wellington at once saw that the policy of the allies must be to bring the greatest possible number of men into the field at once, to make the war short and sharp. He established his head-quarters at Brussels at the beginning of April 1815, and was indefatigable in urging the foreign allies to make haste. Old Blücher, the fire-eating Prussian marshal, was

ready and willing enough; but Schwartzberg, the Austrian commander-in-chief, was more deliberate.

CAMPAIGN OF 1815; MARCH FROM BRUSSELS;
LIGNY AND QUATRE BRAS; POSITION
NEAR MONT ST JEAN.

The army was not such as the Duke would have wished to command. His splendid regiments of the Peninsula—the men who would go anywhere and do anything—had been in part disbanded, and in part had been sent to Canada, or employed in the foolish war against the United States of America. Many of his soldiers were recruits, hastily drafted into the line from the militia; and not a few fought the campaign in their militia jackets. But “their hearts were in the trim,” and zeal and valour were in some measure substitutes for experience. And many of the good Peninsular commanders were there to second their old chief—Picton, Alten, Colville, Clinton, Ponsonby, Halkett, Lord Uxbridge, most dashing of cavalry officers, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and a score of others. The troops under Wellington’s command amounted to 78,500 men, British, Belgians, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, etc. Marshal Blücher had about 80,000 immediately available, besides 30,000 in more distant positions. Napoleon had about 130,000 men to oppose to these forces; and his plan was to crush the Prussians and the English separately, before the two armies of the Lower and Central Rhine should be ready to attack him. On the 12th of June Napoleon quitted Paris to join his army on the Belgian frontier. On the evening of the 15th was that ball of the Duchess of Richmond in Brussels, that “sound of revelry by night” immortalized by Byron’s verse. The Duke had received intelligence that the enemy had crossed the Sambre; but he directed that the ball should proceed, that all appearance of hurry and alarm might be avoided. All night the regiments were assembling, and marching out of Brussels in perfect order, towards Quatre Bras. Next day, the 16th, Napoleon fell upon the Prussians at Ligny, and, after a severe struggle, forced them to retreat upon Wavre. Meantime the British infantry were engaged hour after hour in a tremendous combat at Quatre Bras against Marshal Ney, whose cuirassiers thundered against the squares in vain, and who at length retired discomfited to France. The British army lost 5,000 men and officers in this hard-fought field. The Highlanders especially suffered severely.

As Blücher was in retreat upon Wavre and

Gembloux, Wellington had to abandon the idea of attacking Ney at Drasne. He accordingly caused the whole army to fall back upon Waterloo, and took up a position in front of Mont St. Jean, south of the village of Waterloo, across the road leading to Brussels, with the forest of Soignies in his rear. The French had advanced as the British retreated, and the evening of the 17th found the two armies encamped on ridges opposite each other, with a shallow valley between them. In advance of the English position were two farmhouses, or rather chateaux, La Haye Sainte and Goumont, better known as Hougomont. The latter Wellington considered the key to his position, and fortified as strongly as circumstances would allow; and the Colistram Guards, under Byng, Macdonnell, and Salton, with some of the brave Brunswick troops, were appointed to defend it.

Wellington had communicated with Blücher at Wavre: he would give battle to Napoleon next day if Blücher would send two Prussian corps to support him. The stout old “Vorwärts” replied that he would come with the whole army. The night was marked by torrents of rain, that rendered the roads a quagmire.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, AND ITS RESULTS.

At noon on Sunday, the 18th of June, the famous battle of Waterloo began, with a tremendous attack on Hougomont, by Prince Jerome, with six battalions of infantry. On the part of the British, it was throughout a battle of endurance. “Napoleon did not manoeuvre at all,” wrote the Duke in his account. “He just moved forward in the old style in columns of attack, and was driven off in the old style.” It was a battle of giants, a fitting termination to the tremendous strife of a quarter of a century. All the attacks were beaten back. Sometimes the regiments formed squares, which the French cuirassiers strove in vain to break; sometimes tremendous charges of the French cavalry were met by counter-attacks by the Scots Greys, Dragoons, and Life Guards; the slaughter was terrific, and continued until the June sun was in the west. “Hard pounding, gentlemen,” observed the imperturbable Duke, as he rode about the field, encouraging all by his presence. “Let us see who can pound longest.” And again, “We must not be beaten; what will they say in England?” A cold, stern man, to all outward appearance, was Wellington; but he knew how to appeal to the soldier’s heart. Meanwhile, the best of his old friends were falling rapidly around him. Picton was down, and

brave Sir William Ponsonby, and hundreds of gallant officers besides, and yet the question "who could pound longest" was undecided. Blücher kept his word. Through muddy roads, in which the cannon frequently sank to their axle-trees, the Prussian army struggled on from Wavre, and reached the field in the afternoon, in time to render most efficient assistance, at the cost of 1,200 men killed, and more than 4,000 wounded; a list of casualties sufficiently demonstrating that they were long and hotly engaged. Napoleon hoped, or affected to hope, for the arrival of Grouchy, who had been detached to pursue the Prussians. Night had almost come when the last grand effort was made in the advance of the Imperial Guard under Ney. Every one knows the story of the tremendous climax of that day,—with what a thunderous shock the encountering forces met,—how at the critical moment, when the foes were reeling from the fire poured into them by the Guards, the eagle eye of the British leader saw that the right time had come,—how the order was given for the whole line to advance,—how the British, burning with the battle-fury pent within them during twelve hours of unexampled endurance, poured down from the heights they had occupied all day, and the French columns wavered, broke, and fled.

During the whole of that night the pursuit of the vanquished army of Napoleon was kept up by the Prussians. About 40,000 men on the French side perished. The English loss also was terrible. Of an army of 67,000 which had encamped on the field on the night of the 17th, 14,000 men were reported "killed, wounded, or missing." The Duke himself wrote to Schwartzberg: "Our battle of the 18th was a battle of giants, and our success complete. Pray God that I may be so far favoured as never to have another; for I am much afflicted at the loss of old friends and comrades." The march upon Paris, the occupation of France by an enormous foreign army to secure the Bourbon throne, the surrender of Napoleon and his exile to St. Helena, were the immediate consequences of the victory of Waterloo.

WELLINGTON AS A POLITICIAN; HIS QUARREL WITH HUSKISSON.

The Duke was accustomed to say that his public life ended in 1815. But by "public" must here be understood "military" so far as active service is concerned; for a long political career yet lay before him, a career in which he showed to far less advantage than in his own

vocation, sometimes indicating a disposition to manage a Cabinet as he would have ruled his camp, in despotic fashion; but from first to last actuated by a sense of duty. Accustomed to exact implicit obedience himself, he looked upon a wish of the Sovereign as equivalent to a command, and considered himself bound to obey; and thus was betrayed more than once into a false position. He backed the King unhesitatingly in the miserable "pains and penalties" proceedings against Queen Caroline. In refusing to take office under Mr. Canning, in 1827, he sacrificed to aristocratic prejudices a man who during his Peninsular difficulties had been his firmest friend in Parliament; and, moreover, after repudiating the idea that he wished to be Prime Minister,— "Knowing my incapacity for filling the post of First Minister, I should have been mad, and worse than mad," he had said in the House of Lords, "if I had even entertained the insane project,"—within a few months the Duke was Prime Minister. The King wished it, and the King's wish to him was law.

That he could diplomatically take advantage of a slip made by an unwelcome colleague is evidenced by the way in which he got rid of Mr. Huskisson, on the strength of a letter written with a very different purpose by that unlucky Canningite. To the assurance of Lords Palmerston and Dudley, Huskisson's friends, that the letter in question was "all a mistake," he replied categorically, "It was no mistake—could be no mistake—and should be no mistake."

THE DUKE AND THE REFORM BILL; HIS REASONS FOR WITHDRAWING HIS OPPOSITION TO THE MEASURE.

In the question of Parliamentary reform, the Duke's opinion was very decided. He detested the idea of a reform bill, and opposed it uncompromisingly. "From its adoption," he declared in the House of Lords, "we shall date the downfall of our constitution." But when the question became one of reform or revolution, the Duke's strong common sense came to his assistance. "The King's Government must be carried on," he said; the King wished him to give way, having sent a circular to the non-contentants in the House of Lords requesting them to absent themselves from the division on the Reform Bill; and the Duke left the house accordingly without voting.

In 1832 the Duke was one of the most unpopular men in England; his windows were broken, and he himself was insulted as he rode through the streets. He was imperturbable as ever, the Iron Duke. He caused iron shutters to

be put over the windows; and it was characteristic that he never had them removed to the day of his death twenty years afterwards. When the mob cheered him on his return to Apsley House, after he had given up the Reform Bill contest, he quietly pointed to the iron shutters, and turned away with a grim smile.

On this occasion of the passing of the Reform Bill, as on many others, the Duke evidently listened to the promptings of his strong common sense, even against his inclinations and his prejudices, of which latter, it may be frankly confessed, he had not a few. Speaking in his place in the House of Peers, in the month of July 1833, he uttered some remarkable words, which may be taken as explaining much of his public conduct on various occasions when he was accused of inconsistency. "If the world were governed by principles," he said, "nothing would be more easy than to conduct even the greatest affairs; but in all circumstances the duty of a wise man is, to choose the lesser of any two difficulties which beset him." He had evidently considered the two threatening evils of 1832 to be the Reform Bill and revolution, and acting up to his own principle, he chose "the lesser of the two."

THE DUKE INSTALLED AS CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

The year after the Reform Bill agitation, when it was found that that measure had not brought the millennium, and public feeling had had time to cool down, Wellington's popularity returned. His somewhat factious opposition was forgotten, and he was once more "the Duke" of whom all were proud. On the 12th of January, 1834, the death of Lord Granville left the Chancellorship of Oxford vacant, and the Duke was elected with one voice. Oxford, strongly Conservative, and justly proud of her new Chancellor, gave the Duke a tremendous reception. The "Chancellor's prize poem, recited by its author, Mr. Joseph Arnould, of Wadham, of course contained an allusion to the hero of the day; and great cheering greeted the lines in which, after speaking of Napoleon, his victories and his pride, the poet went on to say:—

O'er seas of blood his sun of glory rose,
And sank at length, mid tempest, to repose,
When, on that field where last the eagle soared,
War's mightier master wielded Britain's sword;
And the dark soul a world could scarce subdue
Bent to thy genius—Chief of Waterloo!"

THE DUKE'S LAST RETURN TO POWER; THE PEEL ADMINISTRATION; CLOSING YEARS; EULOGY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Soon afterwards the Whig Ministry of Earl Grey, which had been gradually losing influence in the country, went out of office, and the King once more sent for the Duke to form an administration. This time Wellington refused to take the Premiership; and on his advice Sir Robert Peel, who was travelling in Italy, was sent for, post-haste. On his arrival a Conservative Government was formed, Sir Robert taking the seals of the Treasury, while the Duke became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The arrangement did not endure long. A coalition between the Whigs and the Radicals proved too strong for the new Ministry. Left in a minority upon various important questions, Sir Robert Peel resigned, and his administration went with him.

Here the Duke's active political life may be said to have ended. He continued to occupy his place in the House of Lords, and to take a lively and intelligent interest in all great questions brought forward for discussion. He often spoke, and always with grave emphasis and luminous sense. When Queen Victoria succeeded to her uncle, she gave a large part of her confidence and respect to the venerable Duke, who was godfather to one of the Royal Princes, Arthur, born on the 1st of May, 1850.

It is characteristic that the last speeches he made in the House of Lords were in favour of a bill for the reorganisation of the militia.

All the astringencies of his character had now been forgotten, and there was not a more honoured presence in London than that of him whom, in London and on the Kentish coast, and at his seat of Strathfieldsaye, the gift of the nation to its hero, people used to call "the old Duke." It was well observed by the statesman who spoke his eulogy in the House of Commons, when the grave at length claimed him: "Never did a person of such mark live so long, and so much in the public eye. In the golden saloon and in the busy market-place he might be alike observed. The rising generation will often recall his words of kindness, and the people followed him in the streets with a lingering gaze of reverent admiration. Who indeed can ever forget that classic and venerable head, white with time, and radiant with glory?"

H.W.D.



THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC.

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A DOUBTFUL POINT IN HISTORY.

ARTFUL woman or simple maid,—inspired prophetess or evil sorceress,—which was Joan of Arc? In "the first part of *Henry VI.*," the Maid of Orleans has been depicted as among the worst of women; this has done much to

cloud the fair fame of the wonderful peasant girl; but it was written in times too near her own to be free from the prejudice with which England regarded the Maid who had been the means of wresting from English rule the fairest cities of France, and from Henry VI. the crown of that

JOAN OF ARC.

beautiful country. Joan was burnt as a witch. To some minds that settles the matter. For such she was a witch; and not even the endless proofs to be found in the chronicles of the period would satisfy them to the contrary. But even to those who come to examine her story with unprejudiced minds, ready to believe in or condemn her, as they may be guided by impartially weighing the evidence for and against her,—even to them there remains the one great question, Was Joan of Arc inspired, or did she only believe herself to be so? Let us trace out her fascinating story, and try, as best we can, to answer this question, each one for himself, as he reads.

THE BIRTH OF JOAN.

Domremi, the birthplace of Joan of Arc, was but a small village situated on the left bank of the Meuse, about five leagues from Vaucouleurs. On the night of the 6th of January, 1412, tradition tells us that the inhabitants of this quiet little humble place were suddenly uplifted with an unaccountable but irresistible sensation of joy. And yet nothing very unusual had happened. The only event that occurred in the village that day was an ordinary incident enough. A daughter had been born to Isabeau Romée and Jacques d'Arc, her husband. The mother had previously dreamed that she had given birth to a thunder-bolt: but now a little girl-child lay in her arms, perfect in limb and feature, and till many years had passed over her head, the good Isabeau thought no more of her extraordinary dream.

The child was baptized by the name Jeanne at the picturesque old church of the village, which was dedicated to St. Remi.

Religious fanatics were numerous both in England and France at that time, when superstition held a dark and powerful sway. Among these was a visionary named Marie of Avignon, who declared that she had seen the miseries of France in a vision, and that armour was brought to her, but that she was told it was not for her but for a young girl who was to come after her, who should save France from her enemies.

An older prophecy than this declared that France should be ruined by a wicked woman, and saved by a virgin. As we proceed with the story we shall find who the wicked woman was. The virgin, of course, was Joan of Arc.

JOAN'S CHILDHOOD.

Jacques d'Arc and his wife, who was called by her maiden name of Romée, a frequent custom

in those primitive parts, were God-fearing people, poor but respectable, honest and hard-working.

They brought up their children—three sons and a second daughter called Catherine—in the fear of God. They were made to confess to the priest regularly, and to observe all the days and ceremonies of the Church of Rome. Jeanne was a good girl, no trouble to her mother.

When quite a child she knew her Creed, Ave, and Paternoster, and loved to wander about the beautiful old church. Her mother appears to have been a busy, practical woman, who found life full enough with her household cares, her husband, and her five children. But Jeanne's godmother found time to tell the child long stories of elves and fays, and about the Gaulish saints who held mysterious but unmistakable communications with men and women. These last made a great impression on Joan, who was imaginative and of a highly emotional temperament. She was never weary of hearing of these saints who talked with and appeared under various forms to men. Her godmother, too, in common with all Frenchwomen of the time, liked dwelling upon the prophecy that France was to be saved by a girl. We may here trace the first germs of the future belief in supernatural communications and in her own destiny which afterwards so strongly influenced Joan. She pondered on these things, and in the long, lonely days, when she kept sheep for her father, she had plenty of leisure to brood over them.

JOAN'S GIRLHOOD.

As Joan grew out of childhood, her devotional feeling increased. She attended matins and vespers constantly, and often prayed between the hours of service, both in church and in the fields. She was a serious girl, fond of reverie and solitude, but she could play merrily with her young companions at times. Two girls of the village, Hauviette and Guillemette, were great friends of hers, and she dearly loved little Mengette, a child much younger than herself. She gave the bell-ringer little cakes to make him more regular in ringing the church bells for service. Everyone loved her for her gentleness and good-nature. She was kind to children and old people. The curé of the village said he "had never known so beautiful a soul." Her chief delight was in the painted glass windows of the old church. She would remain for hours gazing at them and at the image of the Virgin and Child. She would gather flowers in the fields and make garlands for them. She loved to pray for

France and for the "gentle Dauphin," as she always called the uncrowned son of Charles VI.

She grew a tall girl, with a beautiful face and a fine figure, which her free open-air life had developed to perfection. She could not write nor read, but could ride a horse, and, as she said at her trial, long after those peaceful days at Domremi, "she would yield to no woman in the province in spinning or sewing."

When Jeanne was thirteen, she was running one day in a field with Hauviette and Guillemette and other girls of the village, when suddenly she was impelled forward with such speed that she left her young companions far behind. When at last she stopped, out of breath, she heard a voice say, in a tone of command, "Return to your mother." This was the first time she heard the voices which came to her so frequently in after days. After this they were seldom stern, but very soft and sweet (*moult belle, et douce*). When that day she was standing in the garden of the cottage, a soft voice said to her, "Jeanne la Pucelle, child of God, be wise and good, put your trust in God, for you must go into France." At that time only the provinces which formed the crown domain were called France.

From that moment Joan felt herself to be set apart for a peculiar destiny. She dedicated herself to the service of God. She saw radiant visions of St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret; and again and again the voices came to her, pointing out what she was to do. She loved these voices, and began to "sit loose" to home ties, and to things of the earth only. Gentle and docile as ever, she yet lived in a state of exaltation and religious fervour. She spent hours in the church on her knees, praying for France and longing again to see the delightful visions, and hear the voices. More than ever she loved the beautiful old church.

Just at this time the province of Champagne was overrun by the Burgundians, who took Domremi and set fire to the church. The villagers had to fly, taking with them the few portable possessions they could seize in the hurry of the moment.

The D'Arc family sought shelter for a fortnight in a small inn at Neufchateau. Perhaps nothing could have occurred better calculated to shake Joan from her dreams and to make of the gentle girl a wide-awake, indignant woman. She loved her village and her home, and of her church she revered every stone. The enemies of her "gentle Dauphin" had burned it down, had scattered her friends, and desolated the village. She felt moved with a righteous wrath against

the sacrilegious Burgundians who had sided with the English against the lawful heir to the throne.

Joan was now sixteen. For three years she had brooded over the voices and the visions, feeling each year more sure that Providence had chosen her to be the woman who should save France. She had told no one of these things, not even her father and mother, but one day, out of the fulness of the heart the mouth spake, and a neighbour gathered from her that it was her intention to go into France. The neighbour told Joan's father, and he, though he knew Joan to be a pure and a good girl, said that rather than see her go away with the garrison at Vaucouleurs he would throw her into the river and drown her with his own hands. Some girls of Domremi had followed the garrison; and the good man, not conceiving of the mission his daughter believed herself charged with, could imagine no other reason for her wishing to leave her home. In his fear, he tried to make her marry a young man who loved her, and who said she had promised to marry him; but Joan, who had sworn herself to celibacy when first she heard the voices, denied this, and before the bishop, whereupon the young man gave up his claim.

After this the voices bade her go to Vaucouleurs; and when she asked her father's leave to visit her mother's brother, who lived there, he gave it. Arrived at her uncle's, she told him of what she deemed her mission, and he at once set down his handsome young niece as mad—just as any uncle of the present day might do. He told her not to talk nonsense; but she persisted in telling him the whole story, and with such evident belief in the truth of what she said, that eventually she convinced him, and he promised to speak to the Governor of Vaucouleurs, a Royalist, called Baudricourt. Her voices had told Joan that Baudricourt would not heed her the first time, nor the second, that she asked, but that on the third appeal he would give her an escort to the Dauphin. For a long time Baudricourt treated her as a mad woman; but Joan, full of her mission, talked of it to every one, until at last the report about her swelled to such dimensions that Baudricourt was afraid if the Dauphin should hear of it, he might blame him for not having sent the Maid to him that he might judge for himself as to her pretensions. First, however, he had her put to the test as a sorceress. The curé presented to her a sacred garment, and instead of turning away from it as a sorceress must have done, she fell on her knees; and, kneeling, approached it. After this, Baudricourt wrote to

the Dauphin about her, but that indolent Prince took no notice. Jeanne became desperate, and at last by force of will and energy of character, won two influential gentlemen to believe in her. Bertrand de Polongy and John de Metz both swore that they would conduct her to the King. The people of Vaucouleurs voluntarily undertook the cost of her outfit. Her uncle and a friend of his bought her a horse. Her long hair was cut off, and man's attire purchased for her, and in the spring of 1429, she set out on her journey, full of hope, joy, and courage, delighted at last to see the way opening before her to her great task. Many of the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs wept as she rode from the city; but she said, "Do not pity me. It was for this undertaking I was born."

THE STATE OF FRANCE.

We must leave Joan on her way to the Dauphin, while we glance as briefly as possible at the condition of France, when the Maid was sent by her "voices" to rescue that unhappy country. Henry V. of England had been so victorious in France that, assisted by the imbecility of the reigning monarch of that country, Charles VI., he found no difficulty in making a league with the Duke of Burgundy, and the extraordinary Treaty of Troyes was entered into. By this it was arranged that Henry should marry the Princess Catherine, daughter of Charles VI., and that during the life of the latter king, Henry should act for him as regent, Charles being imbecile. The treaty provided that on the death of Charles, Henry V. of England should succeed to the throne of France, and his heirs after him, to the exclusion of the Dauphin, the natural heir. The Duke of Burgundy was to ally his army with those of Henry V. and of Charles VI., in order to overcome the adherents of the Dauphin, who was pronounced an enemy to the state, and the concluding clause of the treaty provided that no peace should be concluded with the lawful heir to the throne without the consent of the contracting parties.

Such a treaty as this, drawn up and concluded upon the very soil of France, makes one wonder at the anomalous position of the heir to the throne, and at the universal enmity that was felt towards him by the other Powers. Henry's share in this is easily explained by his desire to secure the throne of France for himself and his heirs. As to Charles VI., he was incapable, owing to his mental deficiency, of even knowing what he was doing when he signed such a treaty against his own son. His wife, Isabella of Bavaria, was a wicked and unscrupulous woman,

who had taken advantage of her husband's weakness to secure large sums of the public money for herself. The Constable of France, the Comte d'Armagnac, had, with the consent of the Dauphin, seized this money, and Isabella never forgave her son his share in the transaction. She hated him; and he, then only sixteen, revenged himself by pouring into his father's ears an account of her misconduct with Bois-Bourbon, a gentleman of her household. Whether there were any truth in this or not, Charles VI. had Bois-Bourbon tied in a sack and thrown into the Seine. He sent the Queen to prison at Tours. It may be imagined that the conduct of the Dauphin in the matter in no way lessened the bitterness with which his mother regarded him. The Duke of Burgundy managed to extricate her from her prison; and when this powerful potentate entered into an alliance with Henry, Isabella was only too glad to throw her influence into a plot that would, if successful, exclude her son from the throne.

As to the Duke of Burgundy, he hated the Dauphin because of the murder of his father, Duke Jean-sans-Peur, who had been assassinated in the presence of the Dauphin. The reigning Duke burned to avenge his father upon the natural heir to the throne of France, and willingly allied himself with Henry V. of England for that purpose.

The vices and crimes of Isabella had made her so notorious throughout France that it was commonly believed that she was the person referred to in the prophecy of Merlin, which said that France was to be ruined by a woman. The first part of the prophecy thus fulfilled, it was natural that a superstitious people should be looking abroad for the "virgin" through whom, said the same prophecy, France was to be saved, and the reception of Joan by the masses may therefore in a great measure be attributed to Isabella herself.

Henry V. of England, having married the Princess Catherine, followed up his victories on French soil, and after taking several cities, entered Paris in triumph, in his capacity as Regent, side by side with the King of France. After this Henry again pursued his victories over the Dauphin's army, and drove him beyond the Loire. The Dauphin was indolent, vain, and led by favourites. He was easily discouraged, and after these reverses, retired into Auvergne.

In the same year an heir was born to Henry V., and nine months after Henry himself died, in the very zenith of his power. The historian Holingshead records a remarkable utterance

made by him upon his death-bed: "Henry, born at Monmouth, was destined to reign briefly, and conquer largely; but Henry, born at Windsor (his son), will reign long and lose all,"—a prophecy that was fulfilled to the letter. Henry died in 1422; and six weeks later the unfortunate King Charles VI. followed him to the grave.

Charles, the Dauphin, was now twenty years old. The infant King of England, Henry VI., was not yet a year old, and for him the Duke of Bedford acted as Regent in France, and the Duke of Gloucester in England. Both these Dukes were his uncles, being brothers of the late Henry V.

The Duke of Bedford was an able and clever politician. He was determined to secure the crown of France for his infant nephew, and the indolent Dauphin was no match for him, nor for the bold Burgundy. Bedford's army was that which had won the famous battle of Agincourt, and the prestige of this splendid victory kept up their belief in themselves and overawed the French. The possessions of England in France at this crisis were as follows:—The whole of Gascony, Normandy, Artois, Flanders, Champagne, Picardy, and the city of Paris. Besides these won by right of conquest, there was Guienne, which came to England as a marriage portion with the wife of Henry II.

The Dauphin was crowned at Poitiers, and was thenceforth styled King of France by his adherents; and after this coronation the serious strife between Bedford and himself began, Bedford having warily conciliated the powerful Burgundy, and secured his adherence by marrying his sister, the beautiful Anne. In this distracted state of the country, it may be imagined that the condition of the peasantry was most deplorable. Accounts of their sufferings had reached Joan in quiet Domremi, and made her heart ache for her country.

For six years after the death of Charles VI., war continued to rage. The English were almost continually victorious, and eventually, in October 1448, laid siege to the large and important town of Orleans, the key to the south of France. With stupendous walls and towers, a dense population, and a noble old cathedral, it was a magnificent city; and the English, encouraged by their successes, determined to possess it. The citizens rightly regarded it as the last bulwark of the monarchy of France, and they determined to make every effort and every sacrifice in order to repulse the English. Loyalists felt that here was indeed the crisis in the destiny of Charles the Dauphin, and the eyes of all

France and England were fixed on the struggle going on in and around the noble city. The siege was prolonged through the winter, and the inhabitants, hoping for help from the King which never came, and irritated by disappointment, at last offered to surrender the city to the Duke of Burgundy. He, however, knew that Bedford would never agree to his accepting such an offer; and the Orleanists, receiving no reply to their overtures, sank into a state of despondency. Twenty thousand English were encamped round Orleans. Charles, too, became despondent, and thought the misery of the people was owing to him. He began to doubt if he were the true heir to the throne, and thought himself under the curse of God. He had serious thoughts of giving up all claim to the throne, and of leaving France.

Such was the position of affairs and the condition of France when Joan of Arc was on her journey from Vaucouleurs to the Dauphin.

JOAN'S JOURNEY TO THE DAUPHIN.

The journey from Vaucouleurs to Chinon where the court of Charles the Dauphin was, was long and full of dangers. The country was for the most part in the hands of the English, but Joan's courage never failed, and her firmness and resolution inspired those who were with her. She was full of confidence, and delighted, after weary months of waiting, to be at last on her way to do something towards her enterprise. She had changed in some respects from the gentle, timid Joan of Domremi, shy of strangers and retiring in manner. Her voice, soft and sweet as it was, and always remained, had an imperious ring in it, and took a deeper tone. Her manner was full of authority, and her mode of speech was often imperative and full of command. She felt herself to be no longer Joan the shepherd girl, but Joan the envoy of God, to redeem France from her invader and the horrors of war. Her devotional feeling was, however, all unchanged. In whatever town or village they halted, Joan attended the church, and induced her men-at-arms to do so too, to offer up thanks for their safety and prayers for France. Her influence over these men was wonderful, as it afterwards was over the men of the army of France. Abrupt as her manner was, there was a gentleness and sweetness of nature about her that won its way to the hearts of men, and her courage and endurance, wonderful in a woman, were not without their charms to men who knew how to appreciate such qualities.

Charles was at Chinon with his wife, Maria of Anjou, his son, who afterwards became Louis

XI., and his wife's mother, Yolande, Queen of Sicily, always his firm and judicious friend and adviser. La Trémouille, the favourite of Charles, was a man who thought only of his own interests. Charles was too weak and indolent to resist his counsels, and many of the sad and cruel mistakes made by the Dauphin may be attributed to the evil influence of this bad man. The character of Charles reminds the student of history of that of the Stuarts, weak, unstable, indolent, forgetful of benefits, and ungrateful. In addition to these bad qualities, Charles VII. was heartless and a libertine. His was one of those characters to which prosperity seems necessary to bring out the best traits. When he became acknowledged King of France, he wonderfully improved, only to feel the more acutely the ingratitude and bad behaviour of his son, Louis the Dauphin. When Joan arrived at Chinon, La Trémouille and the Archbishop of Rheims, who had become wealthy during the weak, lax rule of Charles, did their best to prevent her gaining access to him; but Yolande persuaded him to see her. But even with the order for her to pass in the King's own writing, Joan found the usual delays, which so fretted her active, energetic spirit. Several days passed before she saw the King, whose indolence and hesitation lost him many good things. At length the Maid was conducted into his presence by the Count de Vendôme. Charles thought to put her to the test by dressing very plainly and standing back among his nobles, and gave orders that no one should point him out to her. Joan, however, singled him out directly, threw herself on the ground, and embraced his knees. "There stands the King," said Charles, still further to try her, pointing to a richly dressed young noble who stood near.

"In the name of God, it is you and no other, most gentle Dauphin. I am Jeanne the Maid, and am sent by God to regain for you the kingdom which is yours, and to make war on these English. Why do you not believe me? I tell you truth, that God has pity on you and on your people. St. Louis and St. Charlemagne are on their knees before Him, praying for you."

When Joan was asked how she had recognised the King, she said her voices had pointed him out to her.

Charles raised her from her knees and spoke graciously to her. He led her aside and asked her for some sign whereby he could be assured of the truth of her mission; whereupon she told him of something known only to God and himself. Charles, in his dependency, seeing how everything went against him, and not recognizing

that it was his own indolence and vacillation that caused the greater number of his reverses, had been at last led to imagine that he could not be the true heir to France. The vices of his mother gave only too much countenance to such a supposition, and her strong opposition to his succeeding to the throne furthered the idea. He had prayed to God to send him some sign that he was the lawful son of Charles and the rightful heir to the crown. When he asked Joan for a sign she said to him: "I tell you from God that you are the true heir to the crown of France and the son of the King." Immediately a wonderful change came over Charles. The despondent look of misery that had hung over him for months disappeared, and a bright smile lighted up his face. The handsome young King looked as he ought always to have looked,—energetic, eager, and full of life. Alan Chartier said of him, "One would say that the King had been visited at this moment by the Holy Spirit." He told the assembled court that he believed in Joan, ordered the palace to be always opened to her, and desired that she should be honourably treated and cared for.

Joan would never tell anyone what she had said to the King. During her trial, her judges pressed her hardly upon this point, but her reply was always, "Pass over that." She held it sacred, as she did everything that related to her King. It was only after her death that her confessor related the facts, and—things revealed in confession being held by the Roman Church to be sacred and inviolate—he would probably never have done so, had it not been in vindication of her character at the second trial, which took place twenty-five years after her death.

While at court, Joan gained the affectionate admiration of the two queens, and of all who observed her gentleness, humility, and devoutness of bearing. She was delighted at having gained so great a step as to induce the King to believe in her mission, and was bright, merry, and good-natured to those about her. The knights were delighted with her management of her horse and the way in which she wielded the lance.

The priests still suspected her of sorcery, and Charles, to satisfy them, sent Joan to Poitiers to be examined by several theological doctors of the University of Paris assembled there. There she was lodged at the house of a citizen named Jean Rabateau, whose wife soon came to love Joan. All good women loved her, no unworthy proof of the purity of her nature and the sweetness of her disposition. The commissioners ex-

amined this peasant girl, who could neither read nor write, for two long hours. They asked particulars of her birth and childhood, of her parentage and her surroundings in her native village. Her replies were dictated by a native shrewdness and an instinctive avoidance of dangerous topics. "In what language do your voices speak to you?" asked one of the doctors who spoke with a broad provincial accent. "In a better than yours," said Joan,—an answer that caused a good many covert smiles in the assembly. They wanted a sign; but Joan said she would give them a sign at Orleans. "Give me men-at-arms," she said, "I will go and will raise the siege, in the name of God, and will conduct the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims." (The Dauphin had already been crowned at Poitiers, but the anointing of the holy oil preserved at Rheims was deemed so essential to the making of a king that no French sovereign was considered to be really so until his consecration in that city.) "He shall be restored," continued Joan, "and Paris shall be his after his coronation, and the Duke of Orleans shall be released from his captivity in England." After a second examination, the Bishop of Castres pronounced that the Maid had certainly been sent by God, that they had found her to be a humble virgin, pious, honest, and simple, and that she should be taken to Orleans in furtherance of her mission. Even the Archbishop of Rheims agreed to this declaration.

Some ladies who visited her at Poitiers, and who were struck by the anomaly of the gentleness and modesty of her manner and her masculine attire, asked her why she did not wear women's clothes. She replied that she had to serve the "gentle Dauphin," and could do so best in man's attire. Long afterwards she said her voices had desired her to wear it.

After the examination, Joan returned to Chinon, where Charles gave her splendid lodging and horses, and ordered a handsome suit of armour to be made for her.

JOAN AT ORLEANS.

After a long delay, Charles and his Council agreed to send Joan to Orleans in command of a convoy which was to take provisions to the inhabitants. When she was offered a sword, she said that her voices had told her where to find a sword, at the back of a shrine to her favourite St. Catherine, at the church of Fierbois. It was found where she directed, and she took possession of it. Her banner was prepared under her own directions. It was of white silk, embroidered with gold fleurs-de-lis, and displayed a

figure of the Saviour seated on a throne, with a globe in His hands. An angel held a fleur-de-lis, which the Saviour seemed to be blessing. Above were the words that Joan assumed for her motto, "Jhesus Maria." On the other side of the banner was a figure of the Virgin.

On the 25th of April, 1429, when she was in her eighteenth year, Joan arrived at Blois to join the convoy which she was to command. From here she sent the following letter by her herald to the Earl of Suffolk, who commanded the English before Orleans:—

"King of England! Be just before God to the blood-royal of France. Surrender to the Maid the keys of all the good towns you have taken by violence." The English commander naturally laughed at this bold language; but the soldiery had heard so much of her, that they had set her down at once as a witch, and were terrified when they heard that she was coming to Orleans. The Orleanists, on their side, were immensely elated, and thus, before Joan had even left Blois, the fame of her had gone abroad, and had already benefited the King's cause.

On the road to Orleans, Joan advised that the line of march should be along the north side of the river, so that on reaching Orleans it would not be necessary to cross it. The captains, however, deceived her, and while pretending to carry out her commands, marched along the south bank. When Joan discovered this, she was very angry, especially when it was found that the boats Dunois had brought out could only, when laden, land two leagues east of the city. There was every sign of a coming storm. The leaders wished to delay, but Joan would not hear of it; and when the boats were laden, the wind suddenly changed and became favourable. The superstitious ascribed this change to her supernatural powers, and the belief in her became stronger than ever.

The English offered no obstacle, and the provisions were safely landed in Orleans. Joan entered Orleans that night, in the midst of a terrible storm of wind, rain, thunder and lightning, and received an enthusiastic welcome from all within its walls. She rode straight to the cathedral on her cream-coloured charger, and entered, the troops following, with as many of the citizens as could enter, and a *Te Deum* was sung for thankfulness that the supplies had safely reached the hungry inhabitants of Orleans. "The people could not feast their eyes enough on the sight of her," says an old chronicler. They followed her in crowds. Joan's lodging was at the house of Jean Boucher, and his little

daughter shared her room. Joan knew that her enemies were watching for an opportunity of maligning her, and she was careful to guard her reputation in every way. She united the wisdom of the serpent to the gentleness of the dove. On the 4th of May, she was resting in her room, and while she slept, some of the Orleanists made a sally and attacked one of the English forts. Joan suddenly sprang from her slumber, and crying that "her voices were calling her," had herself hastily armed, mounted her horse and galloped off, her horse's feet striking fire from the stones. She made her way to the point of combat, and for many hours the battle raged,—her first combat. The English at length were driven back. Joan led her division, and succeeded in storming the fort. Only those who took shelter in the church were saved, and these by Joan's intercession. Seven hundred English perished within the fort alone, and the earth before it was strewn with dead.

The fighting over, Joan the heroine was gone ; and Joan, pure woman, was weeping over the wounded and slain, and succouring those who were not past help.

On the 6th, Joan and Dunois took the fort of St. Augustine from the English by assault, and put the garrison to the sword. But one important fort now remained in possession of the English, Les Tournelles, and this Joan wished to attack at once ; but the captains thought this too rash an undertaking. They held a council and excluded Joan, and determined not to attack the fort. Joan rose early and armed, and notwithstanding all the obstacles that the French leaders—Dunois, La Hire and Gaucourt—had placed in her way, she led her men to the attack. Les Tournelles was defended by three of the greatest of the English commanders—Suffolk, Talbot, and Gladsdale. Joan was in great danger, and the three French captains, hearing of what she had done, came to her assistance with their men. From six in the morning the battle raged all day, and at noon, Joan, seeing that the French were discouraged, being constantly driven back by the English, jumped into the fosse, and setting a scaling-ladder against the wall, was about to climb when an arrow pierced her between the neck and shoulder. Poor Joan cried with pain and fear, like any simple girl, but she pulled out the arrow with her own hand, and had the wound dressed with oil. The English were heartened, and the French disheartened, by seeing the Maid fall ; and when she returned, the captains told her they meant to retire, and renew the

attack the next day ; but she entreated them to persist, and they, partly out of admiration for her courage in returning to the fight in spite of her wound, agreed to persevere. While the men ate and drank and rested awhile, Joan retired to a neighbouring vineyard to pray. When she returned, she said to a gentleman who stood near her : " Watch when my banner touches the fort ;" and a few minutes after the wind blew it against the wall. " It touches, Joan," he said ; whereupon Joan cried out to the troops : " Go in now, all is ours." The French renewed the attack with ardour, and the English, daunted by the sight of the Maid, who, they had hoped, was seriously wounded, no longer offered the determined resistance of the morning. By evening Les Tournelles, the last stronghold of the English before Orleans, was taken, and Joan re-entered the city in triumph, all the bells ringing out joyous peals, and the inhabitants rushing out to gaze upon the glorious girl who had worked such wonders for them. The next day the English retreated, and thus, in one week from the date of her entering the city, Joan had raised the siege and given the English the first serious repulse they had met for years. Here was a " sign " indeed, enough to convince the most sceptical that the Maid was to do a great work for France. The siege was raised on Sunday the 9th of May, 1421, and the inhabitants celebrated high mass in the cathedral with Joan, and followed her about from church to church, in joy and thankfulness for their great deliverance.

THE CORONATION AT RHEIMS.

On the Monday following her great victory, Joan, though still suffering from her wound, left Orleans to go to Charles at Loches. She knew that her work was but begun ; and with the impatience of all noble minds who see a great task before them, she longed to be at work again. Charles met her at Tours. Her journey had been an ovation. All France rang with the name of the " Maid of Orleans." The King, as well he might, received her with all honour, as though she had been a queen. He offered her nobility, and desired her to take the royal lilies of France for her arms, with a crown and a drawn sword. Joan was too intent on her purpose to pay much attention to these offers. She entreated the King to come with her at once to Rheims, there to be crowned with the sacred oil. " I can only serve you for one year," she said. " Let me serve you while I can." But Charles, knowing that Rheims was in the hands of the English, and that the

way there was infested by their men-at-arms, listened more readily to the counsels of La Trémouille and others, who advised him to wait until the English should be banished beyond the Loire. In vain Joan prayed him to trust to her. She even told him that her voices had said to her, "*Fille Dé, va, va, va ! Je serai à ton aide ; va !*" "Daughter of God, go, go, go ! I will be thy help ; go !" She would have convinced Charles, only for his evil advisers. As it was, she persuaded him to raise an expedition to drive the English beyond the Loire. He promised that when the way was thus made safe for him, he would go to Rheims. Could Joan fail to feel contempt for this unmanly king, who loved his ease and feared his enemies ? She seemed still to hold him in reverence as her king, the appointed of God to rule over her country, and she never for an instant relaxed her efforts to place him firmly upon the throne of France.

The Duke d'Alençon, just released from being imprisoned by the English, was given command of the army raised ; but Charles bade him follow the advice of the Maid in everything he undertook. The town of Jargeau, strongly fortified and defended by the Earl of Suffolk, was taken by the army, and the Earl of Suffolk taken prisoner. After this, Joan re-entered Orleans, where the enthusiasm of her welcome may easily be imagined. Other victories followed that of Jargeau, notably that of Patay, and Joan thought that now surely the King would go to Rheims to be crowned ; but after much weak hesitation and even ill-humour, the King said that the other Loire fortresses held by the enemy should first be taken. When Joan was informed of this cowardly decision, she burst into tears of disappointment and anger, and left the court, taking up her quarters in the camp. The brave fellows who had fought so hard for the miserable, half-crowned King, under the glorious banner of the Maid, could readily sympathize with her, and such murmurs were raised against the inaction of the King, that he and his counsellors were obliged to yield ; and on the 29th of June, 1429, to Joan's great joy, Charles and an army of 12,000 men set out for Rheims. The town of Auxerre refused to surrender to the King, but supplied the army with provisions, on handsome payment. At Troyes, the King remained five days before the gates, expecting the town to surrender ; and finding it did not do so, was meditating returning southward again. Joan dissuaded him, and promised that in three days Troyes should be his. She at once prepared for an assault, and gave yet further proofs of her marvellous aptitude for

the science of war. Her generalship had before now amazed the most experienced leaders. When asked how she knew so well what to do, she said that her voices told her. On this occasion, Joan is said to have directed the men "better than two of the best captains could have done."

The inhabitants of Troyes, seeing the preparations made, and bethinking them of Joan's invincible success in her undertakings, resolved to surrender ; and on Charles promising to let the garrison depart with all their goods, they opened the gates, and the King entered in state on the Sunday. The next town of importance was Châlons, which welcomed the King ; and here Joan, to her delight, met some friends from Domremi. She spent some happy hours with them, asking about her old friends. They were surprised at the simplicity of her manner, now that she was the most famous woman in Europe. One of them asked if her great destiny did not sometimes frighten her. "I fear nothing but treachery," she replied.

A few days later, the army reached Rheims, which surrendered to the King ; and on the 16th of July, Charles entered the city with all state and ceremony.

On the following Sunday the King was crowned and anointed with the holy oil. The spectacle was an imposing one, and as Joan looked on from her place of honour near the King, it may be imagined that her heart overflowed with joy and gratitude. She saw her beloved monarch crowned through her efforts ; and when the ceremony was concluded, she threw herself at his feet, her eyes streaming with tears, and for the first time she addressed him as "king." "Gentle King," she said, "now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, whose will it was that you should come to Rheims to receive your worthy coronation, showing that you are the true king, to whom the kingdom should belong."

Joan's father was present at the coronation, and was treated with great honour by the people of Rheims. The town paid his expenses, and gave him a horse whereon to perform the return journey to Domremi. One of Joan's brothers had fought with her during the campaign of the Loire. He afterwards assumed the title of nobility given to Joan and her family, and called himself Du Lis. The King asked the Maid what boon he could give her in return for her services, and she replied that she would like best that her native village should for ever be free from taxation for her sake. For three hundred years there appeared in the books of the Collector of Taxes,

opposite the name of Domremi, the simple words: "Nothing, for the Maid's sake."

Joan had now accomplished her purpose, and touched the zenith of her glory. The fame of her spread from France into other lands. Crowds followed her wherever she went. Knights assumed her device on their banners. Medals were struck, and statues made, all bearing the name of Jeanne. All vied with each other in doing her honour.

THE GLORY FADES.

Authorities differ as to whether Joan, after the coronation of Charles VII., wished to retire to her humble home, and the quiet, uneventful life of a peasant girl. When she had explained her "mission," months before, she had said nothing of what lay beyond the coronation. It appeared as though her task should be ended here. Perhaps Joan felt it ended, but with a very natural feeling shrank from the thought of the colourless, eventless days at Domremi, after these months of active, stirring life. Her spirit may have been at war within her, or she may, on the contrary, have felt it her duty to give her utmost services to the King, in expelling the English from France. However this may be, a change came over Joan. She was no longer bright and happy. She wept often, and at mass sobbed and cried. She never again was the merry Joan, who made those about her smile at her sallies of fun. Did she feel that she was disobeying the saints, in whom she so firmly believed?

Joan's depression may be accounted for by the fact that her king had disappointed her. He would not trust her, after all she had done for him. He turned from her advice to those who counselled him as they knew he would like; who took advantage of his weak indolence to gain their private ends.

Could we believe that Joan was really inspired, and that the voices and the visions were not the result of the strong imagination of an emotional and passionate nature, we should be inclined to assert that, after Rheims, the inspiration abandoned her. From this point in her story the glory fades. Joan achieved no more splendid victories; but this might have been owing in great measure to the irresolution of the King, who thwarted all her best plans, as we shall see in following the story.

JOAN BEFORE PARIS.

Now that the King was crowned, Joan set herself two tasks,—the expulsion of the English from France, and the deliverance of Charles of Orleans

from his captivity in England. In pursuance of the first, she begged the King to press forward to Paris, then held by the English, and to trust to the loyalty of the French in that city. Elsewhere, many thousands had acknowledged him as their lawful king, now that he had been crowned at Rheims and anointed with the holy oil. Joan was convinced that it needed but a bold stroke to secure Paris. Months of treachery and hindrance and secret opposition lay before her. The blind selfishness of the King and those round him were greater enemies to France than the English or Burgundians. The King was too self-indulgent to listen to Joan's advice. Charles went about, receiving the keys of various towns that sent in their submission to the newly anointed king, and as those further south sent in offers of adherence, the King left the road to Paris, in order to pursue his pleasant and dignified task of receiving the keys. Arrived near the Loire, he could scarcely resist the temptation of crossing it and retiring to his inglorious ease. The moment was almost lost for regaining Paris. Bedford, discomfited by the coronation of Charles and the success of the French arms, was trying to patch up a new alliance with the Duke of Burgundy. His adherence to the English was shaken by the French success. Had the attempt been made to regain Paris while this was the state of affairs, it would almost infallibly have been successful. Charles, turned back from his purpose of crossing the Loire by a slight check which his troops, marching southward against their will, were unable or reluctant to resist, approached Paris, but was induced by La Trémoille to agree to a fifteen days' truce with Burgundy. The delay was fatal. The Duke promised that at the end of the fortnight the gates of Paris should open to the King. At the expiry of the time, he tried to temporize, and the King was willing enough to listen to anything that would defer the evil day of taking the field. Joan, however, had seen through Burgundy's designs from the beginning, and, too impatient to delay longer, she said to Alençon, "Fair Duke, have ready your men and those of the other captains, for I must go and see Paris, nearer than I have seen it yet." Alençon, as disgusted as Joan with the weakness of the King, was only too glad to obey her. On the 23rd, the army left Compiègne, and in three days arrived at St. Denis. Joan longed for the King to join them there, but he lingered at Senlis. At last Alençon fetched him, and the troops received him with delight. "Now," they said, "the Maid will get Paris for him."

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Joan was greatly troubled at this juncture by the conduct of her army. While she had led them before Rheims from conquest to conquest, her influence had been strong with them. They regularly performed their devotions, and not an oath or profane word was to be heard in the camp. "By my bâton," was the strongest expression Joan allowed. Now, after months of inaction, the troops had become demoralized. The soldiers relapsed into habits of blasphemy and pillage, and shameless women, once banished by Joan, came about the camp. At St. Denis, one of these came in Joan's way, and the indignant Maid struck her with the flat of the sword obtained from the shrine of St. Catherine, and broke the sacred blade. The troops thought this a bad omen, and even the King was annoyed, and told her she ought to have taken a thick stick for such a use.

The first attack on Paris was made on the 8th of September; and after hours of desperate fighting, the captains sounded a retreat, in spite of Joan's entreaties, and even tears. She had been wounded, but declared she would not leave the side of the fosse till Paris was taken. De Gaucourt had her removed by force. The next day the attack was about to be renewed, when a message was received from the King commanding the return of the troops to St. Denis, and ordering the Maid to return there too. She would not. She knew of a bridge over the Seine which would afford a good point of attack, and she agreed with her captains to renew the assault on the next day. Will it be believed that when they arrived at the bridge, they found it had been cut down by the King's own command? Charles suspected their intention, and had had the bridge destroyed during the night. Henri Martin says: "All comment will fall short of the facts. There is not in modern history a crime comparable to that of Charles against God and his country; and also nothing is comparable to the greatness of Jeanne d'Arc."

Charles soon after returned to his life of slothful ease in the south. Only a disorganized remnant remained of the army that had been led against Paris. As for Joan, she took off her armour and hung it up, with the sword she had used since St. Catherine's was broken, before the image of the Virgin Mary in the church of St. Denis.

CAPTURE.

At St. Denis, for the first time, Joan disobeyed "her voices." They desired her to remain there, but Alençon and others pointed out to her that

her country needed her services all the more for the perverseness and selfishness of the King, and she once more took arms and joined Charles in the south. Often and bitterly did she regret having rejoined the army "against her Lord's will."

While Charles was before Paris, La Hire was conquering the English in Normandy. Alençon, seeing that nothing was to be expected from the King, wished to join La Hire, and asked Charles to allow the Maid to go with him. For this he went in person from his estate in Anjou. But the King refused his request, and Alençon and Joan, comrades in so many victories, bade each other adieu never to meet again.

Shortly after, the garrison of an English fortress on the Loire proving troublesome, D'Albret, a brother-in-law of La Trémouille, was sent against it, and this trouble approaching him too nearly for his comfort, Charles was willing enough to send Joan to quell it. She accompanied D'Albret.

They attacked Pierre-le-Monstier, and at the first repulse the French fled. Here, as on many a previous occasion, Joan saved the day by her personal bravery. She remained when all but half-a-dozen had fled. A gentleman rode back to her, pointing out the risk she ran. She looked as if she did not understand him. "There are fifty thousand with me, helping me," she said. The flying soldiers heard her, and ran back, renewing the attack with ardour; and in an hour or two the place was taken. Soon after, the army returned to Bourges from want of funds to carry on the campaign, and Joan spent four months at court in the inaction that she hated. She was sad and unhappy, but consoled herself by visiting the poor and giving largely in alms. She was "pricked to the heart till her work was done," she said, for she knew "she could not last more than a year," and here were the precious months slipping away and nothing being done. She prayed to her saints to tell her what to do. The voices had been silent since her disobedience at St. Denis. Her conscience was ill at ease. In answer to her prayers no counsel came, only again and again the disquieting assurance, "Before St. John's day you will be taken." Poor Joan was to expiate her fault in bitter sufferings.

Bedford had not been idle during the winter. It is unnecessary to enter here into a detailed account of his proceedings. Suffice it that he had managed to strengthen his hands, and his arrival was daily expected by the cities that had given in their submission to the rightful king. Bedford was to bring Henry VI. with him as the

King of France. This boy was then (1430) eight years old. The people of Rheims were in great fear of Bedford, and they wrote to the Maid telling her of the peril they were in. She replied, reassuring them, and with her whole heart she pleaded with the King to be allowed to raise an army for the defence of this and other loyal cities. The King denied her; and one morning, at the end of March, Joan left Sully, where Charles was on a visit to La Trémouille, and rode off with a small company, without saying farewell to the King, whom she never saw again.

The Duke of Burgundy was successfully attacking the fortresses about Compiègne; and the English, now again in league with Burgundy, were daily expected. Thither went Joan with her faithful little company. She was riding to her doom, as she well knew; but Joan's was one of those grand natures in which physical and moral courage are equally developed. On May 18th she arrived at Compiègne, and was repulsed in two encounters with the enemy. Her prestige was gone, and she felt it. But for the admiration felt by the French soldiers for her personal daring and fine qualities, she would have retained no influence over them.

On the 24th of May, Joan led a sortie from Compiègne, leaving a party of the besieged to defend the bridge and causeway. While she was fighting, reinforcements of English came to the aid of the Burgundians. The French, largely outnumbered, retreated towards the city. Joan, with her usual self-forgetfulness, rode to the rear to cover the retreat of the troops. With her faithful friends about her, she charged back often, thus keeping the foe from harassing the French. Arrived at the drawbridge, the troops safely crossed, some of them in boats; and when Joan and her devoted band turned to cross, they found the portcullis lowered and the drawbridge raised against them. Sir Guillaume de Flavy, the Governor of Compiègne, had done this, fearing, he said, that the English would rush across the bridge into the town. Joan fought bravely, but was soon taken prisoner. She was known by her crimson and gold surcoat, and was dragged off her horse from behind. No effort from Compiègne was made to save her. Her friends were made prisoners, too, and Joan was taken before John of Luxembourg, at Margny, where the English and Burgundian captains flocked to see her, "more joyful than if they had taken five hundred men-at-arms."

Did Guillaume de Flavy betray her? There is no evidence to show that he did, and we may

give him the benefit of the doubt. But what shall we say of the people of Compiègne, who saw this brave girl of eighteen, who had come to defend their city, made a prisoner before their eyes, and yet kept their gates shut against her, and made no effort to save her?

The bitterness of captivity must have been intensified indeed by the ingratitude and heartlessness that met poor Joan on every hand.

THE TRIAL.

John of Luxembourg, into whose hands Joan had fallen, was a vassal of the powerful Duke of Burgundy, whose hatred for Charles, before referred to, would naturally extend to one who had so powerfully helped him to regain so much of his kingdom. The King and others who should have been Joan's friends, knew into what unscrupulous hands she had fallen, and when the news of her capture reached them, might have been expected to rush to her rescue. They acted very differently. Charles made no sign. He made no offer of ransom. In his heart he was glad she was taken. He was jealous of her. He knew that the populace thought more, far more, of her than they did of him, and his vanity—that feeling which is always most powerful in the weakest natures—was wounded. He knew himself a coward. She was braver than most men. He felt small when Joan was by. She was good and pure. Her very presence rebuked his vices. He was glad to be rid of her, and would not raise a finger to save her from her enemies. Craven, mean-souled king! One turns with loathing and contempt from the contemplation of such a character.

Where were Alençon, La Hire, and Dunois? Did they make no effort to save her? We hear of none. Only the people wept for Joan. She was prayed for in the churches of the towns where she was known. At Tours a procession of barefooted priests entreated Heaven to deliver her.

The Duke of Burgundy expected Charles to make overtures for the ransom of the Maid. He knew him too well to expect him to take arms for her; but nothing being heard from the King, he began to speculate what he should do with his girl-prisoner. Bedford had a *Te Deum* sung in the churches of Paris to celebrate her capture; and the next day the Vicar-General of the Inquisition of Paris wrote demanding that "the sorceress" should be given into their hands. Burgundy took no notice of this, but, as we shall see, it was not lost on others. He was waiting for offers of ransom from Charles, and for offers

of purchase from Bedford. The former never came, the latter did, speedily enough. Joan was taken in May, and before winter came, she was sold to the English for ten thousand livres. Bedford cast about for some means to kill her, without incurring disgrace and odium, for Joan was a prisoner of war and no more. He bethought him of the application of the Inquisitors, and found ready to his hand the Bishop of Beauvais, who had lost his diocese through the intervention of Joan.

He was promised the archbishopric of Rouen if he should succeed in getting Joan condemned to death.

While Joan was prisoner at Beaufort, before she was sold, she won the hearts of the wife of John of Luxembourg and his aunt, the Countess de Ligny. They treated Joan with much kindness; and knowing what stress her enemies laid upon her wearing male attire, they tried to induce her to wear women's clothing, but she would not. "The time is not come yet," she said. While here she heard that Compiègne was hard pressed and, shortly after, that she had been sold to the English. It was too much for her. She seemed to lose control of herself, and, in her mad desire to escape, she threw herself from the top of the tower where she was allowed to take daily exercise. She was found insensible, but uninjured after a fall of sixty feet! She was very ill for days, not only physically but mentally, for she "had disobeyed her voices," she said, and "they blamed her for it;" even while they consoled her with the news that Compiègne should be delivered. On the 26th of October, the siege was raised, the Comte de Vendôme having taken three of the forts held by the enemy.

The University of Paris wished Joan to be tried in Paris, but Bedford decided upon Rouen, where the Maid was brought in December 1430. Two months elapsed before the trial was begun. The shame of Joan's terrible fate is equally divided between France and England. Of the forty assessors who condemned her, all but three were French, as were the judge, the recorders, and the ushers. The University of Paris and the Inquisition sanctioned the proceedings. The princes, captains and statesmen who paid the assessors were English, and so were the guards, who never left her day or night, and loaded her with insult, filling her ears with blasphemous utterances. Well might Joan call the English "goddams," as she always did. Oaths and curses were the most frequent words upon their tongues.

The trial lasted four months. As a preliminary every inquiry was made as to Joan's previous

life. The reports were all in her favour. Testimony as to her purity, goodness, and piety poured in, and was unwelcome indeed to those who hated her. The greatest secrecy was observed as to the trial. No one was allowed to know what was going on. Consequently the historians of the period have little to say on the subject; but fortunately the judicial record has been preserved intact, and by it and other documents learned Frenchmen have been enabled to do tardy justice to one of the noblest and best of women.

On the 21st of February, 1431, Joan the Maid, then aged nineteen, began her long and weary trial by some of the most learned theologians and doctors of France. The Bishop of Beauvais was president—he who had forbidden her to be allowed to attend mass during the last two months,—a terrible deprivation to Joan, who loved the services of her Church.

She was examined as to her parentage, childhood, mode of life at Domremi, and to all such questions she answered firmly and without reserve. When the assessors asked of more sacred things, she sometimes replied, but often said: "Pass that over." They asked her if she "were in the grace of God,"—a subtle question, meant to lead her into difficulty. She answered: "If I am not, may God bring me into it; if I am, may He keep me in it." "Was it God who made you adopt the dress of a man?" "All that I have done has been by the command of the Lord." They asked if she had heard the voices since her imprisonment. "I heard them yesterday," she said. "They told me to answer boldly and God would help me." One of the assessors asked if she would return to woman's dress, and she answered: "Give me one, and I will wear it, if you will let me go home to my mother; otherwise I will not have it." There was a protection in her masculine dress which she could not explain to these men.

"Within seven years," said this wonderful girl, "the English shall lose a greater pledge than before Orleans. They shall lose all France." Asked how she knew this, she said: "By revelation, and I am very grieved that it is delayed so long."

The latter part of the trial was heard before lawyers, the assessors not being present, though they were forbidden to quit Rouen till the conclusion. On the 27th of March the formal accusation against her was drawn up. In it she was accused of being a sorceress, diviner, false prophetess, invocator of evil spirits, a magician, a disturber of the peace, and of scandalously putting

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on the dress of man. The questions in the rest of the examination were founded on these accusations. Her judges found that nothing said by Joan was likely to criminate her, so, on the 9th of May, they had recourse to torture, in order to make her deny her mission and thus destroy men's belief in her. When Joan was told what was wanted of her, and with what she was threatened, she said: "You may tear me limb from limb, and send the soul out of my body, but I will tell you nothing more; and if I did speak differently in the torture, I would afterwards tell you that you had forced me so to speak." In spite of illness (for she had had a fever in the prison) and the weary strain of the four months' trial, Joan's spirit was still unsubdued. Her judges, whether moved by her bravery, or afraid of killing her, would not put her to the torture that day, and when a few days later they put it to the vote, a large majority was against administering it. On the 23rd of May, Joan was told that her trial was ended, and that on the following day she was to appear before the tribunal to receive sentence.

LAST DAYS.

On the 24th of May, Joan was led forth to be preached to in public in the churchyard of the Abbey of St. Ouen, and either publicly to abjure her sacred mission or to receive sentence. She was led through crowds of English and French, all anxious to behold the marvellous Maid who had been so powerful against the former, and for the latter. The English greeted her with groans and execrations, but many of the French were silent, pitying her in her youth and forlornness, and remembering all she had done for France. Two scaffolds had been erected, one for Joan, the other for the Bishop of Beauvais and some of the assessors. The sermon was preached by one Erard, who stood on the platform with Joan. She let pass all that he said against herself, but when he called her king schismatic and heretical, she, faithful to the faithful and ungrateful Charles, said: "By my faith, sir, my king is a good Christian." After the sermon a form of recantation was handed her, and she was asked to abjure. Some of those about her, anxious for her escape, advised her to agree. Joan was firm; and the Bishop's voice was soon heard reading the sentence of death. The executioner was ready, waiting for her. She looked at him and at the English soldiers, thirsting to see her die. The poor girl, faltering, weak with long imprisonment and illness, lonely, forsaken, abandoned by all who should have helped her, said in a quiver-

ing voice, "I will submit to the Church." Poor Joan! she knew she had always submitted to the Church, and she may have thought there could be little harm involved in saying words so good as these. Who can be hard upon her, only nineteen as she was, and life, as it were, but opening before her, for this weakness of a moment? The form of recantation was read to her, and she repeated it like a child, smiling at the long words and her own stumbles over them. Joan could neither read nor write, and had no acquaintance with long words. She probably knew little of the sense they conveyed. A document was given her to sign and, still smiling, with hopes of life and liberty shining within her, she made a mark upon the paper. Who shall tell what dreams of quiet Domremi danced through her mind as she scrawled the great "O" upon the paper? Thoughts of her mother and father, the village friends, Hauviette, Guillemette, and Mengette, perhaps. She had seen none of them for so long. They dared not visit her in prison, for she was in the hands of the enemies of France. Little did she know what she was signing. Her enemies had substituted for the abjuration a confession of all the crimes imputed to her, and it was to this that Joan, smiling and almost gay again, was putting her clumsy mark.

When she got back to prison she was told that she was pardoned on condition that she never put on man's attire again, but that she was to be kept in prison all her life, and fed on bread and water only. Thus quickly faded her hopes of liberty. Her unmanly judges insisted on her changing her clothes for those of a woman in their presence. She was then chained to a block as before, and five gaolers—three constantly in her prison, day and night, and two outside the door—were placed to guard her.

A few days later Joan was found in man's clothing again, and of this her judges were soon informed. Her gaolers had taken the woman's clothing from her, and left her the choice between man's attire or none. Thus was Joan tricked into disobedience. There are hints of darker insult, repelled by the gentle, modest girl, and of her bruised face and distress and tears. Death must have been a merciful release from a prison so full of horrors as was that of the brave rescuer of France.

Joan now recanted her abjuration, and said she had abjured "from fear of the fire." The Bishop assembled the assessors at a last Council, and all were unanimous that she had relapsed. Joan was ordered to appear the next morning in

the old market-place at Rouen to hear her sentence. Two monks were sent to her cell to apprise her of her approaching fate. Human weakness again assailed poor Joan. "I had rather be beheaded seven times than burnt," she said, and her shrieks and sobs filled the prison. Just then the Bishop of Beauvais entered, and Joan turned to him: "My death lies at your door," she said. "For your injustice to me I summon YOU before God." The Bishop trembled.

She was allowed to receive the sacrament, and, greatly comforted by it, she was calm when the time came to go forth.

At nine o'clock on the 30th of May, 1431, she left the prison clothed in a woman's long gown, and wearing a mitre with the words, "HERETIC, RELAPSED, APOSTATE, and IDOLATRESS" upon it in large letters. When she reached the scaffold there was another long sermon to listen to. At its conclusion Joan prayed long, fervently, and aloud. All about her wept, even Beauvais. She forgave her enemies, prayed for the King, and then asked for a cross. An English soldier broke his staff and made her a rough cross from it. She kissed it and put it in her bosom, but begged some one to bring her the crucifix from a church hard by, and "to hold it lifted up straight before her eyes to the last steps of death, that the cross on which God had hung might, as long as she lived, be continually before her eyes." When it was brought she embraced it with tears, praying to God, St. Michael, and St. Catherine.

She was then taken to the pile, and fastened high upon it, so that her death agony might be prolonged. When first the flames reached her she shrieked with terror and pain, and cried out for holy water; but soon she became her calm, grand, heroic self. Weakness fell away from her as death approached. When she saw that the flames came near the priest who was holding up the cross before her eyes, she bade him good-bye, and told him to stand further off, but adding, "Lift the cross higher that I may see it!" He could still hear her speak. She said: "Jesus! Jesus! Mary! My voices! My voices!" No more shrieks of terror. No more groans of pain. She cried out triumphantly: "My voices have not deceived me—they were from God;" and with one great cry, "Jesus!" her head fell upon her breast, and Joan was free.

So ended her martyrdom. Thus closed the life of this wonderful girl.

AFTERWARDS.

In 1449, Normandy again became the property

of the French nation; and in 1453, with the surrendering of Bordeaux, the last of the conquests of triumphant France, peace, freedom, and independence were restored throughout the country. The work begun by Joan completed, people remembered her prophecy, and began to think that some kind of justice should be done to her memory.

Joan's father had died of a broken heart after his daughter's death, but her mother still lived, and had striven hard to have the sentence pronounced upon Joan set aside. The city of Orleans gave Isabeau Romée a pension, all of which, with a great part of her little property, she spent in trying to stir up the authorities to do justice to the memory of Joan.

In February 1450, letters patent were issued by the Crown, constituting a commission to inquire and report into all the circumstances of the trial and death of Joan of Arc. The consent of the Pope was obtained; but it was nearly five years before this second process began. On the 7th of November, 1455, Joan's aged mother, leaning on the arm of the son who had fought by Joan in the campaign of the Loire, entered the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, followed by a train of clergy, lawyers, nobles, and women of high degree. Isabeau formally opened the proceedings by demanding that justice should be done to the memory of her daughter Jeanne. The proceedings were then removed to Rouen, as the fittest place to rehabilitate the memory of the poor girl and noble heroine who had there so unjustly suffered death. There were a hundred and twenty witnesses in all, and every one of them, without exception, testified to the truth, sincerity, and piety of her character.

On the 7th of July, 1456, in the great hall of the Archbishop's Palace at Rouen, the final sentence was pronounced. The twelve articles that had been drawn up against her at the former trial were declared to be false and calumnious, and condemned to be torn from the records and publicly destroyed. The whole trial and judgment were now pronounced to be false and calumnious, and thus null and void; and it was further declared that neither Joan nor any of her relatives had incurred any shadow of disgrace.

By order of the Commissioners this new judgment was publicly read in all the cities of France. It was read on the spot where she had suffered death, and a stone cross was raised there to her memory. The people of Orleans established a yearly religious festival in her honour, and took care of Joan's mother, now called

Isabelle du Lis, until her death, which happened two years after the reversal of the sentence. The Duke of Orleans gave a grant of land to Joan's two brothers, in recognition of her services. All over France crosses, monuments, and statues were erected to the memory of the heroine of Orleans.

Thus, after twenty-five years, tardy but full justice was done to the memory of this wonderful girl, who united so many womanly qualities with the gifts of a superior mind, and added to them a high courage and daring surpassing that of even the bravest men.

HISTORIC DOUBTS.

Of late some doubt has been thrown on the account given by historians of the fate of Joan of Arc. In an able article published in *Household Words* some twenty years ago, the following curious particulars are recorded:—

"A few old records exist at Metz and Orleans, which tend to prove that she was alive long after the period of her martyrdom; and a short time ago these were collected and made the most of by Monsieur Delepierre, in an interesting tract entitled *Doute Historique* (Historic Doubt). When are we to take up again a fact in history and say to ourselves, 'This is settled beyond all doubt?' He begins by quoting the authority of the Père Vignier, an eminent antiquarian of the seventeenth century. This investigator, while examining the archives at Metz in the year 1687, found an entry to the effect, that on the 29th of May, 1436, 'La Pucelle Jehanne, who had been in France,' came to that town, and 'on the same day came her two brothers, one of whom was a knight, and called himself Messire Pierre, and the other Petit Jehan, an esquire,' who thought she had been dead, but 'as soon as they saw her they recognised her, as she did them.' The document goes on to state that on the next day they took her to Boguelon, and procured for her a horse, a pair of leggings, a cap, and a sword, and 'the said Pucelle managed the horse very well, and said many things to the Sieur Nicole, so that he felt sure this was she who had been in France; and she was identified by many signs as La Pucelle Jehanne de France who had consecrated Charles at Rheims.' After going to Cologne and many other places, where she was looked upon as the genuine Maid, she reached Erlon, 'where she was married to Monsieur de Hermoise, a knight;' and soon after this 'the said Sieur de Hermoise and his wife La Pucelle came and lived in Metz in the house which belonged to the said Sieur.'

"The Père Vignier did not set much value on

this record (and we cannot blame his scepticism) until the next year, 1688, when he happened to dine with a Monsieur des Armoises, who after the entertainment gave him the keys of the family library, where, to his surprise and delight, he stumbled on a marriage contract between 'Robert des Armoises, knight, and Jeanne d'Arcy, called 'Maid of Orleans.' This confirmation of the Metz record satisfied him.

"Monsieur Delepierre then refers to some documents found at Orleans in 1740, which contain charges under the years 1435 and 1436 for money given to a messenger who 'brought letters from Jehanne la Pucelle,' and to Jehan de Lils (that being the title by which her brothers had been ennobled), 'to help him in returning to his sister.' There is a third entry, 'To Jehanne Dar-moises, as a present made to her on August 1st, 1439, after the deliberation of the Council of this city, for the services rendered by her at the siege, 210 livres.'

"As a last documentary evidence, there is a petition from her brother, previous to his being ennobled in 1415,—a date contradicted by the Orleans charge which was made in 1436. This petition represents that 'he had left his native place to join the King's service in company with his sister Jeanne la Pucelle, with whom, up to the time of her absence, and since then till the present, he had risked his life.'

"Monsieur Delepierre also urges that at the time of Joan's reputed execution in the year 1431, there was a common talk that she was not dead, but that the English had put another victim in her place. Thus the chronicle of Metz, after relating 'the story of her imprisonment, trial, and burning, concludes, '*Ainsi qu'on le raconte, car depuis la contraire à été prouvé*' (As they relate, for the contrary has since been proved).

"He regards the period which elapsed between her condemnation and execution, and the extraordinary precautions which were taken to conceal her as calling for some explanation. He notices that several women who assumed the name of the Maid of Orleans were tried and punished as impostors, while no proceedings were taken against this Jeanne des Armoises, or De Hermoise or Darmoises. In conclusion, he considers that these various facts are only explicable on the supposition that some young woman was substituted for her at the burning pyre of Rouen, and that she continued a captive until the death of the Duke of Bedford in 1435, when she was released from prison, and returned to pass many more years in the world."

C. E. H.



GENERAL GORDON, THE HERO OF CHINA AND THE SOUDAN.

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THE GORDON FAMILY.

FOR seven centuries or more the Gordons have been a famous family in Scotland. Representatives of the warlike stock fought at Halidon Hill, at Flodden, and many of the great combats in which Scottish noblemen and gentlemen engaged.

The first Earls and Marquises of Huntly, the Marquises of Sutherland, the Earls of Aberdeen, the Viscounts of Kenmure, Melgund and Aboyne were of the Gordon race. Some became soldiers of fortune, and highly distinguished themselves in foreign service, especially Patrick Gordon, who-

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after many adventures, became a trusty friend of Peter the Great, and a general in the Russian Army. In the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745 there were Gordons in the field; and their services were not exclusively at the service of one side. The Pretender had Gordons for his allies; so had the Duke of Cumberland, who annihilated the Pretender's claim.

After the subjugation of the Jacobite party in Scotland, many regiments of Highlanders were formed, one of them designated the Gordon Highlanders, afterwards well known as the 92nd Regiment. It is now united with the 75th, and again bears its old name.

In the outbreak of 1745, Sir William Gordon, of Park, was an adherent of the Young Pretender and the Stuart cause; and a near relative, David Gordon, fought on the Hanoverian side in Lascelles' Regiment, a portion of the force commanded by Sir John Cope. This David Gordon had become acquainted with the Duke of Cumberland, second son of George II., at Edinburgh, about six years before the arrival of Charles Edward; and the Duke had condescended to be sponsor to Gordon's infant son, and permit him to bear his name, William Augustus. At the battle of Preston Pans, David Gordon was taken prisoner by the Highlanders, but afterwards liberated on parole, with many others of his countrymen. He looked to the New World as a field for activity, and with his son, young William Augustus, embarked for North America. About six years afterwards, he was accidentally killed at Halifax, Nova Scotia. His son, although not more than fourteen years old, entered the British army, and by the time he had reached the age of four-and-twenty, had seen a considerable amount of military service. Returning to England, he was quartered at Hexham, in Northumberland; and there, in soldier fashion in piping times of peace, varied the routine of his military duties by making love. A Miss Anna Maria Clarke, attracting the admiration of the gallant Gordon, the pair were united in matrimony in 1773. Three sons and four daughters blessed the marriage state; and the sons, as they grew towards manhood, all entered the army, maintaining the military traditions of the family. The third brother, Henry William, was born in 1786, and when of fit age entered the Royal Artillery. He lived to an advanced age, long enough to see his third son, Charles Gordon, begin his career of Conquest in China.

Being quartered at Woolwich, the young artillery officer, Henry William Gordon, was near Blackheath, and in that pleasant place laid successful siege to the heart of Elizabeth Enderby, the daughter of a wealthy merchant and ship-owner residing there. She, like Gordon, came of a remarkable family, not of historic and soldierly

renown, but distinguished by the successful pursuit of mercantile adventure. Mr. Samuel Enderby, the father of Gordon's bride, was the owner of two of the ships chartered by the English Government to carry tea to Boston, in North America. The attack on these ships by the Colonists, and the throwing of the chests of tea into the harbour—the first overt act of the resistance to taxation by England, which led to the great and successful War of Independence—is a matter of history, with which we need not at present further concern ourselves. Enderby's chief business was in connection with the whale fisheries. The ships owned by his firm visited the Arctic Seas, and traversed the Southern Ocean. Not only did the house of Enderby realise an ample fortune from these whaling expeditions, but it was instrumental in making geographical discoveries, and in establishing settlements on the Australian coasts and in other remote regions.

Henry William Gordon, the officer in the Royal Artillery, was in his marriage a fortunate man, and many years of wedded happiness were in store for the pair, whose olive branches were numerous, five sons and six daughters surrounding the family table.

Three of the sons entered the army as soon as their earlier education was completed, and they had attained fit age.

One of the elder lads rose to be Sir Henry W. Gordon, K.C.B., and another, Major-General S. Enderby Gordon, C.B., Royal Artillery. The fourth son, and third soldier, of the family is Charles George Gordon, "Chinese Gordon." He was born at Woolwich on the 28th of January, 1833, and has therefore just completed the fifty-first year of his age. He received a general education at Taunton; but before he was fifteen years old was placed in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, to prepare for the army, which his father held to be the noblest of professions, and most worthy of the descendant of a race of Gordons. If England had possessed an army of Amazons, no doubt some of the six daughters of that enthusiastic soldier would have held commissions.

Physically, young Charles George did not give much promise of success in the profession he had chosen. He had a delicate constitution (in later days hardened to an iron firmness), which probably stood in the way of his making a very prominent figure in the work of the Academy and military exercises.

His first commission, as second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, was dated June 23rd, 1852, and on the 17th February, 1854, he attained the rank of lieutenant. One of his earliest professional duties was the preparation of plans for forts at the entrance of Pembroke Haven. The mutterings of war in the East had ripened into

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the thunder of the guns before Sebastopol, when, in November, 1854, the young officer received orders to prepare to embark for Corfu.

Hoping, almost against hope, he contrived to obtain a short leave of absence and await the issue of events. Before a month had passed, the exigencies of the Crimean War demanded more Engineers to be sent out, and among the officers selected was Lieutenant Charles George Gordon.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

Lieutenant Gordon reached Balaklava in the *Golden Fleece*, on the first day of 1855. He was not immediately detailed for duty, but had a week or two to make himself acquainted with the state of affairs. A dismal state it was. Gordon was not one of those men who look behind them. Had he been, he might have thought that comfortable quarters and only routine work at Corfu, or even in the Australian colonies, would have been preferable to the privations to be encountered on the frozen heights of Balaklava, or the perils of the trenches before the beleaguered fortress. The hot blood of an ardent soldier flowed in his veins. He was ready to endure that he might achieve; and to his mind the single word "duty" was a reply to all suggestions.

It is not necessary to dwell on the details of the lamentable condition of the British army. Young Gordon's baptism of blood took place amid terrible surroundings. He saw little of the glory of war at first, but a very great deal of its background of misery. In due time he was ordered to the front, to do duty in the trenches. There he found that suffering almost to the limit of endurance had endangered discipline. His especial duty was to construct rifle-pits in advance of the trenches. This work was performed exposed to an almost incessant fire from the Russians, and it is said that he frequently ran great risks from the irregular and aimless fire of his own men and the French sentries. Some of those under his command deserted, others openly mutinied, driven to desperation by the privations they endured; many of his best and bravest followers and associates fell wounded and dying around him.

The young lieutenant took part in a rush at the great Redan fort, under the lead of Sir John Campbell, who commanded the Fourth Division of the attacking force, on the 18th of June, a memorable anniversary in military annals. The assailants were repulsed with great loss. Sir John Campbell was killed. Gordon escaped, certainly not owing his safety to not being in the front.

In less than a fortnight after the vigorous attacks on the Mamelon and the Redan, Lord Raglan, the English commander, died from an attack of dysentery. His brave heart had for some time struggled against the vicissitudes and

fatigues of the campaign; but he was nearly seventy years old, and no longer possessed the physical powers of the young hero who led forlorn hopes in the Peninsula more than forty years previous. In a letter to home, Lieutenant Gordon says of the dead General, "I am really sorry for him; his life has been entirely spent in the service of his country;" and adds, showing how religious considerations were ever present to his mind, "I hope he was prepared, but do not know."

Sir Harry Jones, commanding the Engineers, in his official despatches, specially mentioned Gordon as an officer who had performed gallant service; and the French Government conferred on him the cross of the Legion of Honour. Promotion was not to be obtained, as, by the constitution of the corps of Engineers, unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, promotion goes by seniority, and officers are never promoted out of the corps. It is noticeable that, serving in the trenches at the same time, was another officer, who has since made a great figure in the world, Garnet Wolseley, then captain in the 90th Regiment.

On the 7th September the French carried the great Malakhoff fort, and hoisted the tricolour on the massive tower. This was the signal for an attack by the English on the Redan, another stupendous work—an attack which proved unsuccessful. The fort was entered with a rush; but so deadly was the fire opened on the assailants that, after about half an hour's occupation, a retreat was inevitable. On no occasion during the war was more brilliant courage displayed. General Wynneham and "Redan" Massey are names that live in military annals.

Another assault on the fort was arranged for the following day, the Highland regiments to lead the storming party. When morning came the Redan was entered easily enough; the defenders had disappeared, had crossed the harbour, and the town of Sebastopol was in flames. Tremendous explosions had been heard in the course of the night. The Russians had exploded their magazines, sunk their larger ships, burnt the town, and were in full retreat from the fated Sebastopol. Gordon was selected to make a plan of the works, and describes the painful sights he beheld in the course of his duty. A party had been ordered to bury the dead, and Russians and English were interred in the ditch, the Rev. W. Wright, a military chaplain, reading over their bodies the funeral service of the English church.

Colonel Chesney, a distinguished officer, who had many opportunities of observing Gordon's ability and energy, has given this testimony: "In his humble position as an Engineer subaltern he attracted the notice of his superiors, not merely by his energy and activity, but by a special apti-

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tude for war, developing itself around the trench work before Sebastopol in a personal knowledge of the enemy's movements, such as no other officer attained. We used to send him to find out what new move the Russians were making."

After the submission of Sebastopol, Gordon was ordered to accompany the expedition to Kinburn, a necessary sequel to the siege. This important position, near the entrance to the Sea of Azov, had been strongly fortified by the Russians; but it was captured by English forces, Gordon being conspicuous for his courage in the operation. Returning to Sebastopol in February, 1856, he was engaged for four months in destroying the docks, barracks, and other naval and military structures. The operations to effect the purpose were difficult, requiring no ordinary engineering skill; but Gordon proved equal to the occasion. A mass of ruins was all that remained of the most stupendous fortress and arsenal in the Russian empire, extended to overawe Turkey and maintain Muscovite supremacy on the coasts of the Black Sea.

SURVEYING AND MAP-MAKING.

The great work of demolition being completed, in May, 1856, Gordon was appointed assistant-commissioner, for arranging the new frontier lines of Russia, Turkey, and Roumania, a task for which he was especially qualified by his skill in surveying. He was under the orders of the chief British commissioner, Major Stanton, who was associated with French, Russian, and Austrian officers. Gordon's especial duty was, with a colleague, to trace about a hundred miles of boundary, and then to compare the Russian maps with their own. It was agreeable work, carried on in a charming country, and with a constant change of scene. In the discharge of these tasks he visited many interesting places, and wrote home describing the agreeable life he was leading. But, after all, he preferred the hardships and rough work of military duty, and when, as a result of the ability he had exhibited in Bessarabia, he was selected to join Colonel (now General) Lintorne Simmons, in the task of settling the Asiatic frontiers of Russia and Turkey, he applied to the home authorities for permission to exchange. The permission was not granted. His aptitude for the work was too highly appreciated to permit his services to be dispensed with, and the reply from the Horse Guards was the telegraphic message, "Lieutenant Gordon must go."

Six months were spent in England: and then he returned to Armenia, as commissioner to complete the work of delimitation. This work occupied him about nine months, and then he came back to England, and was engaged as Field-work Instructor at Chatham. Soon after his return, he

received, in April, 1859, his commission as captain, and about a month afterwards was appointed adjutant, holding that position till June, 1860.

SERVICE IN CHINA.

Probably, while engaged in his duties at Chatham, no part of the world was less thought of by Gordon than China, destined to be, before a year was over, the theatre of his greatest exploits.

Another Chinese War was in prospect. In 1856, a misunderstanding having arisen between the British and Chinese authorities, in consequence of the latter having, in the Canton river, boarded a vessel having a British colonial register, the Treaty of Tien-tsin had been arranged, one main object of which was the opening of the Chinese empire to mercantile intercourse with the Western world; but in the year following the signature of the treaty, the British envoy was stopped on the Pei-ho river, on his way to Peking.

It was, of course, impossible that Great Britain could submit to this outrageous violation of treaty obligation, and France co-operated with this country in resenting it. The Taku forts, at the mouth of the Pei-ho river, in the Gulf of Pecheli, were bombarded and captured, and active hostilities commenced. Captain Gordon was ordered to join the force sent from England, and in July, 1860, he set out. On his arrival at Hong-Kong, he heard the news of the capture of the Taku forts. On the 11th of September he left for Tientsin, the port of Peking, at the mouth of the Pei-ho, stopping for one day at the great commercial port, Shanghai. On his arrival he found that one of his old colleagues in Armenia, De Norman, with Mr. Parkes, Mr. Loch, Captains Anderson and Brabazon, Mr. Bowlby (the special correspondent of the *Times*), and a party, twenty-six in all, had been treacherously captured under a flag of truce by the Chinese leader, San-ko-lin-sin, and subjected to many indignities and cruelties. An attack on Peking was at once resolved on by the allies, their determination being to strike such a blow at the very heart of Chinese authority as would show the determination and power of the Western nations. In October the British and French had invested Peking, and with little difficulty entered the great city, notwithstanding that it was surrounded by walls about thirty feet high, and twenty-five feet thick at the base, and had sixteen gates, each guarded by a watch-tower, with loopholes for cannon. In the military operations, Gordon, as usual, took a conspicuous part. The town was divided into three districts, one, Kin-tching, containing the Emperor's summer palace, a superb edifice, filled with treasures, pleasure grounds, and several temples. The allied commanders resolved to destroy the palace, as a

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signal mark of their occupation of the town, and as likely to make a great impression, not only on the emperor and his ministers, but on the Chinese generally.

The accounts which reached the British of the treatment to which the prisoners had been subjected aroused general indignation, and intensified the zeal for action which animated the attacking force. It was asserted that some of them were tied tightly by the wrists until the flesh mortified, and they died in the greatest torture. They had been fairly well treated till they arrived at the Summer Palace, where they were imprisoned and tortured, with the direct sanction, it was supposed, of the emperor, who was in the palace at the time. Two days' grace were given to the Chinese to arrange for the surrender, the allies in the meanwhile placing batteries, and preparing for an assault, should it be necessary. About half an hour before the expiration of the time fixed the gate was opened, and the allies took possession. Ten days were then allowed for the payment of the indemnity demanded, equivalent to £10,000 for each Englishman and £500 for each native soldier who had been killed. The money was paid, Mr. Parkes and seventeen other prisoners given up, and a treaty signed.

Although the submission of the Chinese was so complete, and the payment of the indemnity so prompt, the intention to destroy the palace was carried out. The General gave the necessary orders, and posted proclamations explaining why this course had been determined on. Looking at the matter more than twenty years afterwards, it seems impossible not to regard this act as one of the most discreditably in our military annals.

A French writer describes the acts of pillage at the palace: "No pen can adequately describe the scenes which took place. Pillage had been authorized; the grand reception room, the bedchambers, the boudoirs, all the apartments were sacked. Articles of luxury of all kinds, national and foreign, have been carried away, or broken to pieces when they could not be moved. Clocks, watches, porcelain, wardrobes, containing dresses richly embroidered with silk and gold—probably from 70,000 to 80,000 articles—have been torn down and trampled under foot. The soldiers threw them about from one to the other, each carrying away as much as he was able. They used the curtains and draperies as cords to tie up the enormous packages with which they filled their vehicles; and in the camp they use them as bed coverings. A rush of French soldiers had, the day previous to this outbreak of pillage, penetrated into the apartments, armed with sticks, and broken all the windows. They said they had done so to avenge their countrymen maltreated by the Chinese."

A TRIP TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

After this act of destruction, Gordon remained in the Camp before Peking, till the 8th of November, when the allied forces left for winter quarters at Tien-tsin, and he went thither as commanding officer of the detachment of Royal Engineers. For his services at Peking he received a medal and *clasp*, and was shortly afterwards raised to the rank of brevet-major. At Tien-tsin he remained about two years, but availed himself of opportunities to make various excursions into the country, and of making surveys of districts previously unvisited by Europeans. His absence from his regiment on such occasions was generally of brief duration; but one excursion of greater length introduced him to a remote part of the vast country with which it is not much to say Englishmen generally and many of the Chinese themselves were profoundly unacquainted. The Great Wall of China has long enjoyed a renown as one of the wonders of the world, but it has been more talked about than visited by travellers. Very naturally this enormous work was an object of interest to an officer of Engineers, as the most stupendous specimen of defences against invasion in the pre-artillery period. He found a congenial companion in Lieutenant Cardew, of the 67th Regiment, with whom he set out on horseback in December, 1861, attended by a Chinese lad, who knew a little English, and acted as interpreter.

A FALSE PROPHET AND A REBELLION.

It is necessary now to refer at some length to one of the most important events in the modern history of China—the great Taiping movement, which attained enormous dimensions, and bade fair to change the royal dynasty. Without investigating the causes and conduct of that rebellion we should fail to understand the reasons why Major Gordon, by permission of the British military authorities, entered the service of the Emperor of China. The difference of opinion as to the objects and practices of the rebels which existed in this country was remarkable; and as we proceed in the narrative we shall see how Gordon was exposed to a perfect storm of misrepresentation and calumny. The heavier charges against him were satisfactorily disposed of, and others have been answered in the light of later and clearer information on the subject.

Trusting to the statements of certain missionaries, whose zeal may charitably be supposed to have outrun their knowledge, the religious public at home were led to believe that the Taiping rising was a great Christian movement, a kind of crusade against the false doctrines, immoral practices, and practical heathenism prevalent in the empire. That the leaders made a profession of a certain sort of Christianity is certain; that

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they troubled themselves about Christian practices is by no means satisfactorily established. The truth seems to be that the rebellion had a national and political origin, the object at first being to subvert the Mantchoo Tartar dynasty, which for more than two hundred years had been supreme, and replace it by the representatives of the native Chinese Sovereigns, known as the dynasty of Ming, who had been driven from the throne by the Mantchoos.

The Taiping rebellion originated in Kwang-tun, the south-eastern province of the empire, including the great commercial port Canton. Great discontent had existed in this province since the Opium War, 1842, and pirates, bandits, and members of secret societies kept the district in perpetual turmoil, and fomented the popular dissatisfaction. In 1850 a man named Hung-tsun-tsun, of the peasant class, who had been occupied as a village schoolmaster in the Canton district, announced that he held a Divine mission to drive out the Mantchoos and re-establish the Ming dynasty. He speedily surrounded himself with a numerous body of followers, a great number believing in his claim to be an inspired prophet, but thousands more accepting him as leader in an insurrection against the Imperial government. Hung, it is said, had, as far back as 1817, applied to a missionary to baptize him, but the rite was refused on the ground of his imperfect acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity.

The more eagerly followers crowded to the standard of the new prophet, the more extravagant grew his pretensions. He saw visions, announced that he was the divinely appointed champion of the poor and oppressed, and so gained the adherence of vast numbers, for the poor and distressed rose eagerly enough, grasped at every opportunity which promised to bring them relief, and were ready to believe anybody who, like Hung-tsun-tsun, offered to lead them on the road to independence and, perhaps, to wealth. A few shrewd observers thought he was mad, but they were in the minority, and prudently did not obtrude their opinion on the subject. Hung made no concealment of his pursuit of a political object, as well as of a religious mission; announcing that the restoration of the Mings must be effected before the religious reform could be accomplished. He announced that God had specially revealed himself to him, and announced that he was the "younger brother" of Jesus Christ. Some of the missionaries who afterwards, strangely enough, defended his career, asserted that this phrase "younger brother" was an ordinary term of courtesy in use throughout the empire, and meant only a devoted follower. But it is certain that the followers of Hung understood the words in a very different sense, and regarded their leader as

a Divine, or, at the least, a specially favoured and specially inspired person.

At the head of a considerable army—if an undisciplined rabble deserves the name—Hung traversed the province, ravaging as he went, and encountering, with varied success, parties of the Imperialist soldiery sent against him by the Mandarin commanding the provinces. Sometimes he was hard pressed, and had recourse to many stratagems to avoid capture.

The large town of Tai-tsin was captured and occupied, and there the Taipings received a large increase of adherents. In the early months of 1851, it was estimated that Hung had under his leadership an army numbering about three hundred thousand. In August, 1851, the rebels possessed themselves of the city of Yung-nan, in Quang-si, the province lying to the north of Quang-tun, and there he issued a proclamation in which he announced himself as the Heavenly King, and appointed five other subordinate kings, or Wangs, at first his own relatives (in this respect unconsciously imitating the example of the great Napoleon); but, as he punished the least disobedience on their part by decapitation, vacancies occasionally occurred, and they were filled by the appointment of the ablest fighting generals of his army. Some of them, intoxicated with their sudden elevation to kingly rank, exhibited considerably more ambition than was agreeable to the supreme Wang, and one even had the temerity to claim Divine honour, and asserted that he was the Holy Ghost. It may be added, rather unnecessarily, perhaps, after what has been already said, that he did not live long afterwards. The five Wangs were known as the Faithful King, the Eastern King, the Western King, the Warrior King, and the Attendant King. Of these high and mighty potentates, Chung-wan, or the Faithful King, possessed the greatest ability and energy. Of course, they were all greatly respected, unlimited power to administer bamboo flogging and decapitation being calculated to inspire a wholesome reverence in the minds of their followers; but it did not prevent the conferring of nicknames, by which they were more generally known than by the sounding titles conferred by the Heavenly King. Three of the Wangs were described as the Yellow Tiger, the One-Eyed Dog, and Cock-Eye; and not improbably the kings themselves regarded the epithets as rather complimentary, as Red Indian chiefs are pleased to be known as Great Snakes or Sitting Bulls.

PROGRESS OF THE REBELLION.

In the course of 1852 and 1853, several important cities were captured, the most important success being the possession of Hang-chow, the capital of the eastern province of Che-Keang, on

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the great river, Tien-tsang. In the time when the Mongols ruled in China it was the capital of the empire; and in later days its magnificence was proverbial. The possession of this rich and splendid city was a great acquisition to the Taipings, who appropriated an immense amount of treasure.

An even greater achievement was projected and successfully performed—the capture of Nanking (or Nankin, as the name is commonly spelt by Europeans), the old capital of the Ming dynasty, and now known as the “southern capital;” ranking next to Peking, as the second city in the empire. It is situate on the Yang-tse-Kiang, that magnificent river which traverses the centre of the Chinese dominions from east to west, and brings down the products of some of the wealthiest districts. On the 19th of March, 1853, this renowned city was taken by assault, and the Taipings removed thither the treasure they had seized in Hwang-chow. Nanking itself was ravaged, and one of the architectural glories of China—the famous Porcelain Tower—erected in the fifteenth century by the Emperor Yang-Loh, and 322 feet high, was destroyed, apparently out of sheer wanton mischief.

The Heavenly King selected Nanking as the royal residence, and formed a Court on the model of the Imperial Court at Peking. The Chinese Government attempted, but unsuccessfully to drive out the rebels, who repelled them, and sent a considerable force northward, which plundered every town on its way, and even threatened the province of Pe-tche-li, in which Peking is situated. He had subjugated and devastated an extent of territory about equal in dimensions to the united area of England and France, and containing a population of at least 80,000,000. Wealth, which in its amount appears almost fabulous, was at his command, and he wielded despotic power. Notwithstanding his pretensions as a specially-inspired religious teacher, he was a gross sensualist, tyrannous, and atrociously cruel.

The papers laid on the table in the House of Commons, referring to the Taipings, contain many interesting letters and official despatches. It is not often, indeed, that a Blue-book is so readable.

The true character of the Taipings is shown in the official despatches and enclosed letters for private persons who had visited Nanking and who were enabled to form independent opinions.

AN INSULT TO GREAT BRITAIN.

When, in 1858, the Earl of Elgin, the British plenipotentiary, went up the Yang-tse river, he found the Taipings in possession of most of the important towns on the banks. The steamer in which he made the excursion was fired on from one

of the fortified places. The fire was returned, and the town bombarded and entered. It was then discovered that the Taipings had evacuated it, having slaughtered most of the inhabitants; and the town was in ruins. The Taiping leaders afterwards asserted that the firing on the vessel with Lord Elgin on board was a mistake on the part of the commandant of the forts.

In May, 1863, the rebels gained a great victory over a hundred thousand of the Imperialists outside Nanking, and then advanced to Soochow, or Sou-tcheou, the former being the orthography most familiar to Englishmen. It is a very large and important city in the maritime province of Kiang-su, with a population estimated at about a million, and a great trade emporium, with access by the Imperial Canal, a waterway, about seven hundred miles, constructed to unite the Yang-tse and the rivers of the south, and give a comparatively easy access by water to Peking. The rebels, as usual looted the town; and so great was the amount of treasure captured that three weeks were occupied in removing it to Nanking.

MEASURES FOR THE DEFENCE OF SHANGHAI.

The English authorities had hitherto held aloof from the contest between the Imperialists and the rebels; but circumstances occurred which rendered it impossible the attitude of neutrality could be maintained. We and our allies, the French, were in open hostility with the Chinese; and, from a military point of view, the action of the Taipings, as a great embarrassment to the government, was favourable to us. But the great mercantile city, Shanghai, the most important seaport of China, was now threatened, and in Shanghai were large establishments and factories occupied by English, French, and American merchants. English merchants possessed ship-yards, docks, and engineering establishments. The wealthy Chinese merchants of Shanghai, alarmed at the near approach of the Taipings, had undertaken to provide the necessary funds if the governor of the province would enlist a force of foreigners to defend the city.

The Chinese authorities permitted the organization and equipment of a small force of foreigners under the leadership of an American named Ward a sailor filibuster, who had taken part in Walker's ill-starred expedition to Nicaragua. He was a brave man, and his experience of irregular fighting gained in America promised to be of service. With him was united, as second in command, another adventurer named Burgevine, who had seen a good deal of fighting in his time; but whose antecedents, like those of Ward, it was as well to allow to “rest in the shade.” The force led by these worthies consisted of American sailors, with a taste for seeing life, and a miscellaneous

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collection of rowdies, who might be trusted to take care of any probable loot that came in their way. The English and French ambassadors, decided to assist the authorities in protecting Shanghai from attack.

By the middle of 1860, the Taipings had advanced within twenty miles of Shanghai, and occupied a small town named Sung-Kiang. A reward was offered to Ward if he could retake this

place; and, with a little force of about a hundred sailors, he attempted the feat. He had, however, greatly miscalculated the strength of the enemy, and was repulsed with considerable loss. Aided, however, by a body of Chinese soldiers, he made another attempt and was successful in driving out the Taipings. Being joined by more adventurous, he made various raids on the rebel position. His success, however, was of brief duration; and Chung Wang advanced towards Shanghai, but was driven back by British and French troops, the defence of the great commercial city being an object

of the greatest interest to both nations. Great Britain, as a nation, had no wish to interfere with the Taipings, except so far as the defence of the great commercial ports against their attacks was concerned; and Admiral Sir James Hope, our naval commander-in-chief on the Chinese station, sailed up the river for the purpose of visiting those ports on its banks which had been opened up to foreign trade by the Convention of Peking. In February, 1861, the admiral reached Nanking, and entered into communication with the rebel leaders. An

understanding was arrived at that there should be no interference with the river trade, and that for the space of one year Shanghai was to be unmolested by the Taiping army.

This convention was faithfully observed. The rebels passed the year in various endeavours to effect the occupation of the valley of the Yang-tse, but met with many reverses; and by the time when the year's truce had expired, were again in

the neighbourhood of Shanghai. Hung, the rebel leader, then formally announced to Admiral Hope that he intended to make another attack on the port, receiving a reply to the effect that he would do so at his peril, for the force would certainly be resisted.

Chung Wang was ordered to march against Shanghai in January, 1862, and that act was the cause of the open co-operation of the allies with the force under Ward, who was at Sung-Kiang, with about a thousand Chinese, fairly well drilled, and led by European officers, under his command.

The English and French com-

manders, with Ward's force, and in conjunction with an army of Imperialists, resolved to clear the country from the Taipings for thirty miles round the town. Heavy fighting followed, and in it Gordon took part. The French admiral was killed, and Admiral Hope was wounded. In September Ward was killed, and Burgevine was appointed to succeed him as leader of the little army which he had commanded.

This worthy soon showed the metal he was made of. He went to Shanghai with a hundred

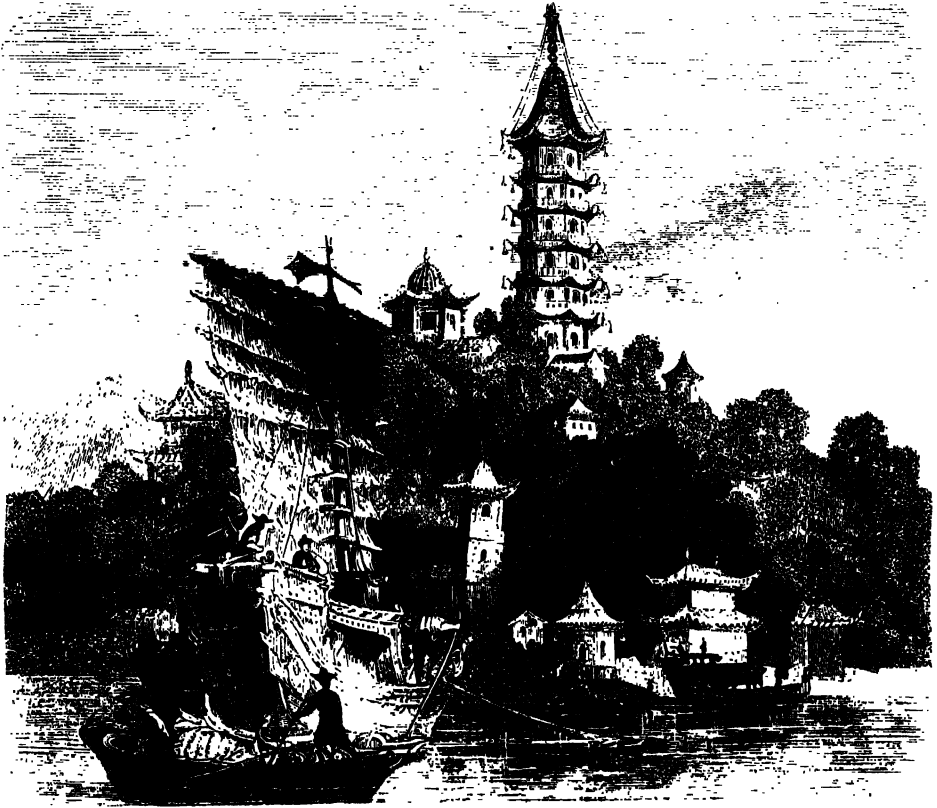


ATTACK ON THE PORTS AT SEBASTOPOL.

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'picked men, well armed with rifles, entered the house of the mandarin who was the local treasurer, and demanded money for the payment of arrears to his men. The mandarin, who refused to comply with this demand, was struck by Burgevine, who sent his men into the treasury, with orders to take away forty thousand dollars. This act immediately led to his dismissal from the command of the contingent, by the governor of the province, Li-Hung-Chang.

and another British officer, Major Brennan, had been defeated in their expeditions; but on the very day of the repulse of the former (in February, 1863), in an attempt to storm the strongly-fortified town, Tait-san, a despatch arrived sanctioning the placing a British officer in command of the force, and Brevet Major Gordon was at once appointed, and immediately set to work to complete the organisation of the army under his control. The commissioned officers were all foreigners, the



VIEW ON THE IMPERIAL CANAL, CHINA.

GORDON IN COMMAND.

In January, 1863, General (afterwards Sir Charles) Staveley, chief of the British forces in China, being applied to for advice and assistance, recommended Captain Gordon to the permanent command, if his Government should approve of its being taken by a British officer. Captain Holland, chief of Staveley's staff, took temporary charge of the "Ch'ang Sheng Chi'un," or "Ever-Victorious Army," the name with which the Chinese had glorified the foreign contingent, destined shortly afterwards to deserve the title. Holland

majority American, and including English, French, Germans, and Spaniards. Their sensitiveness and national jealousies gave some trouble, overcome by Gordon's resolution and tact. The non-commissioned officers were all Chinese, selected from the ranks. The drill of the force was on the British model, and words of command were given in English.

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN.

It would require far more space than is at our disposal to relate all the events of the war against

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the Taipings. On the 25th of March, 1863, Major Gordon assumed active command of the foreign contingent. The district between Shanghai and the Imperial Canal is traversed by navigable canals and natural watercourses, which greatly facilitated Gordon's operations.

Two steam-vessels were placed at his disposal, and on board of them he embarked about a thousand infantry and two hundred of his artillery. Many British officers applied to General Brown, who had succeeded General Staveley as commander of the forces at Shanghai, for permission to join Gordon; and probably more would have done so, had not such a step involved, according to Horse Guards regulations, retirement on half-pay. Permission was given, subject to Gordon's approval, and he selected some of those whose qualifications appeared to be most suitable to the work to be done. Aided by this reinforcement of trained and competent officers, he was able to get rid of some of the old officers who had served under Ward and Burgevine, and whose notions of warfare were rather in accordance with the practices of those leaders than with the military discipline Gordon was determined to enforce. Brilliant success followed brilliant success. The name "The Ever-Victorious Army" was given to Gordon's force. The Taipings had possession of many strongly-fortified positions; but they were stormed and captured.

Shanghai is situated near the eastern extremity of a peninsula, formed by the Yang-tse on the north and the open sea on the east and south. Sung-Kiang, the head-quarters of the contingent force, is about twenty-two miles to the south-west of Shanghai; and the western limit of the peninsula may be approximately fixed at the Imperial, or Grand, Canal, which has already been mentioned. On this canal, and a little more than twenty miles to the west of Shanghai, is the great city of Soochow, one of the most important strongholds of the rebels; and a short distance farther west is the Taiho Lake, a sheet of water about forty miles in greatest breadth, and nearly of the same extent from north to south. Taitsan, thirty miles north-west of Shanghai, still remained in the possession of the rebels, and a road lead thence to Quinsan, another Taiping stronghold, and, beyond, to Soochow. A little consideration of the position thus described will show that the rebels held a formidable line of strong positions nearly across the peninsula, from Taitsan, on the east, to Soochow, on the west, the distance between these towns being about thirty five miles, with Quinsan, strongly fortified and garrisoned, in the centre. That this line of defence must be demolished before Shanghai could be considered to be in safety was evident, and before taking any further movements, Gordon set to work to mature a plan of operation.

'To make his army efficient was his first care. He reorganised it after the European model. It was nearly four thousand strong," and consisted of infantry regiments, with four siege batteries and two field batteries. The uniform was of dark sergo, with green turbans. The force, indeed, under the lead of the Americans, resembled a horde of brigands, rather than regular troops. Gordon at once substituted regular and liberal payment. An alteration which should have met with general approbation; but at which some grumbled considerably.

BURGEVINE'S MANŒUVRES.

He received cordial support from the Chinese governor of the province, the intelligent and able Li-Hung-Chang, a mandarin of the Yellow Button, and as we have already said, one of the most distinguished and influential of the Imperial officials. There had been intriguing at Peking, whither Burgevine had repaired after his dismissal, with the intention of appealing to Prince Kung, the chief administrator of the empire. His cause was warmly advocated by the American minister, who, it would seem, permitted his national sympathies to overrule his better judgment; but the representations of Li-Hung-Chang (or more briefly, Li, by which shortened name it will be convenient to refer to him in future) in favour of Gordon were so vigorous and earnest that intercession was of no avail.

EXECUTIONS OF PRISONERS.

Before the vigorous operation of Gordon, Taitsan fell, after desperate fighting, in which the loss on both sides was great.

Some of the Taipings were made prisoners by the Imperialists after the siege, and handed over to Governor Li. Seven of them were recognised as having been principally engaged in the treacherous act by which so many lives had been sacrificed, and it was resolved to make terrible examples of them by the infliction of death, accompanied by horrible tortures. When Gordon heard of this determination, he protested vigorously; but the prisoners were in the hands of mandarins over whom he had no control whatever, and he was powerless to prevent the execution. The wretched prisoners were, previous to decapitation, tied up and exposed to public view for about five hours, with arrows pierced through various parts of the body, and pieces of skin flayed from the arms.

This sanguinary punishment excited the indignation of the British commander, General Brown, who immediately informed Governor Li that the repetition of such an act would inevitably lead to the withdrawal of his troops, and the refusal of further assistance to the Imperial cause. Gordon

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we have seen, made an ineffectual protest. The English residents were greatly shocked by the barbarity of the proceedings; and as bad news seldom loses much in travelling, by the time the intelligence had reached Shanghai and Hong-Kong, the executions—cruel enough, in all conscience, as it was in reality—was made even more horrible by the invention of additional details. Correspondents of the *Shanghai Shipping News* and other papers, writing under the signatures "Eye-witness," "Justice and Mercy," and other *noms de plume*, contributed most harrowing accounts, creditable to their power of imagination, if not to their scrupulous veracity. What the poor wretches suffered was bad enough, but not so bad as the so-called eye-witnesses alleged. The Bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong, communicated with one of these writers, and at a private interview received such a terrible account of the executions that he immediately wrote to the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord John Russell, adding that there was no doubt of the truth of the statements he had received. Gordon wrote to the *Shanghai Shipping News* an earnest denial of his complicity in these cruelties.

Gordon was, of course, greatly annoyed by these imputations on his character, which represented him as an unscrupulous and mercenary soldier of fortune, ready to connive at any atrocities perpetrated by his allies. Difficulties of another kind were present. Notwithstanding the strict discipline he had endeavoured to establish in his force, the old Adam prevailed, and his Chinese soldiers looted considerably after the capture of Taitsan. Gordon resolved not to inflict immediate severe punishment, but further to develop his plans of military organisation.

• TROUBLES IN THE ARMY.

On more than one occasion a mutinous spirit was developed. Some of the officers, jealous of appointments made by Gordon, sent in their resignation, thinking to coerce Gordon, who, however, calmly accepted them; but, on the officers apologising, restored them to their position. On another occasion, some of the troops refused to fall in on parade, and, when threatened with punishment, set up loud groans. With a true instinct, Gordon picked out the ringleader, a corporal, and had him shot on the spot. The men, staggered by this display of energy, at once submitted.

The large city of Quinsan, strongly garrisoned by the rebels, had been invested by the Chinese army under General Ching; but no success was obtained till the arrival of Gordon, with his steamer the *Hyson*, and a flotilla of about fifty gunboats. A fierce bombardment drove out the garrison, who endeavoured to make their escape

to Soochow; but the road passed near the canal, and a vigorous fire from the *Hyson* threw them into utter confusion, and an immense number were slaughtered.

Gordon and the Chinese general Ching did not work harmoniously together. The latter was disposed to take all the credit of the achievements of the "Ever Victorious Army;" but, finding what a lion he had aroused, made a very humble apology.

Burgevine, who had now taken service with the Taipings, opened communication with some of Gordon's officers, some of whom preferred the adventurer's unprincipled practice in the way of "loot" to the discipline enforced by the British leader. They gained nothing by their dissatisfaction. This time, as before, Gordon was their match.

ADVANCE ON SOOCHOW.

Several other successes against fortified towns followed, in the attack on which Gordon exhibited the utmost personal courage, leading storming parties, without arms generally, but directing his men with a small cane, which they named "the wand of victory." Preparation was then made for attacking the great city of Soochow, strongly fortified, and protected by long lines of redoubts. The defence was desperate, and more than one storming party was repulsed, with heavy loss.

In some of the actions prisoners had been made, and General Ching had cruelly executed some of them. Disgusted with these proceedings, Gordon resolved to resign his command, and the condition of his army strengthened his resolution. Already there had been numerous desertions from his force; many of his officers were discontented, and likely to repeat, under circumstances more favourable to their designs, the acts of insubordination, which he had previously subdued by his resolute attitude. He was, besides, in receipt of letters from his friends, and persons in authority at home, telling him that he was in a false position, and urging him to resign at once. The Chinese Government, from which he had earned the right to expect support, were indifferent or half-hearted; and even his friend, Governor Li, who had given him on several occasions great encouragement, had not yet learned to fully appreciate his character, and not unnaturally was disposed to listen to the representations made by his own countrymen.

The actual state of affairs, however, induced Gordon to reconsider his determination. Had he persisted, the "Ever-Victorious Army" would inevitably have been disbanded, no other officer being qualified to step into his place; and most probably the greater number of the men would transfer themselves, well-armed and trained as they were, to the Taipings, who, thus reinforced, might repossess themselves of the towns captured by

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Gordon, devastate the country, adding to the lust of plunder a spirit of revenge; and even Shanghai might be endangered. His arduous labour, his military successes, all might be rendered of no avail, if he, the master-spirit, threw up his position. It was not egotism, but experience, in some instances of a very painful kind, that made Gordon conscious of his own value.

AN ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

At a place named Putachow, on the great canal, an old bridge had partially been destroyed, and twenty-six of the Arabs had fallen in. One evening shortly afterwards, Gordon was sitting on the parapet of the broken bridge, enjoying a cigar, and perhaps taking a quiet survey of the great fortress occupied by the rebels, when the stone on which he was sitting was struck by two shots fired by some of his own men, who were ignorant of the whereabouts of their leader. When the second shot was fired, he prepared to descend from his elevated position, thinking, it may be supposed, that it was scarcely worth while to expose himself to further danger. In the little boat in which he had rowed to the bridge, he crossed the creek, on the other side of which was his camp, to enquire the reason why the shots had been fired. He had but just drawn clear of the bridge when that part on which he had been sitting fell with a crash, and his boat only narrowly escaped being smashed.

BURGEVINE'S OVERTURES.

Burgevine and some of the Europeans in the service of the Taipings soon wearied of their new masters, and the latter sent to Gordon at Putachow, asking him to have an interview with Burgevine, the conference to take place on a bridge between the lines of the opposing forces. Gordon acceded to this request, well knowing, from the treacherous character of the man, that he incurred a danger in doing so. Burgevine told him that he and his men had resolved to quit the rebel service; but they had reason to fear the action of Imperial authorities, whose reputation for dealing in a peculiarly decisive manner with those who had taken arms against them amply justified any apprehensions the renegades might entertain. Gordon undertook that the authorities at Shanghai should overlook the offences of the renegades, and even offered to receive some of the men into his own force, and assist the others to leave the country.

No definite understanding was arrived at; and it soon became evident that the artful and ambitious American had another card to play. Another interview was arranged, and at it Burgevine cautiously revealed his plans. He cared nothing for Imperialists or Taipings; but with the vivid imagination and the scorn of probabilities which

appear to be natural to the filibustering mind, he had indulged in a vision of an independent kingdom in China, of which he would be the monarch. This was wild enough, but quite as wild was the expectation that he could induce a man of Gordon's stamp to join him in attempting such an enterprise. His suggestion was that he and Gordon should attack and capture Soochow, drive out both rebels and Imperialists, seize all the treasure in the city, and having the means to induce followers to rally round them, march on Peking, which would, of course, immediately succumb—the Manchoo emperor would be dethroned, and Burgevine would reign in his stead.

It was characteristic of Gordon that, although he must have entertained a sincere contempt for the double-dealing and treachery of Burgevine, he endeavoured to save him from the punishment which he thought it likely the Taipings might inflict on him on discovering the advances he had made to the English leader; and the plan of escape, unfortunately for him, frustrated, so far as he was himself concerned.

THE FALL OF SOOCHOW.

Gordon removed his headquarters from Quinsan to a position about eight miles from the east gate of Soochow. He was greatly impeded in his plans by the wilfulness and arrogance of the Chinese general, Ching, who did not choose to consult the English commander and act in concert with him. The British authorities at Shanghai were strongly of opinion that success at Soochow was impossible, so long as the English major was hampered by the independent action of the Imperial army. Gordon's hopes of a surrender of the city were discouraged by the obstinacy of Ching, who persisted in making futile attacks on the east gate, and so rendering negotiations almost impossible. The Shanghai merchants, and the British stationed there, openly asserted that unless Gordon was placed in supreme command of the allied forces, defeat would be inevitable. No attention was given by the Imperialist authorities to this demand, and the popular leader was left to do the best he could. His force was reduced in numbers; many of his men were prostrated by sickness, and in others, he well knew, a mutinous disposition was latent.

When Soochow was completely invested, four of the five Wangs in authority there, opened negotiations for the surrender of the place; but were stoutly resisted by Moh Wang, who held the first command, and who resolved to fight to the death.

A MURDER.

Moh Wang was soon made aware of the scheme of surrender, and sent for the six other Wangs, to consult with them on the subject. They assembled

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in the great reception hall, and the question of capitulation was fully discussed. Nothing could induce Moh Wang to consent to such an arrangement. He was for fighting to the last. One of the Wangs supported him; the others took the opposite side. Getting excited, the conference grew into a quarrel, and the fierce natures of the Wangs were aroused. One of the most violent, Kong Wang, sprang to his feet, rushed at Moh Wang, and stabbed him nine times in the back. The others then assisted him to carry the dying man into the outer court, and there he was beheaded.

Having disposed of opposition in this peremptory and barbarous manner, the surviving Wangs surrendered the city. Gordon, dreading the scenes which might follow the entrance of his men into the place, withdrew them to a considerable distance.

Gordon had stipulated with both Governor Li (who had joined the Imperialist army) and Ching, that so long as he held command, warfare should be conducted in accordance with the practice of the western nations; that prisoners, either taken in actual fight, or on voluntary surrender, should be treated with humanity. This had been promised; and, although he was well aware of the cruelties habitually practised by the Chinese military, yet, after his appealing to Governor Li, and the assurances he had received, he felt justified in supposing that he might depend upon their observance. General Ching, on his part, was lavish in his promises that Gordon's wishes in this regard should be complied with, and to these promises Gordon unfortunately trusted.

Returning from Quinsan, after re-establishing his force in their quarters, he entered Soochow unaccompanied, and was met by Ching, who told him that Governor Li had sent instructions that all those who surrendered were to be mercifully treated. This announcement greatly gratified Gordon, who had, during the negotiations for surrender, assured the Wangs that he could promise them honourable treatment on the part of the Chinese. This promise had been made on the faith of Li's assurances. On the following morning he again visited the city, and was informed that the Wangs were that day to go out and formally deliver the keys of the city to Li, who had arrived at the scene of action.

They went, and it was afterwards proved in the course of an official investigation, almost beyond the possibility of doubt, that, from the first, Li and Ching intended to deceive Gordon with fair promises, and to kill the Wangs directly they were in their power. With consummate hypocrisy, the surrendered chiefs were received with apparent, even effusive friendliness, and Li spoke to them of the rank and decorations they would receive

from the Imperial Government in return for surrendering the city. General Ching then entered into conversation with them until a gang of executioners appeared on the scene, and the terrible deed was perpetrated.

The murder of the Wangs was but a sample of the remorseless barbarity of the Imperialists. It afterwards appeared the massacres of the inhabitants of Soochow, including women and children, took place with the full knowledge and sanction of Li and Ching. It has, indeed, been stated that thirty thousand lives were sacrificed, many in the most revolting manner.

General Brown, in his official report to Sir Frederick Bruce, the ambassador in China, fully exonerated Gordon from any complicity in, or even knowledge of the terrible occurrence; and the consuls representing foreign nations at Shanghai passed resolutions expressive of abhorrence at the conduct of the Imperialists. Subsequently, however, Li defended the execution of the Wangs on the ground of their suspected treachery, and the necessity of making a terrible example of the leaders of the great rebellion. Gordon was greatly excited, and pursued Li with a revolver, determined to take his life as a penalty for his cruel double-dealing; but he, however, contrived to evade him; and Gordon recovered the habitual control of his temper. The matter was discussed in the House of Commons; but Gordon was personally exonerated from any share in the terrible transaction.

A SLANDEROUS PAMPHLET.

In 1864, a pamphlet was published violently condemning the conduct of Gordon. It was entitled, "The Taipings As They Are, by 'One of Them.'" It was founded chiefly on statements by a missionary named Lobschied, and maintained that the Taipings were really great religious reformers and apostles of civilisation in China.

This precious pamphlet was introduced to the British public by a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Worthington, who accepted all the statements as absolute truth, and appeared to be animated by a noble ambition to equal or even excel the author in the art of vituperation. In an introductory chapter, Dr. Worthington asserted: "Of the 40,000 prisoners who surrendered at Soochow, 32,000 were butchered before the eyes of Major Gordon, under such circumstances of torture, horror, cruelty, even to unborn babes, as far to exceed the worst ravages of the monster commonly known as Timur the Tartar.

REWARDS REFUSED.

At Peking, Governor Li's defence was readily accepted, but it was thought necessary to compliment Gordon, and thereby conciliate the British authorities, who were persistently pressing the

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Government at Peking on the subject of the massacre. An Imperial decree was therefore promulgated, in which it was stated that Brigadier-General Gordon had greatly distinguished himself "in command of Li's auxiliary force," and ordaining that a medal of distinction and a donation of a thousand taels (about £250) should be awarded him. He was also to receive a decoration of the first class.

The Governor sent the decorations, the thousand taels, and various gifts to Gordon, together with extra pay for his troops, and additional money for such as had been wounded. Gordon willingly received the money for his men, but rejected the gifts to himself as an insult, after the treatment he had received, and the cool assurance with which Li had taken to himself all the merit of the great achievement. When the messengers arrived carrying the bowls of money, in Chinese fashion, he seized his famous cane, and, we are told, "flogged them from the chamber."

RESUMPTION OF THE COMMAND.

It was not long before Gordon heard enough to convince him that ruthless barbarity was an inevitable feature of Chinese warfare. Two thousand fugitives from Soochow had made their way to Wosieh, where the Taiping leader, Chung-Wang, the Faithful King, was in command. He found such an arrival very inconvenient, and he disposed of the fugitives, his own adherents, by the summary process of beheading them. With such combatants, the war might become a competition in the art of massacre, instead of fair and open fighting. Gordon had already begun to reconsider his position.

To hold back now would be worse than to go on. Without him the contest promised to be protracted and most sanguinary. With him once more at the head of his troops, he felt that a series of successes might be achieved, which would speedily stamp out the rebellion.

He therefore consented to an official reconciliation with Li and General Ching, who had only acted in accordance with recognised rules of Chinese warfare, which made the killing of chiefs, who might fairly be supposed to influence the masses of their fellow men, not only expedient, but absolutely necessary. He visited Li at Soochow, and arranged that the latter should issue a proclamation exonerating him from all participation in the massacre.

SYMPTOMS OF THE END.

With the fall of Soochow, the back of the rebellion was broken. There were other fortified towns, and in attacking some of them there was desperate fighting. One large city, Nanchang, was abandoned by the Faithful King, who declined to meet the

attack of Gordon's force. At Kingtang, another strong place, Gordon received his only wound in the campaign, being shot in the leg while leading a storming party. He was carried aboard one of the boats, but, though unable to stand, directed operations.

One by one the strongholds fell; and Nanking, where the pretender had established his court, and which had been closely invested by a Chinese force, so that supplies failed, capitulated. General Ching, who, whatever his failings might have been, was a brave soldier, was killed in storming a town named Kashing-fu, on the Imperial Canal. He possessed considerable military knowledge. He must be judged by a Chinese, not by a British, standard. In military operations, as carried on by his countrymen, humanity has no place. Kill your enemy and he will not fight again, is one maxim; and do the best you can for yourself, is another in general acceptance. The great Taiping rebellion was subdued. The Heavenly King had been urged to escape. His dream of empire had been rudely shattered; but, animated either by fanaticism, which had affected his brain, or by native resolution, he resolved to hold out to the last. When the chiefs of his followers wished him to escape, and escape would not have been difficult, he maintained the assumption of Divine power in which the most enthusiastic of the Taipings had now ceased to believe. He had a commission direct from God and from his elder brother Jesus; he was the sole lord of ten thousand nations. When, at length, he knew the end was come, this strange being, who "had been guilty of cruelties greater than are accredited to any other human being—flaying alive and pounding to death being his ordinary modes of punishment"—this reformer of the national religion, according to the authors of the famous pamphlet and its preface, ended his life in a manner worthy of his antecedents. First he hanged all his wives, and they were many, and then he committed suicide. His greatest leader, the renowned Chung Wang, the Faithful King, was among the prisoners taken, and was without delay beheaded, with some other leading men. Fewer atrocities were perpetrated on the garrison and inhabitants of Nanking than had taken place after the capture of any important position; and this improvement was attributed to the influence Gordon exercised over the mandarins.

Prince Kung, the Chinese minister, sent an official despatch to Sir Frederick Bruce, acknowledging in the highest terms of eulogy, the services of Gordon, and requesting that Her Britannic Majesty's Government would be pleased to recognise them. In forwarding this despatch to Earl Russell, then at the head of the Foreign Office, Sir Frederick wrote: "Independently of the skill and

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courage he has shown, his disinterestedness has elevated our national character in the eyes of the Chinese."

He had conferred on him the rank of Titu, the highest in the Chinese army, the Order of the Star, the Peacock's Feather, and the Yellow Jacket, which constituted him one of the highest mandarins forming the body-guard of the empire.

Before leaving Shanghai, the merchants presented him with an engrossed and illuminated address.

A QUIET AND USEFUL LIFE AT HOME.

On his return to this country at the end of 1864, he might easily have been the "lion of the season," but he declined the position. Never, probably, had a man who had really achieved distinction, so great an aversion to publicity; and nothing annoyed him more than any endeavour to give prominence to his personal achievements.

Soon after his return he was appointed Commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend for the protection of the Thames. One of his first occupations was to forward the various rewards and medals bestowed on those of his old comrades in China who had distinguished themselves.

While residing at Gravesend, Gordon employed the time he could spare from his military duties in works of kindness and active benevolence, visiting the sick, aiding the distressed, and teaching in the ragged school. A sincere member of the Church of England, and regular attendant at the parish church, he exhibited a spirit of practical Christianity not invariably associated with active profession. He visited the sick, relieved the poor, visited and consoled the dying. He especially interested himself in rescuing boys from lives of idleness and degradation, clothing, lodging, and boarding some till he could procure employment for them. For many he obtained berths on board ship. He remained six years at Gravesend.

NEW WORK.

In 1871, when the European Commission of the Danube was appointed, official opinion pointed to General Gordon as the best qualified person to act as British Commissioner, which he did till 1873.

A GREAT POSITION.

During his Commissionership, Nubar Pasha asked Gordon whether he knew of any officer of the engineers who would be willing to fill an official vacancy. He would not at once give an answer; but in July, 1873, he informed Nubar, by letter, that he himself would accept the post, if, on the Khedive's own application to the English Government for his services, permission were granted. A favourable answer being received, he

returned to England, and at the close of the year started for Cairo. His new position was that of Governor of the Soudan.

His diary when in that office is a record of continuous effort, and almost as continuous disappointment; of mutinous conduct of the small force at his disposal; of the insincerity of the Egyptian authorities at Cairo.

After three years of travelling, negotiations, and fighting, Gordon returned to England; but the Khedive pressed him to undertake another mission to the Soudan, and he again went to Cairo.

The second expedition was even more arduous than the first; and in July, 1879, Gordon left the Soudan after the Khedive Ismail had been deposed in favour of his son, Tewfik.

UNSUITABLE APPOINTMENTS.

Soon after his return to England he accepted the position of private secretary to Lord Ripon, but resigned on reaching Bombay. Afterwards an invitation from his old associate, Li-Hung-Chang, induced him to revisit China.

Early in 1882 he took command of troops in Cape Colony, but soon relinquished that position.

After quitting the Cape Colony, he made a brief visit to London, and then started for Jerusalem, where he occupied himself in making surveys of the walls of the city, the Holy Sepulchre, and other buildings; and, in addition, greatly interested himself in the proposition to connect the River Jordan by canal with the Red Sea. Coming back to this country, he again entered into negotiations with the King of the Belgians relative to the Congo, but these were broken off by a summons to London, where he was induced to undertake the enterprise which proved to be his last. In twenty-four hours he was on his way to Egypt, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, and they made their way alone from Cairo to the Soudan.

ARRIVAL AT KHARTOUM.

It was in February, 1884, that General Gordon arrived at Khartoum. His progress southwards from Cairo had been a continuous triumph. At Berber he was welcomed by the Soudani population with every manifestation of enthusiasm and delight. The welcome which he received at Khartoum was as enthusiastic as that which had been accorded to him at Berber. But the Soudanise could not understand why the great Pasha should assume the title and dignities of Governor-General of the Soudan if his object was to evacuate the country.

ACTIVE OPERATIONS.

In less than a month after Gordon's arrival at Khartoum, the Mahdi and his Emirs, or

GENERAL GORDON.

lieutenants, succeeded in spreading the insurrection throughout most of the Nile districts between Khartoum and Berber. Before the end of March the city was invested. Two Egyptian officers—Hassan Pacha and Syad Pacha—to whom he entrusted the conduct of the expedition, proved traitorous. They met with their reward—death by the Governor-General's orders. The tide of insurrection then closed round Khartoum. By the beginning of May the Arabs, crossing the Blue Nile, had established themselves at Buri, a distance of about a mile from the eastern corner of the entrenchments. But at this spot the besiegers suffered terribly from the mines which General Gordon had laid down. On May 7, nine mines were exploded during an attack, and nearly one hundred and twenty of the Mahdi's troops blown to pieces in consequence.

On the 25th of June General Gordon and his gallant companions and their garrison, still faithful, had their first news of the fall of Berber, but he and his companions prosecuted the defence with greater vigour than ever. On the 29th of July Gordon drove the rebels out of Buri, killed numbers of them, captured quantities of rifles and ammunition, and cleared them out of thirteen zeribas, or stockades, which they had constructed on the river banks. At the end of July General Gordon had lost seven hundred men.

MURDER OF COLONEL STEWART AND MR. POWER.

On September 17 General Gordon had already sent Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and the French Consul, with regular troops and Bashi-Bazouks, to retake Berber. They left Khartoum on the 10th of September, and succeeded in bombarding Berber. Mr. Power and Mr. Herbin then resolved to make their way down the river in a small steamer, which struck on a rock near Wady Gama, and the whole party were treacherously murdered by a local sheikh, in whose declarations of friendship they had confided.

GORDON'S ACTIVITY.

Colonel Stewart's expedition proved that General Gordon could not then be in very desperate straits. Again, towards the middle of October, Gordon's steamers were more than a hundred miles north of Khartoum, bombarding Shendi and Metemneh. Early in November the welcome news was received from Gordon that his supplies of provisions were plentiful, and that he believed he could maintain his ground until the arrival of Lord Wolseley's expedition.

ADVANCING AID.

Lord Wolseley arrived at Cairo on September 10, and immediately advanced his expedition up the Nile. On December 16 he reached Korti, and arranged to push on by land in the direction of Metemneh. Having succeeded in securing a strong position at Gakdnl Wells, a force of about fifteen hundred was led forward by Sir Herbert Stewart, who encountered the enemy in great force on January 17 at Abu Klea Wells, and a desperate battle immediately ensued. It was on this occasion that the much-lamented Colonel Burnaby was killed by the thrust of a javelin through the jugular vein. Many other distinguished officers also fell; but the ultimate result was in our favour.

SIR HERBERT STEWART WOUNDED, AND CORRESPONDENTS KILLED.

On January 19 there was another desperate battle at Gubat, about five miles from Metemneh, and the same distance from the Nile. General Stewart himself being severely wounded in the thigh. Altogether twelve were killed and forty wounded. Mr. Cameron, the correspondent of the *Standard*, and Mr. St. Ledger Herbert, representing the *Morning Post*, were amongst the former.

FALL OF KHARTOUM.

There arrived at Gubat, on the 22nd, no less than five steamers sent by General Gordon from Khartoum, having on board 500 soldiers and five guns. They brought a letter from Gordon, dated December 29, saying that all was then safe at Khartoum. Sir Charles Wilson was deputed to return with the steamers to Khartoum, where a triumphant meeting with Gordon was confidently anticipated. Sir Charles Wilson lost one of his steamers on the way up. The enemy was very strongly posted at Halfiyeh. At Omdurman, there was further opposition; and it was then clear what had happened—Khartoum had fallen.

THE HERO'S DEATH.

Immediately after the fall of Khartoum there was a general massacre, from which only a few natives escaped. They described General Gordon as having been killed in coming out of his house to rally his faithful troops, who were taken by surprise. Thus the great hero, who more than any one of whom history bears record, deserved the title of the Christian Warrior, perished in the town which he went to relieve, and with the people whom he was sent to rescue. He came of a family of soldiers, and he met the fate which every soldier must think of as possibly his own.



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS,

THE HEROIC KING OF SWEDEN.

"What rendered this Gustavus
Resistless and unconquered upon earth?
This, that he was the monarch in his army!
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
Was never yet subdued but by his equal."

SCHILLER'S Wallenstein.

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A DOLEFUL PERIOD.

THROUGHOUT the whole range of modern history there is no tract so utterly dreary, so marked by calamity, desolation, and wrong, as the period known as that of the Great Thirty Years' War in Germany. That fearful struggle

meant simply the ruin of the German Empire; and a century and a half was inadequate to heal the wounds inflicted between the years 1618, when the war broke out, and 1648, when the utter exhaustion of all parties brought about the Peace of Westphalia. The features of the contest were horrible; and all the armies appear to have become alike demoralised, and hardened into ferocious cruelty by the length of the struggle. Nine hundred thousand men perishing within two years in Saxony alone; all the torments that the rapacity and lawlessness of a brutal soldiery could inflict, practised year after year upon the wretched inhabitants of towns and villages; fanaticism and bigotry in their worst forms, using oppression as their weapon, and hounding on the superstitious and the ignorant to tear each other; whole districts once covered with thriving towns and hamlets silent and abandoned to solitude and desolation, plague and famine following in the track of warfare to complete its work,—such are the features of the heaviest calamity that ever befell the great German nation, spreading sorrow and devastation throughout the length and breadth of the land, from the shores of the Baltic to the Lower Danube, and from the borders of France to the confines of Poland. No part of the vast empire was spared; for the current of war swept over all, though some districts suffered more than others, Saxony and Bohemia being the chief victims.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Amid all this desolation and havoc and wrong, there stands forth, in bright contrast to the selfish, sordid, and blood-thirsty crew around him, one gracious, heroic figure. It is Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, "The Lion of the North, and the Bulwark of the Protestant Faith," the one great leader among the many whose names are rendered famous during the struggle, who stood forth for a good cause, and fought like a Christian soldier. He alone seems to have entered upon the strife from higher motives,—to secure to his Protestant brethren in Germany the blessings of religious toleration and freedom of worship; he alone preserved his fame unspotted amid all the intrigues of ambition and statecraft by which the main question of the struggle was at length obscured and superseded; and to him posterity has with one voice accorded the honours of a Christian hero, even his enemies being unable to withhold from so much greatness and virtue their tribute of posthumous praise. In various points a close analogy may be drawn between the part played by Gustavus Adolphus in

the Thirty Years' War, and that of John Hampden in the great struggle that was being waged in England for religious and political freedom. To both men were common the lofty enthusiasm that led them to face dangers and to conquer difficulties, forbidding them to look back when once they had put their hands to the plough. Both were distinguished by great personal valour, and a regardlessness of danger that brought fatal consequences; both were men of strong religious convictions that took the puritan form; and in both cases their career was violently cut short at the time when their services were most needed.

THE ANCESTORS OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS; THE HOUSE OF VASA.

Gustavus Adolphus, the great King of Sweden, belonged to an illustrious house. It is seldom indeed in history that distinguished men follow one another in three generations. Yet this was the case here. Gustavus Vasa, the grandfather of Gustavus Adolphus, laid the foundation of the greatness of Sweden; his father, Charles IX., carried forward the work on its founder's plan; and Gustavus Adolphus himself gave an extension to the work, of which his predecessors had never dreamed, and which rendered it of paramount importance in the history of Europe. The first three Vasas all played an important part in history.

The way in which the family attained the royal power was this:—In Sweden during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the government was an elective monarchy, the nobles frequently quarrelling for the possession of the throne. The power of the feudal nobility and clergy increased in every generation, and even bishops and archbishops kept soldiers, and sent forth men to fight for them. In time, the barons acquired the power of petty kings in their separate districts, and grievously oppressed their peasants with taxes and feudal labour. The power of the Church was still greater; and at one time a third of the Swedish soil was held by ecclesiastics. Continual feuds with Denmark and Norway increased the confusion of affairs; until at length, in the year 1397, an attempt was made to put an end to the misrule by the Treaty of Kalmar.

By this treaty it was settled that the three countries, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, should be under one single government; the succession to the throne to be vested in the reigning house of Denmark; but each of the three countries to remain in possession of its own laws and privi-

leges. The arrangement did not produce the desired effect, and, indeed, brought little advantage except to the clergy, whose already overgrown power it greatly increased. The royal title was little more than a shadow in Sweden, the power being in the hands of the governor or imperial deputy, who held his dignity for life. Three men out of the Sture family distinguished themselves in this office,—Sten Sture, Swante Sture, and Sten Sture the younger.

CHRISTIAN II. AND GUSTAVUS VASA; SWEDEN A SEPARATE MONARCHY.

A very different king from the powerless potentates elevated by the union of Calmar came to the throne in 1513, in the person of Christian II. Astute and cunning as the French Louis XI., and, like that monarch, utterly ruthless in his cruelty, he determined to secure unlimited sway, and boldly took up the fight against the aristocracy, the great commercial predominance of the Hansa and the clergy. In Sweden his task was rendered easy for him by the feud between the families of Sture and Trolle, who had contended for the chief office of the State. Gustavus Trolle, though he failed to win the governorship, succeeded in securing the archbishopric of Upsala, the second office in the kingdom. He became the deadliest enemy of the Stures, and gave all the assistance in his power to Christian, in his scheme of absolute rule. It was partly through Trolle's assistance that Christian was enabled to strike terror in Sweden by the atrocious massacre of Stockholm in the year 1520, when ninety-four of the most influential members of the upper classes were put to death within three days. In Denmark and Norway similar measures were taken to destroy the power of the aristocracy, and weaken the commercial interest.

But the event was contrary to the tyrant's wishes and expectations. He had raised up every interest against him,—the aristocracy, the peasants, and the merchants. In Judland the nobility rose in revolt and drove him away. In Sweden the blood-stained edifice of his power fell still earlier. Gustavus Vasa, a relative of the Sture family, had been treacherously conveyed to Denmark as a hostage, in defiance of plighted word to the contrary, by Christian II., who instinctively discerned an enemy in the energetic and intelligent young noble. Gustavus Vasa contrived to escape to Sweden, on board a merchant ship, and presently roused the brave and faithful Dalecarlian peasants of the North to revolt. Victorious against the troops of the Archbishop of Upsala, he was presently pro-

claimed governor of the kingdom and leader of the army, at the Diet of Wadstena. In 1523, the decree of another Diet raised him to the dignity of King of Sweden, and he made a triumphal entry into the capital. The next year a peace between Denmark and Sweden was brought about; and in 1541, the Diet of Westeras declared the crown of Sweden to be hereditary in the Vasa family. The name Vasa, it may be observed, had a warlike origin. The word designates the fascines, or faggots, which are thrown into the ditches across which a storming party has to advance to the attack of a town. The family with the warlike name, and a policy no less warlike, established their rule in Sweden under great and manifold difficulties and dangers. Gustavus, while he bequeathed the crown to his eldest son, Eric XIV., unfortunately weakened the royal power by giving the principalities of Finland, East Gothland, and Sudermanland, to his other sons, John, Magnus, and Charles. Eric, a wild and passionate king, increased the territory of the country, but at last went mad, after having, in his frenzied jealousy, put to death various members of the royal family, and menaced the highest nobles with a similar fate. Deposed by his brothers, he was cast into prison, where poison, administered in consequence of a decree of the Council, put an end to his miserable life. His next brother, John, succeeded him,—a weak-minded and vacillating prince, who at one time, persuaded by his queen, a princess of Polish birth, abjured the Protestant faith; and though he afterwards adopted it again, never regained the confidence of his subjects that he had forfeited by this ill-advised step. His son and successor, Sigismund, was a Catholic and King of Poland. To prevent danger to the Protestant faith in Sweden from this circumstance, it was decreed at the Council of Upsala, that the Evangelical Lutheran religion should be the only one acknowledged and tolerated in Sweden; and as Sigismund had returned to Poland, his uncle, Charles of Sudermanland, the son of Gustavus Vasa, was chosen as governor of the kingdom. Sigismund was highly indignant at this arrangement, which he tried to upset by force of arms, but was unsuccessful; and after he had refused a demand made by the Diet at Stangebro, under Charles's influence, that he should renounce the Roman faith and either come to Sweden to rule his hereditary dominions in person, or send his son within five months, that the heir might be instructed in the national religion, the crown was given to Charles IX, the son of Gustavus Vasa, and the defender of the Protestant faith.

Hence arose a long war between Sweden and Poland, which at length, in the time of Gustavus Adolphus, was concluded in favour of Sweden.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS; HIS EARLY PROMISE.

It was on the 9th of December, 1594, that Charles's son, Gustavus Adolphus, the first child by his second marriage, was born in the old palace at Stockholm. There is a tradition, about as credible as such things generally are, that ten years before his birth the celebrated astronomer and astrologer, Tycho Brahe, read in the heavens that a newly-discovered bright star in the constellation Cassiopeia portended the birth of a prince in the north, who should achieve great deeds, and save the Protestant Church. Though Charles had long acted as an uncontrolled governor of Sweden, it was not until 1601 that, at the reiterated prayers of the Estates, he formally accepted the crown as the *chosen* King and hereditary ruler of the Swedes, Goths, and Wends. At the same time the little Gustavus Adolphus was formally acknowledged as Crown Prince. An astute and sagacious prince, Charles saw on the political horizon the first indications of the great storm that was to break over Europe in the next generation; and accordingly in his will he recommended Gustavus Adolphus to cultivate the friendship of the Protestant princes of Germany which he himself had carefully fostered. His prophetic eye seems also to have seen the future glory round the head of his illustrious son. It is told how, when those around him sought to stimulate him to great and far-reaching undertakings, he would lay his hand on the head of the royal child with a quiet smile, and the hopeful words, "Ille faciet,"—"He will do it."

From his earliest childhood, the boy showed indications of an acute power of observation and of a frank, fearless spirit, the strong combative, energetic Vasa type that burst forth in madness in the case of King Eric, but which, kept in bounds by the solid self-control of a strong character, could hardly fail to achieve great things. At five years of age, being taken to see some ships of war, he expressed his preference for one vessel, *The Black Knight*, because it had most guns. When told by his attendants, who wished to dissuade him from entering a wood into which he was running, that there were snakes there, "Then give me a stick," said he, "and I can kill them."

EDUCATION OF THE PRINCE.

His father, the good King Charles, very judi-

ciously put the boy under the care of a tutor, who had studied men as well as books, and whose academical learning had been supplemented by nine years of travel. The eager and acquisitive mind of the boy enabled him to profit to the fullest extent by the instruction he received. In his twelfth year he could speak Latin, at that time the diplomatic language of many courts, German, Dutch, French, and Italian; and he had, moreover, some knowledge of the Polish and Muscovite tongues. Like most lads of a military tendency, the old Roman writers interested him greatly: the deeds he found chronicled excited his emulation. History attracted him far more than poetry. He afterwards learnt the practical part of the art of war from General James de la Gardie, the most celebrated Swedish leader of the time. It is pleasant to record that the young student manifested the utmost attachment and gratitude to his zealous and efficient tutor, whom he afterwards raised to the rank of an Imperial Counsellor, and employed in the most important business. His father, King Charles, very judiciously insisted on the boy's presence at Councils of State; and took measures to impress him at an early age with the responsibilities that thicken round "the head that wears a crown." The military ardour of the youth induced him to petition his father, when he had hardly completed his fifteenth year, to let him take part in a campaign against Russia; but Charles judiciously restrained the boy's impatience; though a Danish war in the next year gave the Prince the opportunity he sought, of proving to the world that, stripping as was, he possessed a military genius from which the greatest things might be expected in the future. By a masterly stratagem, which reminds us of some of the exploits of Mordant, Earl of Peterborough, in Spain, he took the town of Christianopol with five hundred cavalry, whom he disguised in Danish uniforms, then mastering the garrison by a *coup-de-main*; on which occasion he narrowly escaped death or capture, his horse having become entangled with the rider in a half-frozen marsh.

ACCESSION TO THE THRONE; DIFFICULTIES OF THE YOUNG KING'S POSITION.

He returned from this first brilliant campaign to find his father dying. The Swedish general, James de la Gardie, had been gaining great victories for his master in Russia; and of these victories, and of the further fact that his youngest son had been chosen Czar by a faction in Russia, Charles received intelligence as he lay on his death-bed at Nyköping. "I leave my worldly

affairs to better hands," said the dying King with a smile, pointing to his young heir.

He was, however, unwilling that the whole burden of government should rest on those young shoulders. By the Treaty of Nyköping, which fixed the conditions of succession, it had been decided that the majority of Gustavus Adolphus should be fixed for his twenty-fourth year; and Charles, by his will, declared that the Dowager-Queen, with the Prince John and six councillors, should carry on the regency until this majority was attained. But the young King had already inspired confidence among all classes; and at a meeting of the Estates of Nyköping, on the 11th December, 1611, it was determined to place the whole authority in the boy-king's hands. Among the six councillors who, with the Queen-Mother and the King's uncle John, composed the regency, the most astute was Axel Oxenstierna. Through him the Queen announced to the Estates that she was not inclined to carry on the government any longer; whereupon, by a resolution of the assembly, Gustavus Adolphus, who had just entered upon his eighteenth year, was declared of full age, and was invested with the complete authority of a King of Sweden; his uncle, Duke John, cordially coinciding in the step.

But the path of the young King was beset with difficulties. The Swedish nobility formed a powerful class, jealous of the King's authority and tenacious of their own privileges. Gustavus was compelled to make many important concessions to them, and also to give an increased authority to the Estates of the realm in the government, and enlarged authority to the Church. A great deal of tact was necessary to tread at once warily and firmly in the difficult path that lay before the young ruler; and it is greatly to his credit that the extensive privileges he was compelled to grant to the nobility never, during his life-time, became a source of oppression to the classes below them, so well did he understand how to balance the rights of the various ranks with one another.

THE INHERITANCE OF THREE WARS.

The country he was called upon to govern was exceedingly poor, with the roughest of climates, and a very unproductive soil. "Diese Gothen, diese Hungerleider"—"These Goths, these hungry wretches," said the scornful Wallenstein, speaking of the inhabitants of Scandinavia. Indeed, at Gustavus's accession, the largest towns in Sweden could only with the utmost difficulty raise a few dollars monthly for the maintenance of an army and fleet; and

shortly before his father's death, the Prince had been obliged to give to an army contractor a written acknowledgment for a debt of eighteen dollars, not having that sum in ready money. And yet he had with his kingdom inherited no less than three great wars—with Denmark, Russia, and Poland. The first of these wars had been kindled by national jealousies which had long subsisted between Sweden and Denmark, and was the more burdensome from being waged on the soil of Sweden; it was, however, a contest that might easily be terminated by concessions. The second war, that with Russia, had been kindled in the first instance by the ambition and desire for conquest of the Swedish rulers themselves, and could be ended without great difficulty, so long as the honour of Sweden was sufficiently preserved. But the war with Poland was altogether of another kind. Sigismund, the weak King, whose long rule was a source of calamity to the country, was not the real foe with whom Sweden had to reckon; behind him stood the power, the wealth, the far-reaching influence of the great Austrian House. The Hapsburg rulers put Sigismund forward as the champion of the Roman Catholic faith against the Protestant North, and assisted him with money and men and warlike stores to maintain the struggle. Thus it was that Gustavus Adolphus was forced, by the exigencies of his position, from one war to another; advancing through the Danish, Russian, and Polish contests to that great struggle in Germany with which his name is most intimately associated. Nothing could be more unjust than to class this King among the conquerors in the ordinary sense of the word. Though his tastes and genius were undoubtedly military, he never recklessly plunged his country into danger to gratify his own ambition. For the safety of Sweden, and for the maintenance of the position she had won among the nations of Europe, he was compelled to take up arms; but that his ambition grew with the opportunities as they unfolded themselves before him, and that he conceived the idea of giving to Sweden an importance of which none of his predecessors had dreamed, is certain; he would have been more or less than human had it been otherwise.

One proof of sagacity he gave soon after his accession, in a matter that brought great advantage to Sweden,—an advantage that continued long after his death. It was in the choice he made of the before-mentioned Axel Oxenstierna to the responsible position of Prime Minister. At this time the young statesman was only twenty-eight years old; but the unerring eye of

the King had detected in him talents and qualities of a high order.

A BROKEN REED; JAMES I. AND HIS PROMISES; THE DANISH WAR AND THE TREATY.

With respect to the Danish war, that eminently pacific prince, King James I. of England, offered his mediation to bring about an understanding between Denmark and Sweden; for there was nothing in which the Solomon of Whitehall better loved to display his kingcraft than in the adjustment of differences between foreign States; and so much was he given on these occasions to display his knowledge, that Henry IV. of France used jestingly to dub him "his learned brother, le docteur Jacob." But in this, as in other matters, the intention of the King exceeded his ability. Denmark made use of him as a tool, and laughed at him; Gustavus found that he had been leaning on a broken reed; and the fortune of arms had to decide the quarrel. With heroic courage, and yet with a caution and forethought that would have done honour to a veteran, the young King maintained the contest through the most trying vicissitudes. At one time, in the little town of Wåhå, he was surprised by a large force of the enemy, and narrowly escaped capture or death, losing a large part of his army at a blow. At another, the Danes overran his provinces with fire and sword, destroying three thousand farmhouses during a single expedition. At length peace was concluded, the great points of difficulty being the restitution of the fortresses of Kalmar and Elfsberg, which the Danes had captured. How little of the spirit of a conqueror there was in Gustavus Adolphus, will be seen from the eminently conciliatory speech in which he explained to the assembled Estate his reasons for concluding the treaty. After explaining the conditions of the peace, he continued: "I am resolved, with God's help, to maintain the position of a good neighbour towards Denmark, and I hope to be able to come to an accommodation with our other enemies also. I have already sounded the King of Poland, partly through ambassadors and partly through letter, written by myself; and from the answers received, whose contents shall be communicated to you, you will see that we are justified in hoping for a good result. But let things go as they may, we will ever put our trust in the Almighty, in whose Hand are war and peace; we will give ourselves up to His guidance, and leave no business untried to conquer for ourselves the greatest human blessing, that of peace, so far as that may be done without

injury to the State, and without wounding our honour."

RUSSIAN AFFAIRS; THE FALSE DEMETRIUS; HIS ADVENTUROUS CAREER.

One war was thus concluded; but that with Russia was more formidable, and threatened to be enduring. To explain the manner in which the King of Sweden became involved in war with the Czar, we must divert the reader's attention for a moment to one of the most remarkable episodes in history—the story of the false Demetrius. The circumstances of this strange episode were as follows:—

Vassili Ivanovitch, the first ruler of Moscow who took the title of Czar, died in 1533, and was succeeded by his son Ivan Vassilovitch, who greatly extended his territories, and at his death in 1584 left two sons by different mothers: the elder, Fedor, by Anastasia Romanovna; the younger, Demetrius, by his second marriage with Maria Fedorovna. Fedor, a weak prince, succeeded his father; and as is the custom with feeble minds, fell completely under the influence of a favourite, a young noble named Boris Fedorovitch Godunow; who in time exercised an unlimited influence over him. Fedor was childless; his only legitimate successor, the boy Demetrius, son of Czar Ivan, lived in a kind of exile; and the ambitious Boris Godunow at length aspired to the succession. He sent murderers, who tore young Demetrius from his mother's arms, and slew that unhappy boy; but the assassins fell victims to the fury of the spectators, who had beheld the deed of blood. Godunow intercepted the true accounts of the transaction, and persuaded the Czar that Demetrius had killed himself in a fit of epilepsy; and when shortly afterwards the weak Czar Fedor died, Boris contrived to place the crown on his own head. For four years he had enjoyed the fruits of his successful crime, when suddenly, in the year 1605, a young man appeared, who declared himself to be Demetrius, the son of Ivan. He stated that through a stratagem of his mother, aided by the fidelity of an old servant, another boy resembling him in appearance, had been substituted for him, and had suffered death in his stead. This man was an imposter named Jacob Otrepiew, a son of poor but noble parents at Jarvilaw; a worthless but clever adventurer, whom the accidental mention of a likeness between himself and Prince Demetrius had induced to play this part. Compelled for some time to conceal himself from the pursuit of Boris Godunow, who heard of his pretensions and recognised how

dangerous such a claim might become to himself, the false Demetrius managed to enlist various men of rank and influence in his favour, especially the Polish Voivode of Sandomir, Mniezki, whose daughter, Maria Anna, he promised to marry and to seat on the throne of Moscow. At length, assisted by the Jesuits, whom he gained over by promising to introduce the Roman Catholic religion into Russia if they helped him to the throne, he succeeded in enlisting the Polish Government in his cause. The Polish magnates assembled an army of 10,000 men; and at the head of these, and of a swarm of Cossacks, the Pretender invaded Russia. At this juncture the Czar Boris suddenly died. It is supposed he poisoned himself, to anticipate the fall he looked on as inevitable. The false Demetrius was actually accepted as Czar by a large faction in Moscow, and entered the city in triumph. He was cunning enough to send for the mother of the dead boy he personated, and, by loading her with favours and wealth, procured her connivance in the fraud. But now, thinking the game won, he disregarded the dictates of prudence, gave offence by open and premature attempts to introduce the Roman Catholic religion, offended the prejudices of almost every class, and roused against himself powerful enemies. He had fulfilled his promise of marrying the daughter of his powerful patron, the Polish Voivode; and by giving various offices of trust to Polish strangers, had still further incensed the Russians. A boyar named Shuiskoi got up a conspiracy, compelled the Czarina-Dowager to tell the truth concerning the impostor, and attacked him with two thousand followers in his palace at Moscow. The false Demetrius was killed by a pistol-shot, and his corpse was burnt after having been for three days exposed to the insults of the populace.

SWEDEN'S OPPORTUNITY; VICTORIES OF DE LA GARDE AND HORN; MODERATION AND SAGACITY OF THE KING.

And now a time of strife and anarchy began. For a time Shuiskoi maintained his position as Czar; but he was soon deposed and compelled to become a monk. Three impostors, each claiming to be the true Demetrius, appeared in rapid succession; and the Poles supported their pretensions in order to weaken Russia, and tear what provinces they could from the distracted State. In this strife Charles IX., of Sweden had, as might be expected, taken the part of Russia against Poland and Sigmund; and his famous generals, De la Gardie and Ewert Horn, fought bravely under very adverse circumstances,

especially gaining a victory over the Polish general Sapieha, at Dmitrov, Feb. 16th, 1610. But the Russians were not to be depended on; and though at length a part of the Muscovite nobility chose Charles Philip, the younger brother of Gustavus Adolphus, as Czar, the astute King declined the dangerous honour on behalf of his relative, in spite of the vehement remonstrances of De la Gardie, who looked only at the splendour of the imperial title, without regarding the extreme uncertainty of its tenure. The Russians now chose Michael Romanoff, a youth of seventeen, a scion of a family related to the last royal House, in 1613; and with him began that despotic rule in Russia which at various times has been the fruitful source of so much disturbance and warfare. Michael himself, a sagacious and moderate prince, laid the foundation of the great power of Russia. At his accession, a part of the country, especially Novgorod, had submitted to De la Gardie; the opposite party flew to arms, and Gustavus was obliged, in 1614, himself to proceed to Esthonia with an army, where he found the Swedish affairs in a bad condition. Gustavus soon won back all that had been lost; his generals, De la Gardie and Horn, seconded him with equal valour and skill; and when at length, at the end of 1617, peace was made with Russia, Sweden had gained not only fame but a large accession of territory. Thus a second great war had been concluded by the sagacity and valour of Gustavus; there was even a negotiation for an alliance between Sweden and Russia against Poland; but it was not successfully carried through.

Meanwhile, in his government at home, the King was giving many tokens of energy and care for his people in every department. It was manifest to all that a real king, a "conyng," or a man of knowledge, was on the throne; and with every year the personal relations between Gustavus and his people became more intimate and affectionate. The burdens which had seemed intolerable under an Eric or a Christian II., were gladly borne now that the people knew for what purpose they were imposed, and how necessary it was that Sweden should be able to oppose a strong front to her enemies. Thus, after the conclusion of the Danish war, one of the first cares of the young King was to prepare new sources of prosperity for the exhausted and impoverished nation, by rendering commerce secure. For this purpose he first put the fortresses on the Danish coast into good defensive condition, and then proceeded to carry out a plan for the rebuilding of Gothenburg, which had been com-

pletely destroyed by Christian IV. It was not until the year 1618 that Gothenburg assumed the shape of a city. It was well fortified, is very conveniently situated for commerce, and remains as a monument of the care and sagacity of the great King. The harbour is especially valuable, being sufficiently spacious to receive the largest fleet in safety.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

With the same object of increasing and securing the commerce of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus entered into commercial treaties with the States-General of Holland, and with the Cities of the Hansatic League, especially Lübeck. He summoned many strangers into the country, and thus increased its industrial productive power; showing his enlarged mind in the fact that men of all religions received equal toleration, so long as they could prove that they were leading honest and respectable lives; and to foreign and native merchants alike, important privileges were accorded. Of the King's sense of justice, the historian Archenholz tells the following example:—Gustavus had a law-suit with a nobleman concerning a certain landed estate. The affair was to be decided before a High Court of Appeal, which Gustavus himself had instituted, to shorten the duration and diminish the cost of legal proceedings. The King betook himself to the court in person, to hear the decision of the judges. These would have risen respectfully when their young monarch entered; but Gustavus prevented them. "You must remember," he said, "that you constitute the highest tribunal in the land, and on this occasion you are to forget who I am: your consciences alone are to speak in the sentence you are about to give." The judges pronounced in favour of the nobleman. The King made no comment upon the verdict, but only asked to look at the documents; and, acknowledging the justice of the decision, praised their integrity, declaring that he would have given them no thanks had they decided otherwise. This contrasts very favourably with the conduct of Frederick the Great on a similar occasion, who ordered the judges to reverse an adverse decision in favour of a *protégé* of his own, and on their refusal treated them with great contumely and injustice, proceeding even to personal violence.

GUSTAVUS'S MARRIAGE; EBBA BRAHE AND MARIA ELEONORA.

In another event that intimately concerned his own happiness, the King manifested in a striking manner his sense of the duty he owed to his

country, even where this duty interfered most with his personal inclinations. At the court of his mother, the Dowager-Queen, he saw a high-born maiden, Ebba Brahe, whose loveliness and good sense at once won his heart. At the castle of Rosenberg, near Stuttgart, a portrait of Ebba is still to be seen, that proves her to have been very beautiful. It was the great wish of the royal lover to raise the maiden of his choice to the dignity of a queen, and to share the throne of Sweden with her; and as Ebba Brahe was related to the royal family, there seemed, in the first instance, no great discrepancy in the match. But the Dowager-Queen Christina impressed upon her son that in a matter of matrimonial alliance a King cannot choose like a private man, according to his inclination. Like Polonius, she was of opinion that "He may not, as unvalued persons do, carve for himself; for on his choice depends the sanctity and health of the whole State; and, therefore, must his choice be circumscribed unto the voice and yielding of that body whereof he is the head." The King reluctantly confessed that a King's marriage was in the nature of a political alliance; and gave up his suit to the fair Ebba. She was destined, however, to become the wife of a hero; for she gave her hand to that Count de la Gardie, who had covered himself with glory in the Russian war. It was not until after the marriage of Ebba that Gustavus himself gave his hand to the beautiful Maria Eleonora, a princess of the House of Brandenburg, with which ruling house an alliance of great importance to the welfare of Sweden was thus cemented. One child only, a daughter, was born of this marriage to the royal pair, the Princess Christina, sole heiress and successor to her heroic father; but who proved herself unworthy of the lofty inheritance that descended to her; and after a long life full of eccentricities and whimsicalities, died at last at Rome, having in a fit of temper abdicated the throne her father had rendered illustrious, and abjured the Protestant faith he died to defend.

SIGISMUND OF POLAND; END OF THE WAR.

The war with Poland was long and bitter, and led eventually to that greater contest with which the life of the hero-king closed. King Sigismund, after the death of Charles IX., renewed his claims to the Swedish throne on several occasions; and thus, after various temporary cessations of hostilities, with a view of securing peace, an object Gustavus never lost sight of, the war was definitely renewed in 1621, with great advantage to Gustavus, who made important

conquests in Lithuania, Liffand, Polish Prussia, and Kurland. In 1627 the Austrian House sent 10,000 men, under Arnim, to reinforce the Poles ; and thus for a time the victorious progress of the King of Sweden was stayed. The Swedish King was naturally indignant at the interference of the Emperor in a private quarrel between Sweden and Poland, and at the same time he fully recognised the danger that the increasing power of Austria brought to every Protestant State of Europe, and to the Protestant Faith itself ; and he was not the man to shrink from a contest even with the House of Hapsburg, where the interest and honour of his country summoned him to the field. France also, under the guidance of the astute Richelieu, was anxious to check this growing Power ; for Austria and France had been rivals since the days of Maximilian and Louis XI. Consequently the best offices of the French monarchy were put in motion to effect a compromise between Poland and Sweden ; and on 20th of September, 1629, a cessation of hostilities for six years was agreed on, which left the King of Sweden in possession of Polish Prussia, and gave him liberty to turn his arms against the Emperor.

We now come to the most important period of the career of Gustavus ; the time when he was to exhibit on a larger stage, and in the eyes of expectant Europe, those qualities as a statesman and warrior of which his countrymen had already received such satisfactory proof. For the Swedish King now becomes one of the chief actors in the bloodstained drama of the Thirty Years' War.

FERDINAND II. OF GERMANY : THE EDICT OF RESTITUTION ; GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

In the year 1629, the Emperor Ferdinand II. seemed everywhere triumphant. Christian IV., the King of Denmark, who had long maintained the contest against him with vigour and ability, had been obliged to acquiesce in a peace by which he bound himself to interfere no further in the affairs of Germany. Mansfeld, the great partisan leader, was dead, and so was Christian of Brunswick, the chivalrous defender of the Queen of Bohemia, who had been accustomed to go forth against the enemy with Elizabeth's glove as a favour in his helmet. Though Wallenstein had been repulsed before Stralsund with the loss of 13,000 men, the general march of that bold adventurer's career in the Emperor's service had been one of success,—a success the more welcome to Ferdinand inasmuch as Wallenstein's army cost him nothing ; for the army maintained

itself by the plunder of the peasants and citizens ; and thus the princes of the Empire paid the cost of the war that aggrandized the Emperor. But now Ferdinand repeated the mistake his bigoted and narrow-minded superstition had several times caused him to commit. At various periods he could have put an end to the war, but had rekindled the dying embers by persecution ; and now, when conciliation would have been his best policy, he issued the Edict of Restitution, a measure of such spoliation, and involving such utter ruin to the Protestants, that it was easy to see Ferdinand would not be satisfied with anything short of the utter ruin and extirpation of Lutheranism in Germany. It was the misfortune of Ferdinand that he could never take an enlarged and generous view of his exalted position, which placed him above the warring factions as the controller and moderator of a mighty nation. He was always taking part with one faction against the other ; and seeing the triumphant position of the Roman Catholic side, he for the third time threw away, for the pleasure of gratified revenge, the chance of an enduring and honourable peace.

At the very time when the utter injustice and harshness of the Edict of Restitution had aroused all Ferdinand's Protestant subjects into indignation shortly to break out into renewed rebellion, a heavy blow was dealt to his power from the partisans of his own faith. The utter lawlessness of Wallenstein's troops had aroused the anger of the Catholic princes of the Empire. To these plundering hordes it was a matter of indifference whether they were encamped on the soil of an ally or of an enemy ; they ate up the fatness of the land like locusts, leaving a desert behind them where they had passed. At a Diet held at Ratisbon, accordingly, the princes, with Maximilian of Bavaria at their head, clamoured for the dismissal of Wallenstein and the disbanding of his rapacious hosts. Richelieu also, the great Cardinal who now with wonderful astuteness stood at the helm of the French State, and whose great object was to lessen the power of the House of Austria, sent a very clever agent to the Diet, in the person of a certain Father Joseph, a Capuchin monk of very persuasive manners and great energy. This wily agent soon established a remarkable influence over Ferdinand ; whose respect for the Church, indeed, was such, that it was popularly said of him, that if he met an angel and an ecclesiastic in the way, the clerico would receive as first salutation, and the angel the second. Father Joseph persuaded him that the dismissal of Wallenstein would conciliate

the princes, and really advance the position of the Emperor; while the true object was to deprive Ferdinand of the assistance of the one man who could render him truly formidable. The clamour of the princes, who accused the Emperor's great general of, like Cæsar, "supporting robbers," and allowing his predatory hordes to devastate their lands, would hardly have succeeded in procuring Wallenstein's dismissal, but for the co-operation of Father Joseph. Wallenstein was dismissed, and retired, with outward composure, but with rage in his heart, to Prague, to await the course of events. Afterwards Ferdinand saw the trick which had been practised upon him, when it became evident that Richelieu, after depriving him of Wallenstein and Wallenstein's army, was about to enter into an alliance with Sweden, to enable Gustavus Adolphus to come forward as the champion of the Protestants in Germany; who for their part were roused once more to resistance by the Edict of Restitution. "A shabby Capuchin has outwitted me," said Ferdinand, bitterly, and prepared best he might for the renewed struggle.

It must not be assumed that the wish to give aid to his Protestant brethren in Germany was Gustavus's only motive for the great undertaking, although undoubtedly it was the chief. In the long war with Poland, he had seen the bitter and hostile feeling with which Austria persistently acted against him: in the negotiations for peace with the King Christian of Denmark, the Emperor had treated Sweden with studied contumely; and Gustavus might with truth have said concerning Ferdinand, "He hath rejoiced at my losses, mocked at my gains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies." To these cogent reasons must be added another, but lightly hinted at by Schiller and other historians, who, in trying to represent Gustavus as an immaculate hero, free from human weaknesses, passions, and desires, have done their hero little service. Like all men of military energy, Gustavus was hopeful and ambitious; and should he succeed in achieving a brilliant triumph for the Protestant arms, it was not impossible that the highest prize in Europe, the Imperial Crown of Germany, might one day be his. And the chances of success were far greater than would at first sight appear. The Emperor, weakened by the loss of the Wallenstein troops, had further reduced his means by sending forces to Italy and the Netherlands; Spain, herself in a critical position, could offer him no help; England and France were both on the side of Gustavus, and promised to second him in the most effectual manner.

PREPARATIONS FOR INVADING GERMANY.

The greatest hope of success lay, however, in the qualities of the Swedish King himself, who was undoubtedly one of the greatest soldiers of his century. His troops were well-disciplined, his order-of-battle original and judicious; the soldiers believed in him, as Cromwell's Ironsides believed in their leader; and, as Wellington said of his Peninsular troops, were ready "to go anywhere and do anything." No man knew better than the Swedish King how to husband his means, and to achieve great results with small means. A Spartan simplicity was observed throughout his camp; not even in the King's tent were silver and gold to be seen; but there was iron in plenty. Especially he held fast to the proposition that a man could be a soldier without ceasing practically to be a Christian; and his frank, hearty piety presented a great contrast to the grovelling superstition of the Emperor Ferdinand. The Swede was taught to exemplify his religion in humane treatment of every foe, and in consideration for every unarmed peasant and citizen. Plundering, even in the enemy's country, was strictly forbidden; whatever the Swede took, he paid for; and small bodies of Gustavus's followers could consequently move with perfect safety through districts in the Imperial States to which they came as enemies; while Wallenstein's men, though nominally in the Emperor's service, could not move except in large numbers, small parties being continually cut off and massacred by the enraged peasantry.

On the 20th of May, 1630, all preparations having been made, the King appeared before the Parliamentary assembly of the Estates at Stockholm, to bid them a solemn farewell. Every precaution had been taken for the safety of the kingdom during his absence; and here again the subordination of his own feelings and inclinations to duty manifestly appeared. Though he loved his wife the Queen tenderly, he shut her out from all political power during his absence, and from the regency in case of his non-return; for he knew that she would be unequal to rule in those troublous times. He took his little daughter Christina, then four years old, in his arms, and held her up before the assembly as his heiress, and their future queen. The words he used on this occasion have been preserved, and are worthy of the occasion and of the great man who uttered them.

"Not lightly or inconsiderately," he said, "do I involve myself and you in this new and perilous war. God Almighty be my witness

that I do not fight for pleasure. The Emperor has insulted me most cruelly in the persons of my ambassadors; he has supported my enemies; he persecutes my friends and brethren, treads my religion in the dust, and stretches out his hand to seize my crown. Urgently do the oppressed Estates of Germany implore our help; and if it please God, we will afford it them. I know the dangers to which my life will be exposed. I have never avoided them, and I can hardly expect to escape from them altogether. Until now, indeed, the Almighty has wonderfully protected me; but I shall die at last, defending my country. I commend you to the protection of heaven. Be just, be conscientious, let your lives be blameless; so shall we meet again in eternity. To you my Councillors of State, I address myself first. May God enlighten you and fill you with wisdom, that you may always advise my kingdom for the best. Continue to show yourselves worthy successors of those heroic Goths whose valour laid old Rome in the dust. You, servants of the Church, I exhort to peace and unanimity; be in yourselves patterns of the virtues you preach, and never misuse your power over the hearts of my people. For you, Deputies of the citizen and the peasant class, I invoke the blessing of heaven upon you, a joyful harvest to reward your industry; may plenty fill your barns, and abundance of all the good things of life be yours! For you all, absent and present, I address sincere prayers to heaven. Most affectionately do I bid you all farewell; I bid you farewell perhaps for ever!"

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND TILLY.

The fleet that was to convey the King and his army across the Baltic was delayed by contrary winds, and it was not until the 24th of June that Gustavus landed on the island of Rügen, on the coast of Pomerania. He knelt down on the shore on disembarking, and, in the face of his followers, offered up a thankful prayer for the preservation of the army and fleet. In his march the strictest discipline was observed: and Gustavus was soon able, in view of the devastation caused by the Imperial armies, and the self-restraint practised by his own, to ask more than one of the princes of Germany whether they would rather have him or the Emperor for their friend. Thus Bogislav of Pomerania, a somewhat weak potentate, with the weight of years upon him, considered it advisable to open Stettin and other important places to the Swedish King, and risk the vengeance of the Emperor. Thus Gustavus obtained a firm footing in Germany,

and in the case of the worst, his line of retreat was secured.

In Vienna, where the power of the Swedish King was measured only by the number of men he could bring into the field, the importance of the northern invasion was entirely underrated. Wallenstein, not without secret reasons of his own, perhaps, had declared that he could beat these intruders out of the empire with rods; the courtiers and favourites around Ferdinand's throne saw nothing formidable in the advent of a few thousand men under an enthusiastic King, whom they contemptuously dubbed the "Snow King," declaring that he "would melt away if he marched southward." But the swift advance of Gustavus through Pomerania, and the successive triumphs gained by him, quickly began to undeceive men with regard to him; and the most formidable general Germany could afford, John Zerklaes, Count Tilly, a veteran nearly seventy years of age, who, after gaining various laurels as the chief general of the Catholic League in the Thirty Years' War, was now invested with the chief command over the Emperor's troops also. Tilly was far too sagacious a leader to undervalue his antagonist, or to fail to recognise the great qualities of Gustavus Adolphus as a leader. "The King of Sweden," he declared at the Diet of Ratibon, "is an enemy of equal courage and astuteness, inured to war, and in the very bloom of his manhood. His arrangements are excellent, and his means not small; the Estates of his kingdom have been very complacent towards him. His army, made up of Swedes, Germans, Livonians, Finlanders, Scots, and Englishmen, has been moulded into a single nation by blind obedience. This is a player whose antagonist may be said to have won much, if he has lost nothing." Tilly himself was one of those exceptional men whom times of strife and war bring to the front. A fanatic in religion, his great aim was to combat Protestantism, as the followers of the Crescent combated the Cross, without pity and without remorse. His ambition was entirely military. He did not, like Wallenstein, aspire to becoming a prince or ruler in Germany; it was his great object to leave behind him the name of a man over whom his enemies had never triumphed; and until now he had succeeded in maintaining his invincibility.

THE TRAGEDY OF MAGDEBURG.

The first place against which he was now called upon to exercise his military skill was the rich city of Magdeburg, a place as much valued by the Protestants of Germany, as was Rochell

by the Huguenots of France. Magdeburg had received as governor, or administrator, within its walls Christian William of Brandenburg, whose election to this office had been formally cancelled by the Emperor, who, reckoning on the help of the King of Sweden, somewhat prematurely began hostilities against the Imperialists; and thus it came about that Magdeburg was besieged by Tilly and by another able and skillful general of the Emperor, Count Pappenheim. The siege of Magdeburg is memorable even in those days when war was carried on without the amenities which at a later period softened its rigour, by the terrible and almost unprecedented horrors with which it closed. The citizens, always hoping that the Swedish King would arrive to raise the siege, carried on the defence for a length of time that exasperated the besiegers almost to frenzy. The military garrison being found insufficient to defend the large extent of the fortifications, the private citizens were forced to take part in the defence; and soon quarrels and recriminations arose, the poorer citizens declaring that they had to endure the burden and heat of the day, while the richer burghers shirked their portion of the duty. Still the position of the citizens appeared so strong, and the chances of assault so doubtful, that Tilly was half inclined to abandon the siege, but was deterred from this course by the impetuosity of Pappenheim, who counselled an assault at daybreak, when the guards who had watched through the night would be exhausted, and no effectual resistance would be encountered. His advice was taken, though reluctantly, and on the 10th of May, 1630, the city was stormed. The scene of carnage that ensued was appalling. The soldiers ranged through the town, massacring the inhabitants without distinction of sex or age. The Croats, half-savage soldiers who had taken little part in the assault, distinguished themselves even among that ruthless crew by the slaughter of infants, whom they transfixed on pikes, and tossed into the flames that already began to rise at all points of the doomed town. The Pappenheim dragoons, brave soldiers, but cruel and hard-hearted as the rest, shot or struck down all they encountered. Presently dense volumes of smoke, from various houses that had been fired by the plunderers, or through accident, began to roll along the streets, and the plundering troops were obliged to retreat before the advancing flames. Nearly the whole town was destroyed, with the exception of the cathedral and a few fishermen's huts on the bank of the Elbe. The great majority of the inhabitants

perished in the burning city. The number of dead was estimated at 30,000. A day or two afterwards, when the fire had burned itself out, Tilly made his entry on horseback over the fragments of the ruined town. Stories have been circulated to the effect that he had connived at the scenes of horror enacted at Magdeburg; but in truth the destruction of the place was a heavy blow to him, for in the hands of the Imperialists it would have been most valuable. But not even the authority of Gustavus Adolphus himself would have sufficed to restrain the fury of the soldiers in the first hours of frenzied triumph; and the scenes in a city taken by storm have a melancholy resemblance in all climes and all ages: witness the horrors at Badajoz and elsewhere in the Peninsular War. In the old cathedral about 800 people had taken refuge, and there they had remained, with barricaded doors, in fear and trembling, and without food, for nearly three days. Tilly took them under his protection, and caused bread to be distributed among them. Above 6,000 corpses that encumbered the streets were thrown into the Elbe. Nearly every prominent person among the defenders had perished.

THE GREAT VICTORY OF BREITENFELD.

The fall of Magdeburg excited feelings of horror and consternation among the Protestants; while among the more fanatical portion of the Romanist party, whose watchword at the steaming had been "Jesu Maria!" it was looked upon as a direct judgment of heaven upon heresy. One important effect the sad news certainly had, in raising up the undecided Protestant princes to vigorous action; for if their opponents did these things in the green tree, what would they do in the dry? Gustavus Adolphus, who had been hampered at every step by the vacillation of Saxony and Brandenburg, and who was even obliged to set himself right in the eyes of the Protestant world by publishing a manifesto setting forth the reason why he had not marched more quickly to the assistance of Magdeburg, now had his hands strengthened by a definite treaty with Saxony, while the Elector of Brandenburg at last gave him every facility for marching through his territories. The Queen of Sweden, Maria Elconora, had also landed in the interim in Pomerania, with a reinforcement of 8,000 Swedes; and a force of 6,000 English and Scots, under the Marquis of Hamilton, had likewise arrived. The Swedish King was thus enabled to commence active operations against Tilly, whose army was rapidly diminishing by desertion.

Even among the more humanely disposed of the Imperialists, the massacre of Magdeburg had excited horror and disgust; and from that time the good fortune of Tilly deserted him.

He hastened to Leipsic, which, after a short resistance, surrendered to him, though the Commandant, Hans von der Pforta, had caused the Halle suburb to be burnt down, with the intention of defending the city. But he soon saw the impossibility of defending the town in the face of such an army as that of the Imperial general, and capitulated. Tilly took up his quarters in the only house left standing in the devastated suburb. It happened to belong to the sexton of the cemetery, and is still shown as a historical relic of those days. For the first time in his long career the yet unconquered veteran was a prey to doubt, uncertainty, and apprehensions. The officers of Tilly's staff observed him change colour as he stepped into the chief room of the "Totengraberstube," or house of the gravedigger, where the emblems of mortality, skulls, cross-bones, and the like, that adorned the walls, seemed to inspire him with a superstitious foreboding of ill. "The spirit of Magdeburg seemed to hover over him," says Schiller.

Nor was Gustavus Adolphus free from such apprehensions as might well affect the bravest leader about to put his fortune to the touch, and win or lose it all. Upon the issue of the battle he was about to risk depended the future position of the Swedes in Germany, and, indeed, of Sweden itself, among the Powers of Europe. A defeat at this crisis would have been ruinous.

Such were the circumstances under which the celebrated Battle of Breitenfeld, near Leipsic, was fought, on the 7th of September, 1631. The combined Swedish and Saxon army, under Gustavus and Bernhard of Weimar, and that of the Emperor and the League, under Tilly and his general Pappenheim, were about equal in strength, each numbering about 35,000 m.n. The order-of-battle on both sides was excellent, as might have been expected of two such masters as Tilly and Gustavus in the art of war; but the plan of the Imperialist leader to act on the defensive was frustrated by the impetuosity of Pappenheim, who, by a premature attack, forced him to descend from the strong entrenched position he occupied to the support of the cavalry. "This man will rob me of my fame, and ruin the Emperor's cause," angrily exclaimed the old Marshal. Gustavus, on his part, turned the advantage thus gained to the very best account, and himself gave the issue to the day like Cromwell at Marston Moor. The defeat of the Im-

perialists was complete and crushing. In the evening hardly more than 600 men of Tilly's army remained together, and he himself, wounded and baffled, was in full retreat towards Halle; whence, as his scattered forces came in, he retreated still further to defend Lower Saxony, and, if necessary, Bavaria itself against the advancing foe. In one day his fortune and his reputation for invincibility had been shattered; and he moreover received strict orders from the startled governments at Vienna and Munich to act only on the defensive, and to risk no further battle against the King of Sweden.

SECOND DEFEAT OF TILLY; HIS DEATH.

The fame of Gustavus now filled the whole continent of Europe; and many who had hesitated in the struggle between inclination and interest, wavered no longer, but openly took part with the champion who had defeated the Emperor's ablest general. From this time the career of the Swedish King becomes more decided, and his triumphs follow one another with astonishing rapidity. He seemed to have gained confidence in himself by the issue of the great struggle of Breitenfeld; and this confidence diffused itself throughout his whole army. Tilly made one more desperate stand on the banks of the Lech, to prevent the advancing conqueror from penetrating into Bavaria. His position on the bank of the river was considered almost impregnable; but he was outgeneralled by Gustavus, who inflicted a serious defeat upon him. Here Tilly's career ended. At the combat on the banks of the Lech his leg was shattered by a cannon ball; and he received other injuries from which he died a few days later. He was one of the strangest apparitions of that strange time, a man who seems to have been governed by two dominant ideas—hatred of the Protestants, and desire for military glory. In person he was the very reverse of Gustavus: for Tilly was short of stature, with a face to which the wrinkled forehead, the sinister expression of the eye, the long hooked nose and fleshless cheeks gave the appearance of a bird of prey. He was regarded with superstitious dread by his soldiers, much of his influence with whom depended upon the idea of his invincibility. His death was a heavy blow to the cause of the Emperor: for now there was neither army nor general in the field fitted to oppose Gustavus Adolphus, who pressed forward unopposed into the heart of Bavaria, took Nürnberg, and entered Munich itself: everywhere scrupulously maintaining the courtesies of war, and treating the conquered territory

rather with the graciousness of a merciful ruler than the harshness of an enemy. There is little doubt that the King at this time meditated a new Empire of Germany—an Empire in which Protestantism was to be the form of religion by law established, though other forms were to receive toleration, and of which he was to be the head.

RECALL OF WALLENSTEIN ; HIS EXCEPTIONAL POWERS ; HIS AMBITION AND POLICY.

The Emperor Ferdinand was now in the greatest perplexity and danger. Deposition and ruin stared him in the face. He had always depended, in a large degree, for the safety of his throne upon Maximilian of Bavaria, Tilly, and the army of the League ; and all these had now failed him. If Gustavus chose to press forward to Vienna itself, and to dictate terms of peace to the Emperor in the imperial palace, there seemed little to prevent him. One man only remained who could be trusted to confront the storm ; and to him Ferdinand applied urgently, though with a heart foreboding evil things, in his distress. This last refuge in trouble was Wallenstein, who, indeed, had looked forward to the time when his services would be indispensable to the Emperor, and in his ostentatious retirement had always kept himself in readiness for the emergency. To him came two imperial envoys, the Councillors Questenberg and Werdenberg, with offers of reinstatement in the Imperial service ; requesting Wallenstein to forget the past and to accept the command of the Emperor's forces at this dangerous crisis, which he alone had the skill to direct in Ferdinand's favour.

Wallenstein perceived his advantage, and used it unmercifully. At first he entirely declined the offer of employment, alleging the manner in which he had been sacrificed to his enemies, and dismissed at their desire. "He preferred," he said, "freedom and independence on his own territories, to a service where jealousy and ingratitude was the reward of success." The envoys knew exactly how much all this was worth, and saw that it was Wallenstein's intention to put the highest possible value on the services he affected to withhold. Their importunity increased in proportion to his reluctance ; and at length he undertook the command of the Imperial forces under such conditions as a subject has very rarely been able to dictate to his sovereign. He was to be "Generalissimus," and all the Emperor's troops, in every part of the empire, were to be considered as under his control and command. He was to have complete power

to carry on the war according to his own plan ; to make accommodations or terms with the enemy ; to choose his own method and plan of attack, etc. ; and not even the Emperor himself was to have the right of interfering with him in any way. The right of filling the vacant colonelcies to the regiments was also given to him ; and thus he entered upon the campaign with the power of an independent monarch, rather than as a subject in the service of a Prince. But every other consideration had to give way before the pressing necessity of arresting the victorious march of Gustavus Adolphus. "Means must be devised to check this imperious Visigoth in the career of his victories," was the urgent cry of many a Cabinet.

WALLENSTEIN AND GUSTAVUS AT NÜRNBERG.

From the moment when the authority was thus placed in the hands of Wallenstein, causes of jealousy and mistrust began to arise. It was difficult, almost impossible, to fathom or even to guess the designs of that secretive and ambitious man. That he was fully determined to avail himself of his privilege of free action to the very utmost, was soon made manifest. He disregarded the injunctions of the Emperor to march to the assistance of Maximilian of Bavaria, against whom he had a grudge connected with his former dismissal. He remained inactive when his army had already attained large proportions, and he was expected to undertake something decisive. It even appeared that he was not unwilling to avoid an action, although in numbers his army far exceeded that of the enemy. "There have been battles enough," he said ; "it is time to try another method." The King of Sweden moved Nürnberg with his army. Wallenstein moved his forces with great deliberation to that city, and established himself in an entrenched camp of extraordinary strength, in such a position as to cut the enemy off from receiving supplies. The climate,—to which they were unaccustomed,—the incessant labours and toils of a harassing siege, and a feeling of discouragement at their isolation, began to cause a great mortality in the Swedish camp ; and Gustavus Adolphus, apprehensive of the effect of Wallenstein's Fabian tactics, tried to provoke his opponent to a general engagement, frequently offering him battle, which Wallenstein as pertinaciously refused. At length Gustavus Adolphus made a desperate attack on Wallenstein's entrenched camp. He was beaten back in spite of the brilliant valour of his troops ; for the position of Wallenstein was, in truth, almost impregnable. The fight was the hottest

that great war had as yet witnessed. Both Wallenstein and the Duke Bernhard of Weimar had their horses shot under them; and the King of Sweden had his boot-sole torn away by a ball. Charge after charge was made upon the entrenched camp, and beaten back. When night fell, the Swedish King had lost 2,000 men, and had not won a single handbreadth of position. Ordinary prudence forbade him to renew the attack on the following day; especially as a heavy rain, that fell during the night, had rendered the rising ground of the entrenched camp more slippery and difficult than ever. But still the two armies stood watching one another, each hoping the other would be compelled by want and famine to quit the ground. The trouble the heroic King felt most deeply was the relaxation of discipline, and the cruelty and license brought about by want and the exasperation of a long resistance. It is an almost invariable rule that the best troops degenerate in discipline during a long war; and the general rule of plundering and ravaging the surrounding districts, carried to its utmost extent by Wallenstein's troops, now spread to the army of his magnanimous opponent; being first practised by their Saxon allies; while the way the German officers winked at, or even openly countenanced, these proceedings, awakened the greatest indignation in the honest-minded King. "It is you yourselves, ye Germans," he exclaimed, "who rob your own fatherland, and rage against your comrades in the faith. God be my witness, I detest you—I abhor you; and my heart is bitter within me when I look at you. You transgress my orders; you are the reason that the world detests me, and that I am pursued by the tears of undeserved poverty, and that I am compelled to hear men say openly. 'The King our friend, does us more harm than our angriest foes. For your sakes I have denuded my crown of its treasures, and spent more than forty tons of gold; and from your German Empire I have not received wherewithal to clothe myself at need. I gave you everything that God had imparted to me; and everything He may vouchsafe to give me in the future I would willingly have shared with you. Your bad discipline convinces me that your intentions are evil, however great occasion I may have to praise your valour.'" In such outspoken fashion did the King rebuke the degeneracy of his allies; but the influence of one man was no longer sufficient to restrain the growing spirit of robbery and spoliation.

GUSTAVUS IN SAXONY.

At length, when the whole district round

about Nürnberg for many miles had been entirely laid waste, many villages burnt, and the whole country utterly drained of supplies, and when the losses of the Swedes and their allies through sword and pestilence had reached the fearful total of 2,000 men, Gustavus's iron pertinacity finally gave way, and he broke up his camp, and quitted Nürnberg, passing once more in full battle array before the entrenched camp of his opponent, to invite him again to a battle, which was again declined. Wallenstein himself, after allowing his troops a few days' rest, set fire to his own camp, and marched with his army towards Forchheim, triumphant in the success of his policy, by which he had undoubtedly inflicted a great blow upon Gustavus, and on the Protestant cause in Germany. Wallenstein's next operations were against the Saxons; and his intention was ostensibly to dissolve the alliance subsisting between Saxons and Swedes. Gustavus, whose affairs took a turn for the better as the year proceeded, and who had received strong reinforcements from Sweden, generously gave ear to a strong appeal made to him by his somewhat unsteady ally the Elector of Saxony; and, to the neglect of his own plans, hastened to the assistance of Saxony. He marched through Thuringia, and joined Duke Bernhard of Weimar at Arnstadt, where he found himself at the head of 20,000 well-disciplined troops. At Erfurt he took leave of his Queen, Maria Eleonora, who was destined never to see him again alive. On the 1st of November, 1632, he was at Naumburg. Wallenstein had hastened towards Naumburg to meet him; for already a rumour was current in Germany, consequent upon the tactics he had followed before Nürnberg, that he feared to try conclusions with the Northern hero; and the continuance of this belief would have been fatal to his influence with his troops. The season was, however, far advanced. It seemed unlikely that the King of Sweden would quit his strong position to attack his opponents under unfavourable circumstances, and Wallenstein accordingly, looking upon operations as finished for the year, allowed his troops to prepare their winter quarters, taking care, however, to keep them together, so that they should be immediately available if required.

Count Pappenheim was sent away, with the greater part of his troops, to march towards the Rhine, where the important city of Cologne was menaced by Dutch troops. But no sooner did Gustavus Adolphus hear of the departure of Pappenheim, than he determined to attack the enemy, now diminished to half their number,

with his whole force, and, accordingly, advanced at once to Weissenfels. Greatly astonished at this rapid movement, Wallenstein was yet equal to the occasion. Couriers were despatched in hot haste to recall Pappenheim; and meanwhile Wallenstein took up a position between the Flossgraben, a canal uniting the rivers Elster and Saale, and the town of Lützen. He had, moreover, strengthened his position, as far as the short time allowed. Till far into the night the men of his army were hard at work deepening the ditches that defended the camp, erecting batteries and strengthening doubtful points. To conceal the weakness in numbers, the grooms and baggage-boys were ordered to mount on horseback and figure as cavalry, until the arrival of Pappenheim with his troops.

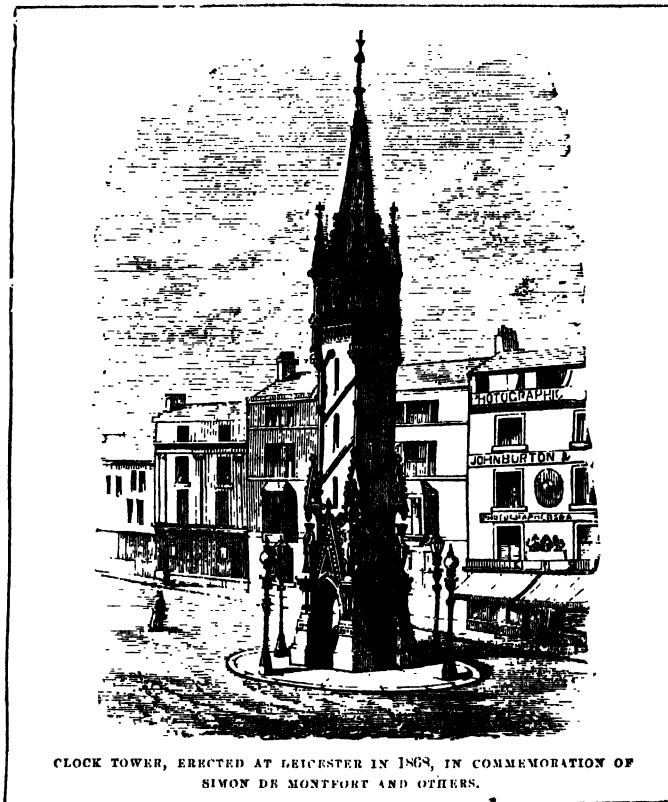
BATTLE OF LÜTZEN; DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS; CONCLUSION.

The King of Sweden, for his part, arriving on the plain in the evening of the 5th of November, 1632, drew up his army in battle array, ready to engage the enemy on the morrow. He used the same order he had observed at the Battle of Breitenfeld, mingling cavalry among his infantry, and dividing his forces into such bodies as could be most easily moved and manoeuvred in the face of the enemy. It was understood that the next day would decide whether the Swedish King or the Emperor's renowned General was to be considered the first general of the great Thirty Years' War. The Battle of Lützen, fought on the 6th November, 1632, the great central point of the long contest, has about it some of the elements of romance.

The King on that day was unable, through a recent wound, to wear armour. He is said to have had a presentiment of the fatal destiny that awaited him, and not to have shown the cheerful alacrity usual with him on a day of battle. Nevertheless he addressed a few words of hearty exhortation to his army, and with the words, "Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, let us fight to-day for the honour of my holy Name!" gave the signal to advance. The watchwords were, as at Breitenfeld, "God with us!" for the Lutherans; and "Jesu, Maria," for the Catholics. The first attack was by a charge of Swedish cavalry against the enemy, supported by the infantry, marching against the ditches. It resulted in the triumph of the Swedes and the discomfiture of their opponents; two out of five battalions had already been overcome, when the Duke of Friedland succeeded, by his personal exertions, in restoring order, and arresting the steps of those who had

already turned to fly. So complete was the rallying, that the advantages gained by the Swedes were lost, and a thousand men had perished without altering the position of the two sides. The King, on the report of some confusion on his left wing, hastened, at the head of the Stenbock regiment, to restore order. He was shortsighted; and a fog that hung over the plain prevented him from seeing how near his fiery horse was carrying him to the extremity of the enemy's wing. His horse was wounded by a pistol-shot in the neck, and presently a bullet struck the King in the left arm, shattering the bone. "It is nothing—follow me!" cried the heroic King; but almost fainting with agony, he begged the Duke of Lauenburg, who rode beside him, to lead him quietly out of the throng, so that the sight of his condition might not discourage his men. But at this moment he received a second shot, through the back, and sank slowly from his horse. "I have enough to breathe," he murmured to the Duke; "seek thou to save thy life." All his companions fled, and he was left alone, with the exception of a paid honour, a lad of eighteen years, named Leubeling. This Leubeling, who died of his wounds a few days after, at Naumburg, deposed before his death before several witnesses that when the King sank from his horse, he offered him his own, towards which Gustavus stretched out his hands. But he was not able to lift the King on the horse; and a troop of Imperial Cuirassiers riding up presently afterwards, one of them, though Gustavus said who he was, shot him through the head. An attempt was afterwards made to ascribe his death to treachery, and Francis Albert, a son of the Duke of Lauenburg, a man of doubtful character, who was close to the King at the time of his death, was suspected of having shot him dead at the instigation of an enemy; but there is no foundation for the report; and the circumstances under which the King met his death are self-explanatory enough. His followers fought desperately to avenge him, and had defeated their foes, when the arrival of Pappenheim with reinforcements brought on a second battle, which raged till darkness put an end to it. The Swedes claimed the victory; for Wallenstein retreated in the night, leaving them possession of the field. The King had not died in vain. By his assistance the Protestant cause was able to maintain itself to the end of the struggle; but for him the Reformation would have been crushed out of Germany as it had been out of Bohemia.

H. W. D.



SIMON DE MONTFORT.

"On our historical, as on our political hemisphere, a new dawn is arising; and among the darkened memories which the coming day shall gild with genial and grateful beams few shall shine more fairly than that of De Montfort." *Westminster Review*.

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INJUSTICE OF HISTORY.

IT has been only in comparatively recent days, and as the result of modern investigation, and a more liberal understanding of the significance of events, that the greatness and influence of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, have been recognized. Unquestionably the representative and leader of the great baronial party which

completed, in the reign of Henry the Third, the work begun in the time of the weak and dissolute John, and almost as unquestionably (although some inquirers have some doubt of his claims in this respect) the originator of our great system of Parliamentary representation, by which the "Commons" have so great an influence in legislation, it has been the fate of De Montfort to be lightly esteemed, or even

denounced as a traitor and a selfish conspirator, by historians of high repute.

Later critics, however, have done him justice, and he now stands revealed in the historic page as a far-sighted statesman, a bold and accomplished military leader, whose great ability gave him a predominant influence over the warlike and impetuous barons, who were impatient of the weakness of the king, and of his subordination to a crowd of rapacious foreigners, upon whom were bestowed, irrespective of personal merit or fitness, offices of emolument in the court, in the church, and in the judicature. He is revealed, too, not only as the leader of the barons in the great struggle, but as the champion of the oppressed people, and the vindicator of their claims to political consideration. How can we be otherwise than interested in the career of a man who made so great a mark upon his age?

About the middle of the twelfth century, a French noble, Simon the Bald, Count de Montfort, descendant of a French king, married Amicie de Beaumont (known as Blanchemains "white hands"), the daughter and co-heiress of Robert Fitzpamel, Earl of Leicester, and his wife Petronilla, the lady who bequeathed to the church at Leicester a rope made of her own hair to suspend the lamp in the choir. This Petronilla was descended from William Fitz-Osborne, Lord of Breteuil, in Normandy, Earl of Hereford, a friend of the Conqueror, and was also the heiress of Hugh de Grantmenell, Baron of Hinckley, and Hereditary Grand Steward of England. The Earl of Leicester outlived his son-in-law, and, on his death, Simon, the second of the five sons of Simon the Bald, succeeded to the title and hereditary honours.

This second Simon de Montfort, father of the more illustrious bearer of the name, was a man of note in his day, and we must give a brief space to his history, which materially influenced the early fortunes of his son. Two years after he became Earl of Leicester, he appears to have engaged in some act of rebellion—probably one of those active protests against encroachments by King John on what were believed to be baronial rights, so frequent in those unsettled times—and was banished from the kingdom, his title and estates being declared forfeited. He had many adherents, and, indeed, so powerful was his influence, that King John believed in the authenticity of a rumour that some of the foremost barons were engaged in a conspiracy, the object of which was to dethrone him and place the crown on the head of Simon.

Driven from his own country, this warlike and

energetic baron, conspicuous for his stature and strength, a born leader of armies, and a devout son of the Church,—knowing neither doubt nor scruple when the Pope required his services, soon found congenial employment abroad. Count Montalembert, the modern Roman Catholic historian, refers with admiration to Simon's "inviolable purity of morals, and inflexible devotion to ecclesiastical authority." The stern, pitiless, able warrior was a fit instrument to be employed in the terrible work of extirpation against the heretic Albigenses, on which Pope Innocent III. was then entering.

The conquered territories of Count Raymond of Toulouse and his allies were given by the Pope to the great leader; but Simon did not live to possess them in peace, for he was killed by a stone at the siege of Toulouse in 1218. His wife survived him three years; and his eldest son, Almeric, who became Constable of France in succession to his grandfather, De Montmorency, having been unsuccessful in maintaining his inheritance against the successors of Raymond, ceded his claim to Louis VIII. of France.

The redoubtable Count de Montfort and his Countess, Alice, were the parents of four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Almeric, mentioned above, took part in the Crusades, and married Beatrice, the daughter of Count de Vienne; and their son, John, renounced all English claims. The second son, Guy, was also a Crusader, and was killed at Castelmauderi four years after his marriage with Petronilla Countess of Bigorre, who survived him thirty-five years, and consoled herself for his loss by marrying four other husbands, all of whom she outlived. Robert, a third son, died unmarried; and the fourth son was the most famous of the race, the Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, whose career we are relating.

THE EARLDOM OF LEICESTER.

A year before the death of King John, the forfeited English estates of the elder Simon had been granted to his nephew, Ranulph, Earl of Chester, a youth, Peter de Roches, Bishop of Winchester, holding the lands in trust. It is probable that the new King, Henry III., or at least his advisers, were not unwilling that the gift should be set aside, and that, certain conditions being complied with, the dignities and estates might revert to the De Montfort family. Almeric de Montfort, the eldest of the brothers, had frequently since his father's death urged his claims, and when, in 1232, the Earl of Chester died, he sent his brother Simon (the intervening

brothers being dead), to England, with a petition to King Henry. Thinking it possible that his own offer to do homage might be disallowed, as he had recently succeeded to the high office of Constable of France, he professed that he would be satisfied if Simon, who held no lands under the French King, were permitted to do homage.

To this arrangement King Henry acceded; and Almeric having made a solemn renunciation of his claims in favour of his brother (with the reversion only in case of failure of heirs male), Simon was admitted to the hereditary possessions and honours in the presence of the King at Shrewsbury, in May, 1232.

DE MONTFORT AT COURT.

At the age of about thirty-two (there is some discrepancy as to the date of his birth, but there seems to be good authority for fixing it in the year 1200), the young Frenchman appeared at the English Court as Earl of Leicester. He inherited the noble physical frame and mental qualities of his father, and the more versatile mind and quick talents of his mother, the daughter of the Montmorencies. The Chronicle of Lanercost describes him as tall and handsome; and other authorities mention him as "a gentleman of choice blood, education, and features." In his youth he had experience of the hardships of war, and had probably taken part in campaigns by the side of his renowned father. In France he had associated not only with princes and courtiers, but with learned men, and there is reason to believe that he was, in respect of intellectual culture, far in advance of the majority of the English barons. During a long period he kept up a literary correspondence with Adam de Marisco, one of the most distinguished scholars of the thirteenth century. He was ambitious of a distinguished alliance, and had sought marriage with widowed ladies of princely blood; but the French King, not pleased perhaps by the withdrawal of so gallant a gentleman from his own Court, interfered to prohibit the alliances. The lady first sought was Matilda, Countess of Boulogne; the second, Joan, Countess of Flanders, and widow of a Portuguese prince. In the latter case, indeed, a form of marriage appears to have been gone through; but when, several years afterwards, the lady married Prince Thomas of Savoy, she took a solemn oath that her marriage with Simon de Montfort was not valid.

MARRIAGE OF HENRY III.

Four years after his accession to the title, the Earl of Leicester, in the performance of the duties

of his inherited office of High Steward, attended to hold the basin of water at the feast which followed the coronation of the young Queen Eleanor, whom King Henry III. espoused in January, 1236. The King had expressed himself strongly averse to matrimony, although, for reasons of state, his council were continually urging him to contract it. When almost a child, he had been betrothed to Joanna, afterwards Queen of Castile; and that promise having been annulled by the Pope's dispensation, five unsuccessful treaties for his marriage with other princesses were proposed. At length, at the age of twenty-nine, he yielded to remonstrances, and offered his hand to Eleanor, one of the four beautiful daughters of Raymond, Count of Provence, all of whom became queens. Some of the manuscript poems of this accomplished lady are still preserved at Turin; and it is said that specimens of her poetic talent having reached the English Court, led to her marriage with the King of England.

CONDITION OF ENGLAND.

As this royal marriage greatly affected the social and political condition of England, and was indeed one of the causes which led indirectly to the outbreak of the civil wars of which De Montfort was the great central figure, it may be advisable to sketch briefly the condition of England in the twenty years which had elapsed between the accession of the boy king and his marriage.

When John, King of England, died miserably in the abbey at Newark, on the 19th of October, 1216, his eldest son, Prince Henry, was only just ten years old. The barons, who shortly before had invited the assistance of the King of France in their opposition to the misgovernment of John, began to weary of the alliance they had courted. Determined to dethrone the weak and vicious King, they had permitted, even invited, the Dauphin Louis, who led the French army, to assume the title of King of England, and he was even crowned in London before the death of John. Very soon, however, the barons discovered that they were drifting towards a greater danger than that from which they had wished to escape.

After the death of John, the barons were divided into three parties. Some were ready to acknowledge the French Dauphin as King of England; others were for uniting England with France. The leading motive of these two parties was to present a firm front against the pretensions of Rome, the Pope, before the King's death, having pronounced Magna Charta to be void, and claimed that John had annexed the

kingdom to the Roman see. The third, more strictly the national party, supported the claims of young Prince Henry to the throne; and events contributed to make their influence paramount.

The French soldiers, we read in contemporary records, began to conduct themselves as if they were in a conquered country. "The greater the resistance," says the historian Thierry, "made by the English to their arbitrary exactions, the more did these foreign invaders show themselves cruel and grasping; and the accusation which had been so fatal to King John was renewed against the Dauphin Louis. It was said that he had favoured a project, in concert with his father, for exterminating or banishing all the rich men of England, and for putting Frenchmen in their places."

The Normans who had come over with the Conqueror a hundred and fifty years before had felt no scruples about seizing the estates of the English nobles and assuming their titles, and their descendants readily enough acquiesced in this doctrine of the right of the strong hand; but even those who had been the first to invite French aid seriously objected to the followers of Louis imitating the example. They united to defend their order as they had united to wring the Great Charter from John; and now, as then, found it was their interest to take sides with the townsmen and common people. They had welcomed the French Dauphin as the saviour of the kingdom; in the revulsion of feeling they echoed the words which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Faulconbridge:—

"Shall a beardless boy,
A cockered silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil;
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check?"

For the first time a national spirit of independence united the hitherto antagonistic Norman and English races—the subduers and the subdued; and that spirit, destined before many years were past to give a definite shape to the British constitution, is best expressed by again quoting the words of the gallant Bastard:—

"This England never did, nor ever shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them;—nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do ext but true."

That spirit served the arms of the stout knights and men-at-arms who fought under De Montfort

(foreign by birth, but English by adoption) in the great war of the barons against foreign influences; that spirit animated alike the Englishmen who sailed forth to meet the great Armada, and their descendants who conquered in the great sea-fight of Trafalgar.

"Wherefore," says the historian already quoted, "being excited for the general welfare to take up arms, all parties united in favour of Prince Henry, the son of King John." Open war broke out between the now united barons and the French prince. After several contests, Louis was defeated at Lincoln. His father, Philip Augustus, King of France, despatched reinforcements, under the leadership of a desperado known as "Eustace the Monk," but perhaps more accurately described as "a well-known freebooter of the Channel." To intercept this force, embarked in eighty large ships, an English fleet of forty vessels, many of them of small size, was fitted out, and sailed from Dover under the command of Hubert de Burgh (an able and patriotic Englishman, whom Shakespeare, less just than usual, has painted in odious colours in *King John*). The fleets met, and the English displayed that prowess on the sea which is their national characteristic, although it must be admitted that, in one respect at least, their mode of fighting was rather peculiar. "From the decks of the English vessels bowmen poured their arrows into the crowded transports; others hurled quicklime into their enemies' faces, while the more active vessels crashed with their armed prows into the sides of the French ships." Eustace the Monk, accustomed to fierce fighting as no doubt he was, was disastrously beaten by the brave sailors of the Cinque Ports, and his large fleet was utterly destroyed.

This defeat sealed the fate of the foreign interlopers. Louis accepted terms of capitulation, by which the lives of his followers were granted on condition of their immediately quitting England.

THE YOUNG KING'S COUNSELLORS.

At that time the leading spirit among the English nobles was William Marischall, Earl of Pembroke, a man of great sagacity, patriotism, influence, and wealth. By his marriage with the heiress of Richard, Earl of Pembroke, better known as Strongbow, the conqueror of Ireland, he had succeeded to the title and immense estates in that country. He was appointed Regent during the minority of Henry, and for three years governed the country with great wisdom and ability, maintaining the principles of the Great Charter. After his death, in 1219, Peter de Roches, Bishop of Winchester, a native of Poitou, who had been

an active soldier in his youth, and who in his advanced years, long after he had been elevated to the episcopacy, was (according to Matthew Paris) selected by the Pope to command his troops—became Regent. The young King was the weak instrument of his power, and was encouraged to distrust his nobles, and dismiss a large number from the offices and dignities they enjoyed, their places being filled by foreigners.

For a time Hubert de Burgh exercised a wholesome check on the Bishop of Winchester. His great services and high character made him popular, and the King (who was declared of age when sixteen years old) in his feeble fashion honoured and trusted him. He had married Margaret, sister of Alexander II. of Scotland, was created Earl of Kent, and in 1228 appointed Justiciary of England for life. This was the highest office the King could bestow, and the duties were discharged with ability and success, but with severity. Bishop Des Roches, though no longer Regent, was his bitter opponent, and a more formidable enemy was found in Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the King's brother. The result was that, within four years of his appointment to the great office of Justiciary, the King, fickle and easily influenced, deprived him of his honours and estates, and sent him to prison.

The Bishop was again (1232) placed at the head of affairs, and again foreigners swarmed into the kingdom, and again the provisions of the Great Charter were systematically violated, and the national liberties subjected to encroachment. When a demand was made of him that he should observe the Charter of John, he arrogantly replied, "I am no Englishman that I should know these charters and these laws." One of the Bishop's foreign favourites, Stephen de Segrave, who had been a priest, but—holy orders were but light bonds in those days—had been afterwards knighted, and had received the grant of large estates, succeeded De Burgh as Justiciary; and then, says an old chronicler, "Judgment was entrusted to the unjust, the laws to outlaws, peace to the turbulent, and justice to wrong-doers."

Within a year after the restoration to almost absolute power of the Bishop of Winchester, his conduct had become so intolerable that a combination of clergy and laity, headed by Edmund of Abingdon, Archbishop of Canterbury, compelled the King to dismiss him, and the Archbishop was placed at the head of affairs.

POPULAR DISCONTENT.

Such was the condition of England when Simon de Montfort succeeded to the title of Earl of

Leicester, and appeared as High Steward at the English Court. The barons were angry at the preference shown to foreigners; the common folk bore sullenly the extortions and tyrannies of the privileged classes. The Church, to which they had been taught to look as to some extent the champion of their liberties against kingly or baronial oppression, was crowded with aliens, whose chief care was to obtain as much wealth as possible from their benefices, a desire increased by the Papal exactions, which exceeded all former demands. Pope Gregory IX. demanded a tithe of all the moveables of the priesthood under threats of excommunication; and the demands were increased as the Papal treasury became more and more in need of money. Presentations to English benefices were openly sold in Italy, and the purchasers were "quartered on the best livings in the Church."

A year before the King's marriage, the long pent-up discontent assumed the form of active resistance. Armed men scattered letters over the kingdom, purporting to come from "the whole body of those who prefer to die rather than be ruined by the Romans." The tithes gathered for the Pope were seized and given to the poor, and the collectors were beaten and their letters of authority trodden under foot. It has been thought that Hubert de Burgh, the Justiciary, secretly encouraged these popular demonstrations, and certainly the sheriffs and other peace officers did not interfere. Probably this suspicion added the Church to his other enemies, and hastened his downfall.

Mr. Green, in his "History of the English People," says, "The old reverence for the Papacy was falling away before the universal resentment at its political ambition, its lavish use of interdict and excommunication for purely secular ends, its degradation of the most sacred sentences into means of financial extortion." With characteristic artfulness, it employed an agency to divert the popular indignation from itself to the secular Government. Begging friars, of the Franciscan and Dominican orders, shrewd, eloquent, and possessing the art of speaking to the comprehension of the people, rambled through England; and, says Mr. Green, "the rudest countryman learned the tale of a king's oppression, or a patriot's hopes, as he listened to the rambling, passionate, humorous discourse of the begging friar."

Popular ballads, too, stirred the national blood—ballads rude in construction, but vigorous and stirring, not appealing to literary taste, for nothing of the sort existed among the half-starved

peasants and obtuse swineherds who listed to the wandering minstrel's jingle, but exciting the feelings by telling the stories of gay foresters who defied the laws imposed by oppression, and claimed the broad lands of England for Englishmen. Robin Hood and his merry men may or may not have been the fictitious creation of ballad-mongers, but they represented a type very dear to the bulk of the nation at that epoch, when the poor were cruelly oppressed by the half-breeds, with Norman tongue and Norman manners, when the Church was extortionate and corrupt, when the barons, at enmity among themselves, were ready to league together against the supreme tyranny and insincerity of the Crown.

OFFICES AND GIFTS FOR ALIENS.

The marriage of the King with Eleanor of Provence was the signal for a new influx of foreigners, a new bestowal of gifts, a new contempt for native worthiness and great services. The uncle of the young Queen, Count William of Champagne, accompanied her to England, and the weak King yielded to the influence of his brilliant bride and the arts of her astute relative. The Count was one of those curious products of those troubled times, a soldier-churchman; the Pope having given him the rich bishopric of Valence to secure his military talents in the war against the Emperor. King Henry would have made him Bishop of Winchester, the see being vacant by the disgrace of Des Roches; but the hand of the murderer intervened, the Count being poisoned at Viterbo in 1239. Matthew Paris, the chronicler, tells us that the King's grief at the loss was so great that he tore his clothes and cast them into the fire, and remained for some time in seclusion, the groans heard from the chamber where he shut himself in being the only evidence that he was alive.

Another uncle of the Queen, Peter of Savoy, who arrived in England two years afterwards, received a grant of the extensive domain of Richmond, in Yorkshire, and the castles of Pevensey and Hastings, and was raised to the chief place at the council-board. He was, in addition, appointed guardian of the young Earl de Warenne and Surrey, by which he became virtual master of Lewes Castle, and possessed of great influence in Sussex. His memory is to this day perpetuated in London by the Savoy Chapel in the Strand, which was originally an adjunct of the splendid palace where he resided when in London. He was knighted with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, and a few years after his arrival performed a

rather remarkable exploit, visiting France, and returning with a party of young ladies of noble birth, several of them related to the Queen, who were speedily married to wealthy young nobles, who had been by royal authority made wards of Peter and his friends.

A brother of Peter, Boniface, a handsome, dissolute, ignorant young man, was actually appointed by the King Archbishop of Canterbury, to the disgust of the clergy of the cathedral, several of whom quitted their stalls, and became Carthusian monks. He was enthroned with great pomp, and began with much alacrity to fill his private coffers from the revenues of the see. His numerous retainers followed his example, pillaged the markets, and robbed right and left. The Archbishop was as brutal as he was ignorant. Once he visited in great state the convent of St. Bartholomew, the prior of which respectfully but firmly declined to recognise his authority. The Archbishop, being quite incapable of arguing the matter as a scholar or divine, was quite capable of adopting another method of asserting his position. He knocked the aged prior down in the choir of the church, used a considerable amount of very uncanonical language, and shouted, "This is the way to treat English traitors." While so engaged, his canonical robes were disarranged, showing the armour which the truculent prelate wore beneath. His attendants followed their leader, and unmercifully beat the canons and priests, who, bleeding from their wounds, made their way to the palace, and asked an audience of the King, who refused to see them. The citizens were roused, and pursued the Archbishop to his palace at Lambeth, in which he took refuge until he could escape across the sea, where he found congenial employment in political intrigue and military expeditions.

Still another of the Queen's uncles! Her mother's brother, Thomas, Count of Maurienne, visited her, and was received with such magnificence that the popular ridicule was excited. He bore it with equanimity, being consoled by receiving handsome grants from the English exchequer. He would have been permitted to take a toll on every sack of wool exported, but Simon Norman, Keeper of the King's Seal, positively refused to affix it to the official document, and was, of course, immediately disgraced and turned out of office.

Peter de Aigue Blanche, a Savoyard, who had been chaplain and steward to Count William of Champagne, and who had advised that all Church preferments should be given to foreigners, was himself made Bishop of Hereford. He

afterwards became notorious, when at Rome he devised a notable expedient for raising money for payment of the King's debt to the Pope. He drew bills of exchange (a recent mercantile invention) on the English clergy, and the Papal legate in this country was directed to make them affix their signatures. Many yielded to intimidation, but Fulk de Bassett, Bishop of London, a very able and popular prelate, described in a contemporary chronicle as "the anchor of the whole kingdom, and the shield of its safety," sturdily refused, and when threatened with the loss of his mitre, replied significantly, "Then I will put on my helmet."

Queen Eleanor's relations and their friends, however, were not permitted to have all the good things to themselves. The King's mother, Isabella of Angoulême, who, after John's death, had married her first love, Hugh le Brun, Count de Marche, a troubadour poet, had Poitevin connexions to provide for. Several ladies were married to English nobles by direct command or influence of the King. When the Queen-Dowager died, her five sons and three daughters arrived in England, and were soon enriched by the gifts of their half-brother the King. The youngest son, Aymer, was made Bishop of Winchester, having been previously rejected by the Chapter of Durham. His brother, William de Valence, married the granddaughter of the great Earl of Pembroke, and so became possessed of the title and estates, and was very solemnly knighted in Westminster Abbey by the King, who appeared on the occasion miserably clad and wan with fasting, as marks of humility.

Nearly all offices about the Court, from the highest to the lowest, from that of the treasurer and privy councillor to that of cook and scullion in the kitchen, were held by foreigners, who quarrelled among themselves and plundered all they could. Mr. Green says, "The whole machinery of administration passed into the hands of men who were ignorant and contemptuous of the principles of English government or English law. Their rule was a mere anarchy; the very retainers of the royal household turned robbers, and pillaged foreign merchants in the precincts of the Court, and corruption invaded the judicature."

In one sense England benefited by this influx of foreigners and the establishment of foreign relations. Commerce with other nations was certainly increased, and literature and art were greatly advantaged. Mr. Sharon Turner says, "Internal trade multiplied as foreign commerce enlarged. The increase of luxury diminished the

fierce warlike spirit of the great; and the courtly splendour, and even effeminacy, introduced a love of peace, habits of courtesy, and a polish of manner, highly auxiliary to human happiness. The clergy were roused by the Papal avarice to a salutary resistance which preserved the liberties of the English Church."

But these advantages were not realized quickly. There was beneath the surface a fierce discontent—silent it might be, but still active and biding its time. Wealth accumulated in the towns, but the poor beyond the walls had little benefit, and the merchants themselves were exposed to unjust exactions both from Church and State. What would be thought now, if a market were established for the benefit of Westminster Abbey, and it were ordered by royal authority that while the market lasted the shops in London should be closed, so that all the custom should go to the market? Yet that was attempted by Henry III.

NEGLECT OF THE GREAT CHARTER.

In the regency of Pembroke the Great Charter was confirmed; but after his death it was, in defiance of repeated promises, openly ignored. The King was always ready to promise when he needed money; the Pope was always ready, for a consideration, to absolve him for breaking the promise. Once Henry most solemnly swore in Westminster Hall, before the barons and prelates, to adhere to the Charter. The original Magna Charta was produced, and the King and nobles set their seals to it, and then the presiding prelate pronounced the curse which "excommunicated, anathematized, and cut off from the threshold of Holy Church all who should, by any art or device, in any manner, secretly or openly, violate, diminish, or change, by word or writing, by deed or advice, either the liberties of the Church, or the liberties and free customs contained in the Great Charter, or the Charter of Forests." Twice afterwards the Charter was solemnly reaffirmed, and as often disregarded. Neither solemn oaths nor the ominous mutterings of discontent, the echoes of which could scarcely fail to reach Westminster, could make Henry faithful to his conscience or superior to the base influences which surrounded him. The provisions of the Charter were as little regarded as if the stout barons had never clustered round the false John at Runnymede; no man's life or property was safe, and no man's political rights were respected, unless he was wealthy enough and strong enough to hold his own.

MARRIAGE OF DE MONTFORT.

We have dwelt at some length on the political and social aspects of the time, because otherwise it would be difficult to describe the work which Simon de Montfort was called on to perform, and the opponents with whom he had to contend. The history of his period frames the portrait of the man.

Wealthy, noble, among the first in all manly qualities, equalled by few about the Court in intellectual culture, endowed with a handsome person and graceful manners, the Earl of Leicester might, no doubt, have offered himself as a lover, not likely to be rejected, to almost any of the young beauties who surrounded Queen Eleanor. We have already mentioned his previous matrimonial ambition; and he now proffered love to a very distinguished lady indeed—no other than the King's sister, Eleanor, the widow of William Earl of Pembroke, son of the great Regent, himself a warrior of renown, who lies buried in the old Temple Church of London. Of that union there were no children, and after her husband's early death, Eleanor took a vow of perpetual widowhood, in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester. For six years she kept the vow she made; but then the handsome, winning De Montfort crossed her path, and she forgot the past. He wooed and won her; and truer or more loving husband and wife have seldom been. The King sanctioned the union in a half-hearted manner, afterwards hinting that he did so to avoid scandal, although the hint conveyed an imputation on the honour of his own sister. The ceremony was privately performed by the King's chaplain in the little chapel of St. Stephen, attached to the royal palace at Westminster; and it is remarkable that for centuries afterwards the chapel where he stood as bridegroom was the meeting-place of the great Parliament of the Commons which he established.

The announcement of the marriage produced a great outcry. The churchmen denounced it as sacrilegious, the Princess having broken the vow so solemnly made. The barons declared that they should have been consulted as to the propriety of De Montfort, a foreigner by birth, becoming so nearly allied to the crown; and the bride's brother, Prince Richard, was especially angry, not only sharing the offended dignity of the barons, but foreseeing the probable accession of De Montfort to supreme power by right of his wife. As yet the marriage of the King had been un-

fruitful; Richard himself had but one son, so that only two persons stood between Henry and his sister as possible wearers of the crown.

Apprehending that efforts might be made to annul the marriage, De Montfort secretly visited Rome, leaving his wife in security at Kenilworth. He took with him letters from the King to the Pope and Cardinals; secured besides the interest of the Emperor, at that time on friendly terms with the Papacy; and distributed large sums of money so adroitly that he obtained a favourable letter from the Pope to his legate in England. He returned in all haste, hurried to Kenilworth, and arrived there just in time to welcome the birth of a son.

QUARREL WITH THE KING.

Shortly afterwards, the birth of the King's son, Edward, disappointed any hopes Simon might have entertained as to the royal succession. He was one of the sponsors of the young prince; and in August he and the Countess attended at Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the churching of the Queen. But by that time a change had come over the spirit of the weak and vacillating King. When Simon and his wife presented themselves, the King reproached them with having contracted a sacrilegious marriage, his consent to which had been obtained by deception, and he prohibited them from entering the abbey. An exciting scene ensued. De Montfort—unwilling, probably, to exhibit his resentment in the sacred building, and against his sovereign, for whose weakness he probably entertained a contemptuous pity, and whom he knew to be a mere instrument of stronger minds—withdraw, leading his Countess, whose emotion found vent in tears. That evening the pair went down the Thames in a small boat, and embarked for the Continent. The career of Simon de Montfort as a mere courtier was ended, and thenceforth there was greater work to be done.

DE MONTFORT A CRUSADER.

The sixth Crusade, led by Thibaut, Count of Champagne, had just been entered on, and Simon de Montfort, a gallant knight, prepared himself for the expedition. Insulted in England, then practically ruled by greedy and insolent aliens, who feared his abilities and influence, and exulted over his disgrace, he resolved to share the fortunes of the Crusaders, in whose ranks his brother Almeric was enrolled. He shared the prejudices and the superstitions of the

me; and probably thinking that he really had committed a sin by contracting his marriage, he sought to condone for it, not by a divorce—he loved his wife too well for that—but by sharing in the renewed effort to rescue Jerusalem from the Saracens, who had regained possession of the sacred city. A year after he left England he returned, for the purpose of raising money from his estates. The King was now in another mood, and honourably welcomed him.

Provided with funds necessary to maintain his dignity as a wealthy English baron, he made his journey to Palestine, and there greatly distinguished himself, especially in a fierce fight near Damascus (or, as some say, Jaffa), where his elder brother, Almeric, and other nobles were taken prisoners. Indeed, so high was the estimation in which he was held by the leaders of the Crusaders, that they sent a petition to the Emperor Frederick II., asking for the appointment of Simon de Montfort as Governor of Jerusalem.

In the following year he returned to Europe, accompanied by Almeric, who died on the journey at Otranto, in Italy. The King, who now bitterly regretted the conduct which had driven him from his Court so able a man, eagerly welcomed him. In France, where the English were engaged in war, De Montfort maintained his military reputation; and when he returned he obtained a grant of the lucrative wardship of the young Gilbert de Unfraville, which the King's brother had especially coveted; and he was appointed one of the twelve commissioners to whom the King entrusted the difficult task of remedying the sad condition of the royal finances.

BECOMES A POPULAR LEADER.

Although now fully restored to royal favour, he maintained his position as a leading champion of the people of his adopted country. In 1246, the barons and leading churchmen addressed a remarkable remonstrance to the Pope, who was making increasing demands. Matthew Paris, the chronicler, says that the money taken by the foreign clergy from the English Church was three times as much as the income of the King. Second among the signatures to this document was that of Simon de Montfort, and he may therefore be considered as fully concurring in the significant hint that "it would become their duty to raise a bulwark in defence of the house of the Lord and the liberty of the realm."

The determination to reform abuses, shared by Montfort, De Clare, and other barons, was made known to the King with stern earnestness in 1248. The prodigality of the Court, the influence of aliens, the unjust exactions on merchandize, and other grievances, were represented; and the King was startled into a fit of economy, and made desperate efforts to obtain money to discharge his obligations. He alternately threatened and cajoled the clergy, quarrelled with his half-brother, Bishop Aymer, for not assisting him to wring money from the bishops, and at one time was so pressed that he ordered John Mansel (one of his favourites, whom he had enriched by the gift of about six hundred benefices, and whose ostentation made him hateful to the common people) to pawn the image of the Virgin Mary to obtain money to pay the wages of those employed in the royal chapel. He invited himself as guest to the great abbeys, "requiring rich complimentary presents in requital for such honour," reduced his household expenses to the lowest possible limit, and sold his silver plate and jewels.

De Montfort was preparing to return to Palestine, accompanied by his Countess; but, on the strong urging of the King, consented to forego his resolution and proceed to Gascony, where Gaston, Count de Bearn, and others were in rebellion. The rising was soon suppressed, and Gaston sent prisoner to England, where he was so successful in gaining the favour of the King that he was restored to his estates, a grace which he very soon afterwards repaid by instigating another rebellion.

In the following year De Montfort arranged a treaty of peace with Theobald, King of Navarre, but his foreign engagements did not divert his attention from home matters; and there is a record of his successful defence of the chartered liberties of London against threatened encroachments. When the outbreaks in Gascony were renewed, he raised funds by cutting down the timber on his estates, to assist in fitting out an effective expedition. His military achievements in this war were worthy of his reputation. He attacked and captured castles (among them those of Egremont and Chatillon) which had been considered impregnable; and the Gascons, unable to cope with him in the field, resorted to intrigue and falsehood, which they well knew were potent weapons in the English Court. The Archbishop of Bordeaux and others appeared before Henry, and made grave accusations against De Montfort, who, when informed of the proceeding,

returned in haste to meet his calumniators face to face. Mr. Blaauw has so well related what followed, in "The Barons' War," that we quote his description:—

"A most extraordinary scene ensued, which the King's previous loss of character could alone have made possible within the precincts of a court. De Montfort appeared in the Council to silence his enemies by the refutation of their charges, and then appealed to the King's personal knowledge of their falsehood and of his own faithful services, reminding him with what promises of support he had encouraged him to undertake the command in Gascony for six years. 'Let your words be made good, my Lord King,' he exclaimed; 'keep your covenant with me, and replace those expenses which I have borne for you, to the notorious beggary of my own earldom.' On the King replying that 'he did not hold himself bound to fulfil promises made to a false traitor,' the affronted Earl lost all command of his impetuous temper, and in direct terms openly gave the lie to the King, intimating too that the shelter of his royalty alone protected him from feeling the consequences of such a charge. 'Who can believe you to be a Christian, or that you ever go to confession? Of what use, indeed, would such a mere form be without repentance and atonement?' The King, though goaded by these insults, did not dare to order his arrest, but gave vent in his reply to his long-harboured hate,—'Never has my repentance of anything been certainly more sincere than of having ever suffered you to enter England, and to enjoy those estates and honours which now so puff you up.'"

By the interposition of Prince Richard, the King's brother, and others, something like a reconciliation was effected; and Henry, anxious to be released from the presence of the high-spirited and outspoken Earl, desired him to go back to Gascony, "as he was so fond of war." "I will cheerfully go," replied De Montfort; "nor will I return till I have made your enemies your footstool, however ungrateful you may be."

THE REVOLT IN GASCONY.

Accompanied by his eldest son, Henry, he again started for Gascony, leaving his other children in the care of the good Bishop Grosseteste, of Lincoln, for their education. During his absence the rebels had greatly increased in strength, and nothing but the able leadership and personal intrepidity of De Montfort saved the English from defeat. Once he was unhorsed,

and only by great exertions fought his way out of the crowd of assailants. His enemies at home were untiring in activity. The Queen persuaded her husband to deprive him of his command, and to put the young Prince Edward in his place; and the Archbishop of Bordeaux and others performed homage to the Prince as Seneschal of Gascony.

Justly incensed at this treacherous conduct, De Montfort at once quitted Gascony, and repaired to Paris, where—so high did he stand in the estimation of the highest persons in Europe—he was invited by the Queen-mother to act as regent of the kingdom during the absence of King Louis in Palestine. With some reluctance, perhaps, but with characteristic firmness, he refused the brilliant offer, and returned to England, resolved to devote his talents and energies to its welfare.

Encouraged by his absence, the Gascon rebellion strengthened, and the province would most probably have been lost, had not De Montfort, sinking all personal motives in his desire to advance the national interests, generously offered his services, which the perplexed monarch was only too glad to accept; and, to complete the reconciliation, agreed to pay the Earl for the unexpired term of his command in Gascony (three and a half years) which had been originally granted for six years. To raise the money, he borrowed from a London merchant, several barons pledging themselves to see it repaid.

The King, however, found money to make a visit to Paris, with every possible display of magnificent state; and the sumptuousness of the banquets he gave excited wonder even in that noble city. Matthew Paris describes the royal donations and convivialities as "exceeding those of Arthur or Charlemagne." The Pope, Innocent IV., on hearing of the richness of embroidery and the ornaments on ecclesiastical dresses, exclaimed in astonishment, "Truly England is our garden of delight! It is an unexhausted well; and where so much abounds, much may be acquired!" This inevitably suggests the remark of General Bliicher, when riding through the city of London, after the battle of Waterloo, "What a city for to plunder!"

When the King returned, he was in greater want of money than ever. The Welsh had invaded the western counties, and the royal coffers were emptied. The Council was summoned, and fresh exactions were proposed. De Montfort and De Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, who also rivalled him in energy and popularity, resisted the plan suggested, and a violent

scene ensued, William de Valence having grossly insulted De Montfort, who, but for the interference of the King, would have resented the affront in a very summary manner. This spark kindled a great fire. De Montfort, and the barons who adhered to him, demanded that some securities should be given for the better government of the kingdom, which was almost in a state of insurrection, the people being driven to desperation by their abject poverty; and Henry, easily alarmed, solemnly vowed, at the tomb of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, that he would amend the general grievances.

THE STATUTES OF OXFORD.

A great Council was summoned to meet at Westminster in May, 1258, and in the following month at Oxford, where, so vigorous and novel were the conclusions arrived at, that the opponents of reform gave to the meeting the name of "the Mad Parliament." About a hundred barons attended the Council, the sittings of which extended over a month. They brought with them armed retainers, numbering about 60,000 men. The more important of the enactments made—and they were indeed important, for they almost revolutionized the kingdom—provided for the orderly inheritance of property, forbade the disparaging marriages of wards and the wasteful grants to aliens, and required that the officers of state and the fortresses of the kingdom should be put into the hands of Englishmen only. Twenty-four persons, described as "counsellors to aid the King," were appointed to watch over the rigid execution of the laws, twelve being chosen by each party. De Montfort, De Clare, the Earl of Hereford, and Roger Mortimer of the Marches, were among those chosen by the barons; among those selected by the King, his own relations figured.

De Montfort, being himself a foreigner by birth, gave up his own castles of Kenilworth and Odiham (in Hampshire); and having thus set an example, told William de Valence and others, "To a certainty you shall either give up your castles or lose your heads."

All parties bound themselves by solemn oath to observe the Statutes, except the King's half-brother and his brother-in-law, Earl de Warrenne. The King soon obtained from the Pope a bull absolving him from keeping his oath; but those who refused to take it, or attempted to escape, were pursued and taken. The aliens, with a very few exceptions, were required to quit the kingdom, an order which they promptly obeyed, taking with them as much concealed

treasure as possible. The castles held by them were entrusted to native hands, and Hugh de Bigot, a man of high reputation, was made Justiciary of England.

London and the other principal towns gave a ready assent to the Statutes of Oxford, which were solemnly proclaimed, together with the Great Charter, in the Latin, French, and English languages, in every county, in October, 1258. For the information especially of the common people, a circular letter, signed by the King, was distributed, and that was the first state document written in the English language.

REMONSTRANCE WITH THE POPE.

The barons at the same time sent messengers to the Pope, with a memorial explaining their conduct, pointing out the disastrous consequences of the introduction of so many Italians into English benefices, and demanding the dismissal of Aymer from the bishopric of Winchester, on the ground that he was "leading the King and Prince Edward to perjury, unmindful of his own salvation, and watching only for the disturbance and waste of the kingdom." The officials of Aymer and the other aliens, it was added, were robbers and oppressors—"neither could inferiors live under them, nor equals deal with them, nor superiors check them." Then followed a significant hint that the community would no longer tolerate their conduct, and "worse would ensue." Two years elapsed before the Papal reply was received, and then it was to the effect that the Pope refused to discuss Church matters with laymen. As to the decay of learning, said Alexander IV., England was distinguished for poetry, and there was no scarcity of learned men; indeed nowhere in the whole world was there such abundance of them.

THE KING'S FEAR OF DE MONTFORT.

The immediate results of the Statutes of Oxford were beneficial. The King trembled in the presence of the national spirit evoked, and especially dreaded the powerful and intelligent man who was then foremost in the kingdom. On one occasion he was forced by a storm to take refuge in De Montfort's house on the banks of the Thames; and abjectly said, "I do indeed dread thunder and lightning much, but, by the head of God, I tremble before you more than for all the thunder in heaven."

The King's brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, titular King of the Romans, was a far abler man than himself; and the barons looked forward with some anxiety to his return to England, for

it was expected he would be accompanied by an armed force, and endeavour to bring back the exiled aliens. Soldiers were prepared, the castles on the Kentish and Sussex coasts were strongly manned; and the Prince, though at first refusing to pay any attention to the requirement that he should swear to observe the Statutes, at length found it prudent to do so, and land with a very small following; and in the chapter-house of Canterbury solemnly swore to be a faithful and active helper in reforming the Government, on pain of forfeiting all his lands.

The next step taken by De Montfort and his associates was the arrangements of a treaty with France, in which a formal resignation was made of Normandy and other French provinces, over which, in fact, England had for many years past ceased to exercise any real authority, and which only remained to her as a source of expense and an excuse for quarrels. In return, the French King restored some territories long estranged from the English crown. The Countess of Leicester, Simon's wife and the King's sister, in the presence of both kings, at Paris, solemnly resigned her personal claim to any lands in France.

For a time De Montfort was embarrassed by the rivalry, amounting at length to jealous opposition, of De Clare, who alone, of all the barons, could approach him in influence or ability; but public spirit prevailed, and private differences were subordinated to the general good. The King and Queen took up their residence in the Tower of London, and, with characteristic duplicity, while professing publicly perfect accord with the action of the governing nobles, sent privately to Aymer, inviting him to return. The death of the Bishop, however, deranged their plans. In 1261, came the bull of absolution, by which the King was released from his oath to accept the Statutes, except, however, so far as the breaking of the oath might affect the interests of "prelates, churches, and spiritual persons." The Queen, prelates, and some of the nobles were also released from the observance of their oaths.

THE KING DEFIES THE BARONS.

When the Pope's bull was publicly read at St. Paul's Cross, De Montfort was abroad. The King, taking courage perhaps from that circumstance, issued a proclamation accusing the barons of not having kept the conditions agreed upon as to his own treatment. The Queen had greatly exerted herself to gain over some of the barons, and the castles of Scarborough and Pickering

were surrendered to the King, who appointed new governors. The barons proposed a conference, which was held at Kingston, and in July, 1263, it was agreed that the points in dispute should be submitted to the arbitration of the French King, Louis IX. (St. Louis). Fearing an adverse decision, Henry sent his crown jewels to the Queen of France, as a deposit for money; collected troops, and sent orders to the Cinque Ports to seize arms, horses, or ships, should De Montfort attempt to land in force.

Shortly afterwards the King issued a proclamation, wherein he announced that he would no longer consent to the restraints which had been imposed on him, but would depend on his own friends, some of whom he had recalled, and entrusted with the care of castles. He also wrote to the King of France, desiring him to give no credit to the representations of the Earl of Leicester. He then had the audacity to issue a formal pardon to the barons and others who had subscribed to the Oxford Statutes, thus stigmatizing that act as a crime. A new Pope, Urban IV., had been elected; and he was not only induced to renew the absolution granted by his predecessor, but to announce a solemn revocation of the Statutes. Louis endeavoured unsuccessfully to detach De Montfort from his allegiance to his principles; and the King went to Paris, where he remained some time, having been attacked by illness.

De Clare died in July, 1262, and the barons pressed De Montfort to return, and assume the undivided leadership of the party. He accepted the invitation, and it was well he did, for great events were at hand.

HOSTILITIES ON THE WELSH BORDER.

Towards the end of the year hostilities broke out on the Welsh border, Prince Llewellyn, a friend of the baronial party, attacking the land of Roger de Mortimer, who had seceded from the alliance. Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I. the "great Plantagenet," was then twenty-three years of age, and had already given promise of his unlikeness to his father, and of the possession of the great qualities he afterwards displayed. He suppressed the immediate outbreak; but the spirit of resistance spread rapidly through the western counties. The Bishop of Hereford was imprisoned, and his treasures taken; and the army levied by the barons increased so rapidly that the King was alarmed. In June, 1263, he commanded his energetic son to suspend hostilities; and a formal demand being made that he should observe the Oxford Statutes, he sent

the Bishops of London, Worcester, Lincoln, and Coventry to attempt to negotiate with De Montfort and his friends. A truce was the result, and Dover Castle was surrendered by the King as a pledge. He wished to revisit France, but the barons insisted on some security for his return, and Henry, always willing to swear to anything, took an oath to come back in two months. He had a short interview with Louis, and soon after his return, made an effort to regain possession of Dover Castle. Foiled in this by the watchfulness and energy of the Constable, Richard de Grey, the King and Prince Edward made a rapid march to London, hoping to capture De Montfort, who was quartered in Southwark.

By the connivance of four citizens, the gates of the city on London Bridge were locked, and the keys thrown into the Thames; and De Montfort might have been cut off from any aid, but the Londoners, hearing of his danger, burst open the gates, and he entered the city in triumph. The King contrived to escape from his perilous position in the Tower, and join the Prince at Windsor, where he was surrounded by a foreign garrison; and he issued a proclamation in which he endeavoured to regain popular favour by declaring that he would observe the Oxford Statutes (the enactment of which he had in a previous proclamation denounced as a traitorous crime), and would not employ aliens. The Queen, while endeavouring to follow him to Windsor, was exposed to outrage and insult from the Londoners, and she returned to the Tower, whence she soon afterwards succeeded in escaping to France.

PROPOSALS FOR ARBITRATION.

The barons had agreed to submit the matters in dispute between them and the King to the arbitration of the King of France, and a great conference was appointed to take place at Amiens. De Montfort set out from Kenilworth to attend it; but was unfortunate enough to have his thigh-bone fractured by an accidental fall of his horse. On the 23rd of January, 1264, King Louis delivered his award, which was to the effect that the Oxford Statutes should be annulled, all castles should be given up to the King, who was to appoint his own ministers and household, aliens were to be recalled from banishment; and the King and barons were both adjured to be friends and "forget the past." The "royal privileges, charters, liberties, statutes, and laudable customs" which existed before the passing of the Oxford Statutes were to be repealed.

In less than a month after the delivery of the award, all was again in confusion. The barons, weakened by the loss of some of their adherents, had no faith in the King; and De Montfort declared, "Though all should leave me, yet with my four sons I will stand true to the just cause which I have sworn to uphold for the honour of the Church and the benefit of the kingdom. In many lands and provinces of divers nations, both Pagan and Christian, have I been, but in none have I found such faithlessness and deception as in England."

OUTBREAK OF THE BARONS' WAR.

Open war could no longer be avoided. The King collected his adherents at Oxford. Negotiations were talked about, but resulted in nothing. De Montfort assembled the barons at Northampton, which town was besieged by Prince Edward. In one of the sallies, young Simon de Montfort was captured. By the treachery of some of the inhabitants, the royal troops entered the town; a large number of prisoners were taken, and a terrible sack and carnage followed.

De Montfort himself was at St. Albans when he heard of the capture of Northampton. His warlike spirit was now thoroughly aroused, and a warlike spirit, in such a nature as his, soon develops into ferocity. The chronicler, Matthew of Westminster, says he raged like a lion deprived of her whelps. He hastened to Kent, and the citizens of London, excited by his presence, and probably encouraged by him, attacked the property of William de Valence and other aliens; and a terrible massacre of Jews (always, and often very innocently, the victims of popular outbreaks) followed. De Montfort besieged Rochester, held by the Earl de Warenne for the King, and the town was exposed to rapine and outrage. The castle could not have held out against the military engines of attack which De Montfort had provided, and which were then novelties in England; but the news of the approach of the royal army and the successes of Prince Edward at Leicester, Nottingham, and other places, induced De Montfort to change his plans, leaving a few soldiers to sustain the blockade. Prince Edward arrived in hot haste, and barbarously ordered the hands and feet of these men to be cut off.

The King hurried to the coast, and endeavoured to secure the assistance of the Cinque Ports, his object being to send a fleet up the Thames, and attack London, which was the stronghold of the popular cause. Failing in this, he collected his

forces at Lewes. The citizens of London raised a body of armed men, probably numbering about twenty thousand, and otherwise assisted the great Earl, who, thus aided, marched into Sussex, and pitched his camp near the village of Fletching, then surrounded by a dense forest, about nine miles north of Lewes. The Bishops of London and Winchester were sent to the King with a letter professing loyalty to the King, but opposition to his evil counsellors—"those persons who are not only our enemies, but yours, and those of the whole kingdom." They were admitted into the refectory of the Priory of Cluniac monks, where the King was lodged, offered to make compensation for damages which the barons' troops might have committed, and, on the part of De Montfort, to submit to the decision of select churchmen as to what statutes should be kept in force, and how far their previous oaths should be binding. The fiery princes and royalist nobles rejected this proposition to submit to priests questions which they thought could be much better decided by the sword; and Prince Edward angrily exclaimed, "They shall have no peace whatever, unless they put halters round their necks and surrender themselves for us to hang them up or drag them down, as we please." The King gave a more formal answer, rejecting the propositions, and concluded, "We value not your faith or love, and defy you." Prince Richard added a special defiance of his own.

The scabbard was now fairly thrown away, and De Montfort prepared to accept the decision of the sword. He passed the night of the 13th of May, the day on which the bishops returned, in making arrangements, and in prayer and confession. The Bishop of Worcester gave absolution to the kneeling soldiers, who then affixed white crosses to their dresses, partly to show that they had religious sanction for their opposition to the King, and partly as a means of recognizing each other in the fray.

The King's troops indulged in revelry on the night preceding the battle, in which, for the first time for fifty years, Englishmen were to be opposed to Englishmen, without the assistance of foreign troops on either side. Before sunrise on the morning of the 14th of May, 1264, the army of the barons was in march along the ridge of the Downs, towards the town of Lewes. When within sight of the Priory, Simon and his leaders and soldiers prostrated themselves on the ground, imitating the form of a cross with their outstretched arms, and prayed to the Lord for victory.

THE BATTLE OF LEWES.

Having taken up his position, and arranged his forces, De Montfort had recourse to an artifice to deceive the enemy. It was known to the royalists that he had a short time previously broken his thigh, and the cart or litter which had been constructed for him was brought on to the field, and with its baggage conspicuously placed on a hill. When the battle began, Prince Edward, embittered against the Londoners by the insults they had offered to his mother, attacked them with great vigour, drove them back, and pursued them with great slaughter for four miles. Prince Richard, hoping to secure De Montfort, made a dash at the litter, almost simultaneously with an attack by some of Prince Edward's soldiers returning from the pursuit of the Londoners. In an iron cage beneath the litter were confined the four men who had locked the gates on London Bridge. In the fierce assault they perished. De Montfort, taking advantage of the confusion, directed the full strength of his army against that portion of the royal forces where the King was stationed. Henry at that time exhibited more manhood than at any other period of his life, fighting bravely, and receiving severe wounds. But the onset of the barons was too fierce, and the King was driven back to seek refuge in the Priory. Prince Richard, the King of the Romans, retreated to a windmill, but was forced to surrender, taken prisoner, and loaded with chains. When Prince Edward returned from the pursuit of the Londoners, his wearied soldiers were unable to turn the tide of fortune. He managed to reach the castle, the garrison of which had with great bravery defended themselves against the barons' forces. As night closed in, many of his adherents contrived to escape, among them the two half-brothers of the King.

The town was set on fire, the garrison preferring to perish in the flames rather than yield. In retaliation, the Priory was partially burned. Terrible acts of carnage and rapine were committed, and then De Montfort offered a truce.

The victory was with the barons; and on the following morning commissioners representing each side met, and arranged the terms of a treaty, known in history as the "*Mise of Lewes*," the chief points of which were a reference to two Frenchmen of high position, associated with one Englishman, and the surrender of Prince Edward and the eldest son of the King of the Romans as hostages for the fulfilment by the King of the conditions which might be imposed on him. Prisoners on both sides were to be released with-

out ransom. The Princes surrendered themselves, Prince Edward being sent to Dover Castle. The King returned to London, virtually a captive, and Simon de Montfort was the most powerful man in England.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

On the 23rd of June a great Council was held in London, to which each county sent four knights, and which ratified the barons' proceedings, and made arrangements for carrying on the Government. The Council, or Parliament, named three high commissioners, who were invested with the power of choosing nine councillors, to be entrusted with the administration. If two-thirds of the councillors did not agree on any measure, the high commissioners were to decide. The King might dismiss the counsellors with the consent of the commissioners, and the commissioners also might be dismissed if the barons agreed to do so. Provision was made for the more effectual observance of the Great Charter and the Charter of the Forests. The three commissioners were Simon de Montfort, the Earl of Gloucester, and the Bishop of Chichester; and the arrangement of Church matters was entrusted to three bishops. The care of the counties was entrusted to wardens appointed by the influence of De Montfort, and arrangements were made for the protection of the towns from disorder. The agitations of the time had caused great distress among the poor; the season had been bad, and the withdrawal of so many men from agricultural labour had increased the trouble. A very short time elapsed, too, before De Montfort was called on to make preparation for renewed political troubles. The Queen, a woman of great ability and energy, collected a powerful force in Flanders, and was joined there by some of the English bishops and nobles attached to the royalist cause. De Montfort made a general levy to oppose the threatened invasion, from which no able-bodied men were excused. He encamped a considerable army on Barham Downs, near Canterbury, and collected forces in Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk. But contrary winds prevailed; it was impossible for the Queen's army to cross the sea, and after a long period of inaction, it was dispersed.

The Pope, too, interfered, and sent a legate to England to denounce the barons, and withdraw the clergy from their party. He excommunicated De Montfort and many others, besides adopting the extraordinary course of forbidding the export of wine, wheat, or any other merchandize to England. Four Italian bishops were

sent with this bull; but the sailors of the Cinque Ports met the ships in the Channel, boarded them, and, seizing the document, threw it into the sea. The barons bore their excommunication lightly.

Endeavours were made by some of the more adventurous royalists to obtain the release of Prince Edward, and he was therefore removed from Wallingford to the stronger castle of Kenilworth, from which, however, he contrived by a clever stratagem to escape.

THE FIRST BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A very remarkable event occurred about this time. A Parliament was ordered to meet in London on the 20th of January, 1265, and for the first time the cities and towns were each required to send "two discreet, loyal, and honest men;" and unquestionably this was the foundation of the House of Commons. To Simon de Montfort is due the origin of the British Parliament which now exists.

"De Montfort," says Sir James Macintosh in his "History of England," "was the instrument of disclosing to the world that great institution of representation which was to introduce into popular governments a regularity and order far more perfect than had heretofore been purchased by submission to absolute power, and to draw forth liberty from confinement in single cities to a fitness for being spread over territories, which experience does not forbid us to hope may be as vast as have ever been grasped by the iron hand of a despotic conqueror."

Success is seldom accompanied by moderation, especially in times when a warlike spirit prevails. De Montfort himself, patriotic as he was, was not so far in advance of the public morals of his time as to be indifferent to personal aggrandizement. He had acquired, as trustee, the control of the vast landed estates of the Prince Richard, King of the Romans; and Parliament sanctioned the transfer to him of large possessions in Cheshire, formerly belonging to the heir to the Crown. It must be stated, however, that he, on his part, surrendered estates in Leicestershire, and that the presence of so powerful a baron and able a soldier was desirable on the Welsh frontier. His sons, taking advantage, perhaps, of their father's invariable indulgence, secured possessions for themselves; and many of the barons and knights made large sums of money from the ransom of prisoners. As might have been expected, jealousies broke out, and the union of the barons was greatly weakened.

De Clare, son of the late rival of De Montfort, presuming on his position, met with a stern

rebuke, and even threat, from the great leader; and, smarting from the indignity, opened up a treacherous communication with Roger de Mortimer in Wales. We cannot, within the space at our command, relate the full history of this agitating time. Prince Edward, after his escape, joined De Clare, overran Shropshire, and marched by way of Worcester to Gloucester, which he captured.

BATTLE OF EVESHAM AND DEATH OF DE MONTFORT.

Simon de Montfort was hastening to Kenilworth, where his son was in command, to make preparations for an attack on the Prince at Worcester. Edward, obtaining by means of a spy information of his movements, made a rapid march to Kenilworth, entered the town, and took many prisoners, horses, and rich baggage, the young Simon barely escaping into the castle. His father was in full march to Evesham, where he expected to meet him, and knew nothing of the disaster at Kenilworth. To Evesham Prince Edward hastened, with such celerity and swiftness that De Montfort was not aware of his movements till the morning of the 4th of August, when he found himself unexpectedly face to face with the enemy. The Prince had taken from Kenilworth banners and heraldic bearings, and displayed them conspicuously. De Montfort, deceived by the *ruse*, thought his son was approaching, according to arrangement, and too late he discovered his error. The fighting was furious. The great Earl had at last met, in the young Prince, a military leader of ability equal to his own. He saw that he was outnumbered and outmanœuvred, and that defeat was inevitable; and gave his friends permission to retreat if they wished to do so. His son Henry urged him to fly, and he himself would bear the brunt of the battle. The Earl made the heroic reply, "Far from me be the thought of such a course! I have grown old in wars, and my life hastens to an end; the blood of my fathers forbids me to fly from battle!" The Welsh auxiliaries deserted him; but he, with a small body of faithful nobles and adherents, fought with marvellous bravery. He charged the royalists with impetuosity, "fighting stoutly like a giant for the liberties of England." When surrounded, his friends fell around him, so eager were they to defend him. He was called upon to surrender, but proudly answered, "Never will I surrender to dogs and perjurers, but to God alone!" His horse was killed, he was sorely wounded, but he fought on, defending himself with his two-

handed sword against the attack of twelve knights. The enemy pressed on, and at length a blow dealt from behind struck him down a dead man.

In this great battle of Evesham, fought on the 4th of August, 1265, a hundred and twenty knights and four thousand men of lower degree were slain.

HORRIBLE BARBARITIES.

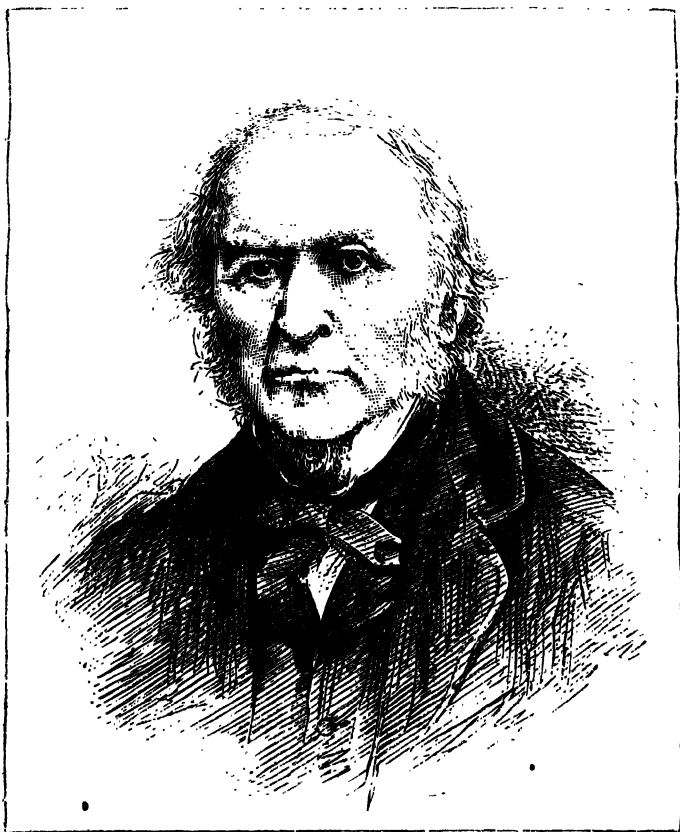
Henry de Montfort, a young man of a singularly affectionate, virtuous, and heroic character, was taken prisoner and cruelly massacred; and the bodies of many brave knights were horribly mutilated by the victors. The body of the great Simon was "mangled piecemeal; the head and hands were carried on the points of spears and sent as a present to the wife of Roger de Mortimer; and other parts of the body were carried about and exhibited in various towns. A few fragments were collected by the good monks of Evesham, and reverently interred in the abbey. It was believed that miracles were wrought on those who visited the tomb; that the sick were healed, and cripples restored to activity, when they prayed at the spot where the few mortal remains of the great baron lay.

The writer of the "Brute Chronicle" (preserved in the Harleian MSS.) says: "When King Henry had the victory at Evesham, and Simon the Earl was slain, that was great harm to the Commons of England that so good a man was destroyed, for he was dead for the common profit of the same folk, and therefore God had shewed for him many great miracles to diverse folks of their maladies and grievances, whereof they have been healed." Long after his death the great baron was spoken of as "Sir Simon the Righteous."

Five years afterwards his sons Simon and Guy gratified their desire for revenge by murdering their cousin Henry, the son of Prince Richard, as he knelt at the altar at Viterbo, in Italy. The ferocious act is alluded to by Dante.

There was a popular and pretty but wholly unfounded tradition that Henry de Montfort was not really slain at Evesham, but was only left for dead, and that a noble maiden, visiting the field after the battle to give help to the wounded, had him borne away. They married; but, it being necessary to keep Henry's survival secret, he adopted the disguise of a blind beggar at Bethnal Green, near London, and gave his daughter, the "pretty Bessie" of the renowned ballad, a splendid dowry.

G. R. E.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

"There can be no doubt that Mr. Gladstone, by his great eloquence, by his power of developing the most abstruse propositions, and embracing at once in his large capacity the most logical demonstrations, with the most captivating and dazzling rhetoric, has made for himself a fame which in the lapse of centuries will suffer no eclipse."

EARL RUSSELL.

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THE GLADSTONE FAMILY.

THE Liverpool election of 1812 was marked by scenes of excitement and riot, notable even in those days of violent party strife.

George Canning, the most brilliant politician of the time, had been invited to contest the borough, and after a hard-fought struggle,—in the most literal sense of the word, for two men had been

killed in the street rows,—was returned at the top of the poll, having for his colleague General Gascoyne, a Tory of the old school. The defeated candidates were Henry Brougham and Mr. Creevy, a Radical of advanced opinions. The successful candidates were chaired through the principal streets of the town, ending the disorderly and rather perilous journey (for the defeated party were irritated, and probably not very choice in the selection of compliments, or even of missiles) in front of a large house in Rodney Street, the residence of Mr. John Gladstone, a leading merchant of the town, and chairman of Canning's committee.

A few minutes after entering the house, the tall handsome figure of Canning appeared at one of the windows, and he proceeded to address the immense crowd which filled the broad street. There was a tumult of applause when he showed himself; and at first his words were scarcely audible, so loud was the cheering which greeted him. The windows of the adjacent houses were, we may be sure, filled with spectators of the scene; and in Mr. Gladstone's residence, thronged with committee men and political friends, the excitement was no doubt considerable. It was a large house, well fitted for the residence of a man of opulence and good social position, whose old branches were growing up around him; and in the nursery, or perhaps by his mother's side as she received her famous guest, was a little boy, three years old, William Ewart, the fourth and youngest son,—who speaking in 1879, in reply to an address by a Liverpool deputation congratulating him on having completed his seventieth year, said, "I remember the first election of Mr. Canning, in Liverpool."

The family were descendants of the Gladstones of Clydesdale, who, says tradition, took the name from the Lowland Scotch words *gled*, a hawk, and *stanc*, rock—indicating the character of the wild, barren district in which they dwelt. The name appears in the thirteenth century, and we find at a later date, that one of the family was united by marriage with the famous house of "the bold Buccleuch" in the sixteenth century.

Mr. John Gladstone married in 1792, but his wife died six years afterwards, and the union was childless. In 1806 he contracted a second marriage, with Anne Robertson, daughter of Mr. Andrew Robertson, of Stornaway, Provost of Dingwall. She was a handsome, accomplished woman, possessed of considerable talents and womanly qualities that would, wrote one who knew her well, "grace any home and endear

any heart." The genealogy of the lady has been traced back to Joan Beaufort, the granddaughter of John of Gaunt, and by both father's and mother's lines of descent, a daughter of the royal house of England. She married first James the First of Scotland, and, after he was murdered at Perth, Sir James Stewart, the Black Knight of Lorne, a descendant of the Bruces. Collateral branches of the family produced Principal Robertson, the famous historian, and the mother of Lord Brougham.

The blood of the Plantagenets and the Bruces, then, ran in the veins of the admirable lady who became the second wife of John Gladstone, the Liverpool merchant, and the mother of the great statesman, who needs no ancestral honours to make him memorable.

The little boy who listened to the shoutings and turmoil in Rodney Street when George Canning addressed the crowd at that famous election time, was born on the 29th of December, 1809. He had three brothers older than himself; the eldest, Thomas, succeeded to the honour of the baronetcy; the second, a captain in the Royal Navy, died in 1863; the third, who bore the name of his mother's family, Robertson, became the head of the great mercantile house, was at one time Mayor of Liverpool, and died in 1875. The fourth son, destined to be by far the most memorable of the family, received the names of William Ewart, the second name being that of his godfather, a Liverpool merchant and close friend of the Gladstone family.

SCHOOL DAYS.

The four Gladstone boys received their first regular education at a small school near Liverpool, kept by the Rev. W. Jones, who afterwards became the first incumbent of the church built by Mr. John Gladstone. If we are to believe a legend of these schooldays—and we do not perceive the slightest necessity for believing it—little William Ewart incurred the displeasure of his tutor by exhibiting a remarkable dislike of arithmetic, and a lamentable incapacity to understand the elementary rules. It is a favourite theory of some persons that men who have greatly distinguished themselves in later life were uncommonly dull boys, and this may account for the origin of the story.

Whether clever or not in arithmetic—and perhaps he understood the principles of the matter better than his teacher supposed—young Gladstone no doubt made fair progress in Mr Jones's school. When nearly twelve years old, he was transferred to Eton; and few boys, we

may imagine, better fitted for a public school career have entered that famous school. He was exceptionally strong and active, well-grounded in the rudiments of the classics, eagerly desirous of learning, and ambitious to distinguish himself. He took with great avidity to Latin versification, and therefore was in high favour with the tutors. Among his schoolfellows were George Augustus Selwyn, afterwards missionary bishop and Bishop of Lichfield; Francis Hastings Doyle, who came to be Professor of Poetry at Oxford; and Arthur Henry Hallam (son of the historian, and the loved friend of Alfred Tennyson), whose epitaph is the longest and noblest in the English language—the great pathetic poem, “In Memoriam.”

In due time William Gladstone became inspired by the literary traditions of Eton. George Canning had been an Eton boy, and contributed to a school magazine; so had John Hookham Frere and Winthrop Praed. They and others had written for the *Etonian*, published at Windsor by Charles Knight; and Gladstone and some of his school friends, fired by a noble ambition, projected *The Eton Miscellany*, to which he and Selwyn were the most prolific contributors. A poem in heroic couplets celebrating the achievements of Richard Cœur de Lion, essays on Homer and other classic authors, and a paper on a very congenial subject, “Eloquence,” were among the many articles contributed by Gladstone. The last-named is worth notice, because in it the young author sketched the honourable career of a talented and ambitious youth, gifted with the wondrous power of eloquence. “A successful *débüt*,” he wrote, “an offer from the minister, a Secretaryship of State, and even the Premiership itself, are the objects which form the vista along which a young visionary loves to look.” At the time when these words were written, a young man, beginning to be recognised as a clever contributor to the London press, was engaged in writing a novel, “Vivian Grey,” in which he sketched the career of a youth who, by his own talents, made his way to high political honours. William Gladstone, the Eton boy, and Benjamin Disraeli, the young and almost unknown novelist, each realized his day-dream and became Premier of England. It is not only in France that the bâton of the marshal is in the knapsack of the private soldier.

STUDIES AND HONOUR AT OXFORD.

Gladstone left Eton in 1827 and for about two years studied as a private pupil of Dr.

Turner, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta. Then, at the age of twenty, he entered as a student at Christ Church, Oxford, and very soon attained the reputation of being one of the most hardworking undergraduates. Even in vacation time he read hard, “locked up with his books,” it was said, for several hours every day. He was methodical in his studies, and as methodical in his life. He believed in the alliance of a sound mind with a sound body; and, being naturally hardy and muscular, took pleasure in active exercise, especially pedestrian. The enervating follies in which so many undergraduates are tempted to indulge offered no temptations to the thoughtful young man, deeply imbued with religious principles, and keenly sensitive to the feeling of moral responsibility. When, in 1853, he for the second time offered himself as a candidate for the representation of the University in Parliament, Dr. R. Phillimore, who supported his nomination, said, “he well remembered the time when his right honourable friend, avoiding the vices incident to youth, yet retaining unimpaired all the gentleness, sweetness, and forbearance of his disposition, was the ornament and pride of the undergraduates of that University.”

In the famous University Debating Society, the Union, he soon made his mark. The undergraduates were ardent politicians, and ranged themselves under party banners with great zeal. Gladstone was a Tory and High Churchman; he opposed with all the rhetorical power at his command—and that was considerable—Parliamentary Reform, the removal of Jewish disabilities, and other advanced propositions. In after life he admitted, “I did not learn at Oxford that which I have learned since—namely, to set a due value on the imperishable and inestimable principles of human liberty.”

His unceasing industry and great abilities were rewarded, at the Michaelmas Examination of 1831, by “a double first,” the greatest honour a student can achieve, and very rarely reached. A fellowship of All Souls’ College was held for a short time, and then Mr. Gladstone left the University, and having well earned a holiday, he visited Italy and other parts of the continent.

ENTERS PARLIAMENT.

In June 1832 the Reform Act was passed. A general election followed, and most strenuous exertions were made by the Tory aristocracy and the landed interest to stem “the wave of democracy,” which, to some excited imaginations, appeared to threaten the old social landmarks.

They closed their ranks to defend what they believed to be sacred constitutional principles, and they looked out for recruits of ability. The "double first" of Oxford, who had given promise of the possession of remarkable debating powers, who was known to be enthusiastically attached to the principles of the Tory party, would be regarded by its members as a valuable addition to their strength. The Earl of Lincoln, son of the Duke of Newcastle, had been a student at Oxford with Gladstone, and one of his most intimate friends; and it was perhaps at his suggestion that the Duke invited the talented son of the able and wealthy Liverpool merchant to offer himself as a candidate for Newark, a borough which had been long accustomed to return anybody who was recommended by the Duke of Newcastle to the free and independent electors. The Reform Act had emboldened politicians to speak irreverently of pocket-boroughs, and to question the right even of Dukes of Newcastle to "do as they liked with their own." Even some of the Tories themselves took the opportunity to challenge vested interests in political matters, and when, on the 9th October, 1832, Mr. Gladstone issued his address to the electors of Newark, he had two antagonists on the field, Mr. Handley, a Tory, and Serjeant Wilde. The latter, subsequently, as Lord Truro, was Lord Chancellor in the Russell Administration of 1851-2.

In his address, Mr. Gladstone deprecated an "uninquiring and indiscriminating desire for change;" professed his adherence to the union of Church and State, in accordance with the principle that "the duties of governors are strictly and peculiarly religious, and that legislators, like individuals, are bound to carry throughout their acts the spirit of the high truths they have acknowledged;" and, regarding the administration of Poor Laws, enunciated the generous if not precisely scientifically economical opinion, that "those who are the least able to take care of themselves should be most regarded by others." One of the most prominent of the public questions of the time was that of the Abolition of Slavery, and every candidate was expected to refer to it. Mr. Gladstone, the son of a Liverpool merchant, a large portion of whose wealth was the product of slave labour, was by no means convinced that slavery was not sanctioned by Scripture; and if it were so sanctioned, he needed no other evidence to justify its existence. He knew that on the plantations belonging to his father and other merchants, the negroes were well cared for, and he suspected that very great

exaggerations had been indulged in respecting the alleged cruelties to slaves. Immediate emancipation, he thought, might be productive of great evils; but it might be, that in course of time, "an universal and efficient system of Christian instruction might justify abolition of slavery." Nicknames are always plentiful at election times, and Mr. Gladstone's opponents took care that the epithet "slave-driver" should be associated with his name. The Duke's influence, however, was not to be resisted, and Gladstone's name headed the poll, with 832 votes, giving a majority of 99 over Handley, and of 163 over Serjeant Wilde.

He addressed the House for the first time on the 21st February, little more than a fortnight after the opening of the session, when he briefly denied that, at the recent Liverpool election, Lord Sandon or his supporters had exerted any corrupt influence. Unfortunately Liverpool was rather notorious for corrupt practices at both Parliamentary and municipal elections; and Mr. Warburton, member for Bridport, slightly sneered at the young member's defence of his native town—how it could be "possible for any individual to guarantee so much." Later in the session, Mr. Mark Phillips, member for Manchester, moved for a select committee to consider the conduct of the Liverpool freemen. Mr. Gladstone once more defended them. He again spoke in defence of the manager of his father's plantation in Demerara, who had been referred to in the debate following the introduction of the Ministerial Bill for the abolition of slavery, as having produced a great quantity of sugar, "but, unhappily, at the price of a dreadful loss of life amongst the slaves." A second speech on the same subject established his reputation as an effective Parliamentary speaker. In another speech, in the same session, he defended the Irish Church: "If it had abuses, which he did not deny, those abuses were to be ascribed to the ancestors and predecessors of those who now surrounded him."

In the next session, Mr. Gladstone again defended, but not very effectively, the freemen of Liverpool, whom not even his advocacy could whitewash. He supported a Bill for the better observance of the Lord's Day, and made a long and vigorous speech against Mr. Hume's proposition to admit Dissenters into the Universities. He spoke with great earnestness and remarkable rhetorical power, insisting on the religious character of the Universities; and it seems to have been this speech which caused Southey to say, "Young Gladstone is the ablest person Oxford has sent forth since Peel or

Canning." This speech greatly advanced his rising reputation, and marked him out for official employment.

OFFICIAL LIFE.

The Melbourne Administration resigned in November 1834. Sir Robert Peel accepted the task of forming a ministry; and Mr. Gladstone was included in the new arrangements, as Under-Secretary for the Colonies. He was re-elected without difficulty for Newark; but his tenure of office was of brief duration. Sir Robert, being beaten on the question of the commutation of tithes in Ireland, resigned, and Lord Melbourne returned to the Treasury. In the course of the remainder of the session, Mr. Gladstone made one notable speech in defence of the House of Peers, against the attack of two such formidable assailants as Daniel O'Connell and Mr. Hume, whom he charged with advancing atrocious and dangerous doctrines. O'Connell was never scrupulously polite, and perhaps flattered himself that he had almost annihilated the young representative of Newark by expressing "much contempt for the honourable member's argument."

In the session of 1836, he defended the West Indian planters, who were charged by Mr. Fowell Buxton with having acted with great severity in carrying out the apprenticeship system. On the contrary, maintained Mr. Gladstone, the planters had treated the negroes with kindness, and the Anti-Slavery Society had published garbled statements. At a later period of the session, he supported Ministers in their method of dealing with the disturbances in Canada.

In 1837, Mr. Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved a resolution in favour of the abolition of Church rates. This called up Mr. Gladstone, who eloquently opposed the proposition as an attack on the security of religion. He spoke with contempt of the scruples of conscience pleaded by some persons who refused to pay the rates, and he announced a remarkably "hard and fast" doctrine: "When the Legislature made a demand on its subjects for a part of their property, whatever might be the purpose for which it was applied, the Legislature absolved the conscience of its subjects."

Parliament was dissolved, consequent on the death of William the Fourth; and in the general election which followed, Mr. Gladstone was, without his consent being asked, nominated for Manchester, but was in a minority at the polling. When the House met in November, he again took his seat as member for Newark.

The Canadian difficulty had ripened into insurrection; and Mr. Gladstone, stigmatizing the outbreak as the work of political agitators, blamed the Government for want of energy in suppressing it.

THE BOOK ON CHURCH AND STATE.

In the autumn of 1838, Mr. Gladstone published a work which at once claimed a large share of public attention, "The State in its Relation with the Church," dedicated to the University of Oxford, as the "fountain of blessings, spiritual, social, and intellectual." In the book he elaborated and expanded the arguments he had more than once employed in Parliament when speaking on subjects connected with the Church. He maintained that the propagation of religion was a fundamental duty of Government; that, equally with individuals, it was bound to consider religious principles; that it was, in fact, an aggregation of individual men, each of whom should sanctify his acts by offices of religion; and that a statesman should be a worshipping man. The book was the talk of the season, and gave occasion to elaborate reviews in the great organs of literary and political criticism. The Tories hailed the author as a champion of the first rank; all parties acknowledged his ability, and gave him full credit for his sincerity, and an elevated disregard of all arguments of mere expediency. He was desperately in earnest, and that fact was freely acknowledged. The *Quarterly* was delighted with "the singular vigour, depth of thought and eloquence" he displayed; and in the famous *Edinburgh* review, by Macaulay, the highest compliments were paid to the great talents and high character of the author, while his arguments were mercilessly dissected; and there was even a little indulgence of that spirit of banter and burlesque, indulgence in which made the brilliant Macaulay so happy, and occasionally the subject of it very unhappy.

A pleasant and characteristic correspondence ensued. Mr. Gladstone wrote to Mr. Macaulay, thanking him for the complimentary terms in which he had spoken of him personally, but intimating that he was not so limited in his political and religious views as the reviewer supposed him to be. Macaulay replied that he had not intended to be severe, certainly not unjust in his criticism, although he added, "I was half afraid, when I read myself over again in print, that the button, as is too common in controversial fencing even between friends, had once or twice come off the foil."

VISIT TO SICILY, AND MARRIAGE.

The autumnal vacation was passed in a continental trip, in the course of which a visit was made to Sicily. On the 30th and 31st October, Etna, then in a state of volcanic disturbance, was ascended. Portions of Mr. Gladstone's diary, describing this ascent, are published in Murray's "Handbook," and may be read with interest. The writer is delighted to find how accurately Virgil describes the scenery and natural phenomena, and quotes from the "Georgics" of the Roman poet passages which show how little the practice of agriculture in the island has varied from that followed by the tillers of the land in Virgil's time. Theremains of the beautiful temples, which are so numerous in Sicily, greatly interested him; and he described them with the enthusiasm of an imagination inspired by classical associations. He says,—and the remark is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's mind, made morally sensitive as well as strengthened by large scholarship,—“The temples enshrine a most pure and salutary principle of art, that which connects grandeur of effect with simplicity of detail; and, retaining their beauty and their dignity in their decay, they represent the great man when fallen, a type of that almost highest of human qualities,—silent yet not sullen endurance.”

On the 25th July, 1839, Mr. Gladstone married Miss Catherine Glynne, eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, whose ancestry can be traced for more than a thousand years to the great chief of the Fourth Tribe of North Wales, Cilmin-Troed-Ddu, of Glyn Llhyon, in Carnarvon. Sir Stephen Glynne, brother of Mrs. Gladstone, died unmarried in 1874, and Mr. Gladstone came in possession of the Hawarden estate for life, with remainder to his eldest son. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have had four sons and four daughters. One of the latter died in infancy; the others survive. At the general election of 1880, the eldest son, Mr. William Henry Gladstone, was returned to the House of Commons for East Worcestershire (having previously represented Whitby), and the fourth son, Mr. Herbert John Gladstone, unsuccessfully contested Middlesex, but was returned for Leeds.

DEBATE ON THE CHINESE WAR.

The most notable event of the early part of the session of 1840 was the debate on the war with China, generally described as the “Opium War.” The Emperor of China had prohibited the trade

in the intoxicating drug; and the Chinese Commissioner, Lin, an energetic administrator, promptly attempted to seize the stores of it which British merchants at Canton had accumulated in their warehouses; and by surrounding them, virtually made prisoners of the occupants. Captain Elliot, the British naval commander on the station, rescued the merchants and their families, but not without some sharp skirmishes with Chinese junks. The opium was left behind, and destroyed by Lin's soldiers, and the Emperor of China issued an edict interdicting all trade and intercourse with England for ever. At that time Lord Palmerston was our Foreign Secretary, and he was the man of all others little likely to submit to what, rightly or wrongly, might be considered a national insult. He was vigorously attacked in the House of Commons for not having foreseen that the conduct of the English merchants would inevitably lead to a quarrel with the Chinese authority; “and,” said Mr. Gladstone, “be the trade in opium what it may, be it right or be it wrong, we are now called on to give an assent to a war caused by the indolence and apathy of the noble lord.” A resolution proposed by Sir James Graham, blaming the Ministry for the hostilities which had taken place, was defeated by the narrow majority of nine. In the course of the debate, Macaulay indulged in a little of the graceful, if glittering and dramatic, rhetoric which he could, on occasion, employ so effectively. He described the British merchants of Canton looking “with confidence or the victorious flag which was hoisted over them, which reminded them that they belonged to a country unaccustomed to defeat, to submission, or to shame; it reminded them that they belonged to a country which had made the farthest ends of the earth ring with the fame of her exploits in redressing the wrongs of her children.” Mr. Gladstone's sincere nature is averse to accepting picturesque description as a substitute for earnest reasoning; and he replied warmly,—not the less so, perhaps, because it was for the first time he had directly encountered in debate the brilliant Whig orator and essayist,—“Under the auspices of the noble lord, that flag is now hoisted to protect an infamous, contraband traffic: and if it were never to be hoisted except as it is now hoisted on the coast of China, we should recoil from the sight with horror, and should never again feel our hearts thrill, as they now thrill, with emotion, when it floats proudly and magnificently on the breeze.”

It had been asserted, and was believed at the

time, that the Chinese had poisoned the wells which supplied the British factories with water. In the course of his speech, Mr. Gladstone used the unfortunate phrase, "Of course they poisoned the wells." This was made use of by speakers at the opposite side; and, notwithstanding his earnest denial, Mr. Gladstone was charged with having approved the action of the Chinese. Lord Palmerston, always adroit, and not always very scrupulous on seizing an advantage, affected to feel "deep regret and sincere pain" that the honourable member had used words justifying so atrocious an act. Of course nobody seriously supposed that Mr. Gladstone meant what was imputed to him; but some debaters appear to think that all is fair in political discussion, as, according to the old proverb, it is in "love and war."

In the course of that and the following session, he voted against a resolution introduced by Mr. Villiers, for a committee of the whole House to consider the Corn Laws, and against the reduction of the duty on foreign sugar, arguing, in the latter case, that the British colonies, where slavery had been abolished, would be unable to compete with foreign growers who employed slave labour. A Bill for admitting Jews to municipal offices was strongly opposed by him, because, he argued, it would "destroy the distinctive Christianity of the constitution."

AGAIN IN OFFICE—PEEL'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION.

The Melbourne Ministry was becoming weaker and weaker. Its majority had dwindled; the Irish party, led by O'Connell, had aided the Opposition to defeat the Irish Registration of Voters Bill; and about a week before the time appointed for the debate, on a motion by Lord John Russell, the ministerial leader of the House of Commons, for a committee of the whole House to consider the Acts of Parliament relating to the trade in corn, Sir Robert Peel brought matters to a crisis by moving a resolution of want of confidence. The debate lasted five nights, the result being that the resolution was carried by a majority of one vote. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues declined to accept that as a defeat necessitating resignation, and appealed to the country. Parliament was prorogued on the 22nd June and when the new Parliament met on the 4th August, there was such a decided majority against ministers, that resignation was inevitable. Sir Robert Peel succeeded to the Premiership, and conferred the offices of Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint on Mr.

Gladstone, who, however, was not included in the Cabinet.

Sir Robert Peel could not avoid the Corn Law question, even if he had been inclined to do so. It was the paramount subject in the minds of politicians, and the public beyond the walls of Parliament were greatly excited. The new Ministry were not prepared for unconditional repeal, but Sir Robert proposed his famous "sliding scale," which varied the duty in accordance with the average price of wheat, the scale decreasing by shillings as the price rose by shillings. The "landed interest," the farmers' friends, as they styled themselves, denounced the measure; the Whigs insisted on a moderate fixed duty, and the Anti-Corn Law party would have nothing short of entire repeal of the duty. Lord John Russell moved an amendment condemnatory of the Ministerial proposals, and was answered by Mr. Gladstone, who loyally supported his chief. A majority of 202 sanctioned the adoption of Sir Robert Peel's plan. At this period, Mr. Gladstone took railway matters in hand, and carried a Bill which gave the Board of Trade greater powers of regulation in the public interest, third-class passengers especially having reason to thank him for reduced fares and greater accommodation.

REVISION OF THE TARIFF.

Sir Robert Peel was now maturing his great scheme for the revision of the tariff, by removing or lessening the duties on a vast number of articles of daily necessity. The details of the plan he entrusted to Mr. Gladstone, whose remarkable financial ability and acquaintance with commercial matters he had recognized. The Vice-President of the Board of Trade, against great opposition, carried the proposition through the House, fighting a battle over almost every item; the result being that £12,000,000 of indirect taxation was taken off, the deficiency being made up by the imposition of an income-tax of sevenpence in the pound. The preference of direct for indirect taxation was a cardinal principle in the financial policy of Sir Robert Peel, although he hesitated to carry it out to its full extent; and, as yet, his most efficient supporter, Mr. Gladstone, was unwilling to advance beyond a certain point. They conceded the ingeniously contrived sliding scale, but could not see their way to entire free trade in corn.

The people, especially those belonging to the poorer working classes, benefited by the cheapening of many articles of daily use; but trade was dull, employers were discharging hands, and

in the manufacturing districts there was great distress. On the middle classes, the new income-tax pressed heavily; and when, in 1843, Lord Howick moved for a committee of the whole House to take into consideration the depressed condition of the manufacturing districts, and urged Sir Robert Peel to advance in the Free Trade course on which he had entered, he was warmly supported by a large section of the public, who were rapidly adopting Free Trade ideas. Lord Howick denounced "the absurd and vicious system of restriction, based on an exploded theory," and the practical fruits of which were "a destitute and suffering people, an empty exchequer, increasing taxation, and a falling revenue."

In opposing Lord Howick's motion, Mr. Gladstone defended the income-tax, which he said had one great and signal merit, that it does reach what no other tax can be guaranteed to reach,—that enormous accumulation of wealth which is constantly mounting up in this country. The Corn Laws, he argued, rested on a peculiar basis; the benefits of the repeal would be "altogether remote and indefinite, while it would be attended with the most important and even serious disasters, not less to the trading than to our agricultural interests, and the general industry of the country."

The Ministers were again successful, after a five nights' debate, by a majority of 115. Mr. Cobden, already recognised as one of the leading spirits of the House, made an effective answer to Mr. Gladstone's speech.

DEBATES ON FREE TRADE.

The Free Trade battle continued to be fought throughout the session; and Mr. Gladstone spoke from a higher official standpoint. The Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Trade, died, and the Vice-President received the promotion he had so well earned by acceding to the office and becoming a member of the Cabinet. When Mr. Charles Villiers brought forward his annual resolution for the repeal of the Corn Laws, Mr. Gladstone defended Peel's sliding scale, and declared, that if Ministers were to support the proposition, they would be guilty of a great injustice to a large portion of the community, and would declare themselves "unworthy and incompetent to conduct the affairs of a great nation." Mr. Villiers was defeated by a very large majority; and a motion by Lord John Russell, in favour of a moderate fixed duty, was also lost.

Beaten but not discouraged, the Free Traders renewed the assault in the session of 1844, when

Mr. Cobden, the stoutest champion of the cause, moved for a select committee to inquire into the effect of the protective duties on imports on the interests of the tenant farmers and farm labourers of the country. In his speech, Mr. Gladstone referred very slightly to the Anti-Corn Law League, then in full activity. "The most important feature of the meetings," he said, "was probably the parade and ceremonial with which they were attended."

RETIREMENT FROM OFFICE.

The following session (1845) was marked by Mr. Gladstone's retirement from office. Sir Robert Peel contemplated offering State support to the Roman Catholic academics of Ireland, and Mr. Gladstone declined to share the responsibility of the measure. He had, he explained, supported earnestly, in the book he had published, the claim of the State Church to supremacy; and he held a strong conviction, "under ordinary circumstances, and as a general rule, that those who have thus borne the most solemn testimony to a particular view of a great constitutional question, ought not to be parties responsible for proposals which involve a violent departure from them." He had resigned office in order that he might be in a position to form not only an honest but an independent and unsuspected judgment. Many politicians would suppose that he exhibited an undue sensitiveness, especially as he afterwards voted for the Bill introduced by Sir Robert Peel. But he did so as an independent member, and shrank from any suggestion that possession of office had influenced him. His vote gave considerable offence to the Duke of Newcastle, who "managed" the Newark voters.

In the autumn of the year, the outbreak of the potato disease in Ireland, and the consequent famine, painfully solved the Free Trade problem. Sir Robert Peel announced that he could no longer oppose the repeal of the Corn Laws, and was prepared to resign office. Lord John Russell, leader of the Whig Opposition in the House of Commons, was sent for by the Queen, but was unable to form an Administration; and Sir Robert Peel remained in office, supported by all the members of his Cabinet, Lord Stanley, Colonial Secretary, only excepted. The decision of the Premier respecting the Corn Laws had offended the Tory party, and henceforth his followers were known as Peelites, and formed a very influential fourth party in the House. The leader was unquestionably the foremost statesman of the time; and among his friends and supporters were men of distinguished ability.

including Sir James Graham, the Earl of Lincoln, Mr. Cardwell, and Mr. Sidney Herbert. Mr. Gladstone, in eloquence and varied ability the most eminent of the new party, Sir Robert expected, entered the Cabinet as successor to Lord Stanley at the Colonial Office.

Sir Robert Peel's plan allowed three years to elapse before the abolition of the Corn Laws, but in the meanwhile the duty was greatly reduced. After a debate lasting twelve nights, the proposals were carried by a considerable majority; but Mr. Gladstone, having been compelled by the acceptance of office to seek re-election, was absent from the House. It was hopeless to contest Newark against the new nominee of the Duke of Newcastle; and before he could appeal to another constituency, the Peel Ministry had resigned, in consequence of a defeat on the second reading of the Protection of Life (Ireland) Bill.

REPRESENTS THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

At the general election of 1847, Mr. Gladstone offered himself as a candidate for the representation of the University of Oxford, which was justly proud of the abilities he had displayed. There was, however, some suspicion that he was not quite so "sound" as he should be in supporting the exclusive right of Churchmen, and the facts that he had given a vote in favour of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, and supported the grant of public money to Maynooth College, were sufficient to induce some of the constituency to bring forward another candidate, who, however, appeared at the bottom of the poll.

Mr. Gladstone was now in a position which he might well regard with satisfaction and pride,—one of the representatives in Parliament of the great University where he had studied so hard and achieved so grand a success. Very soon, however, he showed that he had no intention to surrender his independence and subordinate his opinions to those of his constituents. He gave a vigorous support to the motion of Lord John Russell, the new Premier, for the abolition of the civil and political disabilities of the Jews. Only six years before he had opposed Mr. Divett's motion to permit Jews to hold municipal office; the first step, he said, to admitting them to Parliament, and so unchristianizing the country. He had made a political advance indeed, and now argued that the performance of an act of political justice "can involve no disparagement to the religion we profess, can never lower Christianity in public estimation, but must, on the contrary, tend to elevate the conception of

Christianity in all considerate minds." He knew, he said, that the constituency which had returned him to Parliament was opposed to the Bill; but, he added,—and we can imagine the consternation of some of the old-fashioned Tories of Oxford when they read the words,—a member should follow the conscientious dictates of his own judgment, whether they happened to coincide in that particular case with the judgment of the constituency or not. Most likely Mr. Newdegate was quite correct in saying, in the course of the debate, "Had it been known that the right honourable gentleman entertained such sentiments as he had expressed on the subject of the Jews, when he offered himself as a candidate for the representation of Oxford University, he never would have been returned for that eminent seat of learning."

Another instance of modification of extreme views was afforded by the support he gave, in the session of 1848, to the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, the object of which was the removal of certain disabilities imposed by existing Acts of Parliament. His acceptance of more advanced doctrines of Free Trade did not induce him to consent to a removal of the differential sugar duties, which he maintained were necessary to protect the British planter in the competition with slave labour in foreign countries.

A memorable speech was delivered in the course of the debate on the conduct of Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, in connection with the "Pacifico affair" of 1850. The Greek Government had been compelled to yield to claims made by a naturalized British subject, known as Don Pacifico. The argument employed by Lord Palmerston was the blockade of the harbour of the Piræus by Admiral Parker's squadron. A direct vote of censure was passed by the House of Lords; and the opinion of the Commons was challenged by Mr. Roebuck, who moved a resolution approving the action of the Foreign Secretary. Mr. Gladstone attacked Lord Palmerston with immense energy, charging him with an "insular temper," a "self-glorifying tendency, and an inevitable passion for quarrelling with other countries." In this, as in so many other speeches, the intense conscientiousness of Mr. Gladstone's nature was apparent. "Is it right?" was the question he constantly asked; not "Is it expedient?" "England," he said, loftily, "will stand shorn of a chief part of her glory and her pride if she shall be found to have separated herself, through the policy she pursues abroad, from the moral supports which the general and fixed convictions of mankind afford; if the

day shall come in which she may continue to excite the wonder and the fear of other nations, but in which she shall have no part in their affection and their regard."

Mr. Roebuck's resolution was carried by a good majority. The debate was made additionally remarkable from the fact that in the course of it Sir Robert Peel made his last speech. On the following day he was thrown from his horse, and so injured that he died three days afterwards. In seconding the proposition for the adjournment of the House, Mr. Gladstone made a brief but touching allusion to the high qualities of his late friend and leader.

EXPOSURE OF NEAPOLITAN HORRORS.

In 1851, Mr. Gladstone distinguished himself by unveiling the horrors of the dungeons of Naples, to which the king, Ferdinand II., better known as "Bomba," had consigned many eminent men who, by their political opinions and liberal tendencies, had made themselves objectionable. Carlo Poerio, who had held high office in the Ministry, a scholar and a statesman of great talent and high character, Settembrini, a distinguished advocate, and others, were immured in underground prisons, so filthily that the jailers themselves scarcely dared to enter them, loaded with heavy chains, subjected to physical tortures, and supplied only with loathsome food. They had been convicted on trumped-up charges, supported by perjured witnesses and the production of forged papers. Seventy-six Parliamentary deputies were imprisoned or exiled, and more than twenty thousand persons altogether were punished for their expression of political opinions. Mr. Gladstone was taking his winter holiday in Naples when his attention was directed to this horrible political persecution. He examined the evidence produced, visited the prisons, and conversed with the sufferers; and then wrote, in the form of a "Letter to the Earl of Aberdeen," a detailed account of the trials and the sufferings of the condemned, denouncing with burning indignation the conduct of the Neapolitan authorities. The letter was reprinted in every country of Europe, and produced an immense sensation. Of course there were official contradictions; but Mr. Gladstone replied to them in a second pamphlet, and, with the exception of a few small matters of detail, maintained the truth of his statements. Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, sent copies of the letter to the British ministers at the various courts of Europe, with instructions to bring it before the notice of the Government to which they were accredited. The

King of Naples and his government yielded to the sense of shame what they would not have yielded to feelings of humanity; Poerio and some of the other prisoners were released, and in other cases there was a considerable remission of punishment.

THE ANTI-PAPAL AGITATION.

The ferment in the public mind at the close of the year 1850, caused by the creation of Papal episcopal sees in England, and the appointment by the Pope of Cardinal Wiseman to the Archbishopric of Westminster, was stimulated by the famous "Durham letter" of Lord John Russell, in which the action of the Pope was described as "a laborious endeavour to confine the intellect and enslave the soul." Soon after the opening of Parliament, the Premier introduced the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, the object of which was to prohibit the assumption of ecclesiastical titles in respect of any places within the United Kingdom by persons other than those already legally entitled. On the second night of the debate, on the motion that the Bill be read a second time, Mr. Gladstone spoke against it. He said the English Roman Catholics had long desired to have bishops in this country, and would, as a consequence of their appointment, be less dependent on the cardinals and priests of Rome. He reminded Lord John Russell that he had been foremost in supporting the endowment of Maynooth, and any expression of fear that a Romish priesthood would be dangerous to the British constitution came with a bad grace from him. Mr. Gladstone maintained, with all the eloquence he can so well employ, that the great principles of religious liberty were at stake; that England had gone so far in removing disabilities that it was impossible she could go back,—"she can no more retrace her steps than the river that bathes this great city can flow backwards to its source."

The Bill, however, was carried by an immense majority; the old Conservatives supporting the Ministry, and the Peelites allying themselves with advanced radicals in opposing it. Practically, however, the measure was a dead letter, and twenty years afterwards ceased to encumber the statute book, being repealed in 1871.

The Russell Administration was greatly weakened by the loss of Lord Palmerston, who had acted with far greater independence in approving the conduct of Prince Louis Napoleon, the new President of the French Republic, than was agreeable to the other members of the Cabinet. Lord John Russell insisted on the resignation of his colleague, and Palmerston

quitted office; but soon had his revenge by leading the opposition to a Ministerial proposal for reviving the local militia. In the division, the Government was defeated by a majority of 11, and Lord John Russell resigned.

A CONSERVATIVE ADMINISTRATION.

The Earl of Derby (the Lord Stanley of former days) formed an Administration; and, it is generally understood, offered a seat in the Cabinet to Mr. Gladstone, who declined it. As yet the Peelites were not prepared to go so far as the Liberals, though they were too advanced to cast in their lot with the Conservatives; but they gave an independent general support to the new Ministry. A general election was near at hand; and Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli (for the first time Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Cabinet Minister) announced that on the great question of Free Trade they would accept the verdict of the country as expressed at the polling-booths.

The first budget of Mr. Disraeli received the approval of Mr. Gladstone, who, during the Session, supported the Ministry in opposing a motion brought forward by Mr. Horsman, for inquiry into the circumstances connected with the institution of the High Churchman, the Rev. W. Bennett, as vicar of Frome, a matter which at the time greatly agitated the Evangelical party, and was made an occasion for attacking the bishop. A motion by Mr. Spooner for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the system of education at Maynooth, was supported by Mr. Gladstone, who, however, insisted that it should be conducted under the immediate superintendence of Government. If the grant to the college were withdrawn, he said, Parliament must be prepared to enter upon the whole subject of a reconstruction of the ecclesiastical arrangements of Ireland.

Some of the leading Free Traders now devoted their energies to obtaining the abolition of what were described as "taxes on knowledge"—the paper duty, the newspaper stamp, and the duty on advertisements. In this session, Mr. Milner Gibson, endeavouring to anticipate the permanent arrangements of the Government, moved a resolution for the abolition of the paper duty. Mr. Gladstone supported Mr. Disraeli in opposing the motion, not on the ground that he approved of the impost, but because he thought it very imprudent to pledge themselves to the repeal of any particular tax before the condition of the revenue was known.

The dissolution took place in July, and the

new Parliament began business on the 11th of November. Mr. Gladstone was stoutly opposed at Oxford, but was returned by a large majority over his opponent, Dr. Marshman. It was evident, as the result of the elections, that any attempt to restore the Protectionist system would be futile; and the Earl of Derby took the earliest opportunity to announce that the Ministers intended to carry out the Free Trade policy frankly and loyally. Mr. Villiers endeavoured to pledge the House to a resolution approving of Free Trade, but couched in such terms as to be offensive to the Ministers; but an amendment by Lord Palmerston, omitting the objectionable phrases, was accepted by Mr. Disraeli on the part of the Government, and carried, Mr. Gladstone supporting it, and taking occasion to make an eloquent eulogium on the statesmanship of the late Sir Robert Peel.

On the 3rd of December, Mr. Disraeli introduced his Budget, in which he estimated a surplus of £700,000, and proposed many rearrangements and reductions, among them the remission of one-half of the malt-tax. But his plan included an extension of the house-tax to houses rated at £10, and that was the most objectionable feature of the Budget, as increasing the burden of taxation on the poorest classes. Another item which caused great dissatisfaction was the proposed extension of the income-tax to Irish fundholders, denounced as a breach of faith with the national creditors. Mr. Gladstone opposed the financial proposition of the Government with great energy. The estimated surplus, he maintained, consisted of the Exchequer Loan Fund, borrowed money; and there was an actual deficiency in the revenue of the year. He analysed the Budget item by item, "tearing it to shreds," said a writer of the time, established his own reputation as a consummate master of finance, and defeated the Government. A division was taken on the resolution to extend the house duty, which was lost by a majority of 19.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—WAR BUDGETS.

The Earl of Derby resigned, and the Earl of Aberdeen undertook to form a Ministry. The new Cabinet was the result of a coalition between the Whigs and Peelites. Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Argyll, and Earl Granville were united with the Duke of Newcastle, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert. Mr. Gladstone had fairly won the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer; and his appointment was generally recognised as one of

the strongest guarantees for the stability of the "Coalition Administration."

Acceptance of office necessitated another appeal to the Oxford University constituency; and opposition was again encountered. Mr. Dudley Perceval, son of the Hon. Spencer Perceval (shot by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons), was proposed by Archdeacon Denison; but at the close of the poll, there was a majority of 124 for Gladstone.

Lord Aberdeen's Administration lasted until the spring of 1855, when the majority in favour of Mr. Roebuck's motion for inquiry into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, and the causes which led to it, led to its downfall. Lord Palmerston became Premier, and for a brief period Mr. Gladstone resumed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, but retired, in company with Sir James Graham and Mr. Sidney Herbert, because Lord Palmerston would not oppose the nomination of the committee of inquiry, which they considered to be unconstitutional.

The history of the war with Russia, and the sufferings and achievements of the British army in the Crimea, need not be related here. The cost of the campaign was immense, and all the ability and firmness of Mr. Gladstone was required in the discharge of his onerous duties as Chancellor of the Exchequer. When he accepted office at the beginning of 1853, no war-cloud darkened the horizon; and he was enabled to form plans for dealing advantageously with the resources of the country. His first step was a rearrangement of the Three per Cent. and other stocks, by which a considerable reduction on the National Debt was effected; and on the 18th April he produced his Budget, speaking for five hours with unflagging energy and a lucid eloquence which retained the attention of his hearers. True to the policy which he had inherited from Sir Robert Peel, he reduced indirect taxation, abolishing the duties on 123 articles of daily consumption, and reducing the duties on 133 more. The soap duty, that tax on cleanliness, was got rid of; life assurance duty reduced to one-fifth; the advertisement duty to one-third; and altogether there were remissions to the extent of nearly five millions and a quarter. To meet this deficiency of revenue, he made incomes of £100 liable to the income-tax, and extended it to Ireland, raised the duty on Scotch and Irish spirits; and made slight additions to the cost of some licenses. The scheme involved a plan for the gradual diminution of the income-tax, and its abolition in 1860. He estimated a surplus for the ensuing year of about £700,000.

In March in the following year, 1854, war with Russia was proclaimed. Mr. Gladstone was in full accord with the other members of the Cabinet as to the necessity of checking the aggression of the great northern Power. Speaking at Manchester in October 1853, on the occasion of inaugurating a statue of Sir Robert Peel, he earnestly advocated the duty of regulating the distribution of power in Europe, and expressed his firm conviction that the conquest of the Ottoman Empire would be so dangerous to the world, that Europe, at whatever cost, should set herself against the possibility of it.

With England's share of the cost, Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had to deal. His Budget of the 6th March, 1854 (introduced at an unusually early period, on account of the gravity of the circumstances), was a war budget. He estimated that when the balance was struck on the 5th April (the termination of the financial year), a surplus of £2,854,000 would be shown to exist. But the expenditure of the coming year would exceed that of the former year by about £5,000,000, and the revenue would be about three-quarters of a million less; so that altogether he had to provide for a deficiency of £2,840,000. He did not propose just then to add to the existing taxation of the country; but it might be that if the war continued, a continuance of the remissions on some articles would be impossible. He would not have recourse to a loan at present, although he could not give an absolute pledge on the subject; for he maintained the principle that, as far as possible, the expenses of a war should be met by taxation. The income-tax must be increased by one-half, and by that means he should have a moderate surplus. Some alterations in the stamps on bills were included in the Budget.

Events marched with rapidity. Even Gladstone, with all his foresight, could not anticipate the expense which would be incurred by the warlike action of England. A supplementary Budget was necessary, and on the 8th May, two months after he had prepared his plans for the year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was again compelled to appeal to the Committee of Ways and Means for permission to raise nearly £7,000,000 more. The income-tax must be doubled, the duty on Scotch and Irish spirits increased, and the sugar and malt duties augmented. Two-thirds of the additional taxation, he said, would fall on the wealthier classes, and the remaining one-third would, being indirect taxation, affect all classes of the community.

THE CRIMEAN WAR.

Parliament was prorogued on the 12th August, and reassembled in December. Soon afterwards the Aberdeen Administration ceased to exist, and the ministerial changes occurred which we have already noticed. The Conference at Vienna, to consider the terms on which peace might be obtained, had been unfruitful of results; and Lord John Russell, who had represented the British Government, had incurred some odium by professing his willingness to accede to propositions which his ministerial colleagues peremptorily refused to accept. The war party in England, favoured by Lord Palmerston, would listen to nothing less than the crippling of Russia by depriving her of her Black Sea fleet, and imposing restrictions which would make her powerless for future attacks. A more moderate party maintained that the objects of the war had been attained by the security gained for Turkey; and that to prolong the contest merely for the purpose of humiliating Russia, or vindicating our "military honour, would be to commit a political crime." Mr. Gladstone earnestly supported this view.

The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, introduced his financial statement on the 20th April. He possessed little of the oratorical grace by which his predecessor could make even a Budget speech attractive; and he had to provide for a deficiency of £23,000,000, a task from which even Mr. Gladstone might have recoiled. About two-thirds of the amount he proposed to raise by issuing a three per cent. stock; the remainder must be obtained by taxation. The income-tax was raised to sixteenpence; and sugar, coffee, tea, and Scotch and Irish spirits again suffered. Mr. Gladstone offered no opposition. He objected to loans as a general principle; but taxation had reached its limit, and "you cannot ask from flesh and blood more than they can reasonably bear."

In the course of the session, Mr. Gladstone supported the principle of competitive examination for the Civil Service, and opposed the Marriage Law Amendment Bill, introduced for the purpose of legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

Soon after the opening of Parliament in 1853, the Chancellor of the Exchequer asked for more money, and stated that he had arranged for a loan of £5,000,000 in three per cent. Consols. This announcement drew from Mr. Gladstone a strong expression of disapprobation of the practice of Chancellors of the Exchequer negotiating

loans before receiving the sanction of Parliament for doing so. On the 19th May, another loan of £5,000,000 was asked for, and, as there was no alternative, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was empowered to raise the money; but Mr. Gladstone urged that the Navy Estimates should have been reduced, the war being ended.

In the Budget statement of 1857, Sir G. C. Lewis stated that he was enabled to announce a very considerable reduction in the estimate for expenditure, and that a surplus of nearly £900,000 would permit him to reduce the income-tax and the tea and sugar duties. Mr. Gladstone urged that the latter duties, the increase of which had been a war tax, should be reduced to what they were before the outbreak of the war.

The Divorce Bill, introduced this year, was vehemently opposed by Mr. Gladstone, on theological, social, and legal grounds. As in the case of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, he had a strong dislike of any tampering with matters which he considered the Church, with the sanction of religion, had established.

Lord Palmerston's Ministry—which had survived the fierce attack made on it in connection with the Chinese war, consequent on the seizure of the *lorcha Arrow*, and been triumphant in the appeal to the country which unseated so many opponents—came to an end, having experienced a defeat on the Conspiracy and Murder Bill, a measure intended to facilitate the surrender of certain political refugees from France, which Mr. Gladstone stoutly opposed. The Earl of Derby was at the head of the new Ministry, and it is generally supposed offered Mr. Gladstone the position of Colonial Secretary. He declined, however, to take office in a Conservative Cabinet, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was appointed to the Colonial Office.

COMMISSIONER TO THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

The people of the Ionian Isles, placed under the British protectorate in 1815, had long desired an union with the kingdom of Greece, and continual representations had been made on the subject to the British Government. Sir E. B. Lytton suggested, and the Earl of Derby approved the suggestion, that Mr. Gladstone should be asked to visit the islands on a commission of inquiry, ascertain the real state of public feeling on the subject of annexation to Greece, and assist the Home Government in arriving at a just conclusion on the subject. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Gladstone visited the islands, where he was received with great enthusiasm; and his representation of the state

of public feeling led to the subsequent cession, with the full consent of the British Government, of the Ionian Islands to the kingdom of Greece. The visit to the classic islands no doubt gave a new impulse to the Homeric studies in which he had always delighted, for a year afterwards appeared the first of a series of works, which we shall notice further on.

AGAIN CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

In 1857, the Derby Ministry introduced a Reform Bill, and incurred a defeat, which led to an appeal to the country by a general election, the result of which placed the Ministers in a minority. Mr. Gladstone was re-elected for Oxford, but not without encountering considerable opposition. Lord Palmerston was again Premier, and Mr. Gladstone again took office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, retaining that office in the Palmerston and Russell Administration until 1866, when the Ministerial Reform Bill, introduced by him as leader of the House (to which position he had succeeded after the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865), was defeated, and Ministers resigned. They had pledged themselves to carry the measure,—“We have crossed the Rubicon and burned our boats,” said Mr. Gladstone,—and being unable to do so, gave way to the Earl of Derby and the Conservatives, who took office on the 6th July.

There had been a general election in 1865, and Mr. Gladstone had lost his seat for Oxford University. We have recorded previous unsuccessful efforts to unseat him; now his expressed opinions respecting the Irish Church strengthened his opponents, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy (now Lord Cranbrook) was returned by a majority of 103. Mr. Gladstone had also been returned for South Lancashire, so that the rejection by the University did not keep him out of Parliament.

FINANCIAL ACHIEVEMENTS.

The great achievements of Mr. Gladstone during this seven years' tenure of office were in connection with finance. His Budgets were looked forward to as the greatest of parliamentary events. Never have complex calculations been so dextrously and attractively handled; arithmetical results so clearly explained; and the mysteries of the incidence of taxation and its action on the industry of the country so eloquently expounded. Finance was “understood of the people;” and beyond all doubt the people not only understood, but benefited by Mr. Gladstone's political house-keeping.

The Budget of 1859 had to encounter a con-

siderable deficit, and the income-tax was again resorted to. In February of the following year, the commercial treaty with France had been concluded, chiefly by the labour of Mr. Cobden, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was able to propose the abolition of custom duties on upwards of three hundred items. In June he proposed the repeal of the paper duties, and that remission was acceded to by the House of Commons, but rejected by the Upper House. The action of the Lords was denounced by Mr. Gladstone as “the most gigantic and dangerous invasion of the rights of the Commons which has occurred in modern times.” Next year the repeal of the duties was included in the Budget arrangements, and the Lords were constitutionally unable to interfere. No remission could be effected in 1862; but in the following year the income-tax and tea duty were reduced. In 1864, the sugar duty, the fire insurance duty, and the income-tax were again relieved; and in 1865 the successful financier was able to announce a surplus of more than three millions. Twopence more came off the income-tax; and the duty on tea was reduced to sixpence per pound. The last of these seven Gladstonian Budgets was in 1866, which repealed the duties on timber and pepper, equalized the duties on wine, and made various remissions. Then came the defeat of the Russell Administration, and the transfer of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to the Opposition benches. While in office he had opposed the abolition of church rates with great energy, defended the Government for the moral support given to the efforts of Garibaldi and King Victor Emmanuel to establish the Kingdom of Italy, and spoke in favour of an extension of the franchise. In 1859, and again in 1862, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh.

Early in the session of 1867, Mr. Disraeli, the Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons, introduced his Reform Bill. A largely-attended meeting of Liberals promised to support Mr. Gladstone in dealing with the Bill in Committee; and so important were the changes he introduced into the Bill, that, when it passed the third reading, it bore little resemblance to the measure introduced by Ministers. The lodger franchise was carried mainly by the exertion of Mr. Gladstone.

THE DISRAELI MINISTRY.

Mr. Disraeli succeeded to the Premiership on the resignation of the Earl of Derby in 1868. The session of that year was memorable by the decided attitude assumed by Mr. Gladstone in reference to the Irish Church. He had at length

made up his mind that justice to Ireland required disestablishment, and he moved resolutions on the subject, and afterwards brought in a Bill embodying the principles. Of course he had to endure a considerable amount of vituperation, and some of his opponents did not scruple to charge him with being a Roman Catholic in disguise, conspiring with the Pope to destroy the Protestant Church in Ireland. The Ministry were in minority in the House; and, as a last resource, dissolved Parliament.

Great, and as it proved successful, exertions were made to deprive Mr. Gladstone of his seat for South Lancashire; but, as on a previous occasion, he was nominated for two constituencies, and Greenwich welcomed him as its representative. The Liberal majority was very great; and on the 18th December Mr. Disraeli resigned office, and Mr. Gladstone was commanded to form a Ministry. When a boy at Eton he had regarded the lofty position of Prime Minister of England as attainable by talent well employed; and the boyish ambition was realized at last, after forty years of almost unexampled political industry.

PRIME MINISTER—LEGISLATION FOR IRELAND.

The first measures of importance introduced by the new Premier showed how resolved he was to attempt the solution of the difficulties which had been for so long sources of bitterness between England and Ireland. He had in former years written and spoken with immense energy in favour of the Irish Church Establishment; but now, in mature life, he had come to the conclusion that it could no longer be defended. On the 1st March, 1869, he introduced a Bill to disendow and disestablish the Irish Church. The debates at the various stages were vigorous and prolonged; but at length the Bill passed the Commons by a majority of 114, and was accepted by the Lords. Early in the next session, the Premier brought forward the Irish Land Bill, which provided for the compensation of tenants for improvement, and for disturbance of occupancy, extending to the whole of Ireland the customary tenant right of the whole of Ulster. There was a vigorous opposition, no less than three hundred amendments being brought forward in committee. The Bill, however, became law; and was, at any rate, a very earnest attempt to remedy many serious evils, although it has not realized all the advantages anticipated. The session of 1870 produced also the Elementary Education Bill.

In 1871, the Ministry incurred some unpopularity by assenting to the Black Sea neutrality

clauses of the Treaty of Paris, concluded after the fall of Sebastopol. Another ground of complaint was that, certainly in a high-handed manner, Mr. Gladstone effected, by a royal warrant, the abolition of purchase in the army, after the Peers had rejected a Bill for that purpose, introduced by the Secretary of State for War, and carried through the House of Commons. The University Tests Bill—another measure entirely opposed to his previous course of action—was passed; and in the session of 1872, the Bill establishing vote by ballot at Parliamentary elections, which had been rejected by the Peers in the previous session, was passed. With a certain class of politicians, those indomitable patriots who think we ought, right or wrong, to fight out every quarrel, the Ministry lost prestige by consenting to arbitration in the matter of the Alabama claims pressed against us by the United States. More thoughtful and less belligerent persons, however, assented to a course which was dictated by a sense of justice and a desire to avoid conflict.

In 1873, another Irish measure, which the Premier had set his heart upon carrying, the Irish University Bill, described by him as "vital not only to the honour and existence of the Government, but to the welfare and prosperity of Ireland," was rejected on the second reading by three votes, a small majority, but sufficient to induce Mr. Gladstone to offer his resignation. Mr. Disraeli was not prepared to form an Administration, and Ministers retained office. The Budget, introduced by Mr. Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was satisfactory, showing a surplus of £3,146,000, after payment of £3,200,000 for the Alabama compensation claims. The income-tax and the sugar duties were again reduced, and some minor remissions of taxation were also effected.

Shortly after the close of the Session, Mr. Lowe was transferred to the Home Office, and Mr. Gladstone undertook the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Ministerial majority had dwindled; and on the 24th January, 1874, a letter from the Premier to his Greenwich constituents appeared, announcing that he intended to appeal to the country, and promising that, if the general election gave him a majority sufficient to justify him in retaining office, he would abolish the income-tax. The desired majority was not obtained, and Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues resigned office.

THE SECOND DISRAELI ADMINISTRATION.

The Session of 1874 saw Mr. Disraeli again

Prime Minister, with a large majority, and Mr. Gladstone the leader of a dispirited Opposition. He resigned that position in 1875, in favour of the Marquis of Hartington, son of the Duke of Devonshire, who became the Liberal leader in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone took very little part in Parliamentary debates, devoting himself principally to literary pursuits. But in 1876 came a great awakening, and it is scarcely a figure of speech to say that the giant was aroused.

THE BULGARIAN ATROCITIES.

The rising in the Herzegovina and Bosnia, the deposition of the Sultan, and other Eastern complications, were followed by massacres in Bulgaria, perpetrated by Turkish irregular troops. The most terrible narratives reached England. Mr. Gladstone, horrified by the cruelties perpetrated, and the apparent indifference of Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues in office, published a pamphlet, and made many speeches on the subject. In April 1857, he brought forward resolutions in the House of Commons on the subject, but was defeated by a majority of 151. Unavailingly, but with unrelenting energy, he continued his exertions, speaking, writing, advocating the independence of Bulgaria, and the expulsion of the Turks "bag and baggage."

THE MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN.

A general election would, by the lapse of time, take place in 1880, and the Liberal party began to prepare for the contest. Mr. Gladstone was invited to contest Midlothian; and in November 1879, he undertook and achieved a task which would have taxed the energies of a strong young man; but which, in the case of a man just on the completion of his seventieth year, was simply prodigious. Day after day he made elaborate speeches, sometimes speaking twice in one day. At Dalkeith, West Calder, and Edinburgh, and many other places, his hearers were numbered by thousands. At Glasgow, which he visited for the purpose of being inaugurated as Lord Rector of the University, he made a powerful and lengthy political speech, and in the evening of the same day delivered an elaborate address to the students. For about three weeks his activity was incessant; and at no period of his long career did he exhibit greater oratorical power.

A brief period of repose at Hawarden followed, and then came preparation for the memorable general election of 1880. The tide had turned,

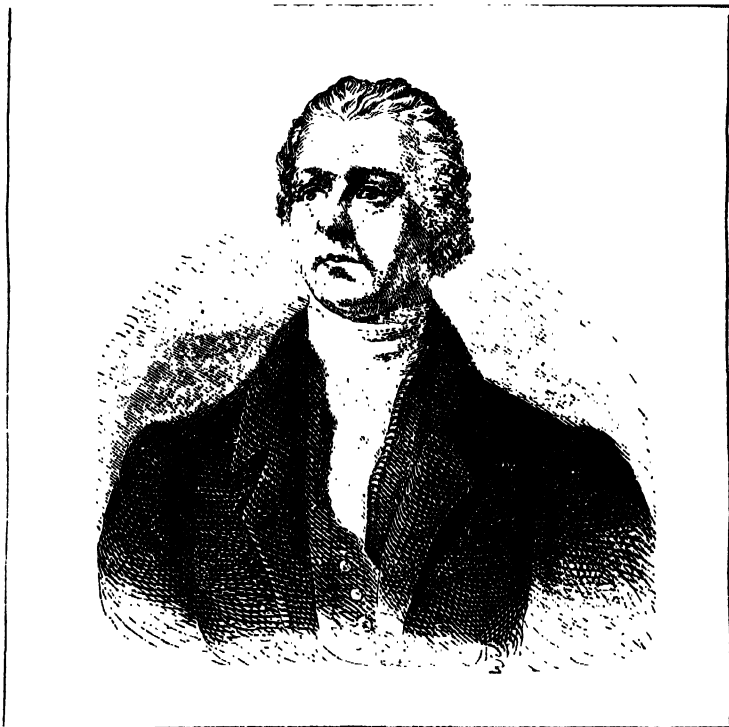
and to a great extent that result was due to Mr. Gladstone. He was nominated for Midlothian, where he was returned by a good majority, notwithstanding the powerful local influence of the Duke of Buccleuch; and also for Leeds, for which borough his youngest son, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, was afterwards returned. A clear majority of fifty-three appeared for the Liberals over Conservatives and Home Rulers combined when Parliament met, and before that the Earl of Beaconsfield (Mr. Disraeli), accepting the inevitable, resigned office. The Queen sent for Lord Hartington, and afterwards for Earl Granville; but both these statesmen declined office; and on the 28th April, Mr. Gladstone was again sworn in as Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Since his accession to office, Mr. Gladstone has been engaged in Parliamentary struggles of the most arduous kind. Besides the Irish Coercion and Irish Land Bill, vigorously contested at every stage, the introduction of new rules for the conduct of business in the House, and the Bradlaugh difficulty, have severely taxed his energies.

MR. GLADSTONE AS AN AUTHOR.

We have mentioned his book on the relations of the Church to the State. This was followed in 1840 by "Church Principles considered in their Results." In 1850 appeared "Remarks on the Royal Supremacy, as it is Defined by Reason, History, and the Constitution," a work suggested by the result of the Gorham controversy. He published also various translations from Latin and Greek poets, and soon after his visit to the Ionian Isles, appeared the first of his studies of Homeric literature and Homeric times: "Place of Homer in Classical Education and Historical Inquiry;" "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age" (1858); "Juventus Mundi; the Gods and Men of the Homeric Age" (1869); "Homeric Synchronism" (1876). His contributions to theological and ecclesiastical literature have been numerous—among them "The Vatican Decrees; their Bearing on Civil Allegiance" (1874); "Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion" (1875); and a reply to the book "Ecce Homo," which attracted so much notice. Pamphlets and contributions to periodical literature are too numerous to specify; the most important have been collected in a volume. In 1868 appeared "A Chapter of Autobiography," in which he explained and defended his change of opinion respecting some important questions.

G. B. E.



WILLIAM PITT.

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BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

THE subject of the following memoir had a good start in life. It was an advantage of which he certainly made the most, and it forms a curious speculation whether had he been obscurely born, Pitt would ever have come to hold a place among the worthies of the world. William Pitt the younger was

born at Hayes, in Kent, on the 28th of May, 1759, and was the second son of Lord Chatham and of Lady Hester Grenville, Countess of Temple. His constitution was so weak from infancy that he was never placed at a public school, but pursued his studies as he was able, from time to time, under a private tutor, at his father's residence in the country.

As the boy is the father of the man it is but natural that we should find in the young Pitt some indications of his future greatness. But we must be on our guard against the statements of those who, when they come to write of heroes, feel bound to discover prodigies where common sense sees clearly that none exist. When all allowances are made, however, enough remains to show that Pitt was a youth of very superior parts, and it is equally evident that he was well aware of his abilities. He had at twelve years of age the confidence and self-possession of fifty, united with an engaging manner which appears to have won universal esteem.

He wrote a tragedy. It was a natural proceeding for a fertile and ingenious mind. Hayley, the poet, heard of it, and when he met the youth, then about fourteen years of age, he seems to have formed such a high opinion of his critical sagacity that he meditated consulting him about some of his own literary projects. Of Pitt's tragedy, Lord Macaulay, in his *Life of William Pitt*, written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, says it was "not worse than the tragedies of Hayley." This piece, Lord Macaulay goes on to tell us, "is still preserved at Chevening, and is in some respects highly curious. There is no love. The whole plot is political; and it is remarkable that the interest such as it is, turns on a contest about a regency. On one side is a faithful servant of the Crown; on the other, an ambitious and unprincipled conspirator. At length the King, who has been missing, reappears, resumes his power, and rewards the faithful defender of his rights. A reader who should judge only by internal evidence, would have no hesitation in pronouncing that the play was written by some Pittite poetaster at the time of the rejoicings for the recovery of George III. in 1789."

But writing tragedies was not the work Pitt came into the world to do, and after the juvenile production of which we have spoken, we hear of no other ventures in that line. Indeed, he proved in after life a very striking contrast to some statesmen of recent times, who have, amidst all the hurry and anxieties of public duties, found time to consecrate to literature and art. Pitt's tastes for aught we know may have pointed very decidedly to books, but all enjoyment to be derived from them was soon put far out of his reach. The student must have, at any rate at intervals, leisure and repose, and these, such was Pitt's devotion to the public interest, he could never command.

After eight years given to his studies at home,

half of which time, however, was lost through ill-health, he was sent at the age of fourteen to the University at Cambridge; and so great was his proficiency, notwithstanding all his disadvantages, that, according to his tutor, Dr. Prettyman, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, in Latin authors he seldom met with difficulty; and it was no uncommon thing for him to read into English six or eight pages of Thucydides, which he had not previously seen, without more than two or three mistakes, sometimes without even one.

His constitution, however, was so frail, that during the first three years of his college life, he was never able to keep the terms with regularity. But though his early life at Cambridge seems to have been "one long disease," his quickness and accuracy of thought made up for every deficiency arising from bodily weakness. His whole soul from boyhood had been absorbed in one idea—that of becoming a distinguished orator; and when he heard at the age of seven that his father had been raised to the peerage, he instantly exclaimed, "Then I must take his place in the House of Commons." To this point all his efforts were now directed, with a zeal and constancy which knew no limits but the weakness of his frame, and which seemed almost to triumph over the infirmities of nature.

AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Pitt's studies at the University were continued nearly seven years, though with frequent intervals of residence under his father's roof. Three things seem to have occupied his attention for a long time, viz., the classics, the mathematics, and the logic of Aristotle applied to the purposes of debates. His mode of translating the classics to his tutor was a peculiar one. He did not construe an author in the ordinary way; but, after reading a passage of some length in the original, he turned it at once into regular English sentences, aiming to give the ideas with great exactness, and to express himself at the same time with accuracy and ease.

It is only by practices such as these that the student of public speaking can make himself a perfect orator. No doubt there must be natural endowments to begin with, but these must be cultivated very much as Pitt cultivated them, if one would rise to the foremost place as a speaker, and exert the same power over popular audiences as was exerted by the great man whose life we are now considering, and whose example we may in many respects safely follow.

Pitt, till he graduated, had scarcely one

acquaintance, attended chapel regularly morning and evening, dined every day in hall, and never went to a single evening party. At seventeen, he was admitted, after the pernicious practice of those times, to the degree of Master of Arts. But he continued during some years to reside at college, and to apply himself vigorously to the studies of the place, while mixing freely in the best academic society.

MENTAL TRAINING.

The severe mental training to which Pitt subjected himself, prepared him to enter with ease and delight into the most abstract questions of moral and political science. "Locke on the Human Understanding" was his favourite author on the science of mind; he soon mastered Smith's "Wealth of Nations," which was first published when he was attending college; he gave great attention to a course of lectures by Dr. Halifax on "Civil Law;" and, in short, whatever subject he took up, he made it his chief endeavour to be deeply grounded in its principles, rather than extensively acquainted with its details. *Multum in idem* was his motto in pursuing these inquiries, and, indeed, in most of the studies of his life. The same motto gave a direction to his reading in English literature. He read the best historians with great care. Middleton's "Life of Cicero," and the political and historical writings of Bolingbroke, were his favourite models in point of style; he studied Barrow's Sermons by the advice of his father for copiousness of diction, and was intimately acquainted with the Sacred Scriptures, not only as a guide of his faith and practice, but, in the language of Spenser, as the true "*well of English undefiled*."

To modern literature, Pitt paid comparatively little attention. He knew no living language but French; and that he knew very imperfectly. With a few of the best English writers he was intimate, particularly with Shakspeare and Milton. The debate in Pandemonium was, as it well deserved to be, one of his favourite passages; and his early friends used to talk long after his death of the just emphasis and the melodious cadence with which they had heard him recite the incomparable speech of Belial. "He had indeed," says Macaulay, "been carefully trained from infancy in the art of managing his voice, a voice naturally clear and deep-toned. His father, whose oratory owed no small part of its effect to that art, had been a most skillful and judicious instructor. At a later period, the wits of Brookes's irritated by observing night after night how,

powerfully Pitt's sonorous elocution fascinated the rows of country gentleman, reproached him with having been 'taught by his dad on a stool.'"

The stock of learning which Pitt laid in during his college days was certainly very extraordinary. In fact, it was all he ever possessed; for he very early grew too busy to have any spare time for books.

He was distinguished at college alike for the closeness of his application, and for the success of his efforts in attaining those branches of knowledge to which his studies were particularly directed. Although no proofs are recorded of extraordinary brilliancy in his academical career, yet few young men of any rank have passed through the probation of a university with a more respectable character for morals, abilities, industry, and regularity. He was intended by his father for the bar and the senate, and his education was regulated accordingly.

Soon after he quitted the University he went to the Continent, and passed a short time at Rheims. This foreign residence appears to have had a favourable effect on his mind in the way of enlarging his ideas and gaining new images to enrich his already fertile imagination. On his return we find him resuming a practice to which he had given considerable attention previous to his going abroad,—that of attendance on parliamentary debates. This attendance familiarized him with the modes of procedure of the House, and with the style of speaking most likely to secure attention and win conviction.

How far Lord Chatham contributed by direct inspiration to form the mind of his son it is difficult to say. That he inspired him with his own lofty and generous sentiments; that he set integrity, truth, and public spirit before him, as the best means of securing success even in politics; that he warned him against that fashionable dissipation which has proved the ruin of too many of the nobility; that he made him feel intensely the importance of character to an English statesman, is obvious from what remains to us of his correspondence, and from the results that appear in the early life of Pitt. But there is no evidence that he took any active part in his intellectual training.

AT THE BAR.

Pitt lost his father in 1778; and being left in straitened circumstances, applied himself to the law, as affording the most direct means of support. He was called to the bar on the 12th June, 1781. He rode the Western Circuit during

that and the next year, having causes occasionally put into his hands, especially one which he argued before Judge Buller, in a manner that awakened the admiration of the bar; and another before Lord Mansfield, on granting the writ of *habeas corpus* to a man charged with murder, in which he received the warmest applause from that distinguished jurist.

He was a favourite with his brethren of the circuit; one of whom remarks, "Among the lively men of our time of life, Pitt was always the most animated and convivial in the many hours of leisure which occur to young men on circuit. He joined all the little excursions and parties of pleasure that were habitually formed. His name and reputation for high acquisitions at the University commanded the attention of his seniors; his wit and good humour endeared him to the younger part of the bar. After he became Minister, he continued to ask his old circuit intimates to dine with him, and his manners remained unchanged."

AS MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT; PITT'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

In January, 1781, he was returned as Member of Parliament for Appleby, a borough belonging to Sir James Lowther. He immediately joined the Opposition, under Burke and Fox, at a time when Lord North, besides the revolt of the American Colonies, was engaged in a war with France, Spain, and Holland.

His maiden speech was delivered on the twenty-sixth of the same month, and being wholly unpremeditated, gave a surprising exhibition of the readiness and fertility of his mind. One of Burke's Bills on Economical Reform was under debate; and when Lord Nugent rose to oppose it, a Mr. Byng, member for Middlesex, asked Pitt to come forward in reply. He partly assented, but afterwards changed his mind, and determined not to speak. Byng, who understood him otherwise, the moment Lord Nugent sat down, called out "Pitt! Pitt!" and the cry at once became general throughout the House. At first he declined; but finding the House was bent on hearing him, he rose with entire self-possession, took up the argument with all the force of a practised debater, and threw over the whole a glow, an eloquence, a richness of thought and fervour of emotion which called forth a round of applause from every quarter of the House. Burke took him by the hand, declaring that he was "not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself." Fox carried him to Brookes's when the House adjourned, and had him enrolled among

the *élite* of the Whigs; and the nation felt that the mantle had fallen upon one who was already qualified to go forth in "the spirit and power" of his illustrious predecessor. He spoke but twice that session; and at the close of it, on some one remarking, "Pitt promises to be one of the finest speakers ever heard in Parliament," Fox, who was passing at the moment, turned instantly round, and replied, "He is so already." Thus, at the age of twenty-two, when most men are yet in the rudiments of political science, and just commencing their first essays in oratory, he placed himself at a single bound in the foremost rank of English statesmen and orators, at the proudest era of English eloquence. What is still more wonderful, he became, not by slow degrees, like Fox, but by inspiration, in the language of Lord Brougham, "one of the most accomplished debaters in the British Parliament."

EARLY PARLIAMENTARY CAREER.

At the next session, commencing in November 1781, Pitt entered into debate on the broadest scale, and made the most strenuous exertions to put an end to the American war. The defeat of Cornwallis had rendered the contest absolutely hopeless; and he denounced it as one which "wasted the blood and treasure of the kingdom, without even a rational object." But he avoided the error of Fox; he made no personal attack on the King. With that forecast which marked all his actions in opposing the favourite measures of his sovereign, he did nothing to wound his pride or rouse his resentment. He put the responsibility on his Ministers, and inveighed against them as men "who, by their fatal system, had led the country, step by step, to the most calamitous and disgraceful situation to which a once flourishing and glorious empire could possibly be reduced—a situation which threatened the final dissolution of the state, if not prevented by timely wise and vigorous efforts."

At the end of a few weeks, Lord North was driven from office; and the Rockingham Administration came into power, March 28, 1782, with Fox and Lord Shelburne as principal Secretaries of State. Various stations, and among them one of great emolument, were offered to Pitt; but he declined them all, having resolved, with that lofty feeling which always marked his character, never to take office until he could come in at once as a member of the Cabinet.

A YOUTHFUL CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

The Rockingham Ministry was terminated by

the death of its chief at the end of thirteen weeks. Lord Shelburne succeeded, and with him brought in Pitt as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons. Such an event had never before happened in the history of English politics. The conduct of the entire finances of the Empire had hitherto been reserved for men of tried experience. Godolphin, Oxford, Walpole, Pelham, Grenville, Townsend, and North, had risen by slow degrees to this weighty and responsible office. Pitt alone received it at once, without passing through any subordinate station, at the age of twenty-three; and the country hailed him with joy as worthy to take his father's place in the management of the highest concerns of the Empire.

Lord Shelburne now made peace, on the 30th November, 1782, on terms quite as favourable as could have been expected, after the disgraceful results of Lord North's contest with America and France. But it was already obvious that his Lordship, though head of the Government, was not master of the House of Commons. Fox, who had succeeded when the new Ministry came in, held the balance of power between them and Lord North. Some union of parties was, therefore, indispensable, or the Government could not go on; and Pitt was commissioned to negotiate with Fox for a return to power. Their interview was short. Fox instantly demanded whether, under the proposed arrangement, Lord Shelburne was still to remain Prime Minister. Pitt replied that nothing else had ever been thought of. "I cannot," said Fox, warmly, "ever consent to hold office under his Lordship." "And I certainly have not come here," replied Pitt, "to betray his Lordship." They parted, and never again met under a private roof. From the entire contrariety of their habits and feelings, they could never have acted except as political opponents.

THE COALITION OF FOX AND LORD NORTH.

Fox now united with Lord North, and voted down the Ministry on the 17th of February, 1783. The preliminary treaties of peace had been signed in January; and on this day they were taken into consideration by the House of Commons.

Pitt took part in the debate, but he was in feeble health, and irritability got the better of judgment. He gave a rude piece of advice to Sheridan, which enabled that celebrated orator to deliver himself of one of those neat and pointed replies which may well excite our admiration and envy.

"Let the honourable member," said Pitt, "rest contented with exercising his genius in another

sphere, and with winning the applause of other audiences."

This allusion to his theatrical pursuits was too much for Sheridan. He rose, and with the greatest coolness said, "After what I have seen and heard to-night, I really feel strongly tempted to venture on a competition with so great an artist as Ben Jonson, and to bring on the stage a second 'Angry Boy.'"

It is rather a misfortune that a kind biographer has been at the pains to point out that the happy flashes of Sheridan's wit were mostly prepared beforehand. But after all what does it matter? A reply should have the air of being unpremeditated, as this one has, and whether it has been treasured up for a dozen years against a suitable occasion, or has sprung into being just at the moment, is of no consequence at all.

The Opposition on that evening had the best of it. The House divided, and the supporters of the Government were found to be in a considerable minority. Pitt and his friends might well have been discouraged; but opposition seems only to have encouraged them, as is always the case with resolute natures.

Four days after, Lord John Cavendish followed up the blow by moving a resolution involving a severe censure upon the Ministers for the terms on which they had concluded peace. The debate was a long one; and Fox reserved himself for the close of the evening, obviously intending to overwhelm his young antagonist, and put an end to the discussion by the force and severity of his remarks. The moment he sat down, Pitt rose, to the surprise of all, and grappled at once in argument with the "most accomplished debater the world ever saw." This speech contained passages which he never afterwards surpassed in his long and brilliant career of eloquence.

"Lord North, in following Pitt that night, spoke of his eloquence as amazing," and added, "It is no small presumption of my innocence that I could hear his thunder without being dismayed, and even listen to it with a mixture of astonishment and delight." But the Coalition was too strong to be dissolved; the vote of censure was passed by a majority of seventeen, and Lord Shelburne resigned.

The King now sent for Pitt, and urged him to accept the office of Prime Minister; but with that strength of judgment which never deserted him in the most flattering or the most adverse circumstances, he steadfastly rejected the offer, satisfied that it would be impossible to resist the combined forces of Lord North and Fox in the House. To gratify the King, however, while

endeavouring to form a Ministry to his mind, Pitt remained in office for six weeks, carrying on the government with a dignity of deportment, and an ease and dexterity in the despatch of business, which excited the admiration of all, and produced the frequent remark, "There is no need of a Ministry whilst Mr. Pitt is here."

In the meantime, the King, though urged by repeated addresses from the House, continued to shrink from the Coalition; and it is now known that he seriously meditated a retirement to Hanover, as the only means of relief from the painful situation in which he found himself. It was Thurlow who deterred him from so hazardous a step. "Your Majesty may go to your Electoral dominions," said the Chancellor, bluntly; "nothing is easier; but you may not find it so easy to return when you grow tired of staying there. James II. did the same; Your Majesty must not follow his example." He therefore advised the King to submit with patience, assuring him that the Coalition could not remain long in power without committing some error which would lay them open to successful attack. The King saw the wisdom of his advice. He permitted the Coalition Ministry to be formed, 2nd of April, 1783, but with an express reservation that he was to be understood as in no way concerned in their measures.

A VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.

Pitt now paid a visit to the Continent, accompanied by William Wilberforce, "the nightingale of the House of Commons," and for ever famous for his efforts in putting down the slave trade. The two visited Paris, where Pitt was received with the greatest enthusiasm. He was invited everywhere, asked his opinion about everything and everybody, and suffered all other inconveniences of popularity. Certainly it is not always well to be conspicuous, and one can fancy that many a great statesman, surrounded by influence and defended by applause, would gladly echo the wish of Oliver Cromwell to be a little shepherd boy sitting under a hedge.

He was also tempted by a matrimonial project. Wilberforce says, it was hinted to him, through the intervention of Horace Walpole, that he would be an acceptable suitor for the daughter of the celebrated Necker, afterwards Madame de Staël. Necker is said to have offered to endow her with a fortune of £11,000 a year. But he declined the proposal, and remained unmarried to the end of life. With all the diversity of his powers, there are two characters which Pitt would have been quite unable to sustain; to play

the part of the lover or the husband would have been equally beyond his reach.

PITT AS PRIME MINISTER.

The measure foretold by Thurlow came earlier than was expected. During the first week of the next session, on the 18th of November, 1783, Fox brought forward his East India Bill. In opposing this scheme, Pitt spoke the sentiments of most men in the kingdom. The firmest Whigs, like Lord Camden, and the most strenuous enemies of oppression, like Wilberforce, united with the supporters of the Crown and the entire moneyed interest of the country, denouncing it in the strongest terms. The measure, however, was carried through all its stages in the House of Commons by large majorities; and only encountered a formidable resistance when it reached the Lords, where all the personal influence of the King was exerted to procure its defeat. This object being attained, the King followed up his advantage by dismissing Fox and Lord North when they would not resign, and by appointing Pitt Prime Minister, with the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. This was in the middle of December 1783.

Pitt now came in as Prime Minister at the age of twenty-four, under circumstances wholly without precedent in the history of British politics. Against him was arrayed an overwhelming majority in the House, led on by the most eloquent men of the time, inflamed by a sense of injury and disappointed ambition. So hopeless did his prospect appear, that a motion for a new writ to fill his place for the borough of Appleby was received with a general shout of laughter.

A TRYING SITUATION.

In the contest which followed, and which turned the eyes of the whole Empire on the House of Commons, for nearly three months the young Minister's situation was not only trying beyond measure, in a political point of view, but, as Wrexall observes, "appeared at times to be not wholly exempt from personal danger." For he might be said, without exaggeration, to hold suspended over his head the severest marks of the displeasure of the offended House. His removal from the King's presence and councils as an enemy of his country—his impeachment or his commitment to the Tower—any or all of these propositions might have been carried in moments of effervescence, when the passions of a popular assembly, inflamed by such a conductor as Fox, seemed to be ripe for any acts of violence.

Under these circumstances, Pitt displayed a presence of mind, a skill and boldness in repelling attack, and a dexterity in turning the weapons of his adversaries against themselves, which we cannot even now contemplate as remote spectators of the scene without wonder and admiration. Fox's first step was to demand, rather than request, of the King that Parliament should not be *dissolved*, intimating in his speech on the subject, that it would not be safe to adopt such a measure, "merely to suit the convenience of an ambitious young man." Pitt, who had wisely determined to fight the battle for a new parliament in and through the present House, replied by a friend—for he had not yet been re-elected as a member—that he had no designs of the sort; and that if any idea of proroguing or dissolving Parliament should be entertained *anywhere*, Mr. Pitt would instantly resign." To make himself still more sure, Fox next moved a resolution, declaring "the payment of any public money for services, voted in the present session, after Parliament should be prorogued or dissolved—if such event should take place before an Act should be passed appropriating the supplies for such services, to be a high crime and misdemeanour." To this Pitt made no objections, and the motion was carried by general consent.

These things combined brought Pitt apparently to the feet of Fox. The majority were not to be broken down by a new election; and if they stopped the supplies, he had no longer the resource of proroguing Parliament, and using the money on hand as absolutely *necessary* for continuing the Government; he must resign, or bring the country at once into a state of anarchy. So certain did Fox consider the result, that he said on the floor of the House, "To talk of the permanence of such an Administration would be only laughing at and insulting them;" and at the close of the same speech he spoke of "the youth of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the weakness incident to his early period of life, as the only possible excuse for his temerity."

The Mutiny Bill had been already delayed by Fox for a month; and the same decisive step was soon after taken with the supplies. Pitt was then distinctly warned of the inevitable consequences of his persisting in a refusal to resign; while he was insulted for many weeks by one resolution after another, passed by large majorities, reflecting in the severest terms on the means by which he had gained power, and declaring that his Ministry did not possess the confidence of the House or the country.

As to the first point, he repelled with indig-

nation the charge of having come into office by indirect or unworthy means. "I declare," said he, "that I came up no *backstairs*. When my Sovereign was pleased to send for me, in order to know whether I would accept of employment, I was compelled to go to the royal closet; but I know of no *secret influence*! My own integrity forms my protection against such a concealed agent; and whenever I discover it, the House may rest assured I will not remain one hour in the Cabinet! I will neither have the *meanness* to act upon advice given by others, nor the *hypocrisy* to pretend, when the measures of an Administration in which I occupy a place are censured, that they were not of my advising. If any former Ministers are hurt by these charges, to *them be the sting*! Little did I conceive that I should ever be accused within these walls as the abettor or the tool of secret influence! The nature and the singularity of the imputation only render it the more contemptible. This is the sole reply that I shall ever deign to make. The probity and rectitude of my private as well as of my public principles, will ever constitute my sources of action. I never will be responsible for measures not my own, nor condescend to become the instrument of any secret advisers whatever. With respect to the questions put to me on the subject of a dissolution of Parliament, it does not become me to comment on the expressions composing the gracious answer of the Sovereign, delivered by him from the Throne. Neither will I compromise the royal prerogative, nor bargain it away in the House of Commons!"

The King, whose residence was then at Windsor, waited with deep emotion for a daily account of the conflict going on in the House; and such was his anxiety during part of the time, that hourly *expresses* were sent him, with a report of the debates. It was indeed more his battle than that of the Ministry. His correspondence shows that he was resolved to stake everything on the firmness of Pitt. His honour as a sovereign forbade his receiving back Lord North and Fox, after the means they were using to force themselves into power; and if Pitt sank in the conflict, it was the King's determination to sink with him. After a night of the greatest disaster, when the Ministry had been five times beaten,—twice on questions directly involving their continuance in office;—His Majesty wrote to Pitt in the following terms:—

"As to myself, I am perfectly composed, as I have the self-satisfaction of feeling that I have done my duty. Though I think Mr. Pitt's day will be fully taken up in considering with the

other Ministers what measures are best to be adopted in the present crisis, yet, that no delay may arise from my absence, I shall dine in town, and consequently be ready to see him in the evening, if he should think that would be of utility. At all events, I am ready to take any step that may be proposed to oppose this faction, and to struggle to the last period of my life. But I can never submit to throw myself into its power. If they at the end succeed, *my line is a clear one, and to which I have fortitude enough to submit.*"

These words, pointing directly to a withdrawal from England, with the case of James II. in full view, if not to consequences even more fatal, must have wrought powerfully on Pitt. It was not merely his love of office or scorn of being beaten that nerved him with such energy for the conflict; it was sympathy and respect for his sovereign. And the hopes of averting those terrible civil commotions which seemed inevitable with Fox at the head of the Commons, drove the King, supported by the nobility, into the desperate measure contemplated.

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

As the contest went on, Pitt having been beaten on an East India Bill which he introduced, Fox moved the same night for leave to bring in another of his own, which he declared to be the same as his former one in all its essential principles. He then turned to Pitt, and demanded to know whether the King would dissolve Parliament to prevent the passing of such a Bill. All eyes were turned to the Treasury Bench; and a scene ensued of the most exciting nature. "Mr. Pitt," says the Parliamentary History, "sat still; the members on all sides calling upon him in vain to rise. Sir Grey Cooper then broke out into some very severe remarks, and closed with saying, that if the gentleman persisted in his silence, the House ought to come to a resolution on the subject. On Mr. Pitt's sitting still, the cry was very loud of "Move, move!" calling on Sir Grey to bring forward a resolution. Fox then made some very cutting observations on the sulky silence of the gentleman, "his treating the House with so little decency," etc., when "the House still called most vehemently on Mr. Pitt to rise." General Conway now came out with great warmth, and attacked the character and motives of Ministers in the bitterest terms, declaring that "the present Ministry, originating in darkness and secrecy, maintained themselves by artifice. All their conduct was dark and intricate; they existed by corruption, and they were now about

to dissolve Parliament, after sending their agents about the country to bribe men."

Pitt now rose, not to answer the questions put to him, but with a call to order. As Conway was advanced in years, Pitt treated him with respect, but demanded that he should "specify the instances of corruption" charged, and told him that "what he could not prove he ought never to assert." "No man," said he in his loftiest tones, "shall draw me aside from the purpose which, on mature deliberation, I have formed. Individual members have no right to call upon me for replies to questions involving in them great public considerations. Nor is it incumbent on me to answer interrogatories put in the harsh language which has been used." Turning again to Conway, whose age ought to have taught him more moderation, he reproved his intemperance of language in a way which called forth a burst of applause from the House, by quoting the noble reply of Scipio to Fabius: "Youth as I am, I will conquer the aged, if in nothing else, at least in modesty and command over my tongue."

THE TABLES TURNED.

Some of Fox's friends now became anxious for a compromise. Among them was a Mr. Powys, who had been so scandalized by the Coalition and the East India Bill, that he joined Pitt in opposing them, but went back to Fox the moment he was dismissed and Pitt was put in his place. He now urged a coalition between them as the only possible means of giving harmony to the country. He proposed to remove the difficulty as to Lord North, whom Fox could not desert, by raising him to the Upper House.

A large number of country gentlemen had now become so anxious for a coalition,—which Fox himself proposed,—that a meeting, attended by nearly seventy members of the House, was held at St. Alban's Tavern, under the auspices of Powys and Mr. Grosvenor of Chester. On applying to the Duke of Portland as head of the Opposition, they received for answer, that the only obstacle in the way was Mr. Pitt's being in office. He was required to resign as preliminary to negotiations. The King, though with great reluctance, consented to receive some of the Opposition "as a respectable part of a Ministry on a broad basis, but insisted on their giving up the idea of having the administration in their own hands." In accordance with these views, Pitt refused to resign.

It was not without reason that Fox had been desirous of a compromise; the whole country had begun to move for Pitt and the King. Addresses

in favour of the Ministry now poured in from every part of the kingdom. London led the way, and sent a deputation to Pitt's residence in Berkeley Square, preceded by the City Marshal and Sheriffs, to present him with the freedom of the city in a gold box of one hundred guineas in value, as a mark of gratitude for and approbation of his zeal and assiduity in supporting the legal prerogatives of the Crown, and the constitutional rights of the people.

Fox's majority now began to diminish, until, on the 27th of February, it was reduced to seven. On the 8th of March he made his last great effort in a "Representation to the King," drawn up in powerful language, containing reasons for the removal of the Ministers. So great was the anxiety to be present at this debate, that the gallery was filled to overflowing more than six hours before the House assembled. The debate was opened by Fox's moving that this Representation be entered on the records of the House; it continued till midnight; and when the vote was taken, he had only *one* as a majority. Tremendous cheers now broke forth from the Treasury Benches: the Coalition was defeated; the Mutiny Bill was passed. Parliament was soon after dissolved; and the nation was called upon to decide at the hustings between Fox and Pitt.

The people ratified at the polls what they had declared in their addresses to the King and the Ministry. Never was there so complete a revolution in any House of Commons. More than a hundred and sixty of Fox's friends lost their seats.

A LONG LEASE OF POWER.

From this period for seventeen years, and, after a short interval, during three years more, Pitt swayed the destinies of England, under circumstances for the most part more perilous and appalling than have fallen to the lot of any British statesman in modern times. As to his leading measures, men differ now almost as much as during the heat of the contest, in the judgment they pronounce between him and his great opponent. But there is more candour in estimating the motives and intentions of both. Very few at the present day would call in question the honour, the integrity, or the sincere patriotism of William Pitt. All, too, have come to feel, that in deciding on the conduct of public men during the French Revolution, the question is not so much, "Who was in the right?" as "Who was least in the wrong?" At a period of great excitement, it is undeniably difficult even for the greatest minds to maintain their equilibrium.

PROJECTED PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

The first measure of Pitt was a Bill for the better government of India. Early in 1785 he brought forward a plan of reform in Parliament. On this subject he had, from early life, entered with great warmth into the feelings of his father, and had twice before, in 1782 and 1783, moved similar resolutions, supported by able speeches, though without success. He now took it up as Minister. His plan was to disfranchise thirty-six decayed boroughs,—making due compensation to their owners,—and transfer the representation, consisting of nearly a hundred members, to the counties and unrepresented towns. He also proposed to extend the right of voting in populous places to the inhabitants in general. Fox strenuously resisted the proposed compensation; and the friends of reform being thus divided, Pitt was beaten by a majority of 248 to 174.

As he never brought up the subject again, he has been accused by some of insincerity; but we learn his true feelings from a record in the diary of Wilberforce: "At Pitt's all day. It (reform) goes on well; sat up late chatting with Pitt, who has good hopes of the country—noble and patriotic heart! To-morrow (next day)—House—Parliamentary Reform—terribly disappointed and beat." It is not surprising that, after being defeated three times, he should be in no haste to revive the subject again, especially as the King was strongly opposed to the measure; nor does it show any want of sincerity in his early efforts, that he afterwards changed his views as to the expediency of agitating the question. Even Lord Brougham, with all his disposition to censure Pitt, says, "The alarms raised by the French Revolution, and its cognate excitement among ourselves, justified a reconsideration of the opinions originally entertained on our parliamentary system, and might induce an honest alteration of them."

A SCHEME FOR PAYING OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT; OTHER MEASURES.

In 1786, Pitt brought forward his celebrated plan for paying the National Debt of £239,000,000, by means of a Sinking Fund. The suggestion came from a Dr. Price, who offered three schemes to the Ministry; and it has been often said that Pitt "chose the worst." True it is, that on the other two the debt would have been paid sooner, but they were more complicated, and required an annual outlay to begin with, which Pitt clearly saw the country could never endure. He therefore chose the plan which, though less expedi-

tious, was the only one he deemed practicable. It was founded on the fact that he had a *surplus* revenue of £900,000 a year. To this £100,000 might be added from taxes without burdening the country; and "this sum of £1,000,000 a year, improved at compound interest by being regularly invested in public stocks, would, in twenty-eight years, amount to four millions a year, at the supposed interest of five per cent., a sum which would pay off one hundred millions of three per cents."

The scheme was professedly founded on the continuance of peace. While this remained, the surplus could be relied on without adding any new debt; and as the nations of the continent seemed tired of war after the exhausting conflict from which they had just escaped, Pitt not unnaturally hoped that England might enjoy so long a season of repose as to place her Sinking Fund on high and safe ground before the occurrence of another war.

Unfortunately, within seven years there commenced the most terrible conflict in which this country ever engaged. The surplus failed; and though the form of a Sinking Fund was kept up, it became from this time a mere bubble, paying a debt with one hand, while borrowing with the other. This was not the Sinking Fund devised by Pitt and Dr. Price. If the peace of Europe had been as lasting then as since the fall of Napoleon, and the original plan had been carried out faithfully, the fund would probably have by this time extinguished a great part, if not the whole, of the debt.

Pitt's Commercial Treaty with France in 1787 was the first step on the part of England towards enlightened principles of national intercourse. His armament against France the same year, in behalf of Holland, was applauded by all; that against Spain in 1790 was ultimately approved by Fox; that against Russia in 1791 was promptly and wisely given up when the voice of the nation declared against it.

We shall pass lightly over the ground taken up by Pitt on the exciting question of the Regency; the measures he then proposed now form an acknowledged part of the constitutional law on the subject.

THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE; A NEW CONSTITUTION FOR CANADA.

Of the immediate abolition of the Slave Trade Pitt was a warm advocate; and in 1792, he made the most eloquent speech on the subject ever delivered in the House of Commons. Lord Brougham speaks of him in the harshest terms for

not making this a Ministerial question, and compelling his adherents to unite with him at once in a vote for suppressing the traffic. It may be doubted, however, whether a great moral question ought ever to be carried by mere force. Years of inquiry and argument are often necessary to make the removal, even of enormous abuses, either permanent or useful. The King and his family remained to the last strenuous opponents of the abolition of the Slave Trade. Most of the nobility for a long time had the same feelings; and nearly all the mercantile interest of the kingdom resisted it for many years. Some of the ablest of Pitt's colleagues were vehemently opposed to what they regarded as a rash and impracticable scheme, while they professed a sincere regard for a gradual abolition of the traffic. It certainly does honour to Pitt, that under these circumstances, he never wavered or shrunk back. He gave Wilberforce all the influence of his personal and official character; he spoke and voted for immediate abolition. If he had gone farther, and attempted what Lord Brougham condemns him so bitterly for not doing, he would probably have put an end at once to his Ministry, without the slightest advantage, and perhaps with serious detriment, to the cause he had espoused.

In 1791, it became the duty of Pitt to frame a new Constitution for Canada. He did it upon wise and liberal principles. He for ever took away the question which led to the American war, that of taxing the Colonies for the sake of revenue. The British Parliament now expressly relinquished the right of levying any taxes, except for the regulation of trade (to which, indeed, the Americans were always ready to submit); and in order to guard this point more fully, Pitt provided that the proceeds even of these taxes should go to the Provincial Assemblies, and not to the Government at home. It was much for George III. to make these concessions.

FINANCIAL MEASURES.

The financial measures of Pitt during this period were highly successful. He took the government at the end of Lord North's wars, with an unfunded debt of thirty millions sterling, and a national income wholly unequal to the expense even of a moderate peace establishment. There were large claims to be provided for in favour of the American Loyalists; there was a system of enormous fraud in the collection of the public revenues to be searched out; there were permanent arrangements to be made for commercial intercourse with America and some

of the countries of Europe; and the vast concerns of India were to be reduced to order and placed on a new foundation. In carrying out his plans, he had to fight his way at every step against the acutest and most eloquent men in the country; and he did it under the disadvantage of having no common ground of argument on which to meet them, since they were ignorant of the principles of Adam Smith, while the popular maxims and prejudices of the day were all on their side.

Within five years the debt was funded, and reduced five millions, notwithstanding the expense of two armaments, and other outlays to the amount of six millions. An entire and most beneficial change was made in the manner of collecting the customs and auditing the public accounts, requiring more than three thousand distinct resolutions in Parliament to carry the plan into effect. Under this system, the public revenue went on increasing, until, early in 1792, he "felt justified in proposing a repeal of the most burdensome imposts, and an addition of £400,000 to the annual million already appropriated as a Sinking Fund." In respect, then, to the first eight years of Pitt's administration, it was not, perhaps, too much for Gibbon to say, that "in all his researches in ancient and modern history, he had nowhere met with a parallel—with one who at so early a period of life had so important a trust reposed in him, which he had discharged with so much credit to himself, and advantage to the kingdom."

PITT AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

We now come to the course adopted by Pitt respecting the Revolution in France, and the war in that country. This, as Lord Brougham remarks, "is the *main* charge against him." It is obvious that whatever may have been his errors on this subject, he had every possible motive to desire the continuance of peace. On this depended all his plans of finance, and especially the success of his Sinking Fund, to which he looked as the proudest memorial of his greatness as a statesman. That he did ardently desire it no one doubts; and so sanguine were his expectations, that he remarked in the House of Commons, about the middle of 1792, "England had never a fairer prospect of a long continuance of peace. I think we may confidently reckon upon peace for *ten years*." Burke had previously expressed similar views. England had no longer anything to fear from her hereditary rival. "France," said he, "in a political light, is to be

considered *expunged* out of the system of Europe."

At this moment, July 25th, 1792, Austria and Prussia invaded France, for the avowed purpose of restoring Louis XVI. to all his rights as an absolute monarch. It is unnecessary to say that this step kindled the fire which soon after wrapped the whole of Europe in a blaze. It is now known that this country had no knowledge of or concern in this invasion. On the contrary, Pitt declined all communication with Austria on the subject, and declared to Prussia his unalterable resolution to maintain neutrality, and avoid all interference in the internal concerns of France. It is also known that some months after he endeavoured to put a stop to the contest by "negotiating," in the words of Wilberforce, "with the principal European Powers, for the purpose of obtaining a joint representation to France, assuring her that if she would formally engage to keep within her own limits, and not molest her neighbours, she would be suffered to settle her own internal government and constitution without interference." This negotiation was broken off in the midst by the execution of Louis XVI.; and Pitt thus failed in his efforts to arrest the war on the Continent.

When the French drove out the Austrians and Prussians, they seized in turn on the Austrian Netherlands early in November 1792. Here arose the first point of collision between England and France. The Republican rulers forced the passage of the river Scheldt from the Netherlands down to the sea. This river had been closed, under the provisions of the Treaty of Westphalia, for a century and a half, out of regard to the rights of Holland, through which it flows; and England was bound by treaty to defend these rights. A second point of collision was the French Decree of Fraternity, passed on the 19th of November, 1792, by the National Assembly, declaring that the French "would grant fraternity and assistance to all those people who wish to procure liberty, and charged the executive to send orders to their generals to give assistance to such people as have suffered, or are now suffering, in the cause of liberty."

This was considered as a declaration of war against all the monarchies of Europe, and a direct call on their subjects to rise in rebellion. It was brought home to England by the fact that delegates from Societies in London and elsewhere, consisting of many thousands, were received at the bar of the French National Convention nine days after the publication of this decree, where they declared their intention to

"adopt the French form of government, and establish a National Convention in England." The President of the Convention replied in very significant terms: "Royalty in Europe is either destroyed or on the point of perishing; and the Declaration of Rights, placed by the side of thrones, is a devouring fire which will consume them." There is no doubt that the French at this time expected a revolution in England.

These aggressions and insults would have justified our Government in demanding ample reparation. But there was a difficulty with regard to the mode of negotiating. When Louis XVI. was made a prisoner of the Convention by the events of the 10th of August, 1792, his government ceased, and Pitt recalled the English Ambassador from Paris, and suspended the functions of the French Ambassador in London. How then were the two countries to communicate? This soon afterwards became a practical question. England began to arm, which she might reasonably do, under existing circumstances. The French Government instructed their suspended ambassador, a M. Chauvelin, who remained in London, to demand whether this armament was directed against France, tendering at the same time an explanation of the Decree of Fraternity, as not aimed at England, and proposing to negotiate in relation to the Scheldt. What was Pitt now to do? No one would expect him instantly to recognise the National Convention as *de jure* the Government of France.

Fox proposed to treat with them as the Government *de facto*; but this is a distinction which has sprung up chiefly since the French Revolution; and it is easy to see how strong a repugnance George III., and most of the English, must have felt to any recognition of the new Government, while they held their king a prisoner, and were calling on the subjects of every other monarch in Europe to join with them in rebellion. Pitt took a middle course. He did not refuse to communicate with the French rulers, but he declined to receive the paper of M. Chauvelin as "an official communication." He did, however, reply, "under a form neither regular nor official," telling him, "if France is really desirous of maintaining peace and friendship with England, she must show herself disposed to renounce her views of aggression and aggrandisement, and confine herself within her territories, without insulting other Governments, without disturbing their tranquillity; without violating their rights."

Within less than a month the King of France was beleaguered. M. Chauvelin, whose functions

had been suspended during the imprisonment of Louis, was now dismissed and sent out of the kingdom; and seven days after France declared war against England.

Such is an exact representation of the facts. It is certainly to be regretted that Pitt did not follow the course recommended by Fox, and thus take from France all pretence of putting him in the wrong. But in passing a sentence on his conduct, we are not to be influenced by our knowledge of the result. He acted under the prevailing delusion, that the war, if it ever took place, would neither be severe nor calamitous. "It must certainly be ended," he said to a friend, "in one or two campaigns." He acted as most men act who feel strong in dealing with those whom they consider as weak. He acted also under the belief—which subsequent events proved correct—that the French were insincere in their disavowals, that they only wished to gain time. The French Minister of War is now understood to have said at this juncture, "We have three hundred thousand men in arms, and we must make them march as far as their legs will carry, them, or they will return and cut our throats."

From the moment of their triumph in the Austrian Netherlands, the policy of the French Government was war. On the other hand, George III. and the great body of the people of the country were equally bent on fighting. "If a stop is not put to French principles," said he, "there will not be a king left in Europe in a few years." The only plan then thought of was to shut out these principles by war, and to put down the authors of them as enemies of the human race. "Had Pitt refused to go to war," says one writer, who was by no means unfriendly to his measures, "he would have been driven from power by the united voice of King and people; and his successor, whether Whig or Tory, would have been compelled to pursue the course of policy which was only reluctantly followed by that celebrated statesman. The war, therefore, was not Pitt's war; it was equally the war of the English and the French nations.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

As to French principles, which were an object of so much terror to the King, they had, no doubt, to some extent gained a foothold among the middle and lower classes. Paine's "Rights of Man," and other publications of a still more radical character, were widely circulated; and it has since been stated on high authority, that "the soldiers were everywhere tampered with." "You have a great estate," said one of these

radical reformers to General Lambton; "we shall soon divide it amongst us." "You will presently spend it in liquor," replied the General; "and what will you do then?" "Why, then we will divide it again."

Between 1793 and 1795, very stringent measures were adopted for putting down this spirit. Acts of Parliament were passed, suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, imposing severe restrictions on the holding of political meetings, and giving a wider interpretation to the crime of treason. They were designed as temporary measures, and were limited to three years. Still they brought great reproach on Pitt; though it now appears that they did not originate with him, but with the followers of Burke, who had been recently brought into the Ministry. Lord Campbell, speaking of this period, says: "Now began that system of policy for the repression of French principles which has caused the period in which it prevailed to be designated as 'The Reign of Terror.' I think the system was unwise, and that Lord Loughborough is chiefly answerable for it."

During this period also occurred those State trials, arising out of some wild attempts at Parliamentary Reform, in which Erskine was so much distinguished. Some reproach has fallen upon Pitt for allowing them to go on. It appears, however, from the statement of Lord Campbell, that "Lord Loughborough was the principal adviser of them. He had considered himself to the wildest apprehensions of Burke; he feared that any encouragement to Parliamentary reform was tantamount to rebellion; and he believed that general bloodshed would be saved by the sacrifice of a few individuals. . . . When the plan was first proposed of arresting the members of the Corresponding Society, and proceeding capitally against them, it is said that Pitt, who had studied the law, expressed some disapprobation of the notion of 'constructive treason,' but he did not like to rely upon the objection that the Duke of Richmond and himself had supported similar doctrines, and, no doubt, in his heart he believed that, under the pretence of Parliamentary reform, deeper designs were now carried on. The Attorney and Solicitor General, being consulted by the Chancellor, gave an opinion that the imputed conspiracy to change the form of government was a compassing of the King's death within the meaning of the statute of Edward III.; and the King himself, upon this opinion, was eager for the prosecutions. So in an evil hour an order was made that they should be instituted, and warrants were

signed for the arrest of the supposed traitors." "Happily, English juries," adds Lord Campbell, "and the returning sober sense of the English people, at last saved public liberty from the great peril to which it was then exposed. . . . To the credit of George III., when the whole subject was understood by him, he rejoiced in the acquittals, and, laying all the blame on the Chancellor, he said, 'You have got us into the wrong box, my Lord, you have got us into the wrong box. Constructive treason won't do, my Lord, constructive treason won't do.'"

NEGOTIATIONS WITH FRANCE; AT WAR SINGLE-HANDED.

Pitt saw within three years from the commencement of the war how idle it was to think of refusing to recognize the French Republic as forming part of the political system of Europe. She had extorted that recognition from all around her at the point of the bayonet, and had nearly doubled her territory and dependencies at the expense of her neighbours.

He therefore brought down a message from the King, acknowledging her government as established under the Directory in October 1795; and in October 1796 sent a plenipotentiary to Paris with proposals of peace. His terms were liberal. He offered to restore the conquests he had made from France, being all her rich colonies in the East and West Indies, receiving nothing in return, and only asking for Austria, as the ally of England, a similar restoration of the territory which had been wrested from her by the French. This the Directory refused; and, after a short negotiation, ordered the English ambassador to quit Paris in twenty-four hours.

The next year, 1797, was one of the darkest seasons this country had known for centuries. In April, Austria was compelled to sue for peace, leaving the English to carry on the contest single-handed; and at the moment when this intelligence arrived, a mutiny had broken out in the fleets, both at the Nore and Spithead, more extensive and threatening than had ever occurred in the English navy; while Ireland was on the brink of rebellion, and actually had duties in France soliciting the aid of her troops. Never were funds so low, even in the worst periods of the American war.

These events were ushered in by the greatest calamity that can befall a commercial people, a drain of specie arising from the operation of the war, which endangered the whole banking system of the country. Whether Pitt was to blame or not for the causes which produced this

drain, it is certain that his daring resolution saved the country in this alarming crisis. He issued an order of the Privy Council on the 26th of February, 1797, requiring the Bank of England to suspend specie payments. He might have avoided the personal hazard thus incurred by throwing the responsibility on Parliament, which was then in session. The order, indeed, was generally considered as unconstitutional; but the case would not admit of delay; a single night's debate on such a question might have destroyed all credit throughout the kingdom. Parliament and the country justified the course he took, while the bankers in every part of the empire united to sustain him.

The mutiny was quelled by a judicious union of firmness and concession; Ireland was held down for another year; and Great Britain, instead of being plunged into the gulf of national and individual bankruptcy, as predicted by Fox, was placed on a vantage-ground, which enabled her to sustain the pressure of the war without injury to her financial system. It is not wonderful that the friends of Pitt were loud in their applause of "the pilot that weathered the storm."

About the middle of 1797, Pitt renewed his proposals of peace. He sent Lord Malmesbury to Lisle, offering, as in the former case, to restore all his conquests, and, as Austria was now out of the way demanding nothing in return. There were at this juncture two parties in the Directory, one for peace and the other for war; and the negotiation changed its aspect from time to time during the two months of its continuance, as the one or the other gained the mastery. It is a curious circumstance that a similar division existed in Pitt's own Cabinet; so that among the astonishing disclosures made in Lord Malmesbury's diary, we find that it was necessary for his Lordship to send two sets of despatches every time he communicated with his government, one of a more general nature to be read by Lord Loughborough and his associates, who were bent on defeating the negotiations, and the other for Pitt, Lord Grenville, and Dundas.

The violent part of the Directory at last prevailed, and war became the policy of the Government, and Lord Malmesbury was dismissed. The French were to be deluded with new visions of conquest. Bonaparte was sent to subdue Egypt, and thus open a pathway to India; and the whole of Hindostan, with its hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, was to become a tributary to the Republic. Pitt laid the subject before Parliament in a masterly speech on the 10th of November, 1797. Parliament, without a

dissenting voice, approved of his conduct, and united in the emphatic declaration, "We know that great exertions are wanted; we are ready to make them; and are, at all events, determined to stand or fall by the laws, liberties, and religion of our country." The people came forward with that noble spirit and unanimity which has always distinguished this country in times of great peril, and subscribed fifteen hundred thousand pounds, not as a loan, but as a voluntary gift, for carrying on the war.

The Directory lasted little more than four years, and then yielded to the power of Bonaparte, who became First Consul in December 1799. He immediately proposed a peace; and it was now Pitt's turn to reject the offer. Wounded by the insults which he had received in the two preceding negotiations, doubting whether the power of the First Consul would be at all more permanent than that of others who had gone before him, and convinced, at all events, that he could not be sincere in his offer, since the genius and interests of Bonaparte led only to war, Pitt declined to negotiate on the subject.

OUT OF OFFICE AND IN AGAIN.

In 1800, Pitt accomplished his favourite plan of a legislative union of Ireland with Great Britain. But he was unable to effect it without a distinct intimation to the Roman Catholics that they should receive as a reward for their acquiescence the boon of emancipation which they had been so long seeking, will not this without consulting the King, and knowing his scruples on the subject, but still with a firm belief that His Majesty, in attaining so great an object, would yield those scruples to the wishes of the most enlightened men in the kingdom. But the moment he disclosed his plan to his colleagues, Lord Loughborough, says Lord Campbell, "set secretly to work, and composed a most elaborate and artful paper, showing forth the dangers likely to arise from Mr. Pitt's plan, in a manner admirably calculated to make an impression on the royal mind."

The King was thus fortified against the proposal before Pitt had time to present his reasons; and, adopting a course he had taken with the East India Bill of Fox, declared at the levee, with a view to have his words circulated, "that he should consider any person who voted for the measure proposed by his Minister as personally indisposed towards himself."

Pitt justly considered this as a direct exclusion from the public service, and so informed the Cabinet, in February 1801, having held the office

of Prime Minister between sixteen and seventeen years. It was supposed at the time that he retired with a view to open a more easy way for negotiating a peace with France. He certainly desired peace, but the circumstances here stated were the true cause of his withdrawing from the Government.

Mr. Addington, who afterwards became Lord Sidmouth, succeeded him; and Pitt gave the new Minister a cordial support. Wilberforce, in his diary, says: "Pitt has really behaved with a magnanimity unparalleled in a politician, and is wishing to form for Addington the best and strongest possible administration." He approved of the peace; and, again, when the rupture took place, he gave the declaration of war on the 18th of May, 1803, his warmest support. His speech on this occasion—which through an accident in the gallery was never reported—is said by Lord Brougham to have "excelled all his other performances in vehement and spirit-stirring declamation; and this may be the more easily believed when we know that Mr. Fox, in his reply, said, 'The orators of antiquity would have admired, probably would have envied, it.'" The last half-hour is described as having been one unbroken torrent of the most majestic declamation.

The Ministry of Addington was fated to have only a short duration. His timidity and inertness wholly unfitted him for pursuing the war; and the country soon became eager for a change of Ministers. Pitt was then again called to the head of affairs on the 12th of May, 1804. He has been reproached by Lord Brougham for accepting office without insisting upon Catholic emancipation; but his former step had thrown the King into a fit of derangement for nearly three weeks; a new agitation of the subject might have produced the same result; and as it was now clear enough emancipation would never be carried during the reign of George III., Pitt surely was not to exclude himself from office on a mere point of etiquette.

DEATH AND FUNERAL.

He now formed his last great coalition against Bonaparte; but the battle of Austerlitz, on the 2nd of December, 1805, was a death-blow to his hopes. Worn out with care and anxiety, his health had been declining for some months.

On the 17th of January, 1806, at a consultation of his physicians, it was agreed that though it was not advisable that he should attend to business for the next two months, yet there was hope he would be able to take his place in the

House of Commons in the course of the winter. On the 20th, however, he grew much worse, and it was admitted that his situation was precarious; in other words, those who had encouraged hope in the patient now saw that he was in the most imminent danger, and that probably he had not many hours to live.

The Bishop of Lincoln, who never left him during his illness, informed him that his end was approaching, and requested to administer to him the consolations of religion.

Pitt asked Sir Walter Farquhar, who stood near his bed, "How long do you think I have to live?"

The physician answered that he could not say; at the same time he expressed a faint hope of his recovery.

A half smile on Pitt's face showed that he understood this in its true meaning. In answer to the Bishop's request to pray with him, Pitt replied, "I fear I have, like too many other men, neglected prayer too much to have any ground for hope that it can be efficacious on a death-bed; but," making an effort to rise as he spoke, "I throw myself entirely on the mercy of God."

The Bishop then read the prayers, and Pitt appeared to join in them with a calm and humble piety. He desired that the arrangement of his papers and the settlement of his affairs might be left to his brother and the Bishop of Lincoln. Speaking of his nieces, for whom he had always manifested the sincerest affection, he said, "I could wish a thousand or fifteen hundred a year to be given them, if the public should think my long services deserving of it."

Pitt died about four o'clock in the morning of the 23rd of January, in the forty-seventh year of his age. A public funeral was decreed in his honour by Parliament, and he was buried in the northern transept of Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory at the expense of the nation. Of the debts he left behind, and of Lord Macaulay's opinion of them expressed in his well-known *Life in the Encyclopædia Britannica*, we shall speak in the next paragraph.

A LARGE PRIVATE DEBT.

Pitt left behind him debts to the amount of £40,000; and all parties in the House of Commons readily concurred in voting that sum to satisfy the demands of his creditors. "Some of Pitt's admirers," remarks Lord Macaulay, "seemed to consider the magnitude of his embarrassments as a circumstance highly honourable to him; but men of sense will probably be of a different

opinion. It is far better, no doubt, that a great Minister should carry his contempt for money to excess than that he should contaminate his hands with unlawful gain. But it is neither right nor becoming in a man to whom the public has given an income more than sufficient for his comfort and dignity, to bequeath to that public a great debt, the effect of mere negligence and profusion. As First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Pitt never had less than £6,000 a year, besides an excellent house. In 1792 he was forced by his royal master's friendly importunity to accept for life the office of Warden of the Cinque Ports, with near £4,000 more. He had neither wife nor child; he had no needy relations; he had no expensive tastes; he had no long election bills. Had he given but a quarter of an hour a week to the regulation of his household, he would have kept his expenditure within bounds. Or if he could not spare even a quarter of an hour a week for that purpose, he had numerous friends, excellent men of business, who would have been proud to act as his stewards. One of these friends, the chief of a great commercial house in the city, made an attempt to put the establishment in Downing Street to rights, but in vain. He found that the waste of the servants' hall was almost fabulous. The quantity of butcher's meat charged in the bill was nine hundred-weight a week. The consumption of poultry, of fish, of tea, was in proportion. The character of Pitt would have stood higher if, with the disinterestedness of Pericles and De Witt, he had united their dignified frugality."

WILBERFORCE ON PITT'S CHARACTER; PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Wilberforce, who knew him more intimately than any other man, has given this testimony as to Pitt's character:—"Mr. Pitt had his foibles, and, of course, they were not diminished by so long a continuance in office; but for a clear and comprehensive view of the most complicated subject in all its relations; for that fairness of mind which disposes a man to follow out and, when overtaken, to recognise the truth; for magnanimity which made him ready to change his measures when he thought the good of the country required it, though he knew he would be charged with inconsistency on account of the change; for willingness to give a fair hearing to all that could be urged against his own opinions, and to listen to the suggestion of men whose understandings he knew to be inferior to his own; for personal purity, disinterestedness, in-

tegrity, and love of country, I have never known his equal. His strictness in regard to truth was astonishing, considering the situation he so long filled."

In person, Pitt was tall and slender; his features were rather harsh, but lighted up with intelligence by the flashes of his eye; his gestures were animated but devoid of grace; his articulation was remarkably full and clear, filling the largest room with the body of sound. His manner of entering the House was strikingly indicative of his absorption in the business before him. "From the instant he passed the doorway," says Wrexall, "he advanced up the floor with a quick and firm step, his head erect and thrown back, looking neither to the right nor to the left, nor favouring with a nod or a glance any of the individuals seated on either side, among whom many who possessed £5,000 a year would have been gratified even by so slight a mark of attention." Those who knew him best as a speaker expatiated with delight on "the perfection of his arrangement, the comprehensiveness of his reasonings, the power of his sarcasm, the magnificence of his declamation, the majestic tone of his voice, the legislative authority of his manner, and his felicitous observance of the temper of his audience."

Canning has given the following sketch of Pitt:—

"The character of this illustrious statesman early passed its ordeal. Scarcely had he attained the age at which reflection commence, when Europe with astonishment beheld him filling the first place in the councils of his country, and managing the vast mass of its concerns with all the vigour and steadiness of the most matured wisdom. Dignity, strength, discretion, were among the masterly qualities of his mind at its first dawn. He had been nurtured as a statesman, and his knowledge was of that kind which always lay ready for practical application. Not dealing in the subtleties of abstract politics, but moving in the slow, steady procession of reason, his conceptions were reflective, and his views correct. Habitually attentive to the concerns of government, he spared no pains to acquaint himself with whatever was connected, however minutely, with its prosperity. He was devoted to the State. Its interests engrossed all his study and engaged all his care. It was the element alone in which he seemed to live and move. He allowed himself but little recreation from his labours. His mind was always on its station, and its activity was unremitted."

S. I. A



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

"Marvellous indeed has that career been. It is unlike anything in the biography of other English statesmen. . . . What is the secret of success by which a man who at one time had coquetted with O'Connell, at another time had been a sutor to Mr. Joseph Hume, next a panegyrist and then an assailant of Sir Robert Peel, has attained a position in Parliament and the country to which Burke never ventured to aspire and which Canning attained at the cost of health, peace of mind, and life itself?"—*Edinburgh Review*, April 1868.

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THE VENETIAN D'ISRAELIS.

IN 1492 the Jews were expelled from Spain through the influence of the Inquisition, which had been established only fourteen years

before, and under the direction of Tomas de Torquemada, the Dominican friar, had perpetrated cruelties enough to make up one of the most terrible chapters of history. More than two

hundred thousand Israelites yielded to fear, and professed themselves converted, torture and death being the offered alternative. Many nobly dared to die, and in one year nearly three hundred were burned at the stake in Seville alone. Ferdinand and Isabella would have shown a little mercy, especially as the Jews offered an enormous amount of money for permission to remain unmolested, but the fiendish Torquemada compared them to Judas, and the king and queen quailed with spiritual terror. A royal edict ordered the expulsion within four months of all Jews who refused Christian baptism, and they were ordered to take no gold or silver out of the country. It was the fashion in those days to persecute remorselessly, and make the victims pay heavily for the privilege of being tortured, burned, or exiled. The Jews fled whither they could. Some, with the prudent instinct of their race, took with them as much of their hoarded wealth as they could contrive to conceal from the prying eyes of their persecutors, and when they were dispersed abroad and found refuge in countries where their presence was tolerated, soon became eminent for their mercantile aptitude and industry. Whether there were many Shylocks among the Jewish merchants of Venice we know not; but there were certainly some who in respect of honourable dealing, ability, and enterprise, were entitled to stand side by side with any Antonios the city of the islands could produce. That sometimes the arrogant Venetians might be disposed to "call them dogs and spit upon their Jewish gabardines" is likely enough, for those were intolerant times; but the Jews' calm pride of nationality, and the patience which grows from long experience that "sufferance is the badge of all their tribe," enabled them to bear sneers and even insults, and to find their compensation in material prosperity.

Among these Jewish merchants were the members of a family whose ancestors had been long domiciled in the Spanish peninsula. When they quitted the land of intolerance and persecution, they not only shook off the dust from their feet, but abandoned, and it seems speedily forgot, the Gothic surname which for ages their ancestors had borne. The most famous of their descendants—the author, orator, and statesman, twice Prime Minister of England, whose remarkable career we are about to relate—says of his forefathers who found a new home in Venice, that "grateful to the God of Judah who had sustained them through unheard-of perils, they assumed the name of D'Israeli, a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their

race might be for ever recognised." For about two centuries, members of the family thus proudly and courageously named flourished as merchants, which, says the modern representative of the family (with one of those odd epigrammatic turns of thought which mark his literary and oratorical style) "was but just, as St. Mark, the patron saint of the Republic, was himself a child of Israel."

THE ENGLISH D'ISRAELIS.

About the middle of the last century, the eyes of foreign Jews were directed towards England as at any rate a land of "promise" for the members of the ancient race. In 1723, the Jews were permitted to acquire land in England, and in 1753 an Act to naturalize them in England was passed, although an outburst of fanaticism in the following year led to its repeal. Henry Pelham, who had led the opposition against Sir Robert Walpole, and succeeded to the high office of Prime Minister in 1743, was known to be favourable to the Jews, who felt thereby encouraged to settle, or establish the younger members of their families, in England. The Venetian D'Israeli had several sons, and in 1748 sent one of them, Benjamin by name, and perhaps in his father's affections, then eighteen years old, to this country, where he established a business as merchant, and quickly made money. He was probably not a very strict Jew, and seems to have rather avoided, at any rate, not cordially to have mixed with, the Jewish families of the stricter sort established here. Indeed he appears to have been more of an Italian than a Jew by nature. His descendant describes him as "a man of ardent character, sanguine, courageous, speculative and fortunate, with a temper which no disappointment could disturb, and a brain, amid reverses, full of resource." When thirty-five years old he married, his choice falling on a lady of Jewish race, and possessing the beauty which tradition assigns to the maids of Judah. Her family had suffered much from persecution, and she treasured up the memory of their sufferings, not, however, in heroic fashion, but as a motive for contemptuous dislike of the race to which she belonged; "a feeling," remarks her grandson, "which the vain are too apt to adopt when they find that they are born to public contempt." She was, indeed, as little of a Jewess as a daughter of the Jewish race could be; but she never openly adopted the Christian faith, and whether she ever adopted the Christian practice of resignation and forgiveness we are not particularly bound to inquire. Her descendant records that she lived to

the age of eighty, "without indulging in a tender expression."

Benjamin D'Israeli, the successful merchant, owner of enough of this world's goods to make life comfortable, and, with Italian rather than the Hebraic instinct, not desiring to devote the remainder of his life to the work of accumulation, retired to a pleasant house at Enfield, near the broad, open Chase, formed a garden in the Italian style, entertained visitors, among them Horace Mann, the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole, played whist, ate macaroni, and sang canzonettas; and, says Benjamin the younger, "notwithstanding a wife who never pardoned him for his name, and a son who disappointed all his plans, and who to the last hour of his life was an enigma to him, lived till he was nearly ninety, and then died in the full enjoyment of prolonged existence." Eighty-six was the actual age of the genial, kindly, easy-tempered old man when he died at Stoke Newington, on the 28th of November, 1816. His only son, the "enigma," was nearly fifty years old when he laid his father in the grave, and had made himself then a great name in literature; but in his boyish days he was a source of perplexity to his parents, not from misconduct, but because they entirely failed to understand him. Isaac D'Israeli inherited his mother's beauty, but nothing of his mother's character. Something of the father's easiness of disposition was added to a sensitiveness and force of imagination to which the father was an utter stranger. The boy, "a pale pensive child, with large lustrous eyes, delicate features, and hair falling in ringlets on his neck," showed an early love for reading; and actually composed poetry while still young in his teens. The father was puzzled by his intelligence; the mother was angry with his want of spirit in failing to feel what she considered the degradation of the race to which she belonged. His life was made unhappy by want of sympathy, and by his mother's hard nature. "Having a strong, clear mind, without any imagination, she believed that she beheld an inevitable doom. The tart remark and the contemptuous comment on her part elicited on the other all the irritability of the poetic idiosyncrasy. After frantic ebullitions, for which, when the circumstances were analyzed by an ordinary mind, there seemed no sufficient cause, my grandfather always interfered to soothe with good-tempered common-places, and promote peace." Once Isaac ran away from home, irritated beyond endurance, but was followed and brought back by his father.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

We have dwelt a little on these incidents in the early life of Isaac D'Israeli, because they explain in some degree why the imaginative, sensitive, studious boy, who afterwards became so famous as the author of the "Curiosities of Literature," and many other works, renounced Judaism, apparently was willing to forget his nationality, and, by omitting the apostrophe his ancestors had used in the family name, depriving it of its significance, and making it the comparatively commonplace Disraeli. His father, an easy-going Galilean, who "cared for none of these things," was indifferent to Judasim. His mother continually expressed her dislike to it, and considered it as a brand which condemned her and her child to a species of social outlawry. At what period Isaac Disraeli openly accepted the doctrines of Christianity is not known with precision, but it was probably early in life. On the 10th of February, 1802, he married Maria, daughter of Mr. George Basevi, of Brighton, to whom he was united for forty-five years. He was devoted to study, and being possessed of a comfortable income left him by his father, was enabled to give his whole time to his favourite pursuit. His son describes him as "a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library. He detested business, and never required relaxation. He had not a single passion or prejudice; all his conviction was the result of his own studies, and very often opposed to the impressions which he had early imbibed. He not only never entered into the politics of the day, but he could never understand them."

For the sake of consulting the books in the British Museum—a very different place indeed from what it is now, and with only about half-a-dozen bookworms investigating its literary treasures—I once Disraeli occupied chambers in one of the streets included in what is known as the Adelphi, in the Strand. Every room, even the bed-chamber, was crowded with books; and here, on the 21st December, 1803, Benjamin Disraeli was born. It has been frequently stated, and generally believed, that he was born in the Upper Street, Islington, in a house then overlooking the fields at Canonbury, one of the pleasantest localities in the northern suburbs of the Metropolis; but shortly before his death he told Lord Barrington that he was born in the Adelphi. It has been stated, on the authority of the register, that he was christened when twelve years old at St. Andrew's,

Holborn; and if so, the circumstance tends to show that his father had relinquished the Jewish faith before that time. At any rate, he appears to have so far withdrawn from his people, that he had no objection to his son making a profession of Christianity.

BOYHOOD OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

The father's own love of literature and estimation of the value of scholarship, added, in all likelihood, to a perception of his son's remarkable and precocious abilities, induced him to afford the means of a good education to the young Benjamin by sending him to an excellent private school, and himself assisting in the work. The fine library he had collected must, too, have been of great value to his son. When schooldays were over, and it became time to think of a profession, the public service appeared to offer the best prospect; and the father, conscious, perhaps, of his own disqualifications for business-life, and anxious that his son should be more practical than himself, placed him, as a preparation for active life, in the office of a solicitor in the City. Some biographers tell us that it was in the chambers of a conveyancer Benjamin Disraeli acquired the rudiments of legal knowledge; but there is better authority for the statement that he sat at a desk in the Old Jewry office. But, as one of the narrators of his career remarks, "You cannot, by any weight of circumstances, restrain genius, if it be real, from following the bent of its own inclinations. Mr. Disraeli soon began to mix up literature with law."

He inherited something of his father's love of literature and pleasure in collecting illustrations of the sensitiveness and perplexities of literary men, in discovering paradoxes and starting new theories, upsetting old beliefs; and he inherited from his grandmother a keen sense of the sufferings of his race from persecution, but in his mind that was a reason for vindicating, not despising, the people from whom he sprang. His political theories, crude as they were in his "sallet days," were tinged by the traditions of the Venice where his fathers had dwelt, and the other Italian republics; while the far East, the cradle of his race, opened to his vivid imagination scenes of mysterious beauty and strange magnificence. He believed, as he appears to believe now, that the Jewish people have a great future, in which all their sufferings and degradation shall be more than compensated, and that, not as the conquering opponents, but as the leaders of Christianity. He did not and will not accept the phrase "converted Jew," but speaks of one

who has accepted Christianity as a "completed Jew," Christianity being the divinely appointed development of the Judaism of the patriarchs.

FIRST APPEARANCE AS AN AUTHOR.

Soon after he had attained his twentieth year he began to write for a London daily paper, *The Representative*, started in January 1826, in the Tory interest. The journal lasted only about six months, and entailed a heavy loss on its too enterprising proprietor, who appears to have desired to establish a rival to the *Times*. It is impossible now to identify the contributions of Mr. Disraeli; but the general character of the paper was crude and juvenile, and it is not worth while to endeavour to rescue the articles from obscurity. He had previously visited Germany, and results of his observations appear in some portions of the novel he was shaping in his mind, and which was given to the world in 1829. "Vivian Grey" at once achieved popularity. It was very clever, very ambitious, and very personal. That the writer indulged in an imaginary autobiography is tolerably clear. The hero, the son of an eminent author, devoted to books and utterly indifferent to politics and newspapers, might as well have been named Benjamin Disraeli as Vivian Grey, for the external identity was so far complete. How far the two coincided in views of political morality we cannot venture to define. But a brilliant audacity stretched far beyond, and sketched political influence and social honours which the author appeared to consider not only as probable, but certain. One of the characters bears a title which had then no existence, but which, nearly fifty years afterwards, became a reality—the Earl of Beaconsfield, the selected title of the statesman who had risen to be Prime Minister of England, but who when he first invented it was an almost unknown young author looking for a publisher.

That a new writer of singular power, possessing a fresh style and a mingling of imagination, art, and audacity, had appeared in the literary arena was evident. The originals of his sketches of political notabilities were at once recognized, and the clever touches of caricature were highly appreciated. Higher literary qualities were exhibited. One critic ventured on a high eulogium,—“These volumes abound with passages not surpassed for their beauty in our literature. Delicacy and sweetness are mingled with impressive eloquence and energetic truth.”

Two years before the appearance of "Vivian Grey," another young author of genius, destined afterwards to be the political associate of Disraeli,

Edward Lytton Bulwer, had produced a sensation by the publication of "Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman." Disraeli sent him a copy of "Vivian," and in return received an invitation to dinner. The meeting led to a firm friendship, and it is worthy of note that a third guest at the table (there were but four) was a young man who appeared to be shy and sensitive, and spoke but little, exhibiting, however, remarkable intelligence. He was a young barrister named Cockburn, who afterwards became Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and the most famous judge of modern times.

EASTERN TRAVEL.

On the following day Mr. Disraeli started on a visit to the Continent and the East, which occupied two years. Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Turkey, and Syria were included in the tour, and the various places visited and the historical associations would naturally greatly excite his youthful imagination, and influence his mind. In nearly all his later works this influence is apparent; and his wanderings in Palestine especially deeply impressed him with a conviction of the great part which the Jewish race had sustained and were destined to sustain in the history of the world. His pen was not idle, and while travelling he produced two other novels, "Contarini Fleming" and "The Young Duke." In the former there is again a reflex of the author in the hero, but so surrounded by an atmosphere of mysticism, religious enthusiasm, and animal magnetism, that the image is comparatively indistinct. The style is witty and epigrammatic in parts, but in others rhetorically grandiose and vague. There are picturesque descriptions of scenery and striking sketches of character, and altogether the book exhibited a wider range of imagination than did the preceding novel. The author, in the opening chapter, says he intended the book to be "all truth." "The passion, the thought, the action, and even the style, should spring from my own experience of feeling, from the meditations of my own intellect, from my own observation of incident, from my own study of the genius of expression." There are political reflections and suggestions which are crude enough. As an instance, he says, "I wish that the world consisted of a cluster of small states. There would be much more genius, and what is of more importance, much more felicity. Federal unions would preserve us from the evil consequences of local jealousy, and might combine in some general legislation of universal benefit. Italy

might then revive, and even England may regret that she has lost her Heptarchy." This reads like an extract from an essay by a very clever but inexperienced schoolboy; and probably the author smiled at it in later times, although in the preface to a new edition published many years afterwards, he said that, though the book was written in his youth, it had obtained, after a careful critical examination, the approbation of his maturity. He meant, perhaps, the work as a whole, not every expression of opinion contained in it. "The Young Duke" was a novel of fashionable life, which did not make much impression.

He returned to England at the time when the Reform agitation was in full vigour. At first national politics appeared to have little attractions for the young author, who was welcomed into literary society, and became a prominent figure in the saloons, where the impulsive and clever youths who wished to remodel society on a picturesque, historical, and literary basis assembled. At the famous Gore House evenings, where the fascinating Countess of Blessington and the dandy of dandies Count D'Orsay held open house for literary, artistic, and political notabilities, Mr. Disraeli was a frequent visitor—not a great talker, but reserved and taciturn. He dressed elaborately, and as he supposed picturesquely; and the velvet dress coat, the gorgeous waistcoat, and profusion of chains and jewellery would have attracted attention, even if the pale face, the lustrous eyes, and profusion of black ringlets could have escaped observation. His friendship with Bulwer continued; and Bulwer was already interested in politics. A great political revolution was at hand, men's minds were greatly excited, and Disraeli saw that the House of Commons might open a career to a talented and ambitious young man. When he wrote for *The Representative*, he advocated the highest and driest Toryism; but he had seen much of the world since then, and adopted a vague Radicalism, in which he found scope for his imagination and taste for theorizing. He began to regard Parliamentary life as a profession worthy of his abilities, and circumstances appeared to favour the probability of his entering the House of Commons.

SOCIAL POSITION.

It may be as well to correct, at once, a somewhat prevalent mistake regarding Mr. Disraeli's early career. It has been very generally believed that he began life in a very humble position, and struggled with poverty until his abilities

were recognized. The "stool in the solicitor's office" has been frequently mentioned as an antithesis to the seat on the Treasury Bench; and the fact is overlooked that the Disraeli family were in comfortable, indeed almost opulent circumstances, and that from boyhood Benjamin Disraeli enjoyed a good social position. He had received a liberal education, and although he had not studied at either of the great Universities, he was probably quite able to hold his own in scholarship against many who had taken their degrees. His father, Isaac Disraeli, a man of quiet, inexpensive habits, had inherited property, and made money by his books; and when his son returned from eastern travel (which could not have been undertaken if pecuniary means had been limited), had settled down at Bradenham, Buckinghamshire, in the manor-house, which had many historical associations.

Bradenham House is about four miles from High Wycombe, on the road to Prince's Risborough. The mansion was large, with gardens of great beauty, and not adapted for occupation by a man of very limited means. Bradenham Manor had belonged in the early part of the thirteenth century to the Earls of Warwick, and in 1242, Ela, widow of Thomas, Earl of Warwick, and daughter of William Longsword Earl of Salisbury, had it assigned to her for her dower. Twenty years afterwards it came into the possession of Robert de Bradenham, who gave name to the manor and village. In the sixteenth century the manor was the property of Sir Andrew Windsor, who, in 1529, was created by Henry VIII. Lord Windsor, of Bradenham. A later Lord Windsor entertained Queen Elizabeth in the manor-house in 1566; and in the antique little church in a vault under the "patron's chancel," is the heart of this Lord Edward, who died at Spa, in Germany, in 1574, one of his last wishes being that, while his body was laid at Liège, his heart should rest at home. A century later Bradenham was the residence of Sir Edmund Pye, who was voted by Parliament a delinquent and fined about £3,000 for having quitted the house and taken up his abode in the King's quarter. In the eighteenth century some of the Wentworth family lived at Bradenham, which has thus a remote association with the family of the wife of Lord Byron.

ATTEMPTS TO ENTER PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Isaac Disraeli, the occupier of this historic manor house, was therefore entitled to take rank with the local gentry, a matter to which,

probably, buried in his library, he was profoundly indifferent. His ambitious and more practical son, however, saw in his father's position a stepping stone to the House of Commons. The borough of High Wycombe was only four miles off, and a vacancy occurring in the representation, Mr. Benjamin Disraeli turned his eyes in that direction. Unknown as he was, however, as a politician, he thought it advisable to obtain an introduction to the constituency by the assistance of some prominent politician, and Mr. Hume was applied to by Bulwer, a friend of both parties. Afterwards, the matter for an acrimonious newspaper controversy arose from the disputed fact whether Mr. Disraeli personally solicited Mr. Hume's aid. He denied that he had done so, but Mr. Hume asserted that he had a distinct remembrance of an interview at his residence in Bryanstone Square, at which Mr. Disraeli explained his views and asked for his support. However that may be, Mr. Hume wrote, on the 2nd of June, 1832, to Mr. Disraeli, expressing a hope that "the reformers will rally round you, who entertain Liberal opinions in every branch of government, and are prepared to pledge yourself to support reform and economy in every department as far as the same can be effected consistent with the best interests of the country. I shall be rejoiced to see you in the new Parliament, in the confidence that you will redeem your pledges, and give satisfaction to your constituents if they will place you there."

Mr. O'Connell was also asked by Mr. Bulwer to exercise any influence he might possess in favour of the candidate for Wycombe. He returned an answer similar in tone to that of Mr. Hume. This is worth noting, because a year or two afterwards the great Irish orator made statements on the subject which Mr. Disraeli flatly contradicted, and which led to very bitter personal and newspaper disputes. In a speech at Dublin, in May 1835, Mr. O'Connell asserted that Mr. Disraeli "got an introduction to me, and wrote me a letter, stating that as I was a Radical Reformer, and as he was also a Radical, and was going to stand upon the Radical interest for the borough of Wycombe, where he said there were many persons of that way of thinking, who would be influenced by my opinion, he would feel obliged by receiving a letter from me recommending him as a Radical. His letter to me was so distinct upon the subject, that I immediately complied with the request, and composed as good an epistle as I could in his behalf. Mr. Disraeli thought this letter so valuable that he not only took the autograph, but had it printed

and placarded. It was, in fact, the ground upon which he canvassed the borough."

Mr. Disraeli, in a letter to the *Times*, describes the statement as "an unadulterated falsehood," and continues, "I did not require Mr. O'Connell's recommendation, nor that of any one else, for the borough, the suffrages of whose electors I had the honour to solicit. My family resided in the neighbourhood, I stood alike on local influences and distinctly avowed principles, and I opposed the son of the Prime Minister [Colonel Grey]. Opposition to the Whigs, at all hazards, and the necessity of the Tories placing themselves at the head of the nation, were the two texts on which I preached, and to which I ever recurred." He received support both from Tories and Radicals, who united to oppose the Whigs, but he was defeated.

Another chance of entering Parliament presented itself, and Mr. Disraeli appeared as a candidate for the representation of the newly-created metropolitan borough Marylebone. In his address to the electors, dated "Bradenham House, Bucks, April 9th, 1833," he avowed himself a supporter of triennial Parliaments and vote by ballot—the advocates of which were then looked upon as very advanced Radicals, if not indeed Revolutionists; the abolition of the "taxes on knowledge," and a revision of the entire system of taxation, especially pledging himself to exert all his energies to obtain the repeal of assessed taxes—certainly a very original and bold conception. He said: "Although supported by neither of the aristocratic parties, I appeal to you with confidence as an independent member of society, who has no interest, either direct or indirect, in corruption or misgovernment, as one of a family untainted by the receipt of public money, and which can prefer no claims to public consideration but those that are founded on public sympathy. I claim your support as a man who has already fought the battle of the people, and as one who believes that the only foundation on which a beneficent and vigorous government can now be raised is an unlimited confidence in the genius of the British nation."

MORE LITERARY WORK.

Marylebone declined to accept his services, and he returned for a time to literature. An imaginative and exciting Oriental tale, in which romance reaches the verge of extravagance—"The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," the scene of which is laid in Syria in the twelfth century, and the hero of which (David Alroy, a Jewish leader), designated "The Prince of the Captiv-

ity," is supposed by his followers to be a descendant of David, king of Israel; and another high-flown production, "The Risk of Iskander," appeared and excited considerable criticism, not unminged with some ridicule. He had previously produced a satirical burlesque in the style of Swift, "The Voyage of Captain Papanilla." In 1834 appeared "The Revolutionary Epick, a Poem," in quarto, the idea of which, he records, "flashed across my mind like the lightning that was then playing over Ida," as he stood on the plains of Troy. It was intended to represent, in heroic verse, "the spirit of my time." "Standing," he says, "upon Asia, and gazing upon Europe, with the broad Hellespont alone between us, and the shadow of night descending on the mountains, the mighty continents appeared to me, as it were, the Rival Principles of Government that at present contended for the mastery of the world. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'is the Revolution of France a less important event than the siege of Troy? Napoleon a less interesting character than Achilles? For me remains the Revolutionary Epick.'" The ambitious attempt to add another to the small number of immortal poems was not successful. Only the first part appeared, and the publisher's report of its reception by the public did not encourage the completion of the design. The author had said in his preface: "The public will decide whether this work is to be continued or completed; and if it goes in the negative, I shall, without a pang, hand my lyre to Limbo." It is to be presumed that he did so accordingly.

On the 16th of December, 1834, he made a long speech in the Town Hall, High Wycombe, afterwards published with the title "The Crisis Examined," in which he described Lord John Russell as "one who, on the same principle that bad wine produces good vinegar, has somehow turned from a tenth-rate author into a first-rate politician;" and Lord Palmerston as "the child of corruption, born in Downing Street, a second-rate official for twenty years under a succession of Tory Governments, but a Secretary of State under the Whigs." This was sufficiently bold for a young man; but audacity was always a characteristic of his mind, and the personal attacks were certainly not more audacious than the defence of political inconsistency contained in the same speech. It was a political programme which startled old-fashioned thinkers, but which is a key to much of the speaker's later public life, and, indeed, includes enough of truth to make it worthy quotation:—"A statesman is the creature of his age, the child of circumstances, the

creation of his times. A statesman is essentially a practical character; and when he is called upon to take office, he is not to inquire what his opinions might or not might not have been upon this or that subject—he is only to ascertain the needful and the beneficent, and the most feasible manner in which affairs are to be carried on. The fact is, the conduct and opinions of public men, at different periods of their career, must not be too curiously contrasted in a free and aspiring country. The people have their passions, and it is ever the duty of public men occasionally to adopt sentiments with which they do not sympathise, because the people must have leaders. Thus the opinions and the prejudices of the community must necessarily influence a rising statesman. I say nothing of the weight which great establishments and corporations, and the necessity of their support and patronage, must also possess with an ambitious politician. All this, however, produces alternate benefit; and these influences tend to form that eminently practical character for which our countrymen are celebrated. I laugh, therefore, at the objection against a man that at a former period of his career he advocated a policy different to his present one; all I seek to ascertain is, whether his present policy be just, necessary, expedient; whether he is at the present moment prepared to serve his country according to its present necessities." In later times, the speaker forgot to test Sir Robert Peel's repeal of the Corn Laws by this philosophy. Humorous personalities and smart epigrammatic phrases abounded in this speech, in which he compared the late Premier, Lord Melbourne, to Ducrow the equestrian, who (the speaker imagined), having announced that he would ride on six horses, found that one after another the noble animals had been attacked with the staggers, and he was compelled to substitute six donkeys:—"Puffing, panting, and perspiring, he pats one sullen brute, thwacks another, and curses a fourth, while one brays to the audience and another rolls in the saw-dust. Behold the late Prime Minister and the Reform Ministry!"

QT ABREL WITH O'CONNELL.

Certainly Mr. Disraeli had little right to complain if others launched personalities at him, for he had audaciously challenged all comers; and before long he had to endure an almost unexampled attack from the greatest living master of vituperation, Daniel O'Connell. When Lord Melbourne had formed his second administration, in April 1835, the appointment of Mr.

Labouchere to the office of Master of the Mint made a vacancy in the representation of Taunton, and Mr. Disraeli offered himself as a candidate in the Tory interest. When he addressed the electors he had to face some close questioning from the sturdy west-country electors. He was called "the Marylebone Radical," and he calmly answered, "If there is anything on which I figure myself, it is my consistency." "Didn't you write a novel?" asked one of the constituency, who appeared to consider the production of a work of imagination as a very terrible matter. "I hope," replied the candidate, "there is no disgrace in having written that which has been read by hundreds of thousands of my fellow-countrymen, and which has been translated into every European language. I trust that one who is an author by the gift of nature may be as good a man as one who is Master of the Mint by the gift of Lord Melbourne." But the great feature of this election speech was an attack on O'Connell, whom he denounced as a traitor. "I look upon the Whigs as a weak but ambitious party, who can only obtain power by linking themselves to a traitor." A few days afterwards, O'Connell addressed a meeting of the Franchise Association in Dublin, and he fired broadside after broadside at his daring assailant. Never, perhaps, was there such an adept at half-humorous, half-savage invective as the great Dan, who had appalled even the most foul-mouthed and vociferous of Dublin fishwives by calling her an "isosceles triangle," and making mysterious references to a "parallelopiped." That a young, inexperienced, romantic novelist, of Jewish race, should have had the temerity to attack him was ample reason why the Liberator should pour out the vials of his wrath. "He calls me a traitor," shouted the deep-voiced O'Connell, his huge frame shaking with the mingled emotions of anger and humour. "My answer to that is—he is a liar. He is a liar in action and words. His life is a living lie! He is a disgrace to his species! What state of society must that be that could tolerate such a creature, having the audacity to come forward with one set of principles at one time, and obtain political assistance by reason of those principles, and at another to profess diametrically the reverse! He is the most degraded of his species and kind; and England is degraded in tolerating or having upon the face of her society a miscreant of his abominable, foul, and atrocious nature. . . . It will not be supposed that when I speak of Mr. Disraeli as the descendant of a Jew that I mean to tarnish him on that account. The Jews were once the

chosen people. There were miscreants among them, however, also, and it must certainly be from one of those that Disraeli is descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died on the cross."

Those were days in which many political speakers and writers of ability appeared to forget that it was advisable to speak and write as gentlemen. The writers in *Blackwood* were as prone to call names and indulge in personalities as was Cobbett when grilling his opponents on his famous gridiron, *The Register*. Newspaper correspondents abused one another in the style of the *Age* or *Satirist*, and editors were willing enough to let the disputants throw as much mud as they chose. Sometimes the strong language led to duels at Wimbledon or Chalk Farm; sometimes able editors were waited on by stalwart persons armed with horsewhips. Disraeli, free as he had been in applying epithets, winced under the lash so vigorously wielded at Dublin. The "impenitent thief" taunt went home. He was proud of his Jewish descent, of the sacredness, high gifts, and high destiny of his race, and O'Connell had hit the tenderest part of his sensitive nature. He wrote a long letter to his assailant, beginning: "Mr. O'Connell,—Although you have long placed yourself out of the pale of civilisation, still I am one who will not be insulted, even by a Yahoo, without chastising it." The letter ended with the words, "I expect to be a representative of the people before the repeal of the Union. We shall meet at Philippi; and rest assured that, confident in a good cause, and in some energies which have not been altogether unimproved, I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon you a castigation which will make you at the same time remember and repent the insults that you have lavished upon Benjamin Disraeli."

Duelling had not yet gone out of fashion, and Mr. Disraeli would have eagerly availed himself of the opportunity of challenging his renowned opponent. But Mr. O'Connell having killed young D'Esterre, had made a vow that he would never again give or accept a challenge, and Mr. Disraeli therefore called upon the Liberator's son, Mr. Morgan O'Connell, to undertake the vicarious duty of yielding satisfaction for the insults his father had lavished; and the responsibility being declined, Mr. Disraeli forwarded a second

letter, in which he said, "I shall take every opportunity of holding your father's name up to public contempt; and I fervently pray that you, or some one of his blood, may attempt to avenge the inextinguishable hatred with which I shall pursue his existence."

So the dispute ended for a time, and the war of words, discreditable enough, was better than "pistols for two," and a possible coroner's inquest. A defeat at Taunton was the result of the electioneering efforts; and perhaps the unsuccessful candidate consoled himself with the reflection that the Parliamentary world was not yet prepared for his appearance.

POLITICS AND NOVELS.

In the same year appeared a political treatise, "Vindication of the English Constitution, a Letter to a Noble and Learned Lord [Lyndhurst], by Disraeli the younger." The gist of the book is that the Whigs had succeeded in the reign of George I. in reducing the English monarch to the condition of a Venetian Doge; that the Tory parties really represented the democratic instincts of the majority of the English nation, and that one of the greatest if the most misunderstood of political philosophers was St. John, Lord Bolingbroke. The *Globe* newspaper was at that time a leading organ of the Whig party, and with it Mr. Disraeli contrived to get up a petty quarrel, embellished with personalities in the fashion of the day; and very soon afterwards the first of a series of letters signed "Runnymede" appeared in the *Times*. The famous letters of Junius, in the last century, had been the model for many imitators, but none of them brought so much literary ability to the work as Mr. Disraeli did in these letters by "Runnymede." If good taste and sound judgment had been equally conspicuous, the letters would have been more worthy of the writer's talents. There was fulsome compliment of Sir Robert Peel (afterwards to be so mercilessly vituperated), of his "splendid talents and spotless character," and plenty of abuse of Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord William Bentinck, Lord Lansdowne, and other leading Whigs. The letters were collected into a volume, with, as an appendix, a treatise on "The Spirit of Whigism," and dedicated to Sir Robert Peel.

Laying aside, if not forgetting, politics for a brief space, Mr. Disraeli produced a very pleasing novel, "Henrietta Temple," in which the sympathetic and sentimental elements of his complex nature were exhibited. It was high-flown in style, but altogether a capital love-

story, and speedily became a favourite with readers of novels. After the tremendous epithets in the correspondence with O'Connell and the "Runnymede" letters, it was pleasant to turn to such dainty namby-pambyism as "Exquisite, enchanting, adored being! without thee what is existence? how dull, how blank, does everything now seem! it is as if the sun had just set—oh, that form! that radiant countenance! that musical and thrilling voice!" A few months afterwards appeared another novel, "Venetia," for two principal characters in which Byron and Shelley were taken as models. It was rather awkward that a cruel critic discovered that the greater part of one chapter of the book, in which Lord Cadurcis (Byron) is described, was plagiarized, with scarcely a word altered, from Macaulay's review of Moore's "Life of Byron," in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1831.

MEMBER FOR MAIDSTONE; A FAILURE AND A PROPHECY.

These books were still fresh in the memory of novel readers when William IV. died, in June 1837; and a general election was the necessary result. Then came the opportunity so long waited for. Mr. Disraeli contested Maidstone and was successful, defeating Colonel Thompson, the Radical candidate. The colleague of Mr. Disraeli was another Tory, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, of Hughenden Manor, Bucks, respecting whom something will be said hereafter. On the 20th of November the youthful Queen delivered her first speech to the assembled Parliament; and among the members of the House of Commons who listened at the bar was Benjamin Disraeli, now, in the thirty-second year of his age, after five years' striving, a member of the House of Commons. In little more than a fortnight afterwards (December 7) his voice was heard. The subject was a motion by Mr. Smith O'Brien for a select committee to inquire into the allegations contained in a petition he had presented, respecting subscriptions which had been received to encourage the presentation of petitions against Irish members. In this, his maiden speech, Mr. Disraeli, true to the spirit of his promise made two years before, began by an attack on O'Connell, who had just answered Sir Francis Burdett, in a debate arising out of the Irish Election petition. O'Connell had scarcely sat down when "a singular figure, looking pale as death, with eyes fixed on the ground, and ringlets clustering round his brow, asked the indulgence which was usually granted to those who spoke for the first time." The

speaker defended a fund which had been raised for electioneering purposes in Ireland, and said, "The object of the subscription entered into was to procure justice for the Protestant constituencies and the Protestant proprietors of Ireland, these constituencies and these proprietors being unable to obtain justice single-handed." Having had a fling at the "rhetorical medley" of Mr. O'Connell's speech, Mr. Disraeli proceeded to deliver a speech which he had carefully prepared, but which the House was not at all disposed to listen to. His reputation as a romancer, clever but flashy, had preceded him, and members were prepared to laugh at rather than listen to the author of "Alroy" and "Contarini Fleming." Murmurs, laughter, and cries of "Question," interrupted him. He was irritated and confused. "If," he exclaimed, "honourable gentlemen think this is fair, I will submit. I would not do it to others, that is all." Then he attempted to deliver the peroration he had prepared:—

"When the House remembers that, in spite of the support of the hon. and learned Member for Dublin and his well-disciplined band of patriots, there was a little shyness exhibited by former supporters of Her Majesty's Government—when they recollect the 'new loves' and the 'old loves' in which so much of passion and recrimination was mixed up, between the noble Tityrus of the Treasury Bench and the learned Daphne of Liskeard (Mr. Charles Buller), notwithstanding the *amantium ira* has resulted, as I had always expected, in the *amoris integratio*, notwithstanding that political duel has been fought, in which more than one shot was interchanged, but in which recourse was had to the *secunde arbitrament* of blank cartridges—-notwithstanding emancipated Ireland and enslaved England, the noble Lord might wave in one hand the keys of St. Peter, and in the other"—[the shouts that followed drowned the conclusion of the sentence]. "Now, Mr. Speaker, see the philosophical prejudice of man. I would certainly gladly hear a cheer, even though it came from the lips of a political opponent. I am not at all surprised at the reception which I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. *I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.*"

Hansard's reporter says, "The impatience of the House would not allow the hon. member to finish his speech, and during the greater part of the time the hon. member was on his legs, he was so much interrupted that it was impossible to hear what the hon. member said." The *Times*,

however, in a leader on the following morning, made a little compensation by describing the effort as "an eloquent speech."

Mr. Disraeli, although he refrained for some time from addressing the House at length, was not extinguished. He was far too courageous and determined to be a "single-speech Disraeli." A week afterwards he spoke briefly, but effectively, in support of Sergeant Talfourd's Bill to amend the law of copyright, to which, he said, "I have been requested to give my support by some of the most eminent literary characters." On the 15th of March, 1833, he made a short speech in opposition to Mr. Villiers's motion for repealing the Corn Laws; and on the 1st of June, when Lord John Russell moved that the House should resolve itself into a committee on the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, he spoke for a few minutes, and gave utterance to a phrase which seems to embody a policy:—"There is only one principle for the government of such a country as Ireland, and that is the principle of centralization; and for this reason, if for no other, it is that we delegate power from England to Ireland, because it is the only authority which can be trusted to exercise that power without passion." The House soon forgot the unfortunate *début*, and listened with attention to his more modest utterances.

MARRIAGE AND GOOD FORTUNE.

The year 1839 was marked by an interesting incident in his private life. His colleague in the representation of Maidstone, Mr. Lewis, had died, and his widow became the wife of Mr. Disraeli. By this marriage he became the owner of Hughenden Manor, and was raised to affluence, no unimportant aid to such a career as his talents and ambition pointed to. At a later period, a lady who had never even seen him, but who admired his political career, left him by her will £60,000. The political situation was serious, if not alarming. The Chartists had gained strength, there had been outbreaks, and on the 14th of June Mr. L. Attwood, the member for Birmingham, had presented a monster petition to Parliament. The Ministry, supported by the greater number of the Tory Opposition, were prepared to adopt measures to protect the country from the effect of political disturbances. Mr. Disraeli opposed them, not apparently because he thought the Chartists were right, but because the Ministers, being Whigs, must be wrong. He said the people had grievances, and redress, not repression, "should be the course of action. He spoke

against the increase of the police and the county constabulary; and Mr. Fox Maule, the Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, accused him of being the advocate of riot and confusion. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Spring Rice) reproached him with opposing for party purpose measures introduced for the immediate protection of life and property. Mr. Disraeli replied with a shower of smart personalities. Under-Secretaries, he said, were coarse and ill-bred, and it would be difficult to tell "how Mr. Spring Rice became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and how the Government to which he belonged became a Government; like flies in amber, one wondered 'how the devil they got there.'" When it was moved that the petition should be taken into consideration, he declared that the Charter was owing to the Reform Bill. He expressed strong disapproval of the Charter as a remedy for the ills of which the petitioners complained, but spoke of the Chartists themselves generously, almost kindly. He insisted that the new Poor Laws and other legislation promoted by a middle-class Government had abrogated the civil rights of the people, and pronounced his conviction that the rights of labour were as sacred as those of property. Sooner or later, he said, whether the Whigs desired it or not, the working classes would demand, and obtain too, a larger share than they then had in the management of the affairs of the country.

Before the session closed, Mr. Disraeli took occasion to explain his views as to the causes which had produced Chartism. It must be admitted that his opinions on the subject partook of the fossil character dear to Tories of the old type, but scarcely to have been expected from the brilliant member for Maidstone. The changes in parochial jurisdiction, the establishment of the police force, alterations in the old local administration of justice, and destruction of venerable corporations were the real causes of the Chartist outbreaks, and for all these the Whigs were answerable. As to the British Constitution, it was a system under which "the Sovereign could do no wrong and the Government no right." He was especially a strong opponent of the Poor Law system as recently established, speaking earnestly and generously on behalf of the poor; and when in 1841 the Poor Law Commission Bill was carried by a large majority, he voted against it, though in doing so he opposed his nominal leader Sir Robert Peel, as he did on several other subjects.

In the same session he opposed an Education

Bill brought in by Lord John Russell. His speech was lengthy, and in it he asserted that the great object which every statesman ought to have in view was to encourage the habit of self-government among the people. State education was only found in paternal governments, of which Persia and China were the models. "It has been discovered that the best way to ensure implicit obedience is to commence tyranny in the nursery."

In the autumn of 1839 he published a tragedy, "Count Alarcos," founded on an old Spanish ballad. In the preface he said, "Years have flown away since, rambling in the sierras of Andalusia, beneath the clear light of a Spanish moon, and freshened by the sea breezes that had wandered up a river from the coast, I first listened to the chant of that terrible tale. It seemed to me rife with all the materials of a tragic drama; and I planned as I rode along the scenes and characters of which it appeared to me susceptible." The story is painful and even revolting, and the author of the tragedy failed to make it attractive by any great display of poetic or dramatic power. A few years since it was produced on the stage at Astley's Theatre, but met with scant favour.

THE "YOUNG ENGLAND" PARTY.

About this time several generously-minded and hopeful young men of talent, belonging to the Tory party, came before the public as advocates by speech and writings of the benefits which they believed would accrue if a better understanding between the upper and lower classes of society could be arrived at. Intensely aristocratic, they believed that the aristocracy were the natural leaders of the people in the work of mental and moral development and the cultivation of intellectual tastes and pure manners, and that the doctrines of political economy, and the growing dependence on material wealth, lowered the national character. To these young men the name of "the Young England party" was given. Prominent among them were Lord John Manners, Mr. Smythe and Lord Winchelsea, and the adherence of Mr. Disraeli was eagerly welcomed, although he could not claim aristocratic descent. They were a little quixotic and a little priggish in their endeavours to revive a sort of picturesque feudalism, and perhaps the famous Eglington Tournament of 1839 was not unconnected with the movement. There was abundance of ridicule showered on the young men, but they bore up against it gallantly. One unfortunate couplet,

in a poem by Lord John Manners, was quoted everywhere, and is still remembered,—

"Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But give us back our old nobility."

The novel "Coningsby, or the New Generation," published in 1844, was the outcome of this movement, and bore besides evident traces of a careful perusal of Carlyle's remarkable work "Past and Present." The hero was an obvious embodiment of the characteristics of the leaders of the Young England party; politicians and authors were introduced under the thinnest possible veils; and a marvellous Jewish merchant, Sidonia, of unlimited wealth, magnificent tastes, and immense influence, afforded opportunities for gorgeous writing of an Oriental flavour. The book achieved an enormous popularity, was of course vigorously criticised, and a parody by Thackeray, it would seem, was peculiarly objectionable to the author, whose character "St. Barbe," in his latest novel, is, almost beyond question, intended as a caricature of the great snob-killer.

PARLIAMENTARY WORK.

There had been changes in the Melbourne Ministry, but it was not strengthened; and in May 1841, Sir Robert Peel having carried a vote of want of confidence, the Ministers decided to appeal to the country. Mr. Disraeli spoke eloquently in favour of the motion, beginning with a high eulogium of Sir Robert Peel,—“He has never employed his influence for factious purposes, and has never been stimulated in his exertions by a disordered desire of obtaining office; above all, he has never carried himself to the opposite benches by making propositions by which he was not ready to abide.”

The general election resulted in a defeat of the Ministry, as shown by the division on the Address. Mr. Disraeli, no longer member for Maidstone, but for Shrewsbury, seems to have expected that Sir Robert Peel, who headed the new Ministry, would have offered him office; but he was disappointed. It was rumoured that he had made a direct application, and that rumour he took care to contradict. He voted in support of Sir Robert's sliding scale of duties on corn, brought forward in February. During the first two years he gave a general support to Sir Robert Peel, but rarely spoke; and in some cases where he could not conscientiously follow his leader, he abstained from voting; but afterwards, especially in respect to the sugar duties, opposed the ministerial proposition. As yet there was no open political

opposition. He had begun to dislike Peel, but he was loyal to his party, and when he could not support the Minister he generally absented himself from division. Every motion, by whomsoever made, which had for its object the bettering the condition of the working classes, had his support. He sided with Lord Ashley in his endeavour to protect the factory children; and it was noticed that he systematically abstained from touching questions which affected the Church either in England or Ireland.

In March, 1842, he brought forward a motion for uniting the consular and diplomatic establishments, in the course of which he vigorously attacked Lord Palmerston, the late Foreign Secretary, who had, he said, filled up the consular offices with broken-down political partisans, and some of his own relatives. Sir Robert Peel opposed the motion, and after other speeches, Lord Palmerston rose. Witty, experienced, cool, and audacious, he was quite a match for his opponent. He jocularly alluded to the profound study of the *London Gazette* made by the honourable member for Shrewsbury,—“but the study of gazettes could not be very profitable for enlarging the mind and improving the understanding.” Mr. Disraeli was ill-informed or unfair in his statements, and he had drawn into the discussion men who had no connection with the party conflicts within the walls of the House of Commons, and who were most sensitive about their characters, and such conduct, he thought, “was not very generous, and not very becoming in any gentleman.” “I would say to the honourable member, that in future I beg he will turn his steel upon me. Here am I who did it. Let him attack me as much as he pleases.” The motion was not pressed to a division. Henceforth, and until Sir Robert Peel presented a more congenial mark for attack, Mr. Disraeli's dislike of Palmerston found continual opportunities of expression.

The famous tariff propositions of Sir Robert Peel in 1842 were supported by Mr. Disraeli; but in the session of 1843 he openly broke with his leader, and soon after became his resolute personal assailant. He was now recognized as a power in the House, and his speeches were looked forward to and listened to attentively. Peel was becoming more and more a Free Trader; the young Tories more and more Protectionists. On the 16th of February, 1844, Mr. Disraeli made a speech on the condition of Ireland, in the course of which he said, “You have a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien Church; and, in addition, the weakest ex-

ecutive in the world. That is the Irish Question.”

ATTACKS ON SIR ROBERT PEELE.

In 1846 the rupture in the Tory party was complete. Immediately on the opening of the Session, Sir Robert Peel proposed the entire abolition, after two years, of the duties on imported grain. The motion was carried, and the Peel Ministry resigned. A new and small, but very able, party, the Peelites, was formed; and the Tories proper, the Protectionists, chose for their leader Lord George Bentinck, member for King's Lynn, a man of great determination of character and considerable ability, but who had been previously better known in connection with horse-racing than with politics. The Young Englanders threw themselves with ardour into the fray, and Disraeli occupied the foremost rank. Then began the attacks on Sir Robert Peel, the invectives and epigrams, from which the sensitive nature of the great statesman recoiled. He could not return vituperation as O'Connell could; he had not the good-humoured pugnacity of Palmerston, who alike took and gave hard knocks as if he enjoyed them. Speaking on the 15th of May, in opposition to Sir Robert's propositions, Mr. Disraeli said, “When I examine the career of this Minister, which has now filled a great space in the Parliamentary history of the country, I find that for between thirty and forty years that right honourable gentleman has traded on the ideas and intelligence of others. His life has been one great appropriation clause. He is a burglar of others' intellect. I have that confidence in the common sense, I will say the common spirit, of our countrymen, that I believe they will not long endure this huckstering tyranny of the Treasury Bench—these political pedlars that bought their party in the cheapest market, and sold us in the dearest.” The last phrase was, of course, a parody of the Free Trade formula, which Peel had adopted. On another occasion Mr. Disraeli said Sir Robert had “caught the Whigs bathing, and stolen their clothes.”

We do not desire to dwell on these incidents in Mr. Disraeli's Parliamentary career. His power in debate strengthened, and he became more necessary to his party. When Lord George Bentinck died suddenly in 1848, no other but Disraeli could claim to lead the Opposition. In the preceding year he had been returned for Buckinghamshire, and he continued to represent the county with which he had so many personal associations until he was raised to the Peerage.

Isaac Disraeli lived nearly long enough to see his son the leader of a great party and a power in the House of Commons. The venerable author of the "Curiosities of Literature" died on the 19th of January, 1848, in his eighty-second year, having survived his wife only a few months. The Disraelis are a long-lived family. On the brow of a hill, near Hughenden Manor, is a column to the memory of Isaac Disraeli, erected by his daughter-in-law.

On the 20th of June, 1848, Mr. Hume introduced a motion affirming "that this House, as at present constituted, does not fairly represent the population, the property, or the industry of the country, whence has arisen great and increasing discontent in the minds of a large portion of the people; and it is therefore expedient, with a view to amend the national representation, that the elective franchise shall be so extended as to include all householders; that votes shall be taken by ballot; that the duration of Parliaments shall not exceed three years, and that the apportionment of Members to population shall be made more equal." In a lengthy speech Mr. Disraeli opposed the motion, insisting that the franchise was a privilege, not a right, and that, if abstract right were admitted, boys and women should be permitted to vote. He deprecated change either in the way of shortening the duration of Parliament or of voting by ballot. The proposal of electoral districts, by which representation would be in proportion to population, he warmly opposed.

In moving an amendment to the Address, on the opening of the session of 1849, Mr. Disraeli made a speech which his admirers consider to be one of his finest efforts. In the Royal speech was this sentence—"The present aspect of affairs has enabled me to make large reductions in the estimates of the year." Lord Stanley (afterwards the Earl of Derby), the leader of the Tory party, asserted in the House of Lords that the Whig Ministry had yielded to the bidding of the Peace and Free Trade party, and were compelled to do as they were ordered; and in the Commons Mr. Disraeli made a tremendous attack on the Ministry—"Her Majesty's Ministers have yielded to public opinion (the voice and clamour of organized clubs) as a tradesman does who is detected in an act of overcharge—he yields to public opinion when he takes a less sum. So the permanent affairs of this country are to be arranged not upon principles of high policy, or from any imperial considerations, but because there is an unholy pressure from a minority which demands it, and who have a confidence of

success because they know that they have beaten the Prime Minister. We (the Tory party) stand here to maintain the majesty of Parliament against the Jacobin manoeuvres of Lancashire. I would sooner my tongue were palsied before I counselled the people of England to lower their tone."

Mr. Disraeli's literary reputation had in the meanwhile been enhanced by the publication of "Sybil, or the New Nation" (1845), and "Tancred, or the New Crusade" (1847), in which his peculiar political and national theories were advocated with great ability, and in a picturesque if ornate style. The former touched on Chartism, the latter indicated his views as to the destiny of the house of Israel. Shortly after the publication of "Tancred," he advocated the admission of Jews into Parliament.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS.

At last came the day of success. In 1852, Lord Derby was entrusted with the formation of a Cabinet, and Mr. Disraeli became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had made the House of Commons listen to his speeches, and now it would listen to his expositions of financial principles. His first Budget received the support of Mr. Gladstone. It was only of a temporary character, for the Ministry awaited the result of the general election, having pledged themselves to abide by the decision of the country as to a free-trade policy. Mr. Milner Gibson endeavoured to pledge the House to a resolution in favour of a repeal of the paper duty; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer successfully opposed it, on financial grounds, without reference to the merits of the question. The result of the appeal to the country was in favour of Free Trade; and Lord Derby in the Lords, and Mr. Disraeli in the Commons, accepted the decision. Mr. Charles Villiers endeavoured to carry a resolution expressing a feeling of triumph at the submission of the Ministers, but Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone generously interfered, and the sense of the House was in favour of bygones being bygones. The Budget was brought forward on the 3rd of December. The prominent features were reductions of some duties, and increase of the area of the income and house taxes. Mr. Gladstone vehemently opposed it, and the Government was defeated by a majority of 19, and consequently resigned.

Once more Mr. Disraeli was the leader on the Opposition side. We must pass over the troubled times of the Aberdeen, the Coalition, and the Palmerston administrations, of the Crimean War, the Ministerial discords, and Mr. Roebuck's Committee

of Inquiry. The Conspiracy to Murder Bill was fatal to the Palmerston Ministry, and in February 1858 Lord Derby was again summoned to power, and Mr. Disraeli was again Chancellor of the Exchequer. A year afterwards he brought forward an elaborate Reform Bill, the main feature of which was to ensure a "lateral extension" of the franchise, so that the educated classes should be admitted to the suffrage without regard to property qualification. As before, he warmly opposed the principle of representation according to population. "It is notorious that, if you come to population in round numbers, 10,500,000 of the people of England return only 150 or 160 county members, while the boroughs, representing 7,500,000, return more than 330 members. Admitting, then, the principle of population, you must disfranchise your boroughs and give the members to the counties." He proposed that Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire should have more members, and that some of the small boroughs then returning two each should be deprived of one. The Bill was lost, an appeal to the country was decided on, and the Ministry, being in a minority in the new Parliament, resigned.

Six more years of Opposition followed, marked by great activity, oratorical and literary, on the part of Mr. Disraeli. He opposed the Budgets of Mr. Gladstone, and his speeches were published in a book form, and he also printed his speeches in opposition to the ecclesiastical policy of the Government. In 1866 he was again in office, and having, as he audaciously remarked, "educated his party," he brought in another Reform Bill, which included household suffrage, the taking of thirty Members from small constituencies, enfranchising several towns which had risen into importance, and giving more Members to the larger counties. The Bill was carried.

"VIVIAN GREY" PRIME MINISTER.

A few months afterwards (February 1868) Lord Derby, whose health was failing, resigned, and recommended the Queen to appoint Mr. Disraeli First Lord of the Treasury. *Punch* had a cartoon inscribed "Vivian Grey sent for." The prize was won; Joseph was chief ruler of Egypt; or in more commonplace and historical language, Benjamin Disraeli, the daring novelist, the mystical theorist, the believer in the destiny of his race, whom twenty-two years before the House of Commons had laughed down, was Prime Minister of England. He held office only until the following December, when he resigned, and Mr. Gladstone became Premier. A peerage was

offered the retiring Minister, but he declined it, accepting, however, the honour for his wife, on whom the title of Viscountess Beaconsfield was conferred.

The next five years were occupied in Parliament with fierce disputes on the subject of legislation for Ireland. Mr. Disraeli and his friends opposed Mr. Gladstone's proposition for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, but the Irish Land Bill was permitted to pass with but little opposition. He found time for literary activity, and another political novel, in which real personages appeared in very slight disguises, "Lothair," was published in 1870.

On the 24th of January, 1874, Mr. Gladstone, unable to carry his Irish Universities Bill, suddenly resolved to appeal to the verdict of the country, given at a general election. The feeling of the constituencies had changed, and the Conservatives (the name Tory was nearly forgotten now) had a majority of sixty. On the 17th of February Mr. Gladstone resigned, and Mr. Disraeli undertook the task of forming a Ministry. In his election address, the new Premier said, "I should say of the Administration of the past five years, that it would have been better for us all had there been a little more energy in our foreign policy, and a little less in our domestic legislation." In one respect, however, the energetic domestic legislation had been beneficent, for the new Ministry found themselves in possession of a surplus of nearly six millions.

RAISED TO THE PEERAGE.

In 1876 the honour of a peerage was again offered, and this time accepted by Mr. Disraeli. His wife had died, and he preserved a portion of her title in his new dignity, Earl of Beaconsfield. The leadership of the Commons was entrusted to Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Earl himself, as the head of the party, exhibiting his old energy and eloquence in the Lords.

We have now to record very recent events, still fresh in the memory. The surplus diminished and finally disappeared, as new expenses were incurred; there were troubles in South Africa, and a cloud in the East was casting ominous shadows. In the latter part of 1874 and the spring of 1875 insurrections in the Herzegovina and Bosnia spread rapidly; it became apparent that Turkey was in an insolvent condition; and in August a joint Note from the great European Powers was addressed to the Porte. In November Russia appeared on the scene, the ambassador

of that empire at Constantinople, General Ignatieff, urging on the Sultan the necessity of administrative and financial reform.

Soon after the opening of the session of 1876, the Premier brought in the Royal Titles Bill, by which the Queen was to be enabled to add Empress of India to her other titles. This was carried, although not without considerable opposition. The Turkish difficulty increased, the Sultan was deposed, Eastern Europe was aflame with war. In the summer of the year came the news of the Bulgarian massacres, and the excitement was intense. The Premier declared that the statements were grossly exaggerated, and, with an evident fling at Mr. Gladstone, who had begun his memorable agitation on the subject, said, "The leaders of the popular feeling against Turkey themselves were worse than the authors of the massacres." There was a danger, he said, in a speech at an agricultural meeting at Aylesbury, that "designing politicians might take advantage of sublime sentiments, and apply them for the furtherance of their sinister ends." Russia interfered, and presented an ultimatum to Turkey on the last day of October; and at the Guildhall banquet on the 9th of November, the Earl of Beaconsfield made a speech which was considered as a threat to Russia, and a hint that England would defend the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. While, he said, England was desirous of peace, she was well prepared for war, and was not a country that when she enters into a campaign has to ask herself whether she can support a second or a third campaign.

Early in 1878 there were dissensions in the Cabinet. The Earl of Carnarvon and the Earl of Derby, Colonial and Foreign Secretaries, were unwilling to encounter the chance of hostilities on behalf of Turkey, and the former and shortly afterwards the latter resigned. The action of the latter was induced by the announcement of an intention to call out the reserve forces, and the sending of seven thousand native Indian troops to Malta, which was felt by many to be an unconstitutional proceeding. Shortly afterwards it became known that a secret treaty had been concluded between Great Britain and Turkey, by which a British protectorate had been established over Asia Minor, and Cyprus was ceded by the Sultan. In June the Earl of Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Salisbury, the Foreign Secretary, attended, as representatives of England, the Congress at Berlin, held for the settlement of the Eastern difficulty.

Just before the end of the session the affairs of North-Western India and Afghanistan excited

attention. British troops were marched to Cabul, and the Ameer fled. Lord Beaconsfield, in another of his characteristic Guildhall utterances, said we were only establishing "a scientific frontier;" but that scientific frontier did not prevent the massacre of our English envoy, Sir Louis Cavagnari, and his suite.

Then followed the Zulu war in South Africa and other troubles. The Budget of 1879 showed an enormous deficit, and no one could say what further expenses would be incurred. The Government had rapidly accumulated unpopularity, and perhaps the final blow was given by the introduction of a Bill empowering the Government to purchase the stock of the Metropolitan Water Companies on terms which the public generally thought exorbitant. Parliament was dissolved on the 24th of March, and Lord Beaconsfield and his policy were again submitted to the verdict of the country.

OUT OF OFFICE; ANOTHER NOVEL.

That verdict was unfavourable. The tide had turned; there was a large Liberal majority, stimulated, no doubt, by the marvellous exertions of Mr. Gladstone, and towards the end of April the Premier and his colleagues resigned office. Lord Beaconsfield accepted his destiny with a smiling face, and retired, as he said, to enjoy the pleasures of the country at Hughenden. The fruit of his leisure soon appeared in the form of another political novel, "Endymion."

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

On the 19th of March, the Earl of Beaconsfield dined with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House; and on the following day, feeling unwell, he remained at home, and sent for Dr. Kidd, his physician and old friend. A week later several of his political friends assembled in his chamber to discuss the course to be taken by the Conservative party in the approaching debate on the Transvaal question. The Earl was too unwell to take any part in the conversation, but he listened attentively; and that was the last time he could give any attention to political matters. The illness, a combination of bronchitis, asthma, and gout, increased, and although his wonderful vitality struggled long against disease and weakness, he succumbed at about four o'clock on the morning of Easter Tuesday, the 19th of April, the anniversary of the day when, in 1880, he resigned the seals of office. He died very calmly, and in full possession of his faculties. His last words were, "I am overwhelmed."

G. R. E.



JOHN BRIGHT,
THE TRIBUNE OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

"Neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has of their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't."—SHAKESPEARE.

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TRIBUNES OF THE PEOPLE IN OLD TIMES; THEIR DUTIES.

IN the days of ancient Rome, when the people, angry at the tyranny of the patricians, and impatient of the yoke under which they had long

been compelled to bow their necks, insisted upon being represented in reality, as well as in theory, in the Senate, they chose officers who were to be invested with the duty of watching the course of government matters in the interest of their con-

stituents the plebeians. They were invested with peculiar and wide-spreading authority. They enjoyed the immunity of the *sacrosanctitas*, which rendered their persons inviolable; the *jus intercessionis*, or right of intervention, was theirs also, by which their word had the power of forbidding or placing the "veto" on the proceedings of Consul and Prætor; and the *jus precessionis* gave them the power to apprehend and hold in custody any official whose actions seemed fraught with injury to the people. The middle ages and modern times have seen the appellation "tribune" assumed by men whose power and authority was especially warranted by the suffrage of the people. Thus Cola di Rienzi, in Rome in 1347, called himself "tribune of freedom, peace, and justice;" and thus in our own times the same name, tribune, has been popularly given to a member of the British House of Commons who, more than any other, has identified himself with the people's cause, and stood up for justice and right as the advocate of the toiling masses of his fellow-countrymen,—opposing persistently the selfish policy that would have taxed their food, narrowed their influence, and left them as far as possible unrepresented. The title, "the great tribune of the people," has frequently and worthily been bestowed upon Mr. Bright by those who have seen in his parliamentary career and strivings a close analogy with the exertions of those champions of the popular cause "in the brave days of old;" and hardly could an epithet have been chosen that did him greater honour. His own words, at the conclusion of a remarkable speech delivered in December 1854, in which he deprecated the Crimean war, show him as placing his chief glory in speaking out boldly what he felt convinced was the truth, irrespective of its effect upon his private interests. "I am not," he declared, "nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman; and that character is so tainted and so equivocal in our day that I am not sure that a pure and honourable ambition would aspire to it. . . . I have not set my sails to every passing breeze. I am a plain and simple citizen, sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of the Empire, representing, feebly perhaps, but honestly I dare aver, the opinions of very many, and the true interests of all those who have sent me here." Though the speaker here disclaims the character of a statesman as that title was frequently understood a generation ago, he has on many occasions shown some of the best qualities of statesmanship; but his peculiar character has always been that of the "tribune," the champion of the people's rights, and the in-

defatigable watcher over the interests of the community as a whole.

OLD WAYS AND NEW WAYS; FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

In a parliamentary career of unusual length, it has been the fortune of Mr. Bright to see changes within the space of forty years such as centuries would hardly in earlier times have produced. When he first entered the House of Commons, railways were a new institution, and people had not long learnt to believe in the practicability of crossing the Atlantic in steamers; the Penny Post had not long been established, after having been denounced by even so enlightened a man as Sydney Smith as a wild, impracticable scheme; and the idea of a scheme of national education was considered by a great number of well-meaning people as not only impracticable, but as fraught with danger to all authority and rule. It has been Mr. Bright's lot to take a leading part in the settlement of the weightiest political questions that have arisen throughout a period of forty years,—questions of finance, popular representation, war, commerce, and education; and by one of those strange instances in which the tendency of history to repeat itself is seen, the questions to whose settlement his vigorous energies were devoted in parliament more than a generation ago, have again appeared in a modified form, and called forth from him words as outspoken and clear as those with which he impressed the House more than thirty years ago. It was in fighting the battle of Free Trade against Protection, as exemplified in the struggle for the abolition of the duty on corn that he gained his first triumph in parliament; and now in the evening of his active and useful career he is found again lifting up his voice in consistent advocacy of the principles he upheld at that period. In 1849 there was, for a short time, a tendency shown by a party in parliament, headed by the late Lord Beaconsfield, then Member for Buckinghamshire, to reaffirm the principles of Protection as against Free Trade.

MR. BRIGHT'S OPINIONS IN 1849 ON FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

In an eloquent speech delivered on March 15th in that year, Mr. Bright emphatically said,—“Let honourable gentlemen beware how they turn their attention to the question of the reimposition of the duties upon corn. If you do so you are doing that which I believe is as impossible as the reimposition of any Act which has passed the

House in former times. You might probably effect the repeal of the Reform Bill, or the Catholic Emancipation Act in the same session as that in which you reimpose the duty upon corn. Take care what you are about. Honourable gentlemen fancy that there is a lull in the public mind; that events abroad have frightened people at home. . . . You talk of the experiment of Free Trade as though it had failed, or was but an experiment. I ask, Have you not legislated since the oldest amongst you first came here, in favour of protection, and with the view of keeping up the price of corn; and do you not recollect that under the protective laws in 1836, the whole average price of the year for good wheat—not sprouted wheat—was but 39s. 4d. per quarter? whilst now, we are told, sprouted wheat is sold at 42s. a quarter." In the same speech he said: "If I were myself an owner of land, I should say this to my tenant-farmers: 'Men, you have got the land, and it must be your object to work it to the best of your ability with the capital you have. Parliament, like the landlord, must deal with those on whose behalf this proposition is said to be made, on the same principles on which it would deal with trades of all other descriptions. You must exert the same virtues of perseverance, industry, and frugality which others possess, and in which you are not wanting; you must look to the exercise of these means for your profit and success, not to external aid or exclusive assistance which can only be rendered at the cost of gross injustice to others.'

"But the speech of the Hon. Member for Buckinghamshire was so purely agricultural, that he did not enter into any such considerations." He recognised no such principle of dealing with the interests of all classes, instead of addressing ourselves to the benefit of one only. He himself quoted from the *Standard*, a newspaper of high authority with his party, and so exclusively agricultural in its predilections, that in one of its leaders a few years ago it contended that if the whole of the manufactures of England were destroyed to-morrow, England would not be a less great country by one iota, or the English a less happy people. But the *Standard* now takes up different ground. It announced in a recent number that unions were now formed in most of the southern counties of England, the object of which was carefully to exclude all the products of the mills of the north, so that the cloths of Cheshire and Yorkshire would not be allowed to come into competition with the productions of Wiltshire. If this is to be the spirit in which hon. gentlemen are dis-

posed to make common cause against the manufacturing interest, I wonder they do not carry out their principle to its full extent, and, as their ancestors once wandered over the country clothed in skins and with their bodies painted, that they do not come down here in that way. They might come at last to clothe themselves in thatch, by which means I trust the farmers will obtain a remunerative price for their straw. I am not at all disposed to dispute the meritorious and industrious character of the tenant-farmers; on the contrary, I believe them well entitled to the praise of possessing those qualities in a high degree. But I protest against a proposition on their behalf which would certainly prejudice the interests of all other classes for the doubtful benefit of one." At that period he took his stand on the broad principle that free trade was in itself beneficial, and should be the policy of England, without reference to the vacillation and half-heartedness of other nations.

HIS OPINIONS UNCHANGED.

These principles he steadily maintained. In 1881 we find him writing on the subject of "reciprocity," "If you mean that we are only to trade freely without duties at our ports with nations who will do the same to us, then I am against reciprocity, as a stupid and impossible proposition. If you mean that we are to put on duties at our ports with the notion that we shall compel other nations to take off their duties, then I am against it, from the conviction that such a plan must fail, as it has done in all times past. For twenty years before our free trade times, this plan was made use of and offered to foreign parts, and it entirely failed, as it would fail again if offered. . . . The true course for England is to open her ports as completely and widely as possible, whatever may be the tariff of other countries." To another correspondent, who asks him to attend a Liberal meeting in Sheffield, he writes: "As to reciprocity, and the rubbish which is disturbing some minds, I do not think we need to trouble ourselves much about it. . . . Three hundred farmers in Aberdeenshire have just denounced protection as heartily as you or I could have done it. The cry may do some mischief at a single election, but I think it will be dead enough before a general election is upon us." In all that the great "tribune of the people" has done, we note a fine consistency,—not the obstinacy that refuses instruction, or rejects the new light thrown by time and experience on a question, but the grave solidity of opinion pro-

ceeding from conviction based upon earnest and deliberate thought and study.

BIRTH, FAMILY, AND EDUCATION.

By birth Mr. Bright belongs to that upper middle-class from which so many of the notabilities in English history have sprung,—the class that produced the first William Pitt and Robert Clive, John Watt and Samuel Johnson. His father, Jacob Bright, was a cotton-spinner of Rochdale, in Lancashire, and resided at Greenbank, near that town; and there the subject of this memoir was born on the 16th of November, 1811. The family belonged then, and has continued to belong since, to the estimable and law-abiding community known as the "Society of Friends," or by the more familiar appellation of "Quakers." His education was not of an elaborate kind, and included no advanced collegiate course. "For myself, I can say that I have never been at school since I was fifteen years of age," he said in one of his speeches, in opposition to a bill restricting the hours of factory labour for all persons under eighteen. In the literal sense of the term, his schooling was limited to those early years; but his actual education must have been going on long after he entered his father's warehouse as a lad; for during the years of his boyhood and youth most important events were developing themselves, and the country was passing through a struggle and approaching a crisis not less momentous in its nature and consequences, though less noted by the historian, than the great warlike conflict that had preceded it,—a struggle in which even so cool-headed and resolute a man as the great Duke of Wellington at last acknowledged that the alternative of consequences lay between reform and revolution.

PERIOD FROM 1815 TO 1830.

It was in many respects a mournful and even a shameful period that intervened between the end of the great war in 1815 and the passing of the first Reform Bill in 1830. The war had left a dismal legacy in the shape of a hugely increased national debt, the interest of which annually swallowed up close upon thirty millions sterling, before a penny could be devoted to the current expenses of the government. Taxation was more grievously felt now that the excitement of the war was over; and while the cessation of the contest did away with the demand for stores, weapons, etc., that had kept various trades employed, the revival of foreign trade, hoped for as a remedy, took place but slowly. The distress among the operative classes

and the agricultural labourers increased year by year; wages were low, and work was scarce. In parliament, as then constituted, the voice of the people had little chance of being heard; and thus the popular discontent naturally took two definite forms—a demand for a reform in parliament that should bring about a real representation of the people, and what a somewhat flippant politician once characterized as "an ignorant impatience of taxation," showing itself in an increased determination that the burdens of the community, like parliamentary representation, should be more fairly and proportionately adjusted.

At first the method of coercion was adopted. Meetings were violently interrupted or dispersed by troops of regular cavalry or yeomanry, not without bloodshed, as in the case of the infamous "Peterloo massacre" in Manchester, which, however, found a dignitary of the Church ready to defend it. The statutes against libel and sedition were sharpened and mercilessly put in force, and in many cases the law was disgracefully strained in the prosecution of poor ignorant labourers and operatives driven more by hunger than by any other cause into spasmodic and half-hearted riot. But gradually the feeling grew stronger that something must be done in the way of concession to public opinion and justice, if, as the Duke of Wellington himself, one of the most consistent opponents of all, but with the most indispensable concession expressed it, the king's government was to be carried on.

CHANGES; THE REFORM BILL OF 1832; BRIGHT'S EARLIER ORATORY.

Thus in his early youth, John Bright saw the harsh rule of the Tories of the old school of Eldon and Ellenborough gradually giving way to the milder councils of Canning and his colleagues; he was old enough to appreciate the importance of such steps towards better things as the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the triumph of the measure for the admission of the Roman Catholics to Parliament; and the year in which he attained his majority was that of the first great popular triumph, the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. That these things made a deep impression on him, and that he studied public questions in their different bearings long before the commencement of his public career, is shown by the sound knowledge everywhere shown in his speeches concerning the events of these earlier times. His sympathies were with the reformers; and his earliest efforts of oratory belong to this period.

The old axiom, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," has its converse in the proposition that an orator is produced by a very gradual process. Of him it may be said, "*Fit non nascitur*," his power must be matured by practice. Macaulay has observed that most great parliamentary speakers exercised themselves at the expense of their audience, and cites the well-known instance of Fox speaking almost every night during an entire session as a proof of his assertion. That the wonderful eloquence with which Mr. Bright through many sessions charmed his audiences, and held spellbound even those who differed most widely from him in opinion, has been improved and perfected by experience there is no doubt; but much of the effect he never fails to create is due to the earnestness, the impression of thorough conviction in the speaker, the absence of all theatrical trick or striving after effect, the evident truth of every emotion expressed, and more than all to the manly Saxon simplicity of the language in which his thoughts are clothed. It is curious, in view of his present great reputation, to mark the effect recorded on a hearer as produced upon him by one of the young reformer's earliest speeches at a country gathering.

He was dressed in black, and his coat was of that peculiar cut considered by the worthy disciples of George Fox as a standing protest against the fashions of the world. The lecturer was young, square-built, and muscular, with a broad face and forehead, with a fresh complexion, with "mild blue eyes" like those of the late Russian Nicholas, but nevertheless with a general expression quite sufficiently decided and severe. As an orator the man did not shine. His voice was good, though somewhat harsh; his manner was awkward, as is the custom of the country; and the sentences came out of his mouth loose, naked, and ill-formed. He was not master of the situation, yet he wanted not confidence, nor matter, nor words. Practice, it was clear, was all that he required. The orator felt this himself. He told his audience that he was learning to speak upon the question, and that he would succeed in time. His expectation was abundantly fulfilled; for during his long career in the House of Commons, Mr. Bright's oratory has certainly not been either awkward or wanting in clearness.

MARRIAGE; FIRST ASSOCIATION WITH RICHARD COBDEN.

Mr. Bright is not to be put among those public men who entered upon political life i

their earliest manhood. He was thirty years old before he obtained his first seat in the House of Commons. There was an advantage, in one sense, in this delay; for he knew more of men and things, and could speak more from his own experience in addressing the House than many of his colleagues. He had, in fact, seen and taken part in a very important public movement before he became a representative of a parliamentary constituency. In 1839 he married Miss Elizabeth Priestman, daughter of Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, a member, like himself, of the Society of Friends. As a partner in the houses of Bright and Co. and Bright and Brothers, established in Rochdale and Manchester as cotton-spinners and carpet manufacturers, he devoted himself for some years to commercial pursuits. Continental travel had enlarged his mind and given him the opportunity of comparing the condition of his own country, socially and economically, with that of foreign nations; and no doubt contributed to the faculty he afterwards showed of judging by a far wider standard than the narrow and insular one frequently set up by his opponents.

It was at this time he became acquainted with that great man, Richard Cobden, who afterwards became his colleague, and with whose name and activity his own was during a series of years so closely interwoven that the two were always associated together in a kind of brotherhood, only to be dissolved by death. Mr. Bright, in giving an account of his first meeting with Mr. Cobden, says they owed their earliest association to the interest both took in the then newly mooted educational question. "I went over to Manchester," says Mr. Bright, "to call upon him and invite him to come to Rochdale to speak at a meeting about to be held in the school-room of the Baptist Chapel in West-street. I found him in his counting-house. I told him what I wanted; his countenance lighted up with pleasure to find that others were working in the same cause. He without hesitation agreed to come. He came and he spoke; and though he was then so young a speaker, yet the qualities of his speech were such as remained with him so long as he was able to speak at all,—clearness, logic, a conversational eloquence, a persuasiveness which, when combined with the absolute truth there was in his eye and in his countenance, became a power it was almost impossible to resist."

THE CORN LAWS; THEIR NATURE.

They were soon destined to be brought into

close alliance. Among the grievances endured for many years by the English people, none weighed more heavily upon them than the corn laws. There had from old times been restrictions upon the free traffic in corn, not only with foreign countries, but even from one part of the kingdom to another. In 1815, though the tax on the exportation of corn had been abolished, that on its importation was retained; and not until home-grown corn had reached the price of eighty shillings the quarter, could foreign grain be imported duty free. The price of the nation's food was thus artificially raised by the shutting out of foreign supplies, and the maintaining of a monopoly for the English farmer, within certain limits; and the landed interest, who considered the question of revenue derived from land in the form of rents as bound up with the maintenance of this monopoly, strenuously opposed any movement tending to interfere with it. But bad times came, when wages were low, and thousands of men, earning a very few shillings a week, were rendered desperate by seeing their families in a state of chronic semi-starvation. In 1828, accordingly, the corn laws were somewhat relaxed, a duty of one shilling being placed upon foreign corn, when the market at home had risen to seventy-three shillings, the duty rising to twenty-three shillings and eight pence when the price per quarter sank to sixty-four shillings,—the object of course being to keep out all foreign corn until the farmers had sold their crops. Naturally this state of things was viewed with great discontent by the operative and commercial classes, who considered themselves as being sacrificed to the agricultural interest; and in London, Manchester, and other great commercial centres, the free-traders, who were opposed to each and every kind of tax on corn, increased in number; and naturally, after the manner of Englishmen, they began to combine for the attainment of the object they had in view.

FORMATION OF THE ANTI CORN LAW LEAGUE.

It was in the year 1838, on the occasion of a public dinner, at which Dr., afterwards Sir John, Bowring, had denounced the corn laws as productive of an untold amount of human misery, that the idea of an association to bring about the abolition of these obnoxious imposts was first started by Mr. Howie. In 1839, the Association for the Abolition of the Corn Laws had expanded into the National Anti Corn Law League. From Manchester the idea had spread throughout the kingdom: the League held great meetings in London, in Drury Lane and Covent Garden

Theatres among other places; the leaders, with Mr. Cobden at their head, during a series of years went on expounding with wonderful patience and skill the objects of the League and the benefits that would come to the nation from free trade; and here it was that the closer bond of fellowship between Richard Cobden and John Bright was formed. In 1841, Mr. Bright had the misfortune to lose his wife; and in the first hour of his sorrow he received a visit which had an effect on his whole career. He tells the story in the following words:—

"I was in Leamington, and Mr. Cobden called on me. I was then in the depths of grief, I may almost say of despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life and a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called on me as his friend, and addressed me, as you may suppose, with words of condolence. After a time he looked up and said, 'There are thousands and thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives and mothers and children are dying of hunger. Now when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest until the corn laws are repealed.'"

FIRST SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS; ELECTED MEMBER FOR DURHAM.

The advice thus affectionately given was loyally received and followed. No man ever devoted himself with more singleness of purpose to an object than was shown by Mr. Bright in pulling down the corn laws. Not long afterwards, in 1843, he obtained, after a first unsuccessful effort, a seat in the House of Commons, being returned for Durham. Cobden was also in Parliament; and in the House and out of the House the two friends laboured indefatigably against discouragements enough at first,—for even the artisan and operative classes for whom they chiefly laboured did not at first see the benefits of free trade,—but at last with complete success.

Kinglake, the author of "Eothen," and of the eloquent and exhaustive "History of the Crimean War," speaking of Cobden and Bright, with whose general political opinions his own are very little in accordance, honestly and graphically describes the power they wielded by the force of argument and eloquence in the House of Commons, and the enormous influence they exerted over their opponents. He says: "These two orators had shown with what a strength, with what a

masterly skill, with what patience, with what a high courage, they could carry a scientific truth through the storms of politics. They had shown that they could arouse and govern the assenting thousands who listened to them with delight; that they could bend the House of Commons; that they could press their creed upon a Prime Minister, and to put upon his mind so hard a stress that after a while he felt it to be a torture and a violence to his reason to have to make a stand against them. Nay more, each of these gifted men had proved that he could go bravely into the midst of angry opponents, could show them their fallacies one by one, destroy their favourite theories before their very faces, and triumphantly argue them down."

ANTI CORN LAW ARGUMENTS.

In December 1845, when the coming event of Free Trade was casting its shadow before, Mr. Bright made a speech containing these words, at a meeting in Covent Garden Theatre :—

"This contest has now been waged for seven years; it was a serious one when commenced, but it is a far more serious one now. Since the time when we first came to London to ask the attention of Parliament to the question of the corn law, two millions of human beings have been added to the population of the United Kingdom. The table is here as before; the food is spread in about the same quantity as before; but two millions of fresh guests have arrived, and that circumstance makes the question a serious one, both for the Government and for us. These two millions are so many arguments for the Anti Corn Law League—so many emphatic condemnations of the policy of this iniquitous law. I see them now in my mind's eye ranged before me, old men and young children, all looking to the Government for bread; some endeavouring to resist the stroke of famine, clamorous and turbulent, but still arguing with us; some dying mute and uncomplaining. Multitudes have died of hunger in the United Kingdom since we first asked the Government to repeal the corn law; and although the great and powerful may not regard those who suffer mutely and die in silence, yet the recording angel will note down their patient endurance and the heavy guilt of those by whom they have been sacrificed.

"We have had a succession of skirmishes; we now approach the final conflict. It may be worth while to inquire who and what are the combatants in this great battle? Looking in the columns of the newspapers, and attending, as I have attended, hundreds of meetings held to

support the principles of Free Trade, we must conclude, that on the face of it the struggle is that of the many against the few. It is a struggle between the numbers, wealth, comforts, the all, in fact, of the middle and industrious classes, and the wealth, the union, and sordidness of a large section of the aristocracy of this empire; and we have to decide,—for it may be that this meeting itself may to no little extent be the arbiter in this great contest,—we have to decide now in this great struggle, whether in this land in which we live, we will longer bear the wicked legislation to which we have been subjected, or whether we will make one effort to right the vessel, to keep her in her true course, and, if possible, to bring her safely to a secure haven. Our object, as the people, can only be, that we should have good and impartial government for everybody. As the whole people, we can by no possibility have the smallest interest in any partial or unjust legislation: we do not wish to sacrifice any right of the richest or most powerful class, but we are resolved that that class shall not sacrifice the rights of a whole people.

"We have had landlord rule longer, far longer than the life of the oldest man in this vast assembly, and I would ask you to look at the results of that rule, and then decide whether it be not necessary to interpose some check to the extravagance of such legislation. The land-owners have had unlimited sway in Parliament and in the provinces. Abroad, the history of our country is the history of war and rapine; at home, of debt, taxes, and rapine too. In all the great contests in which we have been engaged we have found that this ruling class have taken all the honours, while the people have taken all the scars. No sooner was the country freed from the horrible contest which was so long carried on with the powers of Europe, than this law, by their partial legislation, was enacted—far more hostile to British interests than any combination of foreign powers has ever proved. We find them legislating corruptly: they pray daily that in their legislation they may discard all private ends and partial affections, and after prayers they sit down to make a law for the purpose of extorting from all the consumers of food a higher price than it is worth, that the extra price may find its way in to the pockets of the proprietors of land, these proprietors being the very men by whom this infamous law is sustained."

THE BATTLE OF FREE TRADE; PEEL'S CONVERSION TO FREE TRADE PRINCIPLES.

It was, however, an arduous task, and the

opponents of free trade fought hard. The British farmer was persuaded by his friends the land owning squires that he required protection in the prosecution of his calling; that unless he was artificially secured against foreign competition, his industry and skill would be thrown away. On the other hand, the free traders exhorted agriculturists to increase the productiveness of their acres by improved cultivation, insisting that under the system of protection, which they declared to be a premium paid by the whole nation for the upholding of sloth and incapacity in one class, the land brought forth far less than it could be made with due care to yield. At length the country generally began to wake up to the reasonableness of the free-traders' propositions, and to see the question in a new light. The pathetic wailings and furious tirades of wealthy landlords and well-to-do farmers against the League and all its works began to excite ridicule. The humourists of the comic papers published a cartoon representing a stout farmer addressing a lean, careworn working man with, "Please, sir, give me half of your loaf." A certain church dignitary and a noble duke, who, during a season of unusual dearth, had respectively recommended swede turnips and mangold wurzels and a pinch of curry in hot water as suitable food for the labourer and artisan, were held up to derision. Ebenezer Elliott, "the Corn Law Rhymer," and other popular men, showed to demonstration how on such a subject the interests of all classes of working men were identical, and professed their regret at seeing—

"Agriculture and trade arrayed against each other,
And corn forgetting that cotton's his brother."

And more than all, the great statesman then at the head of the government, Sir Robert Peel, to whom the country gentlemen looked up with all confidence as their natural leader, gave signs that he was becoming a convert to the principles of free trade. The intelligence of Mr. Bright was prompt to detect this temper in the Premier, as is seen in the remarkable words he uttered in his place in Parliament in the session of 1844.

"There can be no doubt that Sir Robert Peel is, at heart, as good a free-trader as I am. He has told us so in the House of Commons again and again; nor do I doubt that Sir Robert Peel has in his inmost heart the desire to be the man who shall carry out the principles of free trade in this country;" and, indeed, in the same session Peel provoked an ironical cheer from the Opposition benches by declaring, "On the general principle of free trade there is now no great difference of opinion, and all agree in the general

rule that we should buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market." But, as if conscious that the man who uttered such a sentiment could not consistently keep corn at an artificial value by taxation, he alluded thus to the interruption he had received: "I know the meaning of that cheer. I do not wish to raise a discussion on the corn laws or the sugar duties, which I contend, however, are exceptions to the general rule, and I will not go into that question now." But the time came when the question had to be gone into. And when the time came, Sir Robert did not shrink from the task before him. Amid the amazement and indignation of many of his supporters, and to the great delight of the Opposition, he announced to the House that he had come to the conclusion that the corn laws were partial and unjust, and ought to be repealed. He accordingly brought in a measure for their abolition, fully aware of the price that he would have to pay for this measure; for he was by far too experienced and astute a statesman not to be aware that many of his followers would be alienated by what they would deem his political apostacy, and that he was exposing himself to obloquy and misrepresentation, and that the fate of his ministry was probably sealed, though he had the power, with the help of his general opponents, to carry the measure. He spoke of this in the finest speech perhaps he ever uttered; and added with a touch of manly pathos: "But it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow,—a name remembered with expressions of goodwill when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with the sense of injustice."

PEACEFUL NATURE OF THE ANTI CORN LAW AGITATION; COMPLETENESS OF ITS TRIUMPH.

It was the grandest thing Peel had ever done, and all the more praiseworthy because he knew the cost at which he righted the great wrong from which the community had long suffered, and by which even the class for whose behoof it had been maintained and perpetuated had not in reality been benefited. For while labour was starved by the corn laws the land was badly cultivated, and the artificial dearth created by a monopoly terribly increased the aggregate of misery and pauperism and their concomitant, crime. One great feature about the Corn Law Agitation, with which Mr. Bright's name is indelibly associated,

is the entirely peaceful action of its proceedings. In other great movements, such as the Reform Bill agitation, and O'Connell's endeavour to obtain repeal, the passions of the audiences were appealed to by inflammatory harangues and impassioned portrayals of wrongs committed perhaps centuries ago. Mr. Bright and his colleagues appealed to the reason, not to the passions of their hearers, and by the logic of facts and figures convinced the country and, as we have seen, the leading statesman, that protection was a fallacy. Eight years of incessant labour, from 1838 to 1846, with the holding of great mass meetings in London, Manchester, Stockport, and various other towns, the means of war being provided by the holding of great bazaars, at one of which £10,000, at another £20,000, was added to the funds of the association, at length culminated in triumphant success,—a success all the more remarkable in view of the tremendous opposition, including almost all the Upper House, and a great part of the Lower, at first arrayed against free trade,—an opposition including moreover, nearly all the influential clergy, not a few of the middle class traders, and what appears marvellous at the present day, many of the working men, especially the whole body of Chartists, who considered that free trade would lower the price of labour. It is instructive to compare the condition of the working man under the "protection" system and under the auspices of free trade, and to see how, in every particular, the position of the labourer has improved under the wholesome stimulus of competition; how with an enormous increase of the population pauperism has decreased; how much greater chance the steady workman has now of obtaining regular employment and laying by something for a rainy day; and how differently the children of artisans are clothed, housed, fed, and taught, than in the "protection days." So thoroughly did the reasonableness of free trade appeal to all thinking men, that only a few years ago, one of the former leaders of the Protectionists in Parliament, publicly proclaimed from his seat in the House, "We are all free-traders now;" and in 1880, Mr. Justice McCarthy, in his "History of our own Times," declared there was no more chance of a reaction against free trade than a reaction against the Rule of Three. Subsequent events have shown that such a reaction may be attempted, though no one probably would try to restore protection under its own name; but as "new presbyter was but old priest writ large," so "reciprocity" may be considered, like "fair trade," a convenient *alias* for Protection.

OPINION ON IRISH QUESTIONS; MAINTENANCE OF ORDER.

The triumph of the Anti Corn Law League was to some extent hastened by the terrible famine which occurred in Ireland in 1845, and rendered the maintenance of the old restrictions impossible. Soon after, the state of confusion and lawlessness that had supervened there, necessitated the bringing forward by Sir George Grey of the Crime and Outrage Bill of 1847. Here we find Mr. Bright speaking with thorough straightforwardness and good sense, though the course he adopted was not calculated to advance his popularity. Though he knew the calamities of Ireland and sympathised with the sufferings of the people, he recognised above all things the necessity of vindicating the law, and therefore voted for the Bill giving exceptional powers to the executive. He pointed out how, in some districts in Ireland, the public feeling was entirely antagonistic to the law. "I ask the honourable gentleman," he said to Mr. John O'Connell, who cried "No, no," to this statement, "if he has not read accounts which are not contradicted, from which we learn that on some recent cases of assassination, whole districts have been in a state of rejoicing and exultation? These assassinations are not looked upon as murders, but rather as executions. Take the case of Mr. Lloyd, a clergyman, who was recently assassinated. There was no show of vindictive feeling on the part of his murderers; there was little of the character of ordinary murders in it. The servant was allowed to depart unharmed; a boy who was in the carriage was removed that he might not be injured; and the unhappy gentleman was shot with all the deliberation and the calmness with which a man would be made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. It is clear, then, that the ordinary law fails, and that the Government have a case for the demand they make for an extension of the present powers of the law." It has been the custom, in some quarters, to represent Mr. Bright as a demagogue, whose endeavour is "to set class against class," and encourage lawlessness. On the contrary, he has always been found giving all the weight of his influence to the upholding of the existing laws; but he is equally indefatigable and outspoken in his denunciations of bad laws, and his endeavours by peaceful but persistent effort to get them altered. In 1863, when a savage attack was made in a leading London newspaper upon both Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, and anonymous articles represented

them as subverters of law and order, Mr. Bright said, addressing a meeting at Rochdale:—"We are charged with all sorts of dreadful things by that gentleman in the Mask. On the 27th of November he wrote this of Mr. Cobden. He said:

"He [Mr. Cobden] stoops down and picks up a weapon which has never yet been used but for anarchy and revolution. Is it not in fact to tell the labourer and the workman to look over the fence of the neighbouring proprietor, and learn to think that they have a natural right to a slice of the soil?"

"Surely, if they are industrious and frugal, and can save the means to purchase, and there be anybody who would wish to sell, and the law steps in and makes it difficult to sell and to buy, then, I say, that labourer has a right to look over the hedge, and to feel that the law deals a grievous injustice to him . . .

"Would you believe it—young men here do not recollect it—that the landed proprietors could never find out, till Mr. Cobden and a few others told them, that the corn law was a great injury to them? They did not know that it actually lowered the value of their land, and diminished the security of their rents, and that it loaded them with an inconceivable amount of public odium; whilst, at the same time, it beggared hundreds and thousands of the people, and it menaced this nation with rebellion.

"Mr. Cobden and I, and others who acted with us, but we chiefly, because perhaps we were the most prominent, were slandered then by the gentleman in the Mask, just as we have been now. The *Times* was as foul-mouthed upon us twenty years ago as it is at this moment. It said that we went about the country setting class against class. It said that our views led to the confiscation of landed property. It said everything that was spiteful and untrue, as it says now. And yet, is there any man in this country who will not admit that property is more secure in consequence of the abolition of that law, which landowners believed to be the anchor of their safety, and that animosities between class and class have been allayed? And who shall tell how much it is owing to this reform that our Queen at this moment wields an unchallenged sceptre over a tranquil realm? A landowner in the House of Commons, an old Member of the House, a representative of a south-western county, a man of excellent character, for whom I have always had the greatest respect, even when he was most in the wrong,—he told me not long ago, speaking about the corn law, that they did not then know the good we were doing to his

class. I smiled and said to him, 'If you would only have faith, I could tell one or two other things that would do you just as much good, if you would let us try them.' But he had no faith."

THE GAME LAWS AND THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.

Lord Melbourne's question, when the removal of an abuse or a measure of improvement was proposed to him, was said to have invariably been, "But can't you leave it alone?" Mr. Bright's question, when a grievance comes before him, is, on the other hand, "How is it to be remedied?" and this was the case on the question of the Crime and Outrage Bill. "I feel it impossible to refuse my vote in favour of the Bill now before us; but I am compelled to say, that unless the Government will zealously promote measures in the direction I have indicated" (the *Encumbered Estates Bill*, etc.), "they cannot hope long to retain the confidence of this House or of the country." At an earlier period, Mr. Bright had already spoken out fearlessly and well on the subject of the excessive preservation of game, and the injury inflicted upon the agricultural interest by the selfishness of landlords, who fed great numbers of hares, pheasants, and rabbits on their tenants' crops. Farmers are now far more outspoken on such subjects than they were forty years ago; and therefore, in 1845, when a Hertfordshire tenant farmer, Mr. Horncastle, spoke out boldly on the game laws, exposing their injustice, and pointing out the hardships they entailed, his brother agriculturists were somewhat astonished at his daring, while they admired it, and testified their appreciation of Mr. Horncastle's courage in true British fashion by giving him a public dinner, to which Mr. Bright, then still engaged in the "Corn Law struggle," was invited,—a proof that even among the farmers, whose interests were supposed to be injuriously affected, the doctrines of free trade were making rapid progress. On this occasion Mr. Bright said: "We have heard a good deal within the last year or two of farmers' friends; but I take it that Mr. Horncastle is a true farmers' friend; and if it were not that circumstances have made him in some degree independent of those who would be likely to injure him, he would not only be the farmers' friend, but he would be likely to become a martyr for farmers. I am delighted to see this meeting, because I take it to be a sign of the times, and a sign of better times,—an evidence that farmers are about to think, act, and do something for themselves. I conceive there is

no delusion so great as that of believing that the great and the mighty of the earth will ever be the true, sincere, and disinterested friends of the middle classes, either in this or any other kingdom. . . . Now the farmer gets possession of his land ; it becomes the centre of the hopes of himself and his family ; his capital is more or less invested in it—some sunk in permanent improvements, and some in the stock, implements, and materials upon the surface of the farm. He hopes that it may turn out well for him ; he gets up early, works hard and late, thousands of farmers with their hands, and thousands more with their heads. He gives his skill, industry, and perseverance to the soil ; he is subject to the vicissitudes of seasons, against which no human foresight can altogether prevail ; and he stands the chance and hazard of the markets. He has to contend also against the effect of the ignorance of land-owning legislators, in which ignorance, unfortunately for him, there are no vicissitudes. The result is but a very moderate compensation for his expenditure and labour ; and that compensation is in many cases altogether destroyed, and in very many cases much lessened, by a system which does no good to any human being whatever, which exists solely for the amusement of the rich and powerful class at the expense of the interests of the tenantry and peasantry, and at a very great and enormous sacrifice to the whole community. There can be no success to the farmer under a system of game preserving." At the time these words were looked upon as "flat heresy" by the majority of the class of landed proprietors ; but the sagacity of the speaker has been vindicated by the fact that, in the course of time, the game laws have been modified ; and at the present day a landlord who preserves game, and allows it to accumulate on his estate to such an extent as seriously to injure the tenant, is looked upon as not only tyrannical but shortsighted. It is only another instance among many of principles which, when Mr. Bright had the boldness to enunciate them, were unpopular and discredited among a very large portion of the community, and that now find general and popular acceptance.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL. AND JEWISH DISABILITIES.

One of the most effective of Mr. Bright's speeches, and one whose sagacity was thoroughly vindicated by subsequent events, was spoken on the occasion of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. At the end of 1850 and the beginning of 1851,

Pope Pius IX., chiefly, it is said, at the instigation of some restless ecclesiastics of his creed in England, chose to parcel out England into Episcopal Sees, to be placed under the care of the chief Romanist priests in England. Thus to Cardinal Wiseman, for instance, was given the title of Archbishop of Westminster. A great clamour was raised against Papal aggression, and in some of the ultra-Protestant circles, inflammatory language was used, and impassioned harangues were delivered, declaring the independence of England and the dignity of the Crown to be menaced by the Pope. Lord John Russell, then at the head of the ministry, thought to silence the popular clamour by the introduction of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which offended so many, that its condition suggested the description of the wit of Lear by the fool, who declared it to have been pared on both sides until nothing was left in the middle. *Punch* caricatured Lord John as "the boy who chalked up 'No Popery,' and then ran away." Mr. Bright ridiculed the Bill as a weak yielding to a foolish scare, and predicted what afterwards came to pass—namely, that it would be found utterly useless, and would be relegated to the limbo of obsolete measures, and at some convenient opportunity repealed. "The noble lord informs the House that the Bill will meet the emergency," he said, "and that he has proposed nothing that is not required for the precise evil complained of ; and yet within a few days after its first appearance, three-fourths of the Bill are given up . . . The Bill of the noble lord is repudiated by all classes ; and the press also repudiates it. It is well understood that the noble lord is practising a cheat, a delusion on the people of England. The people have been clamouring for a resistance to the aggression of the Pope, but not for such resistance as this measure affords. They expect something that will be felt ; but not the pretence of a measure which, whilst it insults Roman Catholics, offers no defence to Protestants." Especially with great good sense he deprecated the zeal without discretion displayed by some clergymen of the Church of England, especially of one reverend gentleman "whose Protestantism," he says, "seems to be vituperation, and whose Christian charity clamour." With regard to the question of the admission of the Jews to parliament, he expressed his surprise that any sane man could propose that doctrinal differences in religion should be made the test of citizenship and political rights ; and recommended boldly that the whole system of oaths at the bar of the House

should be abolished (it was the impossibility of his taking the oath, "on the true faith of a Christian," that kept Baron Rothschild out of the House, session after session, after he had been duly elected Member for the City of London), and that some declaration should be substituted which every honest man could take in as honest and conscientious a spirit.

THE CRIMEAN WAR; RUSSIAN AGGRESSION.

In the year 1854, the contest with Russia known as the Crimean war began. It was the cause of the loss of much popularity to Mr. Bright. From the beginning he was opposed to the contest, considering the contest one the country was not warranted in undertaking. The late Lord Beaconsfield, then Member for Bucks, had paradoxically designated the struggle as a "just and unnecessary war." Mr. Bright took leave to question whether an unnecessary war could in any case be just. He had no belief in the regeneration of the Turkish empire, and considered that the blood and treasure of England was being poured forth for a chimera. He enumerated the various evidences of the increasing weakness of the Porte,—the loss of the Crimea and Bessarabia, of the control of the Danubian provinces, of the kingdom of Greece,—and declared that the recovery and sustentation of such a decaying empire was an impossible task to attempt. He also pointed out the intrigues and factions that were rife at Constantinople, France demanding one thing, Russia another, England another, and Austria something else. Some of his words are singularly prophetic, when we consider the manner in which Russia afterwards repudiated the conditions of the Treaty of Paris, which put an end to the Crimean war, when she found it no longer convenient to observe them. "We are undertaking to repress and to curb Russian aggression," he said, speaking in March 1854; "these are catching words; they have been amplified in newspapers, and have passed from mouth to mouth, and have served to blind the eyes of multitudes wholly ignorant of the details of this question. If Turkey has been in danger from the side of Russia heretofore, will she not be in far greater danger when the war is over? Russia is always there. You do not propose to dismember Russia, or to blot out her name from the map, and her history from the records of Europe. Russia will be always there—always powerful, always watchful, and actuated by the same motives of ambition either of influence or of territory which are supposed to have moved her in past times. What then do you propose to

do? and how is Turkey to be secured? Will you make a treaty with Russia, and force conditions upon her? But if so, what security have you that one treaty will be more binding than another? It is easy to find or make a reason for breaking a treaty when it is the interest of a country to break it." He declared that while he sympathized with the Turks on the one hand, he sympathized with the Russian serfs also on the other; and declared that it was not the duty of England to be the knight errant of the human race, and to take upon herself the task of protecting the thousand millions of men with whom the world was peopled.

A STRONG PROTEST AGAINST WAR.

It has been said of the two statesmen Chatham and Grenville, in reference to the wars in which England was engaged in the middle of the last century, that the one could see only the glory, while the other saw nothing but the bill. In war, Mr. Bright always had before the eye of his mind what was popularly termed in the great Napoleonic contest the "butcher's bill." He was never weary of declaiming against the lamentable and sometimes wanton waste of human life involved in the struggle, and pathetically alluded to some of his own parliamentary colleagues who had been sacrificed to the Moloch of the battlefield. "We all know what we have lost in this House," he said. "Here, sitting near me, very often sat the Member for Frome (Colonel Boyle): I met him a short time before he went out (to the Crimea) at Mr. Westerton's the bookseller, near Hyde Park Corner. I asked him whether he was going out. He answered, 'He was afraid he was.'—not afraid in the sense of personal fear; he knew not that; but he said with a look and tone I shall never forget, 'It is no light matter for a man who has a wife and five little children.' The stormy Euxine is his grave; his wife is a widow, his children fatherless." He was especially annoyed, and not wholly without reason, at the somewhat light and jaunty tone in which Lord Palmerston, who took the helm of the state from steady, sober Lord Aberdeen in the very thick of the contest, sometimes discussed questions of the deepest gravity connected with the war, and talked of the alleged necessity of preserving the balance of power in Europe as a piece of antiquated absurdity,—an opinion in which very many of the present generation will be disposed to agree. When Lord John Russell undertook a mission to Vienna, with a hope of establishing a basis of negotiation between the contending Powers, he earnestly

conjured Lord Palmerston to endeavour honestly and frankly to put an end to the contest, assuring him that if he did so, no word of the speaker's should be spoken, and no vote given, to shake his power for one single moment, or to change his position in the House. "The angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land," he solemnly said; "you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly; and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal."

A LECTURE ON TAXATION.

Nor while he deprecated war, did the more prosaic part of the subject escape his attention. He pointed out how, beyond 20,000 to 30,000 lives, a sum that could not be estimated under forty millions of money had been expended on the Russian war within twelve months. He observed that some of the ministers and many of the members of the House seemed to think very little of taxes, and declared that they reminded him of the anecdote in the history of France, of the aristocratic lady who came to Necker the Finance Minister with a request to be supplied with 1,000 crowns from the public treasury,—a request anything but unusual in those days. Necker refused. The lady started with astonishment. She had an eye on the vast funds of the State, and she asked, "What can 1,000 crowns be to the King?" Necker's answer was, "Madam, 1,000 crowns are the taxes of a whole village." He then went on to argue, with kindly warmth, that the taxes in an English village meant bareness of furniture, of clothing, of the table, in many a cottage in Lancashire, in Suffolk, and in Dorsetshire; that every £100 unnecessarily expended meant additional toil and hardship and decreased food for the labourer. "They mean an absence of medical attendance for a sick wife, an absence of the school pence of three or four little children, hopeless toil to the father of a family, penury through his life, a cheerless old age, and if I may quote the language of a poet of humble life, at last 'the little bell tolled hastily for the pauper's funeral,'—that is what taxes mean." For a while these councils were little heeded in the war frenzy that had seized the nation; but in time public opinion changed in their favour, and the opinions concerning the Turks became considerably modified.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR; UNWELCOME TRUTHS FOR UNWILLING MINDS; SLAVERY AND ITS RESULTS.

The next great national subject on which Mr. Bright was at variance with a large section of the public in England, and on which he convinced a great number with eloquence and argument that reminded his hearers of his best efforts in the days of the Anti Corn Law League, was the great question of the American Civil War. At the root of the quarrel which led to the secession of the Southern States from the Union was the question of the maintenance or abolition of slavery; and though at the commencement the feeling of England, assisted by the publication of such works as Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was strongly against slavery, yet as the contest proceeded, the undoubted heroism with which the Southern Confederates fought against many difficulties and under great disadvantages in point of numbers, produced for a time a reaction in their favour, and a very general sympathy was expressed among the upper and middle classes in favour of the secessionists. Accordingly the Confederate Government made great efforts to procure the alliance, or at least the recognition, of England. Messrs. Hildell and Mason were sent as envoys, with this view to their mission, through the indiscreet zeal of a hot-headed Unionist commodore, almost bringing about a war between the two countries. With the same view of forcing England into an alliance, the supply of cotton to Lancashire was stopped, to produce a pressure on the government from the starving operatives. Mr. Bright persistently pointed out that England of all nations could least countenance rebels who were fighting for the maintenance of slavery; he denied the dogmatic assertion of many that the abolition of slavery would put an end to the production of cotton and to the prosperity of the South; and declared the ruin that had come upon that unhappy region to be a great national retribution upon the United States for a grievous wrong against humanity which, but for the apathy of both sides and the criminal connivance of those who drew profit from it, should have been redressed long before. Speaking in his place in the House of Commons he said emphatically,— "Sir, it is a measureless calamity, this war. I said the Russian war was a measureless calamity, and yet many of your leaders and friends told you that it was a just war, to maintain the integrity of Turkey some thousands of miles off. Surely the integrity of your own country at your

own doors must be worth as much as the integrity of Turkey. Is not this war the penalty which inexorable justice exacts from America, North and South, for the enormous guilt of cherishing that frightful iniquity of slavery for the last eight years? I don't blame any man here who thinks the cause of the North hopeless, and the restoration of the Union impossible . . . I do not hold the opinion; but the facts are before us all, and, as far as we can discard passion and sympathy, we are all equally at liberty to form our own opinion. But what I do blame is this,—I blame men who are eager to admit into the family of nations a State which offers itself to us, based upon a principle, I will undertake to say, more odious and more blasphemous than was ever heretofore dreamed of in Christian or Pagan, in civilised or in savage, times. The leaders of this revolt propose this monstrous thing, that over a territory forty times as large as England, the blight and curse of slavery shall be for ever perpetuated." When the *Alabama*, the privateer built in the shipping yard of Mr. Laird at Birkenhead, was allowed, through official blundering, to escape from England and to start on her piratical career on behalf of the South, Mr. Bright's sagacity made him foretell the magnitude of the difficulty in which this proceeding might involve England with the United States Government, and, as was his wont, he spoke his mind freely on the subject, thereby laying himself open to direct insult in the House from Mr. Laird, and to adverse criticism from various quarters, in which his apprehensions were declared overstrained if not groundless. But here, as in many cases, the event proved him to have been right; and the bitter enmity for a time engendered between England and America was only assuaged by the substantial peace-offering of millions paid for compensation for the damage the *Alabama* had done, before she was happily sunk, off Cherbourg, by the war steamer *Kearsarge*.

THE INDIAN MUTINY OF 1857; AN OUTSPOKEN OPINION ON THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

A subject that especially engaged Mr. Bright's attention, and upon which he gave good and sound advice long before the tremendous catastrophe of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 called general attention, in the most urgent manner, to the vile misgovernment that had almost involved an Empire in ruin. In 1853, when a bill came before Parliament, attempting in a very half-hearted way to remedy some of the most flagrant

among the evils of the rule of the East India Company, under whose auspices India had been drained of its resources; the population ground down to the earth by over taxation; public works neglected, and every other object sacrificed to the enrichment of the association of merchants who governed a great empire, and the swelling of the dividends paid to the shareholders of the company, Mr. Bright declared his opinion that nothing short of a measure entirely recasting the government of India, and among other things, obviating the periodical recurrence of aggressive wars for the extension of territory, would save the British authority in India from overthrow. He read out boldly in the House, to the intense disgust of the East India directors and officials present, the statement published by Mr. Marshman, the able editor of the *Friend of India*, in that journal a few months before. "No one has ever attempted to contradict the fact," said Mr. Marshman, "that the condition of the Bengal peasantry is almost as wretched and degraded as it is possible to conceive, living in the most miserable hovels, hardly fit for a dog-kennel, covered with tattered rags, and unable, in too many instances, to procure more than a single meal a day for himself and family. The Bengal ryot knows nothing of the most ordinary comforts of life. We speak without exaggeration when we affirm, that if the real condition of those who raise the harvest, which yields between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000 a year, was fully known, it would make the ears of one who heard thereof tingle."

After speaking of the enormous amount of the taxes wrung from the poverty of the people of India, "Whatever it is," continued Mr. Bright, "such is the system pursued by the Board of Control,—that is to say by the gentlemen who drop down there for six or eight or twelve months, never beyond two years,—that whatever revenues are collected, they are squandered on unnecessary and ruinous wars, till the country is brought to a state of embarrassment and threatened bankruptcy." He concluded by advising the government of India to abandon the policy of aggression, and to be content with the enormous territory, ten times the size of France, with a population four times as numerous as that of the United Kingdom, which they already possessed. Reminding them, moreover, that if they wished, as they stated, to Christianise India, the readiest way to attain that object was by the establishment of right and justice towards the inhabitants, and by the maintenance of a high-toned Christian morality.

INDIA UNDER A NEW RULE; THE COMPANY'S CHARTER ABOLISHED.

The warning he had given was too soon justified by the terrible events of 1857. In consequence of the mutiny, Parliament at length did what should have been done years before; the government of India was placed directly under the authority of the British crown, and the East India Company ceased to exist. "What we want with regard to the government of India," said Mr. Bright, emphatically, "is that which in common conversation is called 'a little more daylight.' We want more simplicity and more responsibility." This was going to the root of the question; the dual government of the East India Directors and the Board of Control, with its recriminations, squabbles, and shifting of responsibility, had led to tremendous calamity. Justice to the cultivators of the soil, increased facilities for trade, prosecution of public works, the construction of high-roads, canals, and railways,—“everything which human invention can bring to help the industry of the people,” he insisted upon as necessary for India; and again—a bold proceeding in a House numbering many military members—he emphatically recommended the abstaining from ambitious and unnecessary wars. “You have had enough of military reputation on Eastern fields,” he said: “you have gathered large harvests of that commodity, be it valuable or be it worthless. I invite you to something better and higher and holier than that; I invite you to a glory not ‘fanned by conquest’s crimson wing,’ but based upon the solid and lasting benefits which I believe the Parliament of England can, if it will, confer upon the countless populations of India.” On the manner in which the most important offices were filled in India, he made some severe remarks. He said:—

“The Governor-General of India goes out knowing little or nothing of India. I know exactly what he does when he is appointed. He shuts himself up to study the first volumes of Mr. Mill’s *History of India*, and he reads through this laborious work without nearly so much effect in making him a good Governor-General as a man might ignorantly suppose. He goes to India, a country of twenty nations, speaking twenty languages. He knows none of those nations, and he has not a glimmer of the grammar and pronunciation or meaning of those languages. He is surrounded by half-a-dozen or a dozen gentlemen who have been from fifteen

to forty years in that country, and who have scrambled from the moderate but sure allowance with which they began in the service to the positions they now occupy. He knows nothing of the country or the people, and they are really unknown to the Government of India. To this hour the present Governor-General has not travelled through any considerable portion of the territory of India. If he did, he would have to pay an increased insurance upon his life for travelling through a country in which there are very few roads and no bridges at all. Observe the position, then, in which the Governor-General is placed. He is surrounded by an official circle, he breathes an official air, and everything is dim or dark beyond it. You lay duties upon him which are utterly beyond the mental or bodily strength of any man who ever existed, and which he cannot therefore adequately perform.

“Turning from the Governor-General to the Civil Service, see how short the period is in which your servants in that country remain in any particular office. You are constantly criticising the bad customs of the United States, where every postmaster and many other officers lose their situations, and where others are appointed whenever a new President is elected. You never make blunders like the United States, and you will therefore be surprised at a statement given in evidence by Mr. Underhill, the Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society. He says that in certain districts in Bengal there are three or four Englishmen to 1,000,000 inhabitants, and that the magistrates are perpetually moving about. I have here the names of several gentlemen cited. Mr. Henry Lushington went to India in 1821, and remained till 1842. During the twenty-one years he filled twenty-one different offices; he went to Europe twice, being absent from India not less than four and a quarter years. Upon an average, therefore, he held his twenty-one offices not more than nine months each.”

A PERIOD OF UNPOPULARITY.

The uncompromising manner in which Mr. Bright spoke out against aggressive and unjust war, and the freedom with which he attacked what he conceived to be national abuses, like Coriolanus, “not using bolted language,” but throwing meal and husk together without distinction, rendered him at various periods unpopular, when the military spirit of the nation had been aroused. Thus in the General Election of 1857, he and his colleague, Mr. Milner Gibson, were defeated at Manchester. Soon afterwards he was returned for Birmingham. Some part

of his unpopularity was due to the insulting behaviour of Lord Palmerston, who had just previously delivered a speech at a banquet, full of jests and quips, which the Member for Manchester had censured as full of unbecoming levity, at a time when the nation was involved in a grave struggle. Lord Palmerston, who was called to order by Cobden for designating Mr. Bright as the honourable and *reverend* gentleman, covered his opponent with insult and ridicule. It was safe to do so at that time, when England was going through a paroxysm of what has lately been described by the strong term "Jingoism," and in general may be taken to mean aggressiveness, and a tendency to boast, and to sing Rule Britannia in and out of season; but these fits seldom last long, and are generally followed by a long period of reasonableness.

A serious illness for a time interrupted his parliamentary activity. When he reappeared, the question of Parliamentary reform had again come to the front; and in 1858, Lord Derby, then at the head of affairs, brought in a somewhat half-hearted measure, obviously calculated rather to stop the mouths of the more clamorous in the Liberal party, than to bring about any real change. Mr. Bright here emphatically stood up for "a good bill, or none at all," declaring that if a half measure were passed, the anger of the country on discovering its inefficacy would be far greater than that provoked by an immediate rejection of the Bill. His voice was for something good, or nothing. The Bill was rejected. Lord Palmerston came into office, and until his death the question of reform was put aside. Lord Russell took office in 1865, and the subject came up again. Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill of 1866 was overthrown by Mr. Lowe and the "Adullamites," though Mr. Bright defended it manfully. The Government went out; and in the next year their political opponents succeeded in outbidding them and passing a bill which considerably astonished the country party whom Mr. Disraeli declared it necessary to educate as to the political situation.

IN OFFICE ; CONCLUSION.

In 1867, Mr. Gladstone was again in power, at the head of a Liberal ministry; and he offered Mr. Bright the office of Secretary of State for India; but the latter, whose health was again failing him, accepted the less onerous post of President of the Board of Trade. Even this office brought for a time too much work for his energies, overtaxed as they had been during a long and laborious career; his health broke down utterly,

and for a time his wise and weighty words were missed in the counsels of his country. Since the establishment of his health, his influence has been seen especially on two great questions. The first of these was the so-called "Burial Bill" of Mr. Osborne Morgan, to give Dissenters the right of using a form of religious service at the interment of Nonconformists in parish churchyards. His eloquent appeal for toleration went far towards procuring the settlement of that vexed question. The second was when, in 1878, the clamours of a hot-headed section of the community and the press seemed likely to precipitate the country into war with Russia. The Free Trade Hall in Manchester, built on a piece of ground given by Mr. Cobden, and with a strange irony of fate occupying the very site that had once been the scene of the "Peterloo massacre," was crowded to the doors, at a great demonstration held in favour of the maintenance of peace. On this occasion Mr. Bright acted as chairman; and the splendid welcome accorded to him proved that the heart of England had not been alienated from the great tribune of the people.

A modern historian has well described Mr. Bright's power of oratory. He says: "It is doubtful whether English public life has ever produced a man who possessed more of the qualifications of a great orator than Mr. Bright. He had a commanding presence; not, indeed, the stately and colossal form of O'Connell, but a massive figure, a large head, a handsome and expressive face. His voice was powerful, resonant, clear, with a peculiar vibration in it, which lent unspeakable effect to any passages of pathos or of scorn. His style of speaking was exactly what a conventional demagogue's ought not to be. It was pure to austerity. It was stripped of all superfluous ornament. It never gushed or foamed. It never allowed itself to be mastered by passion. The first peculiarity that struck the listener was its superb self-restraint. The orator at his most powerful passages appeared as if he were rather keeping on his strength than taxing it with effort. His voice was for the most part calm and measured; he hardly ever indulged in much gesticulation. He never, under the pressure of whatever emotion, shouted or stormed. The fire of his eloquence was a white heat, intense, consuming, but never sparkling or sputtering. He had an admirable gift of humour and a keen ironical power. He had read few books, but of those he had read he was a master."

H. W. D.



JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

"Lifting the thunder of their acclamation
Towards the city, then the multitude,
And he among them, went in joy: a nation
Made free by love—a mighty brotherhood
Linked by a zealous interchange of good."—*Shelley.*

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AN APPARENTLY IMPOSSIBLE TASK.

THE story of Joseph, or Giuseppe, Garibaldi is a striking example of the oft quoted but

seldom believed axiom, that truth is stranger than fiction. Hardly in history is to be found another instance of such magnificent results,

obtained under circumstances apparently hopeless and desperate, as those which finally crowned the efforts of the heroic and simple-hearted liberator of Italy. Never was there a stronger instance of the power wielded by a man who, indomitable in the feeling of an honest cause, and in the attachment and sympathy of an oppressed people, strikes again and again for justice and for right; until at length, after many failures and much repeated effort, the hour comes when retribution is to follow tyranny, and a great nation is set free from its oppressors, and starts joyfully, in renewed youth, upon a fresh career.

Of all possible tasks, the unification of Italy, the binding together into one homogeneous whole, of that peninsula which sneering Metternich, the chief representative of Austrian despotism, pronounced to be, "not a country, but a geographical expression," appeared the most utterly hopeless. Even by many who fervently desired to see the country free and happy, the possibility of the success of a popular rising against the strongly established despotic powers was not for a moment contemplated; and by the majority the man who achieved the great work of Italy's liberation was looked upon as a mischievous adventurer, or at best as a Quixotic enthusiast, certain to bring destruction upon himself and upon all who should be foolish enough to follow him. But at last the hour came, and the man; the hour was in the year 1860, and the man was the decried enthusiast, who returned, strong in the consciousness of right, to the scene of his former mournful but not inglorious failure, to redeem that failure, and wipe out its very memory by an astonishing and unparalleled success; and then were the men who had been most sceptical as to the possibility of Garibaldi's success among the loudest to shout "*c'era*" for him in the day of his victory and triumph.

The story of his life is especially valuable as teaching the lesson of the insufficiency of mere argument by experience, in judging of the changes brought about by great undertakings. A project may fail over and over again, and yet be crowned by success at last, when time has fully prepared the ground for the seed that takes root at length.

ITALY AND HER WOES; CONDITION UNDER NAPOLEON I.; THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

For many generations, the fair land of Italy had suffered under the yoke laid upon her by irresponsible power.

"Man seems the only growth that unfolds here,"

wrote Goldsmith in the middle of the last century; and went on to tell how

"Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Expires at last, or feebly mans the soul."

But Goldsmith did not live long enough among the Italians justly to appreciate the national character. He had no idea of the fire that lay smouldering beneath the apparent indifference and carelessness of those fiery southern nations, like volcanic forces beneath a vine-clad hill, ready to burst forth when least expected. The first Napoleon, himself an Italian, understood the national spirit better, and used it, as he used everything, from the self-devotion of his soldiers to the national aspirations of the Poles, for his own advantage. Whether the "Kingdom of Rome," of which the investiture was bestowed upon the conqueror's infant son, would ever have been more than a name, is very doubtful; at any rate, the fall of Napoleon in 1814, put an end to any idea of a united Italy under imperial auspices; and the Congress of Vienna proceeded to parcel out the country among the different Powers of Europe, with a disregard of the feelings of the Italians themselves that was quite heroic in its completeness. The kingdom of Naples, which Murat, the *beau sabreur*, had endeavoured to retain by deserting Napoleon, his brother-in-law and benefactor, after the battle of Leipzig in 1813, was taken from that hot-brained but not unskillfully adventurer, and handed over to Ferdinand, its former Bourbon possessor, who speedily proceeded, after the fashion of his family, to demonstrate by his narrow and selfish tyranny that he had learned nothing and forgotten nothing in exile. Venice, which had been handed over to Austria by Napoleon at the peace of Campo Formio in 1797, remained in the possession of that Power, which also retained Lombardy. The temporal government of the Pope was set up again in the States of the Church; and the part of Italy situated between these States and the Austrian possessions in the north, was parcelled out into duchies, Tuscany, Modena, Parma, etc., under the auspices and the protection of Austria; Parma and Lucca, for instance, being given for life to Marie Louise the daughter of the Austrian Emperor Francis, and the second wife of Napoleon. In the north-western corner of the Peninsula was the Kingdom of Sardinia, consisting of Piedmont, to which was now added Genoa, and the island of Sardinia; and everywhere throughout Italy irresponsible despotic government was established. The great Powers

of the Continent united in that "Holy Alliance," afterwards sarcastically but justly designated as "the holy alliance of kings against the liberties of nations," which Canning, on the part of England, to his lasting honour, refused to join. It was one of the principles of this confederacy that any of its members might invoke the military assistance of the rest in putting down any movement of discontent among its subjects; and this principle was displayed in action on more than one occasion. Thus in 1823, a French army, under the Duke of Angoulême, entered Spain, and put down by force the resistance of the Cortes against the worthless king, Ferdinand, who had arbitrarily abolished the constitution he had sworn to maintain; and similarly Austrian troops crossed the frontier into Italy, to maintain the despotic power of the King of Naples, threatened with overthrow by his indignant subjects.

ITALY AND THE YEAR 1830.

The July Revolution of 1830 drove King Charles X. into exile, and gave a heavy blow to the Holy Alliance and its method of rule. For the new King, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orléans, son of that worthless "Philippe Égalité," who, after professing violent democracy, and voting for the death of his relative Louis XVI., had been unable to save his own head in the storm of the reign of terror, professed to rule as a "citizen king," called himself "Roi des Français," instead of "Roi de France," and for the time at least took his stand upon the platform of constitutional monarchy. The hopes aroused in Italy by the July revolution faded away; but there was formed in the Kingdom of Naples a secret society, under the name of the Carbonari, or charcoal-burners, having for its object the overthrow of the despotic kings, and the establishment of a constitutional government, if not of a republic. Popular discontent on the one hand was met by stern repression on the other. Military executions were the favourite method of terrorism, especially in the provinces under Austrian rule; and the dungeons of Spielberg and other fortresses were filled with prisoners whose chief offence was that they belonged to the liberal party in Italy. What these dungeons were like, and what manner of life the captives led who were incarcerated therein, may be ascertained by any one who chooses to read Silvio Pellico's account given in his "Prigioni." Such was the condition of things in Italy during the youth and early manhood of Joseph Garibaldi.

GARIBALDI'S BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS; HIS FAMILY.

This distinguished patriot was born at Nice (at that time a part of the Kingdom of Sardinia, but now the capital of the French department of the Maritime Alps), on the 22nd of July 1807. His father, Dominique Garibaldi, had come to settle there from the old Italian seaport of Chiavari, on the Bay of Rapallo, not far from Genoa. Dominique, Garibaldi's father, had been a shipowner, and he himself had served an apprenticeship to the sea in one of his father's ships; and he already owned a vessel of his own when he came to live permanently at Nice, with his young wife, Rosa Ragundo. The house in which they lived at Nice was remarkable as the building in which the great soldier of the Revolution, Marshal Masséna was born. It was destined to witness the birth of a still more remarkable man in the person of Joseph Garibaldi.

Of his mother Garibaldi always spoke with unbounded admiration and affection. "I declare with pride," he says, "that she was a perfect model of a woman. If there is any good feeling in my nature, I distinctly declare that it is from her I have derived it." He also was accustomed to express his regret at the constant anxiety caused to her by his adventurous and perilous career, and declared that, although not superstitious, in the most perilous moments of his life, he used to have a vision of her on her knees praying for him, and that this strengthened him marvellously in positions of danger and trouble. She lived to a good old age, dying in 1851, after she had seen her famous son fighting for his country at the head of the patriotic Italians in Rome, but was not spared to see the glorious part he played in the emancipation of the country, when Italy was converted into a kingdom.

A SAILOR'S CAREER CHOSEN: FIRST DREAMS OF UNITY AND LIBERTY.

Something of the roving disposition of the sailor, a strain of the salt in the blood derived from sea-going forefathers, showed itself in the disposition of the boy. He delighted in everything that appertained to the sea, and cared little for study; though his parents, themselves illiterate, but recognising the importance of learning, made various sacrifices to give him a good education. Active and daring, and even in his early boyhood a leader of others, he determined to be a sailor, and one day, in a fit of Robinson Crusoe enthusiasm, absolutely per-

sued some of his companions to join him in a projected voyage to seek their fortunes, setting off with them in a boat from the harbour of Nice with that laudable purpose in view. They were brought back, of course, their departure having been observed with the utmost astonishment from his window by a reverend Abbé; but they had got opposite Monaco before they were overtaken. This was the first occasion, not a very successful one, in which he figured as a leader; but then he was only twelve years old.

The wish of Dominique and Rosa Garibaldi that their son should enter one of the learned professions was not likely to be fulfilled in the case of so active and enterprising a lad, and they wisely abandoned the idea of seeing him invested with academic honours, and gave way to his evident passion for the sea. Accordingly he made his first trip in the brigantine *Costanza*, bound for Odessa. He returned home more in love with the sea than ever; and Dominique, like a wise man, took the youngster on board his own vessel, determined that if he would needs be a sailor, he should at least be a good and efficient one.

A thorough initiation he certainly had, in storm and calm, through years of voyaging on the Mediterranean; and in a few years became captain of a coasting trader, the *Notre Dame de Grèce*. But while thus pursuing his vocation on the deep, his mind was not entirely engrossed by his maritime duties. A sailor's life affords many opportunities for thought, and leisure for the entertainment of dreams, when the wind is fair and the weather bright, and the ship is slipping easily through the water. Though no scholar, Joseph Garibaldi had read much of the former glory of his country, and had been deeply impressed by a visit to the eternal city, Rome; and the dream that already filled his youth, and made his heart beat quicker when he looked forward to its realization, was nothing less than the conquest of independence for his countrymen, and the setting up of a firm, united, and free kingdom of Italy. The idea at first appeared chimerical enough; for the despotic Governments were acting in strict and close concert, and all had the same interest of the most vital kind in preventing the unification of Italy, or the establishment of a government in which the people's voice should be heard. But events were occurring that irresistibly pointed towards a great change soon to take place; and those who were looking forward to the advent of a brighter day for Italy, took heart of grace in view of the events of 1830.

HOPES EXCITED BY THE EVENTS OF 1830.

In that year, the restored kingdom of the Bourbons, set up at the cost of oceans of blood and millions of treasure, was swept away in the tempest of the three days' revolution of July. The infatuated Charles X., true to the traditions of his family, had persistently endeavoured during his six years' rule to put back the clock of the world, so far as finance was concerned, to the period before 1789, and paid the penalty of his obstinacy and blindness in an exile so well deserved as to arouse little more than contemptuous pity; Louis Philippe, as already said, ascended the throne, chiefly through the good offices of the old general, Lafayette and the banker Latitte, with ardent promises of constitutionalism, and of scrupulous regard for "La Charte" and the liberties of the people. Nay more, little Belgium had followed suit. Brussels, curiously illustrating the saying, "What great effects from trivial causes spring," had risen in insurrection, after a representation of "Masaniello" at the theatre; and the country actually succeeded in shaking off the yoke of that odious union with Holland into the "Kingdom of the Netherlands," imposed by the Treaty of Vienna, and gaining an independent position as a constitutional monarchy, under Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the widower of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. And what had been done in the west, might surely, when the time came, be achieved by unhappy and enslaved Italy.

"I positively declare," Garibaldi writes in his account of his life, "that Christopher Columbus was not more happy when, lost in the middle of the Atlantic, and threatened by his companions, of whom he had asked three days more, he heard, towards the end of the third day, the cry of 'Land!' than I was on hearing the word '*Patrie*' pronounced, and seeing in the horizon the beacon kindled by the French Revolution of 1830. I knew then," he adds, "that there were men working for Italy's deliverance."

CHARLES ALBERT AND CHARLES FELIX OF PIEDMONT; NAPLES AND HER KINGS.

For the time, however, things looked black enough. The only part of Italy where a reasonable hope of constitutional government had arisen was Piedmont, where in 1821, Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano, acting temporarily as regent until the arrival of Charles Felix, who had been appointed king, had granted a constitution to the Kingdom of Sardinia; but Charles Felix, a

monarch of the "divine right" school, had invoked the intervention of the Holy Alliance, and not only utterly abolished the Constitution, but inflicted merciless punishment on those who had been most active in procuring it. The edict published by this King is interesting as a specimen of the tone taken by the kings towards their subjects in the days of the reaction between 1815 and 1818. It contains the following passage:—"As it is the duty of every faithful subject to submit willingly to the order of things which he finds established by God and by the exercise of the sovereign authority, we declare that, holding our power from the Almighty alone, it is for us to choose the means which we consider to be the most suitable to promote the public weal, and that we shall consequently no longer regard any man as a faithful subject who dares to murmur against the measures which we shall think it necessary to take. We declare, therefore, as a rule of conduct for every one, that we will only recognize those as faithful subjects who make immediate submission to our authority, making a return to our States subordinate to this submission." The completeness of the "submission," demanding the "unmurmuring," slavish obedience to a single, irresponsible will, set forth as the duty of a faithful subject, is most characteristic.

But in 1831, the King, Charles Felix, died, and the Prince of Carignano, who had granted the Constitution, succeeded him, with the title of Charles Albert I., King of Sardinia. From that day many eyes were turned towards the Piedmontese Kingdom as the quarter whence deliverance might be expected to come. As yet, however, no very definite signs of that deliverance could be discerned, even afar off. In Naples, the old King, Ferdinand I., who sat on the Neapolitan throne for nearly sixty years, excepting the time of his exile in the Napoleonic period, died in his 75th year, and was succeeded by the weak and conciliating Francis I., who in turn was followed in 1830 by his son, a monarch destined to achieve a sinister reputation among his contemporaries, and to leave behind him a name loaded with the execrations of an outraged people, the infamous tyrant Ferdinand II.

SECRET SOCIETIES; THE CARBONARI, ETC.; MAZZINI AND "YOUNG ITALY."

The Carbonari and other secret societies in Italy, such as "The Consistorial Society," and the "Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Congregation," failed to accomplish the task they had set themselves; perhaps from the repugnance that will

always withhold many from co-operating with associations working in the dark, and setting ordinary laws at defiance; though they undoubtedly contributed to nourish and maintain the flame of patriotism during the gloomiest portion of a dark period of tyranny and repression. It is fortunate for the reputation of Garibaldi that he was not associated with any of them; and, indeed, their activity had ceased before he was of an age to play a part in the great events of his time; for he was just the ardent, simple-hearted kind of man who might have been induced to join one of these associations upon an impulse, when smarting under the sense of tyranny and wrong; and those who joined one of the ill-omened brotherhoods, belonged to it, as it were, with body and soul; and was bound by the most tremendous of oaths to fulfil the behests of the leaders; the penalty for disobedience or treachery being death. A far healthier movement had succeeded, and was now taking the position from which the Carbonari had fallen. The party, known as "Young Italy," advocated, with tongue and pen, in spite of a rigid censorship, and an elaborate system of police repression and denunciation by spies, the principles of democratic liberty.

At the head of this movement stood Joseph Mazzini, the son of an eminent physician of Genoa, a man of liberal education and untiring energy, and thoroughly devoted to the idea of the liberation of Italy. The place of his birth was, indeed, associated from old times with the idea of republican independence and strength. The Piedmontese had long been accustomed to a despotic yoke, and were not likely to offer much opposition to the "divine right" pretensions of Charles Felix; but Genoa had been recently added to the Kingdom of Sardinia; and the descendants of the old Genoese, remembering the glories of their republic in the old days of the Doria, were the very people among whom an effort for the regeneration of Italy was likely to find favour and to flourish. Accordingly, Joseph Mazzini, as editor of newspapers advocating liberal ideas, which were as an abomination in the eyes of the absolute government, and as the chief, moreover, of the "Young Italy" party, soon became a marked man,—a man to be spied upon and arrested and imprisoned, and, when nothing directly punishable could be proved against him, to be banished from his country; all which was done to him, with the effect of making him a ten times more dangerous enemy to those who attempted to crush him than if he had remained in Italy under "surveillance." For the dream of

his life was the liberation of Italy by the union of all the scattered States—Rome, Naples, Tuscany, Lombardy, Venetia, Piedmont, and the smaller duchies—into one. And when he was thus driven beyond the Italian frontiers, he came in contact with a multitude of men from various parts of his native land, and succeeded in inspiring many among them with his own views; so that the "Young Italy" party increased in importance under the guidance of this indefatigable apostle. Among those on whom he exercised a paramount influence was Giuseppe Garibaldi.

GARIBALDI AND MAZZINI; HALF-HEARTEDNESS OF CHARLES ALBERT; A DESPERATE PLOT.

In 1833, Garibaldi, as commander of a trading vessel, came to Marseilles, where Mazzini was living under the protection of the then newly-established quasi-constitutional government of Louis Philippe; for it was "early days" with the Orleanist dynasty then, and the selfish self-aggrandizing policy of the potentate, afterwards bitterly caricatured as "Robert Macaire," had not yet developed itself. Garibaldi was at once deeply impressed with the views of Mazzini, and became one of his partisans, describing him as a determined thinker whom nothing could ever turn from his purpose, and whom nothing, not even ingratitude, could discourage in the work he had once undertaken. When this interview took place, Charles Albert had been more than a year on the throne of Piedmont; and as the "Young Italy" party was ready to strike a blow for the independence of Italy, which its leaders thought, and as it turned out correctly, could only be achieved by the union of all the "Young Italy" men under one commander, a prominent member of the fraternity made an urgent appeal to the new King to come forward and direct the movement, and thus to give freedom and happiness to the country. "Place yourself at the head of the nation," said this appeal; "write upon your banner 'UNION, LIBERTY, INDEPENDENCE'; declare yourself to be both the avenger and the interpreter of popular rights; call yourself the 'Regenerator of Italy'; deliver her from the barbarians who oppress her; build up a glorious future for her; give your name to the present age, and establish an era which shall date from the commencement of your reign!"

But Charles Albert was not a man of decision; nor did he know or appreciate at its true value the strength that lies in a nation moved through its heart of hearts by a general and mighty impulse. He was afraid of the huge military power

of Austria; he hesitated, evaded, and lingered: 'letting 'I dare not,' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat i' the adage,"—and finally left the work of Italian liberty to be accomplished by others; his own blow for fame being at last struck when the favourable conjunction was long past that would have rendered it effectual, and his career closing at last in heart-breaking failure, when the sun went down upon the lost battle of Novara.

At length, the courtiers, working upon the fears of the King, and anxious above all things to prevent him from casting in his lot with the popular party, persuaded him that a conspiracy was on foot against his authority and his life. They gained their end. An extraordinary commission was established at Turin, the capital of the Piedmontese Kingdom; civilians, tried by court-martial, were condemned to death, and executed under circumstances of exceptional cruelty. A poor sergeant was shot for the crime of reading an extract from Mazzini's Journal *La Giovane Italia* to the men of his company; a lieutenant for having seditious books in his possession, and so on; the testimony of the lowest police spies being considered conclusive in these cases of life and death. At Chambéry and Alexandria, as well as at Genoa, these judicial murders were perpetrated in such numbers as to excite universal horror. Mazzini also was commanded by the French Government to quit Marseilles. Thereupon a rising was projected in Genoa; and Garibaldi undertook the task of winning the Navy for the popular cause; entering for the purpose as a first-class sailor on board the Sardinian man-of-war *Eurydice*. It was expected that the Genoese would declare in a body for the republic, and that the flame, once lit up, would spread through Italy.

FAILURE AND FLIGHT; GARIBALDI AND MAZZINI EXILED.

But the design failed utterly. There were traitors in the camp, and the Piedmontese Government received timely notice of the intended rising. A very short combat decided the affair against the patriots. Mazzini, who had returned to Genoa, was compelled to make his way with all speed to Switzerland; and Garibaldi also understood that for him likewise there was no other alternative but the dungeon and the firing party, unless he bade farewell to Italy for a time, and consented to eat the bitter "bread of banishment." It was to South

America that he bent his course; after a short stay at Marseilles, which port, to him a harbour of refuge, he managed to reach after various narrow escapes; for the Piedmontese authorities were then in their pursuit of him, and would have given but a short shrift and a volley of bullets—in the back, according to the ignominious way of executing political criminals at that time—had he fallen into their hands. Even at Marseilles, secrecy was necessary; for Louis Philippe was but a half-hearted constitutionalist, even in those early days of his rule, and would have given up the fugitive with little compunction; accordingly, Garibaldi passed under the name of Joseph Paine at Marseilles. Mazzini, of whose safety in Switzerland he heard before he quitted Europe, passed the ensuing fourteen years in exile, first in Paris and then in London; and many will remember the intense unpopularity incurred by Sir James Graham, who caused some of the letters written by and to the indefatigable head of the Young Italy party to be opened during their passage through the Post-Office. It was generally felt that an English Minister of State disgraced himself by acting the part of a police spy in the interests of despotic governments warring against the rights and liberties of their subjects; and there is reason to believe that Sir James, great and powerful as he was, heartily wished he had left Mazzini and his correspondence alone. Meanwhile a section of the press, misled by foreign calumny, and imperfectly informed on the rights of the case, took to denouncing Mazzini in no measured terms, as a man who, secure under theegis of English protection, advocated assassination, and was an enemy of the rights of property. That Mazzini was in many points a mistaken man, and that he did not weigh the objects he had in view with the extent of the means at his command, and thus often advocated harebrained enterprises, in which failure was the only probable result, is certain; but he never advocated murder or regicide, but simply upheld the right of the people, if all redress were denied them, to wrest from their rulers by force the justice denied to remonstrance, as the English in the course of their history have done over and over again.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC; GARIBALDI A COMMANDER BY SEA AND LAND.

Meanwhile Garibaldi, destined to meet his friend under very different circumstances, was

speeding across the Atlantic to Rio Janeiro, on board the *Nautonier*, Captain Beauregard, of Nantes; for he felt that for some time at least nothing was to be done in the cause of freedom, and that the people of the Italian peninsula would strike no new blow until renewed wrongs should have aroused them to vengeance. In Rio Janeiro he met with various Italians of his own way of thinking; and amongst them Rossetti, who afterwards became his lifelong and trusty friend. He found events taking place that soon gave full employment to his active and enterprising spirit. The province of Rio Grande, moved by various grievances, had renounced its allegiance to the Empire of Brazil, and declared itself a free republic. The President of the new republic, Zambecari, who had just escaped from captivity in the fortress of Santa Cruz, finding the two friends ready to fight in the cause of freedom and a republic against an empire, eagerly availed himself of their services, and granted them a letter of marque to cruise against Brazil; and in a small fishing vessel, which he named the *Mazzini*, with Rossetti for his lieutenant, and sixteen men for a crew, he entered on a new phase of his career, as a combatant in the struggle of the South American States. During this period he played many parts; at one time in command of vessels, and triumphantly maintaining the flag of Rio Grande against her far stronger opponent; at another, a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, and ruthlessly tortured by a ruffianly commander; now brought into contact with the grim, truculent tyrant Rosas; now complimented for his courage and prowess by the Government he loyally served. At one time he commanded an "Italian legion" in the service of the Republic, fighting like a hero, and afterwards refusing, in a dignified letter, a grant of land offered to him and the officers of the legion by the gratitude of General Rivera; declaring that, in espousing the cause of the Republic, they never expected to receive any other reward but the honour of sharing the danger incurred by the children of the country which has afforded them hospitality. "They will continue, as long as the exigencies of the siege require it," he writes, "to share the toils and perils of the noble Montevideans, but they desire no other price and no other recompense for their labours." "Consequently," he concludes, "I return you the deed of gift." This letter is a sufficient refutation of the calumnies that represented Garibaldi as a mercenary partisan leader, engaging in a strife in

which he had no concern for the sake of profit and plunder.

There is no doubt that these years of adventure and warfare, during which he was repeatedly shipwrecked and wounded, and underwent almost every conceivable difficulty and danger, were of great use in exercising and developing his powers as a leader of irregular troops. That quickness of resource, that power of achieving great results with means that seemed utterly inadequate, that strange and invaluable faculty of influencing, by a word or a glance, large bodies of men, which he displayed during the gigantic struggles of his later life, were to a large extent acquired by his experiences in America. Throughout the whole period he gained the respect of his followers and opponents by his cheerful daring, simplicity, and honesty. Incorruptible and a despiser of wealth, he was yet ready to labour for his living. On those rare occasions when he had funds at his command, they were always at his friends' service. Never was there a man more simply and thoroughly disinterested. It was during this stirring time that he married the fair Anita, a Brazilian. It was a case of love at first sight, and the marriage proved an entirely happy one. Three children were born to Garibaldi, two sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, who lived to take part with their father in the glorious task of liberating Italy, and a daughter named Teresa.

And already at this period of his life the stubborn independence and disinterestedness of the man were fully displayed. At the time when he was playing a most important part in the history of the republic for which he fought, he was frequently so poor that the barest necessities of life were scarcely within his reach.

MASTAI FERRETTI, A LIBERAL POPE; GARIBALDI'S LETTER TO PIUS IX.

While Garibaldi was fighting for the independence of Monte Video, and afterwards living, as poor and contented as might be, in that far-off city beyond the Western main, important events had been taking place in Europe. The party of Young Italy had been increasing in number and in influence, in spite of all the antagonism of the native governments, the Austrians, and the Jesuits. On the death of Gregory XVI. in 1846, Mastai Ferretti was raised to the pontifical throne with the title of Pius IX.; and, to the surprise and delight of the party of progress in Italy, the new pontiff began to develop liberal tendencies, greatly at variance with the general

actions of his predecessors and the traditions of the Papal see. He allowed a certain amount of freedom to the press, introduced salutary economics and reforms in the management of affairs, surrounded himself with popular and respected men, and seemed ready to inaugurate a new and better epoch for enslaved Italy. Thus the name of Pio Nono was uttered with shouts of gratulation and with *evivas* from Turin to Palermo; and the bewildered and jealous despots, from Ferdinand of Naples to the weakest duke who leaned upon Austria for support, shuddered to find the name of the Pope associated with popular progress and reform rather than with repression. The wonderful tidings even made their way across the Atlantic, and reached Monte Video, when Garibaldi, in a characteristic letter, hastened to lay his services, and those of the survivors of the Italian Legion, at the feet of the Pontiff. "We who write thus, most illustrious and venerable lord," he says, "are those who, always animated by the same spirit which made us bear up in exile, have taken up arms at Monte Video for a cause which appeared to us just. During the five years that its walls have been besieged, each of us has more or less given proofs alike of courage and resignation. . . . If, then, to-day, the strong arms that have been used to war are accepted by His Holiness, it is unnecessary to state that we shall consecrate them more willingly than ever to the service of one who has done so much for his country and the Church." But this letter remained unanswered. Pius IX., though an amiable and well-meaning, was not a firm-hearted, man. He was alarmed at the very enthusiasm his liberalism had called forth, and within a short time put himself into the hands of a reactionary party, headed by the bad, bold Cardinal Antonelli, who, by strong and determined pressure upon him, forced him to retrace his steps, and to become the persistent enemy of the movement he had once encouraged. Receiving no reply to his somewhat sanguine offer, Garibaldi, with his friend Anzani, and the remainder of the Italian Legion, resolved nevertheless to return to Italy, to take part in the struggle which they felt sure was about to begin. "There was one obstacle to our intention, however," says Garibaldi himself, in his simple way; "we had not one of us the money to pay our passage." However, a subscription list was opened; and though the gloomy prognostications of many, who declared the exiles were returning to meet certain death, deterred many from joining, a body of sixty or seventy at last embarked for Europe, to

follow the star of Garibaldi and of Italian liberty.

THE YEAR 1848; HOPES OF THE REGENERATION OF ITALY; PIEDMONTESE AND AUSTRIANS.

Meanwhile in Italy, hopes swelled high in the hearts of the liberal party. In Sicily, the people rose in insurrection; and though the despot King met the movement with the command "Bombardare!" and Messina was bombarded accordingly from the citadel (an exploit whose frequent repetition in various parts of his dominions at last procured for Ferdinand the title King Bomba), the movement, continued and spread so rapidly to Naples itself, that the King was compelled to promise a Constitution, to calm the excitement. And now the Duke of Modena fled from his dominions to escape the storm; Maria Louisa, the Duchess of Parma, who had disgraced her name and family, was dead; and Charles Albert, returning once more to the principles with which he had commenced his career, and rapidly regaining his old popularity, was once more looked upon as the man under whose rule Italy might be established as one State. In Lombardy and Venetia the hatred against the "Tedeschi," the German strangers, flamed up so fiercely, that the garrison soldiers lived as in an enemy's country; and on the 22nd of February, 1848, Lombardy was declared in a state of siege.

And now Charles Albert unfurled the tricolor flag of Italian independence. In Lombardy the insurrection had burst forth, and, after an obstinate struggle of five days, the veteran Field-Marshal Radetzky was driven out of the city with his ruffianly Croats, whose atrocities, perpetrated alike on men, women, and children, proved them the true descendants of the fiends who had added a darker horror to the thirty years' war in the seventeenth century, and to the wars between Austria and Prussia in the eighteenth. The news of this great national triumph greeted the Garibaldians, as the legion may now be called, on their landing. Venice soon after compelled the Austrian commandant, Count Zichy, to capitulate, and joined the national movement. Charles Albert drew the sword, and the victory of Goito in April gave him the command of the fortress of Peschiera. Then the enthusiasm attained its height, and the youth of Italy streamed forth, under the name of *Crociati*, to take part in a crusade for the deliverance of their country from foreign domination. A provisional government was formed at Milan, which gave to Garibaldi the rank of General, and commissioned him to

raise a body of Lombard volunteers. But, unfortunately, there was division when everything depended upon unity. Garibaldi's connection with Mazzini was well-known, and the Piedmontese authorities, looking upon Mazzini as a dangerous man of extreme and impracticable schemes, extended their jealousy to Garibaldi, whom they thwarted and annoyed in every way; even refusing uniforms and arms to his followers, many of whom became disgusted, and abandoned the undertaking altogether. Charles Albert himself had received Garibaldi with sufficient courtesy, expressing his gratification at the offer of assistance from so renowned and gallant a soldier; but responded to the General's request for active employment against the enemy by referring him to the Council at Turin, who did nothing for him. The brilliant successes of the beginning of the campaign were neutralized by want of organization and by conflicting councils and jealousies among the Italians: Radetzky recovered the ground he had lost; and before the close of 1848, Charles Albert was compelled to quit Milan, which was once again occupied by the Austrians; while the camp before Verona was entrusted to General Haynau, the commander who not long afterwards distinguished himself in Hungary by flogging women, and on a subsequent visit to London, narrowly escaped "military execution" from the whips of Barclay and Perkins's draymen.

1849; MISTAKES OF CHARLES ALBERT; BATTLE OF NOVARA; TRIUMPH OF RADETSKY.

In 1849, matters were in a still worse condition. Charles Albert was no general, and his obvious hesitation weakened the courage of his troops. He chose paltry positions, and allowed the Austrians to establish themselves on ground from which they should have been excluded: and old "Father Radetzky" was just the man to take advantage of errors of this kind. Thus the decisive battle of Novara was fought, under every disadvantage to Charles Albert, whose army was badly posted, badly supported, and cut off from expected reinforcements. Thus, on the evening of that fatal day, the poor King mournfully declared that, having twice sought death in vain, he offered himself as a sacrifice to his country, laying down his crown in favour of his son; whereupon he rode mournfully away towards the Austrian outposts. He was allowed to withdraw to Nice, and after a few months of broken-hearted retirement, died at Oporto in Portugal.

Then, indeed, in Northern Italy, all was lost. Discouragement took the place of enthusiasm when the news of Novara was confirmed. Haynau took Brescia, after a brave resistance, and scenes of rapine and violence, such as had scarcely been witnessed since the great Napoleonic wars disgraced the entry of the Austrians into the conquered city. Venice still held out, but was closely blockaded by the Austrians, and at length, at the end of August, was compelled to capitulate; Radetzky entering the city in triumph on the 30th.

It was a miserable failure; but one lesson had been impressed upon the nations of Europe, who looked on in wonder; there was now no doubt that the Italians could fight to the death in a cause in which their sympathies were once thoroughly enlisted, and it was equally certain that centuries of oppression and tyranny had not crushed their national spirit out of them.

EVENTS IN ROME; THE REPUBLIC PROCLAIMED; ARRIVAL OF GARIBALDI.

In Rome, a remarkable and continually increasing excitement existed all through the memorable year of revolutions, 1848. The liberalism of Pius IX., of which by this time he heartily repented, had brought to the Holy City men from all parts and of all shades of opinion, including a number of the most intractable and ferocious of red republicans. To stem the torrent, the Pope had chosen as his Minister the astute and moderate Rossi, formerly ambassador to France, whose influence he hoped might pour oil upon the troubled waters. But a number of fanatics saw in the honest Minister an enemy of freedom; he was mobbed on the day of the opening of the Chambers, the 15th of November, and was killed with a dagger, thrust by a wretch named Constantadini, who, moreover, was not convicted of the murder until nearly six years afterwards.

A republic was then proclaimed by the most violent section of the democrats, and compelled the unhappy pontiff to sign a list of Ministers headed by two liberals. Soon afterwards he escaped from the city in disguise, and betook himself to Gaeta, from whence he issued a protest repudiating the action taken in Rome. Mazzini arrived soon after, and, with Saffi and Armellini, undertook the Government. Garibaldi was sent for, and soon after arrived. On the 28th of April, 1849, he marched into Rome, at the head of the remnant of his old comrades of Monte Video,

and a motley crew of volunteers, in red blouses and red coats, to the number of 2,500 men.

An eye-witness gives the following description of his personal appearance at this time:—"He is a man of middle height, his countenance scorched by the sun, but marked with lines of antique purity. He sat his horse as calmly and firmly as if it had been a part of him. Beneath his hat—broad-brimmed, with a narrow loop, and ornamented with a black ostrich feather—spread a forest of hair; a red beard covered all the lower part of his face. Over his red shirt was thrown an American poncho, white, lined with red, like his shirt. His staff wore the red blouse; and afterwards, the whole Italian Legion adopted that colour. Behind him galloped his groom Aguiar, a stalwart negro, dressed in a black cloak, and carrying a lance with a black pennant. All who had come with him from America wore pistols and poniards of fine workmanship in their belts, and carried whips of buffalo skin in their hands.

FRENCH INTERVENTION; SIEGE OF ROME; HEROIC RESISTANCE AND RENEWED FAILURE.

Austria and Naples took up the cause of the Pope, and sent their armies to invade the Roman dominions from different quarters, so that Garibaldi, to whom the defence of Rome was entrusted, had a difficult task to perform. But the heaviest blow was struck from the direction of France. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the President of the new French Republic, once himself a Carbonari, but now deeply impressed with the importance of gaining the suffrage of the clerical party in France, thoroughly understood that he could take no better means of gaining that important object than by re-establishing the Papal dominion in Rome; and a large force was despatched under General Oudinot to Civita Vecchia, whence they marched to the capital and besieged the city. The exertions of Garibaldi in the defence of Rome were almost superhuman, and the manner in which he attacked his various foes in turn would not have disgraced a veteran commander of regular armies. Oudinot was beaten back and compelled to retire to Civita Vecchia to await reinforcements. It was only by a piece of treachery, in the violation of an armistice, that the city was at last taken. It is exceedingly creditable to Garibaldi, that, recognising the point at which further resistance became useless, he manfully gave his opinion to Mazzini, who, with unfortunate obstinacy, ignorant as he was of military affairs, refused to acknowledge the unwelcome truth, and caused

many valuable lives to be sacrificed in defence of an untenable position that ought to have been preserved for a more propitious day. At length a mournful manifesto had to be issued, declaring in the name of the triumvirs that the further defence of Rome had become impossible, and must be discontinued. After three months' siege, Rome fell to an overwhelming force, seconded by unscrupulous perfidy. On leaving Rome, Garibaldi still expressed his determination to fight to the last against Austrian and Neapolitan tyranny. "Soldiers," he cried, "I have nothing to offer you but hunger, thirst, the bare earth for a bed, the heat of the sun as a solace for your fatigues, no pay, no barracks, no rations, nothing but continual alarms, forced marches, and bayonet charges. Let those who love glory, and who do not despair of Italy, follow me!" And such was his influence that nearly 5,000 men responded to his appeal.

GARIBALDI AGAIN A SAILOR; DESPOTISM RE-ESTABLISHED IN ITALY; NAPLES.

It was Garibaldi's intention to force his way through to Venetia; but the Austrians were in overwhelming force in the northern provinces; and the plan was impracticable. During this unfortunate year the General lost his devoted wife Anita, who died of pure exhaustion on the retreat. He himself retired to Caprera, a little island off the north-east coast of Sardinia, since rendered famous by his residence. Then he turned his face once more to the west, resolved to earn his living by some honest industry in the New World, till better days should dawn upon his country. His young children were consigned to the care of the faithful friends of his youth, Monsieur and Madame Deideri, of Nice. In 1861 his daughter Teresa married Major Ganzio, of Genoa.

In New York, in 1850, he was earning his living by making and selling candles, in a small shop next door to a tobacco store kept by his friend and comrade General Joseph Avezzana. After this he went to Peru, and once more took to the sea for a livelihood, obtaining the command of a vessel trading to China. Returning in 1854 to the United States, he became captain of an American trader, the *Commonwealth*. Thence returning to Europe, he commanded a steamer trading between Nice and Marseilles; and this position he held for several years.

Then absolutism in Italy, though sorely shaken by the events of 1848 and 1849, obtained a new

lease; and in the case of Naples at least it appeared as though the ruler had been anxious to show how entirely the lesson of the "revolution years" had been thrown away. The ruthless tyrant Ferdinand II. seemed bent on parading the ugliest features of his wretched system of government before the eyes of disgusted and indignant Europe. He inflicted tortures worthy of the palmy days of the Inquisition upon political prisoners. The foremost members of the abolished parliament, among them Carlo Poerio the patriot, were loaded with chains, compelled to sweep the streets, and confined in loathsome dungeons. The priests, the lizzaroni, and his numerous army, especially the Swiss Guard, were the instruments by which he ruled; and to the remonstrances of the Cabinets of England and France, especially to a warning despatch from Lord Palmerston and John Russell, pointing out that the course he was pursuing must ultimately lead to the downfall of his throne, he listened with cynical indifference. His trust was in the guns of the Castle of St. Elmo, a fortress on the heights above Naples, from which "Bomba" could convert Naples into a heap of ruins in a few hours. At length diplomatic relations were almost entirely suspended between Naples and the Western Powers, and the miserable king was left to his own infatuation. Meanwhile the Crimean War was fought; the Piedmontese troops gained no small amount of credit at the battle of the Tchernaya; and Sardinia had a voice in the Treaty of Paris in 1856. The year 1859 saw Napoleon III. at war with Austria, with Victor Emmanuel, the son of Charles Albert, as his ally; and Austria, defeated at Magenta and Solferino, gave up Lombardy to France; and Napoleon transferred the territory to Victor Emmanuel, in return for Nice and Savoy, annexed by secret treaty to France, to the great indignation of Garibaldi, who thus found himself transformed, entirely against his will, to a French subject.

1859; LOMBARDY GAINED FOR ITALY.

At this time Garibaldi was residing at Caprera, which he had bought for £520, having succeeded to an inheritance of £1,600 some years before by the death of his mother. Count Cavour, whose wise moderation swayed the councils of Victor Emmanuel in 1859, considered that the name and prowess of Garibaldi might be useful in the campaign, and enlisted his services against Austria. Garibaldi at once quitted his retirement at Caprera, and had several interviews with Victor

Emmanuel, in which each of the men took a thorough liking to the other. Garibaldi was put in command of a band of volunteers, with the rank of Major-General.

That campaign at length settled the question of Italian unity, though the work was not completed until later. The old Garibaldians rallied round their leader, and took a glorious part in the struggle, though Della Marmora, the Head of the War Department, and something of a red-tapist, was disposed to look down upon them as irregulars, talked of the necessity for more discipline and less dash, and affected to think lightly of Garibaldi himself, as a guerilla chief. But the effects of that campaign were marvellous. The power of Austria in Italy was broken. The central portion of the peninsula, consisting of the duchies of Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and Lucca, declared for Victor Emmanuel, and clamoured for annexation to the Piedmontese Kingdom. No longer supported by Austria, the princes of those duchies fled precipitately; and the work was proceeding bravely, when the Treaty of Villafranca suddenly stopped the course of victory. One of the articles of that convention stipulated for the restoration of the fugitive dukes; but that article the Italian people repudiated altogether, and refused to receive back the *protégés* of the Austrians.

FRANCIS II.; GARIBALDI'S EXPEDITION OF 1860; ASTONISHING SUCCESS.

Garibaldi, who had proposed a scheme of arming the nation generally, was bitterly disappointed at this sudden and, as it appeared, permanent halt in the triumphant march towards Italian unity. An event had occurred which opened to him a path in which he and his men could work without the necessity of consulting diplomatic necessities and doubts. The tyrant Ferdinand was dead, and had been succeeded by his weak, vacillating son, Francis II. On the throne of Bomba the hated and dreaded, sat Bombalino, or Bomba the little, the despised, notoriously incapable, a mere tool in the hands of the priestly party. Disturbances in various parts of the Neapolitan Kingdom, and in the capital itself, though put down by the large military force maintained by the King, showed the direction of public opinion; and now the "guerilla chief" entered upon a course of action of such desperate boldness that it was denounced as mere botheaded temerity, until vindicated by a most astonishing and unparalleled success.

At the beginning of May 1860, an expedition left the harbour of Genoa bound for Sicily. Garibaldi had with him about 1,000 men, including many of his old Lombard companions. In the sight of the Neapolitan frigates they landed at Marsala, near the western extremity of the island, and proceeded at once, strengthened by some of the natives who joined them, to march against the 25,000 Neapolitan troops posted in and around Palermo. Though supported by a naval squadron, the royal troops were worsted at Monreale and Catalafimi. They then retired into Palermo. New disembarkations swelled the army of Garibaldi to about 20,000 men; and with these, and a few field pieces, he invested Palermo. The panic and incapacity of the Neapolitan troops and their officers is almost incredible. The garrison evacuated Palermo after a short resistance, and the enterprise that had at first appeared the most utterly hopeless among the many efforts for Italian liberation, began to assume the proportions of a great and hopeful success.

King Francis was bewildered by these astonishing events; he showed nothing but weakness, inconsistency, and terror in the crisis. With a vague remembrance of his lamented father's policy in similar cases, he ordered the bombardment of Palermo; but he acquiesced in the capitulation of his troops, and did nothing to restore confidence among those who were still numerically by far the stronger party. After being beaten at Melazzo, the Neapolitan troops retired into the citadel of Messina, and Garibaldi took possession of the island, proclaiming himself Dictator. Then the unhappy King promised to grant a Constitution, and appealed to England and France for help against the revolutionists; but, as may be supposed, his prayer was disregarded.

THE KINGDOM OF ITALY SET UP; GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMMANUEL.

In Northern Italy, the enthusiasm at the news of these astonishing successes was tremendous. Everywhere volunteers were ready to set forth and to inaugurate a crusade for the unification of Italy. The great object of the Sardinian Government was to obtain the sanction of the French Emperor for a movement they could no longer control. The Ministers, Cavour and Farina, had an interview with Napoleon III., who was making a progress through his new dominions on the Italian frontier, and an under-

standing was speedily arrived at. In August, the army of Garibaldi crossed the Straits into Italy; and the result of the interview with the French Emperor was seen in a summons from Sardinia to the Pope to dismiss his foreign legions. Upon his refusal, the States of the Church were invaded by a great Piedmontese army; and thus the work was proceeding at once in north and south. The Papal troops were beaten and dispersed; Lamoricière, an exiled French General who commanded them, being obliged at last to capitulate in the fortress of Ancona. Garibaldi meanwhile advanced rapidly upon Naples itself; the King, with his 50,000 regulars, falling back upon Capua and Gaeta. The splendid battle of the Volturno added another to Garibaldi's triumphs; and the King, Francis, shut himself up with his discomfited troops in the strong fortress of Gaeta.

And now occurred another of those pauses, infinitely annoying to the impatience of the single-minded hero, who announced his intention to declare the liberation of Italy from the summit of the capital in Rome, but exceedingly necessary to consolidate what had been won where various and conflicting interests had to be consulted. Garibaldi was no diplomatist. "Je ne sais que trancher avec l'épée," was his own account of himself; but every Gordian knot was not to be thus cut. His desire was simply to drive all foreign domination out of Italy—to expel the French from Rome and the Austrians from Venetia; and he never doubted his ability, backed by the nation, to effect both these objects. But Cavour and the Cabinet at Turin knew better. To provoke a combat with the two great Powers would simply have been fatal to the splendid prospects now rising brightly for Italy. The danger was, that Garibaldi, simple-minded, honest, and unsuspecting as he was, might be made a tool in the hands of the extreme party, who would be sure to unite all the established Governments against them. But the unselfish loyalty of Garibaldi averted the danger. The flame of his patriotism never shone with a brighter ray than in this year, the time of his great and unexampled success. He surrendered his power as Dictator into the hands of Victor Emmanuel, whom he hailed as King of Italy. With the King he entered Naples; and then, like Cincinnatus, retired to his little island of Capraia, refusing any office or emolument from the monarch whose territory he had more than doubled.

REASONS FOR GARIBALDI'S RETIREMENT; THE TRIUMPH AND THE DEPARTURE.

That Garibaldi best consulted his own honour and dignity in thus withdrawing, like Cincinnatus, directly the work he had set himself to do was accomplished, there is no doubt. His ideas were to some extent visionary, and the King exercised a very wise discretion in forbidding him to march on Rome. Neither with Cavour nor Farini, moreover, the Ministers of Victor Emmanuel, could he have acted, with any prospect of success. To the single-minded and enthusiastic leader, the wise caution of Cavour, the greatest and most reliable of the King's advisers, appeared like timidity that even approached cowardice; inasmuch that he even quarrelled with Cavour, while he regarded Farini with the deepest suspicion.

On the triumphant entry into Naples, the English were nationally represented by the presence of the English legion of Garibaldians, a force recruited chiefly in London, and despatched in two steamers to Italy. They were ready to do good service, though they arrived too late to take part in the most arduous part of the struggle. The triumphal spectacle in Naples, when the English brigade landed, and the King and the liberator rode side by side through the streets of the city, is graphically told by one who witnessed it:—"It was a sultry, drizzling morning, and we were in despair lest the brilliant spectacle might be spoilt by the rain. As ten o'clock, however, approached, the sun deigned to shine on us a little, and then retired into his gloomy reserve; and so he continued yielding and sulking the whole day. There was brightness, however, just enough to put us in good humour; so, early in the morning, every one of us turned out. The Neapolitans, of course, are out in the *prima mattina*, so fond are they of spectacle; and it would require a brush dipped in the rainbow to paint all that passed before me on this striking occasion of the landing of 650 of our countrymen.

"We took up our place under the balcony from which Ferdinand II. periodically reviewed whole regiments of monks, following in procession the image of their patron saint. What a mighty change! The ladders were planted against the gateway, and the lilies had not only faded, but had been removed by the hands of workmen at 1s. 8d. a-day. I remember a year ago, when the war in Lombardy was raging, that Englishmen were pooh-poohed in Naples, and now they are overwhelmed with honours. Why? Because we

have spent our thousands for the Italian cause? No! This change of feeling is a homage to our national integrity and consistency; and let every Englishman remember that he is an element in the composition of the nation, and is bound, as a true son of his country, to stand by and maintain the eternal principles of honour. Here they are surging on, and music and clapping of hands announce at last that the real business of the day is beginning. The flags of the National Guard appear above the ascent from the arsenal, and then the newly-created militia—really fine-looking, military men; and they are greeted on all sides with '*vivas*' sung to the tunes of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel.

"There is a great display of white handkerchiefs, and the clapping of hands is redoubled as the English appear: and all pass under the palace windows, flanked and thronged by thousands of spectators, who applaud them to the echo. They carry the tricoloured flag, with '*Viva Victor Emmanuel*' inscribed on it. . . . Look round on the scene. How gay, striking, and impressive! Sullen and gloomy looks the royal palace behind; the palaces on either side are all filled with people. Just in front are the equestrian statues of the Bourbons, covered up with sheets; and the long legs of one of them peep out, as if threatening to kick us all over, if he could. After a few minutes' pause all are in motion again towards the Toledo, where every window is decorated with a flag; and the spectacle is as grand and as brilliant as it can well be imagined. There is a sea of human heads. In some windows flowers and evergreens are showered down; '*vivas*' are shouted, and handkerchiefs are waved from all. Some dirty young gamins were calling out, '*Viva nostri fratelli l'Inglese!*' It is always pleasant to find relatives turn up unexpectedly in a foreign land, especially if they do not make exorbitant demands upon the pocket; but as I looked upon our new connections, I felt that, except on the most Christian principle, I should be indisposed to acknowledge the relationship.

"Were I to write a ream, I could only repeat what I have already said—it was a brilliant spectacle. It was a kind and courteous reception on the part of the Neapolitans, who are as kindhearted a people as any on earth, and who are what they are, not because they have not all the elements of good within them, but because the image of God within them has been defaced by brutal rulers, and yet more by an ignorant, superstitious, abandoned, and self-seeking priesthood."

It must have been an impressive sight, when Garibaldi, the Republican *frée-lance*, and Victor Emmanuel, the King born in the purple, publicly grasped each other's hands, the King attired in a glittering field-marshal's uniform, and attended by a brilliant staff, the General in the red shirt and wideawake, that, like Napoleon's grey "redingote" coat, had become historical, and followed by a battered troop with "lank, lean cheeks and war-worn coats."

A few days afterwards, Garibaldi, loyally anxious to avoid any occasion of quarrel or disunion that might retard the great work he had undertaken, and had thus far loyally carried out, voluntarily disappeared from the scene. He went to pay a farewell visit to the English Admiral, Mundy, on board the *Hannibal*, who received him with the honours due to a general officer. An hour after, the ex-Dictator, having utterly and completely divested himself of the mighty power he had wielded, embarked on board the steamer *Washington*, which was to convey him to his island home. The vessel that bore the great Italian to Caprera could not have been more appropriately named; for he himself had every right to be associated in men's minds with the great American patriot, who, after securing his country's liberties, had given up the command with an equally sublime abnegation of self, when the work he had undertaken had been successfully and triumphantly accomplished.

Thus, after taking leave of his weeping followers, who lingered long on the shore watching the *Washington* as she steamed out of Naples Harbour, Garibaldi disappeared from the scene he had for some months filled with his deeds to the admiration of Europe: and the grandest epoch of his life was brought to a close.

GARIBALDI AT HOME; DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN CAPRERA.

The proclamation in which he announced his retirement is terse and to the point. "Neapolitans," he says, "the two Sicilies, which owe their redemption to the blood of the Italians, and have made me their Dictator, form an integral and indivisible part of Italy, under the constitutional King, Victor Emmanuel, and his descendants. I shall place in the hands of the King on his arrival the dictatorship conferred on me by the nation.—G. Garibaldi."

When he retired to Caprera, after handing over a kingdom to Victor Emmanuel, he was informed that the funds at his disposal amounted

to just £30. "Never mind," he said, "we have plenty of corn and wool at Caprera, which we can send to Maddalena for sale."

Nothing could well be plainer than the house occupied by Garibaldi at Caprera. Before 1861, when he undertook some improvements, it consisted of a small square white house, only one storey in height, and surmounted by a kind of cupola. "The white house," says Colonel Vecchi, who visited the General in 1861, "is situated on a level spot, shut in on one side by great rocks, and on the other by walls, the gate in which is a movable rail. a horizontal pole such as is used to let horses in and out of a meadow. There is a path running all round it. In front, on the other side of the path, some poles are stuck in the ground to make a trellis for the vines in summer. On entering, there is a vestibule which opens on the left into the room where Teresita and Madame Deideri sleeps; on the right, into the chamber occupied by the General. At the back is a staircase leading up to the roof and terrace; the short, dark passage leads to a small bedroom and to the kitchen. Here, on the right, is the wine-cellar; on the left, a pantry, from which you pass into the secretary's room, which is also a bedroom, and the arsenal. In August, when I first visited the house, there was only one chair, and that had no back. Now there are some new maple-wood chairs, presented by the officers and crew of the *Washington*, with the donors' names inscribed on the back, and some walnut-wood chairs belonging to Deideri. The hero's room, also, is more comfortably furnished. It contains a small, plain iron bedstead, with muslin curtains hanging from a cane tester, a walnut-wood writing-table, and a chest of drawers, with a dressing glass on the top, blocking up a window that looks towards the north. Close to the bed stands a deal stool, covered with books and letters. On a cord stretched from the walls across the room are hung to dry the General's red shirts and various other garments, for he changes his clothes every time he changes his occupation. The fireplace is in the middle of the wall at the end of the room; some logs are always kept blazing in it on account of the damp, for beneath the stone floor is the cistern which receives the water from the gutters when it rains, and this causes the flags to be always slimy and wet. On each side of the fireplace are bookcases containing works on shipping, history, and military tactics; but books and bundles of papers, to tell the truth, are all around, lying on every available piece of furniture. Over the mantelpiece hangs a portrait, in water-

colours, of his infant daughter Rosita, who died at Montevideo. At the head of the bed, in an ebony frame, hangs a lock of hair of his wife Anita, the brave woman who is no more. There never was a more simple Spartan retreat chosen by a hero.

COUNT CAVOUR; EXPEDITION OF 1862; ASPROMONTE; GARIBALDI A PRISONER.

In 1861, the first Parliament of the Kingdom of Italy was opened at Turin. Garibaldi had been elected as deputy for Naples, but was unable to take his seat at the opening from ill-health. Soon after, however, he appeared in the assembly, and a kind of reconciliation was effected between him and Count Cavour, to whom he had been bitterly hostile, on account of Cavour's cession of Nice and Savoy to France.

Soon after this, to the great loss of Italy, to whose unification his astuteness and moderation had largely contributed, Count Cavour died. He was succeeded by Ricasoli and Rattazzi, neither of whom possessed the confidence of the nation in a very large degree. Rattazzi, wishing to gain the favour of the "party of action," to whom the possession of Rome and Venetia, in the teeth of Austrian and French opposition, appeared a feasible project, made overtures to Garibaldi, which resulted in a complete misunderstanding; for the General became convinced that an expedition to Venice or Rome, if he chose to undertake it, would be connived at, if not directly assisted, by the Government. But he found himself grievously mistaken. The enrolment of volunteers for an attack on Venetia was promptly stopped by Government interference; and Garibaldi, loudly proclaiming his dissatisfaction, proceeded southwards, everywhere giving expression to his feelings in a manner as frank as it was imprudent. He could not understand what Rattazzi could possibly have wanted him for, if not for the liberation of Venetia and Rome. He proceeded to Sicily, where Pallavicini, a friend and partisan of his own, was in command; and, at a rifle meeting at Palermo, where Prince Humbert, the King's eldest son, was present, he openly declared his intention of organizing another expedition. This was the time at which the illegality of the proposed action, and the impossibility of sanctioning the levying of private war by a subject, should have been clearly pointed out to him, with a positive command from the King to desist,—a command to which Garibaldi, in his loyalty, would not have failed to obey. But Rattazzi continued to tempo-

rise; and the liberator crossed from Sicily to the mainland, with the idea of contributing further to the unification of Italy by a march on Rome. What mischief, perhaps irreparable, might have been done had he come into contact with the French troops, and thus aroused the French Empire against the newly-established kingdom, it is impossible to say. But his expedition soon came to an untimely and a mournful end. Cialdini and Della Marmora, convinced that his proceedings were certainly mischievous, and might not improbably be fatal to Italy, took vigorous steps to encounter him as an enemy to the public peace. At Aspromonte, in Calabria, he found himself face to face with a body of Bersaglieri, light troops in the royal service. A skirmish took place; and, at the first discharge, Garibaldi was wounded slightly in the hip, and severely in the ankle. The order to cease firing was at once given; and both sides looked mournfully at the spectacle of the liberator and patriot wounded by an Italian bullet, and a prisoner. He was carried to Spezzia, and thence to Varignano. His imprisonment, however, was little more than nominal. Throughout all Europe the greatest sympathy was expressed. From London and Paris the most eminent surgeons were despatched to consult over his wound and assist in its cure; and soon afterwards he was once more at his island home in Caprera.

THE GENERAL'S LATER YEARS; REALISATION
OF HIS HOPES; VENICE AND ROME;
CONCLUSION.

Cheered once more by the affection and sympathy of a gallant nation, and with his couch surrounded by a number of attached friends, Garibaldi gradually recovered his health; and with returning strength his hopes revived for the

completion of Italian liberty. The necessity of waiting on the goodwill of the autocrat in the Tuilleries was very bitter, but he saw the necessity of it; and meanwhile the work was not abandoned, though delayed. In 1864, Garibaldi paid a visit to England, where he was received with an outburst of affectionate welcome and popular enthusiasm that is said to have provoked official remonstrance from Napoleon III. Two years afterwards, in 1866, Italy had a new opportunity, in the war that broke out between Austria and Prussia. Italy took part in the contest as an ally of Prussia; and although the campaign in itself brought no triumphs, it resulted in the cession of Venetia by Austria to France, and the transfer of the long-desired province to the Kingdom of Italy. And this, while helping to build up the edifice of Italian unity, was in itself an advantage to Austria, who was enabled to relinquish a position in Italy alike dangerous and costly. Garibaldi was sure to be found present at such a contest. He was placed in command of a volunteer force in the Tyrol; but the campaign was too short to give any great opportunity for warlike achievement, the battle of Sadowa overthrowing Austria's power at a blow.

In the next year, 1867, Garibaldi and his followers once more prepared to march to Rome, but once again, though his bands actually crossed the Roman frontier, state policy arrested the movement. At last, in 1870, the Franco-Prussian war compelled the withdrawal of the French garrison from Rome; and the Government of the Pope fell virtually without a struggle, and the Italian troops entered Rome. Here again Garibaldi, though more than sixty years old, took the field; but his career was ended, and his political life aptly concludes with the proclamation of Rome as the capital of the Kingdom of Italy.

H. W. D.



' LORD CHATHAM.

"There is hardly any man in modern times . . . who fills so large a space in our history."—*Edin. Rev.*

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IN EARLY LIFE.

WILLIAM PITT, the first Earl of Chatham, was descended from a highly respectable family in Cornwall, and was born in London on the 15th of November, 1708. He was educated at Eton, where he was distinguished for his habits of unwearied application, in spite of his

suffering frequently from hereditary gout. Here he acquired that love of the classics which he carried with him throughout life, and which had so strong an influence on his character as an orator, and he also formed at Eton those habits of easy and animated conversation for which in after life he was so celebrated.

The state of his health forbidding him to indulge in the active sports of the school, he and Lord Lyttleton, a still greater invalid than himself, found their chief pleasure during the intervals of study in the lively interchange of thought. Thus it may readily be supposed they acquired that quickness of thought, that dexterity of reply, and that ready self-possession which are indispensable to success in public debate.

At the age of eighteen, Pitt was removed to the University of Oxford. Here, in addition to his other studies, he entered on a severe course of rhetorical training, to which he often afterwards referred, as forming an important part of his early discipline. He wrote out translations of the ancient orators and historians on the broadest scale. Demosthenes was his model, and he rendered a large part of his orations again and again into English, as the best means of acquiring a forcible and expressive style.

By way of gaining a command of words, he read and re-read the sermons of Dr. Barrow till he knew many of them by heart. With the same object he went twice through the folio dictionary of Bailey (the best before that of Johnson), examining each word attentively, dwelling on its peculiar import and mode of construction, and thus endeavouring to bring the whole range of language completely under his control. At this time also he began those exercises in elocution by which he is known to have obtained his extraordinary powers of delivery. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no man of genius since the days of Cicero has ever submitted to an equal amount of drudgery.

Leaving the university a little before the regular time of graduation, Pitt travelled on the Continent, and particularly in France and Italy. During this tour he enriched his mind with a great variety of historical and literary information, making everything subservient, however, to the one great object of preparing for public life.

AS A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

On returning to England, he applied a large part of his slender patrimony to the purchase of a commission in the army, and became a cornet of the Blues. This made him dependent on Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister; but with his habitual boldness he took his stand about this time in the ranks of Opposition. Walpole by his jealousy had made almost every man of talent in the Whig party his personal enemy. His long continuance in office against the wishes of the people was considered a kind of tyranny; and young men like Pitt and Lyttleton, who came fresh from college, with an ardent love of liberty, in-

spired by the study of the classics, were naturally drawn to the standard of Pulteney, Carteret, and the other leading "patriots" who vehemently declaimed against a corrupt and oppressive government.

The Prince of Wales having quarrelled with his father, had now come out as head of the Opposition. A rival court was established at Leicester House, within the very precincts of St. James's Palace, which drew together such an assemblage of wits, scholars, and orators as had never before met in the British empire.

Pitt became a member of Parliament for the small borough of Old Sarum in 1735. For nearly a year he remained silent, studying the temper of the House, and waiting for a favourable opportunity to come forward. Such an opportunity was presented by the marriage of the Prince of Wales in April, 1736. It was an event of the highest interest and joy to the nation; but such was the king's animosity against his son, that he would not suffer the address of congratulation to be moved as usual by the ministers of the Crown. The motion was brought forward by Mr. Pulteney, and it shows the high estimate put upon Pitt, that when he had not yet opened his lips in Parliament, he should have been selected to second the motion, in preference to some of the most able and experienced members of the House. His speech was received with the highest applause, but it was wormwood and gall to the king. It awakened in his mind a personal hatred of Pitt, which, aggravated as it was by subsequent attacks of a more direct nature, excluded him for years from the service of the Crown, until he was forced upon a reluctant monarch by the demands of the people.

Sir Robert Walpole, as might be supposed, listened with alarm to the eloquence of his youthful opponent, and is said to have exclaimed, "We must at all events muzzle that terrible cornet of horse." Without giving him time to make another speech, he deprived him of his commission within eighteen days. This, however, only rendered the court more odious, while it created a general sympathy in favour of Pitt, and turned the attention of the public with new interest to his speeches in Parliament. As a compensation for the loss of his commission, the Prince appointed him Groom of the Bedchamber at Leicester House.

Thus, at the age of twenty-seven, Pitt was made, by the force of his genius and the influence of concurrent circumstances, one of the most prominent members of Parliament, and an object of the liveliest interest to the great body, especially the middle classes, of the nation. These classes were now rising into an importance never before known.

They looked on Sir Robert Walpole, sustained as he was in power by the will of the Sovereign and the bribery of Parliament, as their natural enemy. Pitt shared in all their feelings. He was in truth "the Great Commoner."

The next remarkable speech of Pitt's which is reported is that celebrated reply to Horace Walpole the elder, beginning, "The atrocious crime of being a young man." We know that this speech was modelled into its present shape by Dr. Johnson, and it certainly is a striking example of sententious sarcasm; but the balanced structure of the phrases and the measured amplification of the ideas are so entirely Johnsonian—so ultra-Johnsonian, indeed—that we are satisfied that it affords little resemblance to the vivid and energetic invective of the original.

Archdeacon Coxe asserts, indeed, that this celebrated retort existed only in Johnson's imagination, and repeats an anecdote told him by Lord Sydney to show how slender was the foundation on which this supposed philippic was formed. In a debate in which Pitt and some of his younger friends had violently attacked old Horace Walpole, the latter complained of the self-sufficiency of the young men of the period, on which Pitt got up with great warmth, beginning with these words, "With the greatest reverence for the grey hairs of the honourable gentleman," upon which Walpole pulled off his wig and showed his head covered with grey hairs, which occasioned general laughter, in which Pitt joined, and the dispute subsided.

Now Lord Sydney's anecdote is perfectly true, for we find it told at the time it happened in one of the younger Horace's letters to Sir Horace Mann; but this does not decide the question, for however strange and improbable it may appear that there should have been two incidents of this nature between the same parties, the fact seems certain. The affair of the wig occurred on the 21st of November, 1745, whereas the celebrated retort was delivered on the 10th of March, 1741, and is printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year; so that Archdeacon Coxe was certainly mistaken in supposing that Johnson's report was an amplification of an event which did not happen till four years later.

As to many of the measures for which Walpole was hated by the people and opposed by Pitt, time has shown that they were in the wrong and he in the right. It has also been shown that nearly all the great leaders of the Opposition, the Pultneys and Carterets, were unprincipled men who played on the generous sympathies of Pitt and Lyttleton, and lashed the prejudices of the nation into rage against the minister for no other purpose than to obtain

his place. Still the struggle of the people, though in many respects a blind one, was prompted by a genuine instinct of their nature, and was prophetic of an onward movement in English society.

THE FIRST PERIOD OF PITT'S CAREER, 1735-1744.

On briefly tracing the career of Pitt as a statesman, we shall divide his public life into distinct periods, and consider them separately with reference to his measures in Parliament.

The first period covers nearly ten years, down to the close of 1744. All this time he was an active member of the Opposition, being engaged for nearly seven years in unwearying efforts to put down Sir Robert Walpole, and when this was accomplished, in equally strenuous exertions for three years longer to resist the measures of his successor, Lord Carteret. This minister had rendered himself odious to the nation by encouraging the narrow views and sordid policy of the king in regard to his continental possessions. George II. was born in Hanover, and he always consulted its interests before those of Great Britain, seeking to throw on the national treasury the burden of supporting the Hanoverian troops during his wars on the Continent, and giving the Electorate, in various other ways, a marked preference before the rest of the empire.

To these measures Pitt opposed himself with all the energy at his command. It was on this subject that he first came into collision on the 10th of December, 1742, with his great antagonist Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield. Oswald, a well-known literary man of the period, who was present, thus describes the two combatants: "Murray spoke like a pleader, who could not divest himself of the appearance of having been employed by others. Pitt spoke like a gentleman—like a statesman who felt what he said, and possessed the strongest desire of conveying that feeling to others, for their own interest and that of their country. Murray gains your attention by the perspicuity of his statement and the elegance of his diction; Pitt commands your attention and respect by the nobleness and greatness of his sentiments, the strength and energy of his expressions, and the certainty of his always rising to a greater elevation both of thought and sentiment. For this talent he possesses beyond any speaker I ever heard, of never falling from the beginning to the end of his speech, either in thought or expression. And as in this session he has begun to speak like a man of business as well as an orator, he will in all probability be, or rather is, allowed to make as great an appearance as ever man did in that House."

Pitt incessantly waged war on Carteret, who,

strong in the king's favour, was acting against the wishes of his associates in office. He exclaimed against him as "a sole minister who had renounced the British nation, and seemed to have drunk of that potion described in poetic fictions, which made men forget their country." He soon gained a complete ascendancy over the House. No man could cope with him; few tried even to oppose him; and Carteret was given up by all as an object of merited reprobation.

Under these circumstances, Pelham, who had now become the head of the Government, opened a negotiation for a union with Pitt and the dismissal of Carteret. The terms were easily arranged, and the king at last yielding, Pelham formed a new ministry in November, 1744, with the understanding that Pitt should be brought into office at the earliest opportunity that the king's prejudices would permit.

During the same year the Duchess of Marlborough died, leaving Pitt a legacy of £10,000, "on account of his merit in the noble defence of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of the country." It may as well be mentioned here, that about twenty years after he received a still more ample testimony of the same kind from Sir William Pynsent, who bequeathed him an estate of £2,500 a year, together with £30,000 in ready money.

THE SECOND PERIOD OF PITT'S CAREER, 1744-1754.

We now arrive at the second period of Pitt's political life, embracing the ten years of Pelham's ministry down to the year 1754. So bitter was the hostility of the king to his old opponent, that no persuasion could induce him to receive Pitt into his service. On the contrary, when pressed on the subject, he took decided steps for getting rid of his new ministers.

This led Pelham and his colleagues, who were aware of their strength, instantly to resign. The king was now at his wit's end. The Earl of Bath (Pulteney), to whom he entrusted the formation of a ministry, could get no one to serve under him. The king was compelled to take back Pelham, and Pitt along with him; he stipulated, however, that the man who was thus forced upon him should not, at least for a time, be brought into immediate contact with his person. Pitt therefore received provisionally the situation of joint-treasurer of Ireland. He now resigned the post of Groom of the Chamber to the Prince of Wales, and threw himself heartily into the interests of the Pelham ministry.

About a year after, in May, 1746, on the death of Mr. Winnington, he was appointed paymaster of

the forces. On entering on his new office, Pitt gave a remarkable example of disinterestedness, which greatly raised him in the estimation of the public. It was then the custom that £100,000 should constantly lie as an advance in the hands of the paymaster, who invested the money in public securities, and thus realized about £4,000 a year for his own private benefit. Pitt at once placed all the funds at his control in the Bank of England, satisfied with the moderate compensation attached to his office.

He gave another proof of his superiority to all mercenary considerations by declining a certain percentage which had been always paid to the paymaster, on the enormous subsidies then granted to the Queen of Austria and the King of Sardinia. The latter, on being told of this, asked Pitt to accept as a mark of royal favour what he had rejected as a perquisite of office. Pitt still refused. It was this total disregard of the ordinary means of becoming rich that made Grattan say "his character astonished a corrupt age."

In casting in his lot with the Pelham ministry, Pitt yielded more than might have been expected to the king's wishes in regard to German subsidies and continental alliances. For this he has been accused of inconsistency. He thought, however, that the case was materially changed. The war had proceeded so far, that nothing was left but to fight it through, and this could only be done by German troops. In addition to this, the Elector was now in danger, and he could without any sacrifice of principle unite with Pelham to prevent his being wrested from the empire by the ambition of France. Pitt saw, too, that the king, as he grew older, grew more obstinate, and that if the Government was to be administered at all, it must be by those who were ready to make some concessions to the prejudices of an aged monarch. That he was influenced in all this by no ambitious motives—that his wish to stand well with the king had no connection with a desire to stand highest in the state, it certainly would be unsafe to affirm; but his love of power had nothing in it that was mercenary or selfish.

THE THIRD PERIOD OF PITT'S CAREER, 1754-1757.

Pelham died suddenly in March, 1754, and with this event we come to the third period of Pitt's public life, embracing about three years, down to 1757. On the death of Pelham, everything fell into confusion. "Now I shall have no more peace," said the old king, when he heard the news. Just so it happened. The brother of Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, through his borough interest and family connections, obtained the post of Prime Minister. The leadership of the House of Com-

mons was now to be disposed of, and there were only three men who had the slightest pretensions to the prize; viz., Pitt, Fox, and Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield. And yet Newcastle, out of a mean jealousy of their abilities, gave it to Sir Thomas Robinson, a man of very poor ability. "Sir Thomas Robinson lead us!" said Pitt to Fox; "the Duke might as well send his boot-jack to lead us!" Robinson was accordingly baited on all sides, falling perpetually into blunders, which provoked the stern animadversions of Pitt, or the more painful irony of Fox.

Robinson was soon extinguished, and Murray was appointed in his place. Pitt did not resign, but after this rejection he felt absolved from all obligations to Newcastle, and resolved to make both him and Murray feel his power. An opportunity soon presented itself, and he carried out his design with a dexterity and effect which excited general admiration. At the trial of a contested election, when the debate had degenerated into mere buffoonery, which kept the members in a continual roar, Pitt came down from the gallery where he was sitting, and took the House to task for their conduct in his highest tone. He inquired whether the dignity of the House stood on such sure foundations, that they might venture to shake it thus. He exhorted the Whigs of all conditions to defend their attacked and expiring liberties. "unless," said he, "you are to degenerate into a little assembly, serving no other purpose than to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject," laying, it is reported, a most remarkable emphasis on the words *one* and *subject*. The application to Newcastle was seen and felt by all. "It was the finest speech," says Fox, "that was ever made; and it was observed that by his first two sentences he brought the House to a silence and attention that you might have heard a pin drop." According to another who was present, this thunderbolt, thrown in a sky so long clear, confounded the audience. Murray crouched silent and terrified, not without reason, for his turn came next.

On the following day, November 27th, 1754, Pitt made two other speeches, ostensibly against Jacobitism, but intended for Murray, who had just been raised from the office of solicitor to that of attorney-general. "In both speeches," says Fox, "every word was MURRAY, yet so managed that neither he nor anybody else could take public notice of it, or in any way reprehend him. I sat near Murray, who *suffered* for an hour."

It was perhaps on this occasion, says Charles Butler, in his Reminiscences, that Pitt used an expression which once was in everybody's mouth.

After Murray had "suffered" for a time, Pitt paused, threw his eyes around, then fixing their whole power on Murray, exclaimed, "I must now address a few words to Mr. Attorney; they shall be few, but shall be daggers. Murray was agitated; the agitation increased. "Felix trembles!" exclaimed the orator; "he shall hear me some other day!" He sat down, Murray made no reply; and a languid debate showed the paralysis of the House.

Newcastle found it impossible to go on without adding to his strength in debate. He therefore bought off Fox in April, 1755, by introducing him to the Cabinet, while Pitt was again rejected with insult.

To this incongruous union Pitt alluded, a few months after, in terms which were much admired for the felicity of the image under which the allusion was conveyed. Newcastle, it is well known, was feeble and tame, while Fox was headlong and impetuous. An address prepared by the ministry was objected to as obscure and incongruous. Pitt took it up, saying, "There are parts of this address which do not seem to come from the same quarter as the rest. I cannot unravel the mystery." Then, as if suddenly recollecting the two men thus brought together at the head of affairs, he exclaimed, clapping his hand to his forehead, "Now it strikes me! I remember at Lyons to have been carried to see the conflict of the Rhone and the Saone—the one a feeble, languid stream, and though languid, of no great depth; the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent. But different as they are, *they meet at last, and long,*" he added, with the bitterest irony, "*long may they continue united, to the comfort of each other, and the glory, honour, and security of this nation.*" In less than a week Pitt was dismissed from his post of paymaster.

PARLIAMENTARY WARFARE.

This was the signal for open war—Pitt against the entire ministry. Ample occasion for attack was furnished by the disasters which were continually occurring in the public service, and the dangers resulting therefrom—the loss of Minorca, the defeat of General Braddock, the capture of Calcutta by Shujah Dowlah, and the threatened invasion of the French. These subjects afforded just grounds for the terrible onset of Pitt.

"During the whole session of 1755-6," says an eye-witness, "Pitt found occasion in every debate to confound the ministerial orators. His vehement invectives were awful to Murray, terrible to Hugh Campbell; and no malefactor under the stripes of the executioner was ever more helpless and forlorn

than Fox, shrewd and able in Parliament as he confessedly is. Doddington sheltered himself in silence."

With all this vehemence, however, he was never betrayed into anything coarse or unbecoming the dignity of his character. Horace Walpole, writing to General Hamilton, says of his appearance on one of these occasions, "There was more humour, wit, vivacity, fine language, more boldness—in short, more astonishing perfection than even you, who are used to him, can conceive." And again, "He surpassed himself, as I need not tell you he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure they would make, with their formal laboured cabinet orations, by the side of his manly vivacity and dashing eloquence at one o'clock in the morning, after a sitting of eleven hours!"

The effect on the ministerial ranks was soon apparent. Murray was the first to shrink. The ablest by far among the supporters of the ministry—much abler, indeed, as a reasoner than his great opponent, and incomparably more learned in everything pertaining to the science of government, he could stand up no longer before the devouring eloquence of Pitt. On the death of Chief-Justice Ryder, which happened on the 25th of May, 1756, he at once demanded the place. Newcastle resisted, entreated, offered in addition to the profits of the attorney-generalship a pension of £2000, and at last of £6000 a year. It was all in vain. Nothing could prevail on Murray to remain longer in the House. He was accordingly made chief justice in November, with the title of Lord Mansfield; and on the day on which he took his seat on the bench, Newcastle resigned as minister.

Nothing now remained for the king but to place the Government in the hands of Pitt. It was a humiliating necessity; but the condition of public affairs was dark and threatening, and no one else could be found of sufficient courage or capacity to undertake the task. Pitt had said to the Duke of Devonshire, "My lord, I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." The people believed him. "The eyes of an afflicted and despairing nation," says Glover, who was far from uniting in their enthusiasm, "were now lifted up to a private gentleman of slender fortune, wanting the parade of birth or title, with no influence except marriage with Lord Temple's sister, and even confined to a narrow circle of friends and acquaintances. Yet under these circumstances Pitt was considered the saviour of England." His triumph was the triumph of the popular part of the constitution. It was the first example of the middle classes of our country breaking down in Parliament the power which the great families

of the aristocracy had so long possessed, of setting aside or sustaining the decisions of the throne.

THE FOURTH PERIOD OF PITT'S CAREER, 1757-1761.

Pitt's entrance on the duties of Prime Minister in December, 1756, lands us at the fourth period of his political life, which embraces about five years, down to October, 1761. For about four months, however, during his first ministry his hands were in a great measure tied. Though supported by the unanimous voice of the people, the king looked upon him with personal dislike: Newcastle and his other opponents were able to defeat him in Parliament; and in April, 1757, he received the royal mandate to retire.

This created a storm throughout England. The stocks fell. The Common Council of London met, and passed resolutions of the strongest kind. The leading cities of the kingdom—Bath, Chester, Norwich, Salisbury, Worcester, Yarmouth, Newcastle, and many others—sent Pitt the freedom of their respective places as a token of confidence and a warning to the king. "For some weeks," says Horace Walpole, "it rained gold boxes."

The king in the meantime spent nearly three months in the vain endeavour to form another administration. It was now perfectly apparent that nothing could be done without concessions on both sides. Pitt therefore agreed, on the 29th of June, 1757, to resume his office as Principal Secretary of State and Prime Minister, in conjunction with Newcastle as head of the Treasury, satisfied that he could more easily overrule and direct the duke as a member of the cabinet than as leader of the Opposition. The result verified his expectations.

His second ministry now commenced that splendid era which raised England at once, as if by magic, from the brink of ruin and degradation. The genius of one man completely penetrated and informed the mind of the whole people. "From the instant he took the reins, the panic which had paralyzed every effort disappeared. Instead of mourning over former disgrace, and dreading future defeats, the nation assumed in a moment the air of confidence, and awaited with impatience the tidings of victory."

To the wonderful power possessed by Pitt, of throwing his spirit into other minds, Colonel Barré referred at a later period, in one of his parliamentary speeches. "He was possessed of the happy talent of transfusing his own zeal into the souls of all those who were to have a share in carrying his projects into execution; and it is a matter well known to many officers now in the

House, that no man ever entered his closet who did not feel himself, if possible, braver at his return than when he went in."

He knew also how to use fear, as well as affection, for the accomplishment of his designs. "It will be impossible to have so many ships prepared so soon," said Lord Anson, when a certain expedition was ordered. "If the ships are not ready," replied Pitt, "I will impeach your lordship in presence of the House." They were ready as directed.

Newcastle yielded with quiet submission to the supremacy of his genius. All the duke wanted was the patronage, and this Pitt cheerfully resigned for the salvation of his country. Horace Walpole, in his lively style, says, "Mr. Pitt *does* everything, and the Duke of Newcastle *gives* everything. As long as they can agree in this partition they will do what they will."

A curious anecdote illustrates the ascendancy of Pitt over Newcastle. The latter was a great valetudinarian, and was so fearful of taking cold, especially, that he often ordered the windows of the House of Lords to be shut in the hottest weather, while the rest of the peers were suffering for want of breath. On one occasion he called upon Pitt, who was confined to his bed by the gout. Newcastle, on being led into the bed-chamber, found the room, to his dismay, *without fire* on a cold wintry afternoon. He begged to have one kindled, but Pitt refused; it might be injurious to his gout. Newcastle drew his cloak around him, and submitted with the worst possible grace. The conference was a long one. Pitt was determined on a naval expedition, under Admiral Hawke, for the annihilation of the French fleet. Newcastle opposed it on account of the lateness of the season. The debate continued until the Duke was absolutely shivering with cold, when, at last, seeing another bed in the opposite corner, he slipped in, and covered himself with the bedclothes! A secretary, coming in soon after, found the two ministers in this curious predicament, with their faces only visible, bandying the argument with great eagerness from one bedside to the other.

One of the first steps taken by Pitt was to grant a large subsidy to Frederick the Great of Prussia, for carrying on the war against the Empress Maria Theresa. This was connected with a total change in the continental policy of George II., and was intended to rescue Hanover from the hands of the French. Still there were many who had a traditional regard for the Empress Maria Theresa, in whose defence this country had spent more than ten millions sterling. The grant

was therefore strenuously opposed in the House, and Pitt was taunted with a desertion of his principles. In reply he defended himself, and maintained the necessity of the grant with infinite dexterity. "It was," says Walpole, "the most artful speech he ever made. He provoked, called for, defied objections, promised enormous expense, demanded never to be tried by events." By degrees he completely subdued the House, until a murmur of applause broke forth from every quarter. Seizing the favourable moment, he drew back with the utmost dignity, and placing himself in an attitude of defiance, exclaimed in his loudest tone, "Is there an Austrian among you? Let him come forward and reveal himself!" The effect was irresistible. "Universal silence," says Walpole, "left him arbiter of his own terms."

There was very little debate after his administration had fairly commenced. All parties joined in supporting his measures. It is indeed a remarkable fact that the Parliamentary History, which professes to give a detailed report of all the debates in Parliament, contains not a single speech of Pitt, and only two or three by any other person during the whole period of his ministry. The supplies which he demanded were, for that day, enormous—twelve millions and a half in one year, and nearly twenty millions the next—"a most incredible sum," says Walpole, respecting the former, "and yet all subscribed for, and even more offered! Our unanimity is prodigious. You would as soon hear 'No' from an old maid as from the House of Commons." "Though Parliament has met," says Walpole again in 1759, "no politics are come to town. One may describe the House of Commons like the stocks: Debates, nothing done; votes, under par; patriots, no price; oratory, book shut."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

England now entered into the war with all the energy of a new existence. Spread out in her colonies to the remotest parts of the globe, our country resembled a strong man who had long been lying with palsied limbs, and the blood collected at the heart; when the stream of life suddenly set free, rushes to the extremities, and he springs to his feet with an elastic bound to repel injury or punish aggression.

In 1758, the contest was carried on at once in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—wherever France had possessions to be attacked, or England possessions to be defended. Notwithstanding some disasters at first, victory followed on victory in rapid succession. Within little more than two years all was changed. In Africa, France was

stripped of every settlement she had on that continent. In India, defeated in two engagements at sea, and driven from every post on land, she gave up her long contest for the mastery of the East, and left the British to establish their government over a hundred and fifty millions of people. In America, all her rich possessions in the West Indies passed into the hands of Great Britain. Louisburg, Quebec, Siconderoga, Crown Point, Oswego, Niagara, Fort Duquesne, afterwards Pittsburg, were captured, and the entire chain of posts with which France had hemmed in and threatened our early settlements fell before the united arms of the colonists and the English, and not an inch of territory was left her in the western world. In Europe, Hanover was rescued, the French were defeated at Crevelt, and again at Minden, with still greater injury and disgrace; the coasts of France were four times invaded, with severe loss to the English, but still with a desperate determination to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy. Havre was bombarded; the port and fortification of Cherbourg were demolished; Brest and the other leading seaports were blockaded; the Toulon fleet was captured or destroyed; and the brilliant victories of Admiral Hawke off Quiberon annihilated the French fleet for the remainder of the war.

At home the only subjects of the empire who continued hostile to the Government, the Highlanders, who had been disarmed for the rebellion in '15 and '45, and insulted by a law forbidding them to wear their national costume, were for ever detached from the Stuarts, and drawn into grateful affection round the throne, by Pitt's happy act of confidence in putting arms into their hands, and sending them to fight the battles of their country in distant quarters of the globe.

Finally the commercial interests of the kingdom, always the most important to a great manufacturing people, prospered as never before; and commerce, in the words inscribed by the City of London on the statue which they erected to Pitt, "commerce for the first time was united with and made to flourish by war."

THE END OF PITT'S MINISTRY.

France was now effectually humbled. In 1761 she sought for peace, and Pitt announced to his supporters, when entering on the negotiations, that "no peace of Utrecht should again stain the annals of England." He therefore opposed every attempt made by France to obtain a restoration of conquests, and was on the point of concluding a treaty upon terms commensurate with the triumphs of the English arms, when the French

managed to draw Spain into the contest. After a season of long alienation an understanding once more took place between the two branches of the house of Bourbon.

The French instantly altered their tone. They proposed that Spain should be invited to take part in the treaty, specifying certain claims of that country upon England, which required adjustment. Pitt was indignant at this attempt of a prostrate enemy to draw a third party into the negotiation. He rejected the proposal, and declared that "he would not relax one syllable from his terms until the Tower of London was taken by storm." He demanded of Spain a disavowal of the French claims. This gave offence to the Spanish court, and France accomplished her object. The well-known Family Compact was entered upon, which once more identified the two countries in all their interests; and Spain, by a subsequent stipulation, engaged to unite in the war with France, unless England should make peace, on satisfactory terms, before May, 1762.

Pitt, whose means of secret intelligence were scarcely inferior to those of Cromwell, was informed of these arrangements—though they were studiously concealed—almost as soon as they were made. He saw that a war was inevitable, that he had just cause for fighting, and he determined to strike the first blow—to seize the Spanish treasure ships which were on their way from America; to surprise Havana, which was quite unprepared for defence; to wrest the Isthmus of Panama from Spain, and thus put the keys of her commerce between the two oceans for ever into the hands of the English.

Unfortunately, when Pitt proposed these measures to the cabinet, he was met, to his surprise, by an open and determined resistance. George II. was dead. Lord Bute, the favourite of George III., was jealous of Pitt's ascendancy. The king most likely shared in the same feelings, and in the language of Grattan, "conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his supremacy." An obsequious cabinet voted down Pitt's proposal. He at once resigned; and Spain, as if to prove his sagacity, and justify the measure he had urged, drove England into war within three months.

The king, however, in thus ending the most glorious ministry which England had ever seen, manifested a strong desire to conciliate Pitt. The very next day he sent a message to him through Lord Bute, declaring that he was impatient "to bestow upon him some mark of the royal favour." The ex-minister was melted by these unlooked-for tokens of kindness. He replied in terms which have frequently been cen-

sure as unbecoming a man of spirit under a sense of injury—terms which certainly now-a-days would be thought obsequious, but which were probably dictated by the sudden revulsion of his feelings and the courtly style which he always maintained in his intercourse with his Sovereign.

On the day after his resignation he accepted a pension of £3,000—much less than was offered to him—together with a peerage for his wife. Some indeed complained that, acting as he did for the people, he should have allowed the king to place him under any pecuniary obligations. "If he had gone into the city," said Walpole, "and told them that he had a poor wife and children unprovided for, and opened a subscription, he would have got £500,000 instead of £3,000 a year." Burke has truly said, "With regard to the pension and the title, it is a shame that any defence should be necessary. What eye cannot distinguish at the first glance, between this and the exceptionable case of titles and pensions? What Briton, with the smallest sense of honour or gratitude, but must blush for his country, if such a man had retired unrewarded from the public service, let the motives of that retirement be what they would? It was not *possible* that his Sovereign should let his eminent services pass unrequited; and the quantum was rather regulated by the moderation of the great mind that received, than by the liberality of that which bestowed it."

It is hardly necessary to add that the tide of public favour, which had ebbed for an instant, soon returned to its ordinary channels. The City of London sent him an address in the most flattering terms of commendation. On Lord Mayor's Day, when he joined the young king and queen in their procession to dine at Guildhall, the eyes of the multitude were turned from the royal equipage to the modest vehicle which contained Pitt and his brother-in-law, Lord Temple. The loudest acclamations were reserved for the great Commoner. "The crowd," says an eye-witness, "clustered around his carriage at every step, hung upon the wheels, hugged his footmen, and even kissed his horses." Such were the circumstances under which he retired from office, having resigned on the 5th of October, 1761.

THE FIFTH PERIOD OF PITT'S CAREER.

We come now to the fifth and last period of Pitt's life, embracing about sixteen years, down to his decease in 1778. During the whole of this period, except for a brief season when he was called upon to form a new ministry, he acted with the Opposition.

When a treaty of peace was concluded by Lord

Bute, in 1762, he was confined to his bed by the gout; but his feelings were so excited by the concessions made to France, that he caused himself to be conveyed to the House in the midst of his acute sufferings, and poured out his indignation for three hours and a half, exposing in the keenest terms the loss and dishonour brought upon the country by the conditions of peace. This was called his "sitting speech," because after having stood for some time, supported by friends, "he was so excessively ill," says the Parliamentary History, "and his pain became so exceedingly acute, that the House unanimously desired that he might be permitted to deliver his sentiments *sitting*—a circumstance that was unprecedented." But whether this peace was disgraceful or not, the ministry had no alternative. Lord Bute could not raise money to carry on the war. The merchants, who had urged upon Pitt double the amount he needed whenever he desired a loan, refused their assistance to a minister whom they could not trust.

Under these circumstances Lord Bute was soon driven to extremities; and as a means of increasing the revenues, introduced a Bill subjecting cider to an excise. After six divisions the Bill was passed, but it drove Lord Bute from power. He resigned a few weeks after, and in May, 1763, was succeeded by Mr. Grenville, whose mistakes as minister, in connection with the peculiar temperament of the king, opened a new era in the history of Great Britain.

It was the misfortune of George III., in the early part of his life, to be governed first by favourites and then by his own passions. He was naturally of a quick and obstinate temper. During the first twenty years of his reign (for he afterwards corrected this error) he allowed his feelings as a man to mingle far too much with his duties as a sovereign. This led him into two steps, one of which agitated, and the other dismembered, his empire—the persecution of John Wilkes, and the attempt to force taxation on the American colonies. It is now known that he sent a personal order to have Wilkes arrested under a general warrant, against the advice of Lord Mansfield, and insisted on all the subsequent violations of law which gave such notoriety and influence to that restless demagogue. And although he did not originate the plan of taxing America, the moment the *right* was questioned, he resolved to maintain the principle to the utmost extremity. This it was that forced the "Declaratory Act" on Lord Rockingham, and held Lord North so long to the war, as it now appears, against his own judgment and feelings. In respect to both these subjects,

Pitt took from the first an open and decided stand against the wishes of the king. He did it on the principle which governed his whole political life; which led him, nearly thirty years before, to oppose so violently the issue of search-warrants for seamen: the principle of resisting arbitrary power in every form; of defending, at all hazards, the rights and liberties of the subject, "however mean, however remote." During the remainder of his life, all his speeches of any importance, with a single exception, related to one or the other of these topics. It was his constant aim, in his own emphatic language, "*to restore, to save, to confirm the constitution.*"

IN THE SERVICE OF THE CROWN.

It has already been said that, during the period under review, Pitt was called for a brief season into the service of the Crown. George Grenville, who succeeded Lord Bute, after acting as minister for about two years, and inflicting on his country the evils of the American Stamp Act, became personally obnoxious to the king, and was dismissed from office about the middle of 1765. The eyes of the whole country were now turned toward Pitt, and the king asked the terms on which he would accept office. Pitt answered that he was prepared to go to St. James's if he could "carry the constitution along with him." But upon entering into details it was found impossible to reconcile his views with that court influence which still overruled the king. Lord Rockingham was then called upon to form a ministry, and Pitt has been censured by many for not joining heartily in the design, and lending the whole weight of his influence to establish under his lordship another great Whig administration. This, perhaps, might have been an act of magnanimity; but considering his recent splendid services, the known wishes of the people, and his acknowledged superiority over every other man in the empire, it could hardly be expected of Pitt that he should make himself a stepping-stone for the ambition of another.

In the debate on the address, Pitt made a kind of double speech in his best style. He was civil to the ministers, but could not, he said, give them his confidence; and then bowing to the Treasury bench, in a manner not quite in order, but full of grace and dignity, addressed them: "Pardon me, gentlemen, but confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom."

This apostrophe made a great sensation at the moment, and is still quoted as a specimen of Pitt's peculiar style; but in truth the interest created was not by the dramatic manner, but by the important fact that the ministry had not the con-

fidence of Pitt, or, in other words, that unless they could satisfy him, their days were numbered. He expressed, with an eloquent enthusiasm, tempered, however, by much courtesy and moderation towards the present ministers, his strong disapprobation of the recent course of American policy, its follies, and its dangers.

This called up George Grenville, who defended the measures of the late ministry as right in themselves, and sanctioned as to their *principle* by Parliament, without a dissentient voice; and he added that the "seditious spirit of the colonies owed its birth to factions in that House."

To this Pitt replied, in what—to evade the rules of the House against speaking twice in the same debate—he called a portion of his speech, which he had reserved, but was now forced from him. He answered Grenville with a contemptuous gravity, designating him as "the gentleman who had spoken," without the usual prefix of "honourable; he defended himself from the charge of having by his speeches given birth to sedition in America; he asserted, in the broadest terms, the supreme right of the mother-country on all points except the taxation of an unrepresented people, "the distinction between legislation and taxation being," he said, "essential to liberty;" and concluded by recommending lenient measures, with a quotation from a ballad, which in any other month would have appeared trivial, but from his was accepted as the apophthegm of a sage:—

"Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind."

This speech, powerful in its effects at the moment, is also remarkable for containing the first germ of parliamentary reform. "There is an idea in some," he says, "that the colonies are virtually represented in the House. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here. Is he represented by any knight of the shire in any county in this kingdom? Would to God that respectable representation was augmented to a greater number! Or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough—a borough which its own representatives never saw? This is what is called the rotten part of the constitution. It cannot continue a century; if it does not stop, it *must be amputated.*"

The Rockingham administration performed one important service—they repealed the Stamp Act; but they held together only a year, and were dissolved on the 30th of July, 1766.

Pitt was now called upon to form a ministry. It was plainly impossible for him to succeed, and no one but a man of his sanguine temperament would

have thought of making the attempt. The Rockingham Whigs, forming the wealthy and aristocratic section of the party, might of course be expected to oppose. Lord Temple, who had hitherto adhered to Pitt in every emergency, now deserted him and joined his brother, George Grenville, in justifying American taxation.

Lord Camden and a few others supported Pitt, and carried with them the suffrages of the people. But the Tories were favourites at court. They filled all the important stations of the household; they had the readiest access to the royal person; and though Pitt might at first undoubtedly rely on the king for support, he could hardly expect to enjoy it long without gratifying his wishes in the selection of the great officers of state.

PITT ACCEPTS A PEERAGE.

Under these circumstances, the moment Pitt discovered his real situation, he ought to have relinquished the attempt to form a ministry. But he was led on step by step. His proud spirit had never been accustomed to draw back. He at last formed one on coalition principles. He drew around him as many of his own friends as possible, and filled up the remaining places with Tories, hoping to keep the peace at the council-board by his personal influence and authority. He had put down Newcastle by uniting with him, and he was confident of doing the same with his new competitors. But he made a mistake at the outset, which, in connection with his subsequent illness, proved the ruin of his ministry. This error related to the "lead" of the House of Commons. His voice was the only one which could rule the stormy discussions of that body, and compose the elements of strife which were thickening around him; and yet he withdrew from the House, and gave the lead to Charles Townsend. Never was a choice more unfortunate. Townsend was indeed brilliant, but he was rash and unstable; filled with the desire to please everybody; utterly devoid of firmness and self-command, and therefore the last man in the world for giving a lead and direction to the measures of the House. But Pitt's health was gone. He felt quite inadequate, under his frequent attacks of the gout, to take the burden of debate; he therefore named himself Lord Privy Seal, and passed into the Upper House, with the title of Lord Chatham.

As might be expected, his motives in thus accepting the peerage were for a time misunderstood. He was supposed to have renounced his principles and become a creature of the court. The city of London, which he had ruled with absolute sway as the Great Commoner, refused him their support

or congratulations as Lord Chatham; the press teemed with invectives; and the people, who considered him as having betrayed their cause, loaded him with maledictions. Such treatment, in connection with his sufferings from disease, naturally tended to agitate his feelings and sour his temper. He was sometimes betrayed into rash conduct and passionate language. His biographer has indeed truly said that "highly as Lord Chatham was loved and respected by his own family, and great as were his talents and virtues, he possessed not the art of cementing political friendships. A consciousness of his superior abilities, strengthened by the brilliant successes of his former administration, and the unbounded popularity he enjoyed, imparted an austerity to his manners which distressed and offended his colleagues."

Such were the circumstances under which Lord Chatham formed his third ministry. It would long since have passed into oblivion, had not Burke handed it down to posterity in one of the most striking pictures (though abounding in grotesque imagery) which we have in our literature. "He made an administration," says Mr. Burke in his speech on American taxation, "so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so closely indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, 'Sir, your name?' 'Sir, you have the advantage of me.' 'Mr. Such-a-one, I beg a thousand pardons.' I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives until they found themselves (they knew not how) pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed. . . . If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly the contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand on. When he had accomplished his scheme of administration, *he was no longer a minister.*"

Such was literally the fact. Only a few weeks after his final arrangements were made, he was seized with a paroxysm of the gout at Bath, which threatened his immediate dissolution. Having partially recovered, he set out on his return to London in February, 1767; but he was again violently attacked on the way, and was obliged to

retire to his country seat at Hayes, where he lay in extreme suffering, with a mind so much disturbed that all access to him was denied for many months.

It was during this period that Charles Townsend, in one of his rash and boastful moods, committed himself to Mr. Grenville, in favour of taxing the colonies, and was induced to lay those duties on tea, glass, and other articles, which revived the contest, and led to the American revolution. It was indeed an odd circumstance that such a bill should have been passed under an administration bearing the name of Chatham. But he had ceased to be a minister except in name. Some months before he had sent a verbal message to the king (for he was unable to write), that "such was the ill state of his health, that his majesty must not expect from him any further advice or assistance in any arrangement whatever."

When Grafton became minister, Lord Chatham sent in his formal resignation by the hands of Lord Camden. It is striking to observe how soon great men are forgotten when they fall from power and withdraw, on the decline of their faculties, from the notice of the public. Lord Chatham's former resignation was an era in Europe. The time of his second resignation was scarcely known in London. His sun appeared to have sunk at mid-day, amid clouds and gloom. Little did any one imagine that it was again to break forth with a purer splendour and to fill the whole horizon round with the radiance of its setting beams.

REAPPEARANCE IN PARLIAMENT.

After a complete seclusion from the world for nearly three years, Lord Chatham, to the surprise of all, made his appearance in Parliament, with his health greatly improved, and in complete possession of his gigantic powers. He was still so weak, however, that he went on crutches, and was swathed in flannels when he entered the House of Lords at the opening of the session, on the 9th of January, 1770.

In commenting on the address, he came out at once in a loftier strain of eloquence than ever, in reply to Lord Mansfield on the case of John Wilkes. This speech gave a decisive turn to political affairs. A leader had now appeared to array the Whigs against the Duke of Grafton.

Lord Camden, who, as chancellor, had continued in the cabinet, though hostile to the measures which prevailed, came down from the woolsack at the close of Lord Chatham's speech, and declared against the minister. "I have," said he, "hung down my head in council, and disapproved, by my looks, those steps which I knew my avowed opposition could not prevent. I will do so no longer.

I now proclaim to the world that I entirely coincide in the opinion expressed by my noble friend—whose presence again reanimates us—respecting this unconstitutional vote of the House of Commons." He was of course dismissed, and united with Lord Chatham, Lord Rockingham, and the rest of the Whigs, to oppose the Grafton ministry.

They succeeded in nineteen days; the Duke resigned on the twenty-eighth of the same month. But the Whigs did not profit by their victory. The hostility of the king excluded them from power, and Lord North was placed at the head of affairs.

An attempt was now made to put down Lord Chatham by personal insult. He was taunted before the House on the 14th of March, 1770, with having received a pension from the Crown, and having unjustifiably recommended pensions for others. He rose upon his antagonist, as he always did on such occasions, and turned his defence into an attack. He at once took up the case of Lord Camden, whom he had brought in as chancellor three years before, with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds. "I could not," said he, "expect such a man to quit the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, which he held for life, and put himself in the power of those who were not to be trusted, to be dismissed from the chancery at any moment, without making some slight provision for the event. The public has not been deceived by his conduct. My suspicions have been justified. His integrity has made him once more a prior and private man. He was dismissed for the vote he gave in favour of the right of election in the people." Here an attempt was made to drown him with clamour. Some lords called out, "To the bar! to the bar!" and Lord Marchmont moved that his words be taken down. Lord Chatham seconded the motion, and went on to say, "I neither deny, retract, nor explain these words; I do reaffirm the fact, and I desire to meet the sense of the House. I appeal to every lord in the House whether he has not the same conviction." Lord Rockingham, Lord Temple, and many others rose, and upon their honour affirmed the same.

The ministry were now desirous of dropping the subject; but Lord Marchmont, encouraged by Lord Mansfield, persisted, and moved that nothing had appeared to justify the assertion. Lord Chatham again declared, "My words remain unretreated, unexplained, and reaffirmed. I desire to know whether I am condemned or acquitted, and whether I may still presume to hold my head as high as the noble lord who moved to have my words taken down." To this no answer was given.

It was easy for the ministry to pass what vote they pleased; but they found that every attempt

to disgrace such a man only recoiled on themselves. His glowing defence of the people's rights regained him the popularity he had lost by his accession to the peerage. The city of London addressed him in terms of grateful acknowledgment, thanking him for the zeal he had shown in support of those most valuable privileges, the right of election and the right of petition. The people again looked up to him as their best and truest friend; and though raised to an earldom, they felt, in the language of his great-grandson, Lord Mahon, that "his elevation over them was like that of Rochester Castle over his own shores of Chatham—that he was raised above them only for their protection and defence."

After this session, Lord Chatham was unable to attend on Parliament except on occasional and distant intervals. His time was chiefly spent on his estate at Burton Pynsent, superintending the education of his children, and mingling in their amusements with the liveliest pleasure, notwithstanding his many infirmities. He tried to interest them, not only in their books, but in rural employments and country scenery. He took great delight in landscape gardening, and in speaking of its fine arrangements for future effect, called it, with his usual felicity of expression, "the prophetic eye of taste."

"When his health would permit," says the tutor to his son, "he never suffered a day to pass without giving instruction of some sort to his children, and seldom without reading the Bible with them." He seems, indeed, to have studied the Scriptures with great care from early life. He read them not only for the guidance of his faith, but for improvement in oratory. "Not content," says Lord Lyttleton, "to correct and instruct his imagination by the works of men, he borrowed his noblest images from the language of inspiration." His practice in this respect was imitated by Burke, Junius, and other distinguished writers of the day. At no period in later times has secular eloquence gathered so many of her images and allusions from the pages of the Bible.

A GREAT SPEECH.

Thus withdrawn from the cares and labours of public life, there was only one subject which could induce him to appear in Parliament. This was the contest with America. He knew more of America than any other man in England, except Burke. During the war in which he wrested Canada from the French, he was brought into the most intimate communication with the leading men of the colonies. He knew their spirit and the resources of the country. Two of the smallest states (Massachusetts and Connecticut) had, in

answer to his call, raised twelve thousand men for that war in a single year. Feelings of personal attachment united therefore with a sense of justice to make him the champion of America.

Feeble and decrepit as he was, he forgot his age and sufferings. He stood forth in presence of the whole empire to arraign as a breach of the Constitution every attempt to tax a people who had no representatives in Parliament. It was the era of his sublimest efforts in oratory. With no private ends or party purposes to accomplish, with a consciousness of the exalted services he had rendered to his country, he spoke "as one having authority," and denounced the war with a prophetic sense of the shame and disaster attending such a conflict. His voice of warning was lost, indeed, upon the ministry, and on the great body of the nation, who welcomed a relief from their burdens at the expense of America. But it rang through every town and hamlet of the colonies; and when he proclaimed in the ears of Parliament, "I rejoice that America has resisted," millions of hearts on the other side of the Atlantic swelled with a prouder determination to resist even to the end.

Before we arrive at the last solemn scene of all there is one circumstance personally relating to Lord Chatham, and illustrative of his character, which must be noticed. It will also enable us to give the only example of his high-toned eloquence which our limited space enables us to present to the reader.

In one of the debates on the conduct of the war, Lord Suffolk had said, in reply to an objection which had been made to the employment of the Indians, that "we were justified in using all the means which God and nature had put into our hands."

In reply to this, Lord Chatham burst out into one of his finest strains:—

"I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation; I feel myself impelled by every duty.

"My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. 'That God and nature put into our hands!' I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the

cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating—literally, my Lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles!

"Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war and a detester of murderous barbarity.

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, these holy ministers of religion, and pious pastors of our Church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God; I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of their country; I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn to save us from this pollution; I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to vindicate your own; I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character; I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion—the *Protestant religion*—of this country against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us, to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child, and to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren, to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war! hell-hounds, I say, of savage war. Spain armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion; endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

"My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry; and I again call upon your Lordships and the united powers of the state to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it the indelible

stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore these holy prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House and the country from this sin.

"My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles."

This is, no doubt, splendid oratory; but it was retorted on Lord Chatham, and his friend Lord Amherst was obliged reluctantly to confess to the fact, that the Indians *had been* employed in the Canadian war in Pitt's own administration. Lord Chatham attempted to make some distinction between the cases, which, however, did not altogether protect him from the recoil of his own eloquence.

THE DEATH OF LORD CHATHAM.

But, while he thus stood forth as the champion of America, he never for a moment yielded to the thought of her separation from the mother-country. When the Duke of Richmond brought forward his motion, in April, 1778, advising the king to withdraw his fleets and armies, and to effect a reconciliation with America, involving her independence, Lord Chatham heard of his design with unspeakable concern, and resolved to go once more to the House of Lords for the purpose of resisting the motion.

He entered the House for the last time, leaning upon two friends, wrapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated. Under his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man: yet never was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species. He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by two friends. He took one hand from his crutch, and raised it, casting his eyes towards Heaven, and said, "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—I have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave—I am risen from my bed, to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this House." The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the House was most affecting; if any one had dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard. At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm his voice

rose, and was as harmonious as ever : oratorical and affecting, perhaps, more than at any former period, both from his own situation and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke.

He rejoiced that he was yet alive to give his vote against so impolitic, so inglorious a measure as the acknowledgment of the independency of America ; and declared that he would rather be in his grave than see the lustre of the British throne tarnished, the dignity of the empire disgraced, the glory of the nation sunk to such a degree as it must be when the dependency of America on the sovereignty of Great Britain was given up.

After speaking for some time with great enthusiasm, he sat down exhausted, and the Duke of Richmond rose to explain. While he was speaking, Lord Chatham listened to him with attention, and when his grace had ended, rose to reply ; but his strength failed him, and he fell backwards in convulsions. He was immediately supported by the peers around him, and by his younger sons, who happened to be present as spectators. He was conveyed first to the house of Mr. Sargent, in Downing Street, and thence to Hayes, where he lingered for three days ; and Monday, the 11th of May, terminated a glorious life by a death, it may be said, in the service of his country, and on the very field of battle.

That same evening—on the motion of Colonel Barré, formerly the bitterest of his enemies, but lately become a close ally—the House of Commons voted him a public funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey—a tribute in which men of all parties generously and cordially joined.

LORD CHATHAM AS AN ORATOR.

Lord Chatham has been generally regarded as the most powerful orator of modern times. He certainly ruled the British senate as no other man has ever ruled over a great deliberative assembly. There have been stronger minds in our Parliament, abler reasoners, profounder statesmen, but no man has ever controlled it with such absolute sway by the force of his eloquence. He did things which no other human being but himself would ever have attempted. He carried through triumphantly what would have covered any other man with ridicule and disgrace.

His success, no doubt, was owing in part to his extraordinary personal advantages. Few men have ever received from the hands of nature so many of the outward qualifications of an orator ; in his best days, before he was crippled by the gout, his figure was tall and erect, his attitude imposing, his gestures energetic even to vehemence, yet tempered with dignity and grace. Such

was the power of his eye, that he very often cowed down an antagonist in the midst of his speech, and threw him into utter confusion by a single glance of scorn or contempt. Whenever he rose to speak, his countenance glowed with animation, and was lighted up with all the varied emotions of his soul.

"His voice," says a contemporary, "was both full and clear. His lowest whisper was distinctly heard ; his middle notes were sweet and beautifully varied ; and when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the House was completely filled with the volume of sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate, then he had spirit-cheering notes which were perfectly irresistible." The prevailing character of his delivery was majesty and force.

Much, however, as he owed to these advantages, it was his character as a man which gave him his surprising ascendancy over the minds of others. There was a fascination for all hearts in his lofty bearing, his generous sentiments, his comprehensive policy, his grand conceptions of the height to which England might be raised as arbiter of Europe, his preference of her honour over all material considerations. There was a fascination, too, for the hearts of all who loved freedom in that intense spirit of liberty which was the ruling principle of his life. From the time when he opposed Sir Charles Wager's Bill for breaking open private houses to press seamen, declaring that he would shoot any man, even an officer of justice, who should thus enter his dwelling, he stood forth to the end of his days the defender of the people's rights. It was no vain ostentation of liberal principles, no idle pretence to gain influence or office. The nation saw it ; and while Pulteney's defection brought disgrace on the name of patriot, the character of Pitt stood higher than ever in the public estimation. His political integrity, no less than his eloquence, formed an era in the senate, and that comparative elevation of principle which we now find among our politicians, dates back for its commencement to his noble example. It was his glory as a statesman, not that he was always in the right, or even consistent with himself upon minor points ; but that, at a time of shameless profligacy, when political principle was universally laughed at, and every one, in the words of Walpole, "had his price," he stood forth to stem the torrent of a downward age.

The range of his powers as a speaker was uncommonly wide. He was equally qualified to conciliate and subdue. When he saw fit, no man could be more plausible and ingratiating ; no one had ever a more winning address, or was more adroit in obviating objections and allaying pre-

judice. When he changed his tone, and chose rather to subdue, he had the sharpest weapons at command—wit, humour, irony, overwhelming ridicule, and contempt. His *forte* was the terrible; and he employed with equal ease the indirect mode of attack with which he so often tortured Lord Mansfield, and the open, withering invective with which he trampled down Lord Suffolk. His burst of astonishment and horror at the proposal of the latter to let loose the Indians on the settlers of America is without a parallel in our language for severity and force. In all such conflicts, the energy of his will and his boundless self-confidence secured him the victory. Never did that "erect countenance" sink before the eye of an antagonist. Never was he known to hesitate or falter. He had a feeling of superiority over every one around him, which acted on his mind with the force of an inspiration. He *knew* he was right. He *knew* he could save England, and that no one else could do it! Such a spirit, in great crises, is the unfailing instrument of command, both to the general and the orator. We may call it arrogance; but even arrogance here operates upon most minds with the potency of a charm; and when united to a vigour of genius and firmness of purpose like his, men of the strongest intellect fall down before it, and admire—perhaps hate—what they cannot resist.

The leading characteristic of eloquence is *force*; and force in the orator depends mainly on the action of strongly excited feeling on a powerful intellect. The intellect of Chatham was of the highest order, and was peculiarly fitted for the broad and rapid combinations of oratory. It was at once comprehensive, acute, and vigorous; enabling him to embrace the largest range of thought, to see at a glance what most men labour out by slow degrees, and to grasp his subject with a vigour, and hold on to it with a firmness, which have rarely, if ever, been equalled. But his intellect never acted alone. It was impossible for him to speak on any subject in a dry and abstract manner; all the operations of his mind were pervaded and governed by intense feeling.

The great preponderance of feeling in Lord Chatham made him, in the strictest sense of the term, an extemporaneous speaker. His mind was, indeed, richly furnished with thought upon every subject which came up for debate, and the matter he brought forward was always thoroughly matured and strikingly appropriate; but he seems never to have studied its arrangement, much less to have bestowed any care on the language, imagery, or illustrations. Everything fell into its place at the moment. He poured out his thoughts and

feelings just as they arose in his mind; and hence, on one occasion, when despatches had been received which could not safely be made public, he said to one of his colleagues, "I must not speak to-day; I shall let out the secret." It is also worthy of remark, that nearly all these great passages, which came with such startling power upon the House, arose out of some unexpected turn of the debate, some incident or expression which called forth these sudden bursts of eloquence.

THE CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM.

The following "Character of Lord Chatham," by the famous Irish statesman and orator, Henry Grattan, has been often quoted:—

"The Secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed Majesty; and one of his Sovereigns (George III.) thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England—his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him; with one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite, and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished, always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding, animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

"The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent—those sensations which soften and allure, and vulgarize, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and decide.

"Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through its history."

S. T. A.



• CHARLES JAMES FOX.

"I knew him when he was nineteen; since which time he has risen by slow degrees to be the most brilliant and accomplished orator the world ever saw."—BURKE.

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BIRTH, FAMILY, AND EARLY YEARS.

CHARLES JAMES FOX was born on the 24th of January, 1749, and was the second son of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, and Lady Georgiana Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. His father, the great antagonist of Lord Chatham, was a man of

amiable feelings but dissolute habits; poor, as the natural consequence, during most of his life, and governed in his politics by the master principle of the Walpole school—love of power for the sake of money.

In 1757, Lord Holland obtained the appointment of Paymaster of the Forces. This office, as

then managed, afforded almost boundless opportunities for acquiring wealth; and so skilfully did he use his advantages, that within eight years he amassed a fortune of several hundred thousand pounds. A part of this money he spent in erecting a magnificent house on his estate at Kingsgate, in the Isle of Thanet. "Upon a bleak promontory," says one of his contemporaries, "projecting into the German Ocean, he constructed a splendid villa worthy of Lucullus, and adorned it with a colonnade in front of the building, such as Ictinus might have raised by order of Pericles. Here Charles spent a portion of his early years, and the estate fell to him as a part of his patrimony after his father's death."

AN EXTRAORDINARY EDUCATION.

Lord Holland's eldest son Stephen being affected with a nervous disease which impaired his faculties, Charles, who gave early proof of extraordinary talents, became the chief object of pride and hope to the family. His father resolved to train him up for public life, and to make him what he himself had always endeavoured to be, a leader in fashionable dissipation, and yet an orator and a statesman. He had lived in the days of Bolingbroke, and it would almost seem as if he intended to make that gifted but profligate adventurer the model of his favourite child. He began by treating the boy with extreme indulgence. His maxim was, "Let nothing be done to break his spirit;" and with this view he permitted no one either to contradict or to punish the boy. On the contrary, he encouraged him in the wildest whims and caprices. When about five years old, Charles was standing one day by his father as he wound up his watch, and said, "I have a great mind to break that watch." "No, Charles, that would be very foolish." "But indeed I must do it—I *must*." "Nay," replied the father, "if you have so violent an inclination I won't baulk it," and he gave the watch to the boy, who instantly dashed it on the floor.

Amid all this indulgence, however, his studies were not neglected; he showed surprising quickness in performing his tasks, and the same ready and retentive memory for which he was remarkable in after life. His father made him, from childhood, his companion and equal, encouraging him to converse freely at table, and to enter into all the questions discussed by public men who visited the family. Charles usually acquitted himself to the admiration of all, and was, no doubt, indebted to this early habit of thinking and speaking with freedom for that frankness

and intrepidity, amounting often to rashness, which distinguished him as an orator. Lord Holland, in the meantime, was steadily arriving at the object he had in view. He wrought upon his son's pride; he inflamed him with that love of superiority which is usually the most powerful excitement of genius; he continually pointed him to public life as the great theatre of his labours and triumphs.

AT SCHOOL.

Under such influences, his progress at a private school of distinction, where he was sent from childhood, was very rapid; the severe discipline pursued having the effect at once to repress his irregularities and to turn his passion for superiority in the right direction. Here he laid the foundation of that intimate acquaintance with the classics for which he was distinguished beyond most men of his age.

Charles was next sent to Eton, where he joined associates who were less advanced than himself in classical literature. This made him a leader in their studies and amusements. In everything that called for eloquence, especially, whether in public meetings or private debates, or the contentions of the playground, he held an acknowledged pre-eminence. On such occasions he always manifested those kind and generous feelings for which he was distinguished throughout life: espousing the cause of the weaker party, and exerting all his powers of oratory on behalf of those who were injured or neglected through prejudice or partiality for others.

Never content with mediocrity, he endeavoured to surpass his companions in everything he undertook; and his habits of self-indulgence unfortunately taking a new direction, he now became a leader in all the dissipation of the school. To complete the mischief, his father took him, at the age of fourteen, on a trip to Spa, at that time the great centre of gambling for Europe; and, incredible as it may seem, initiated him into all the mysteries of the gaming table. At the end of three months Charles returned to Eton with that fatal passion which so nearly proved his ruin for life, and immediately introduced gambling among his companions to an extent never before heard of in a public school. Under his influence, one of the boys, it is said, contracted debts of honour to the amount of ten thousand pounds, which he felt bound to pay when he arrived at manhood.

AT COLLEGE; FOREIGN TRAVEL.

At the end of six years Charles was removed to Oxford, where he continued two years, still maintaining the highest rank as a scholar. He

left the university at the age of seventeen, and entered at once upon manhood. The light restraints imposed during his education being now removed, he became sole master of his own actions; and the prodigal liberality of his father supplied him with unbounded means of indulgence. For two years he travelled on the Continent, making great progress in Italian and French literature, and plunging, at the same time, into all the extravagance and vice of the most corrupt capitals of Europe. His father had succeeded, even beyond his intentions, in making him "a leader in fashionable dissipation;" and he now began to fear that he had thus defeated his main design, that of training him up to be an "orator and a statesman." He recalled him from the Continent, and was compelled in doing so—as afterwards appeared from his banker's accounts—to pay one hundred thousand pounds of debt contracted in two years. To wean him from habits which he had himself engendered, Lord Holland now resorted to the extraordinary expedient of having his son returned as a member of Parliament for Midhurst, a borough under his control, in May 1768, being a year and eight months before he was eligible by law.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PUZZLE.

The conduct of the elder Fox is one of the strangest of psychological puzzles. It is true that he was weakly fond of the boy he was so proud of; but he was a veteran man of the world, and one of the shrewdest of politicians. No man was more capable of appreciating the promise that made brilliant political success almost a certainty to Charles; and political success was the object of Lord Holland's idolatry. No man was more keenly alive to the material advantages of the great fortune that might be made in a successful political career. He must have seen that his son was likely enough, in any case, to fall into the snares with which society surrounded him; that he was almost predestined by his personal fascinations to be a *roué*, and that on the slightest provocation he would become a gambler. And yet he not merely threw the reins on the boy's neck, but deliberately initiated him into vice and dissipation. It was the more gratuitous and the more reprehensible that Charles's refined and literary tastes might have been an antidote to the indulgence of his passions. Odd as it appears to those who have formed their impressions of the man of fashion and the statesman, Charles Fox was the most studious of his set at college, and held up as an example by his tutors to his fellow-students. In after life his fits

of devotion to study, with his intense and versatile powers of application, made him master of many branches of knowledge to which those who passed for authorities had devoted a lifetime. Had he been born in another family, and in other circumstances, it is conceivable that he might have become a student and a recluse, even a bookworm. Had his father encouraged him to follow his early bent, he would have spared his son many follies and regrets, and himself a vast amount of the money he had accumulated at the cost of the nation. Three more years of such a life as he led at Oxford would have fortified his character and moulded his tastes; would have preserved him from untold evil, and quadrupled his influence as a statesman. But everything which the poor fellow tried to do for himself was undone by the fatal caprice of his father. Lord Holland, then and repeatedly afterwards, dragged him away from his studies to take him as his companion abroad. He set him, as we can easily believe, the very worst of examples, and seems to have actually forced him into the temptations in which Paris and other continental cities abounded. It extenuates his paternal weakness, although it aggravated the mischief he did, that from first to last he never grudged the sums of money for which his son drew upon him with the most profuse and affectionate confidence.

IN PARLIAMENT.

Fox took his seat in Parliament in November, 1768. His deficiency in age was perhaps unknown; at any rate no one came forward to dispute his right. By education he was a Tory; he had distinguished himself when at Paris by some lively French verses reflecting severely on Lord Chatham; and in his feelings, habits, and associations, he was opposed to the cause of popular liberty. He now came out as a warm supporter of the Duke of Grafton, with whom his father was closely allied in politics, just after Junius's first attack on the administration of his Grace; and delivered his maiden speech on the 15th of April, 1769, in support of the flagrant outrage on the rights of the people, the seating of Colonel Lattrell, as a member of the House, in the place of John Wilkes. Horace Walpole speaks of him as distinguished for his "insolence" on this occasion, as well as the "infinite superiority of his parts."

When Lord North came in as minister in February 1770, Fox, through the influence of his father, was appointed a Junior Lord of the Admiralty, and three years after, one of the Lords

of the Treasury. His time was now divided between politics and gambling, and he was equally devoted to both. In the House he showed great, though irregular, power as an orator; and at the gaming table he often lost from five to ten thousand pounds at a single sitting. Though he differed from Lord North on the Royal Marriage and Toleration Act, he supported his Lordship in all his political measures, and even went at times beyond him, declaring that, for his part, he "paid no regard whatever to the voice of the people;" urging the imprisonment of Alderman Oliver and the Lord Mayor of London for the steps they took to guard the liberty of the press; and inveighing against Sergeant Glynn's motion respecting the rights of juries in cases of libel, the very rights which he afterwards secured to them by an Act of Parliament.

AN ABRUPT DISMISSAL.

To these views, derived from his father, and confirmed by all his present associates, he might very possibly have adhered through life, except for a breach which now took place between him and Lord North; so much do political principles depend on party connections and private interests! His Lordship found Fox too warm and independent in his zeal; he sometimes broke the ranks and took his place as a leader; and in one instance, when Woodfall was brought to the bar of the House for making too free a use of his press, Fox proposed an amendment to the motion made by his Lordship, and actually carried it against him, under which Woodfall was committed to Newgate—a measure never contemplated by the Ministry, and only calculated to injure them by its harshness. Such a violation of party discipline could not be overlooked, and it was decided at once to dismiss him. A day or two after (February 28th, 1774), as he was seated on the Treasury Bench conversing with Lord North, the following note was handed to him by the messenger of the House:—

"Sir,—His Majesty has thought proper to order a new commission of the Treasury to be made, in which I do not perceive your name. (Signed) North."

The cool contempt of this epistle shows the low esteem in which he was held by the Ministry, who plainly regarded him as a reckless gambler, whose friendship or hatred, notwithstanding all his talents, could never be of the least importance to any party.

His father, after expending an enormous sum in paying his debts, died about this time, leaving

him an ample fortune, including his splendid estate in the Isle of Thanet; but the whole was almost immediately gone, sacrificed to the imperious passion which had taken entire possession of his soul. Paris and London were equal witnesses to its power.

It is probable that nothing but a blow like this, showing him the contempt into which he had sunk, rousing all his pride and driving him into the arms of new associates, whose talents commanded his respect, and whose instructions moulded his political principles, could ever have saved Fox from the ruin in which he was involved. As it was, years passed away before he gained a complete mastery over this terrible infatuation; and it may here be stated by way of anticipation, that his friends at a much later period (1793), finding him involved from time to time in the most painful embarrassments from this cause, united in a subscription, with which they purchased him an annuity of £3000 a year, which could not be alienated; and after this testimony of their regard, he wholly abstained from gambling.

FORMING NEW PRINCIPLES.

The period at which Mr. Fox now stood was peculiarly favourable to the formation of new and more correct political principles. Hitherto he had none that could be called his own; he had probably never reflected an hour on the subject; he had simply carried out those high aristocratic ideas with which he was taught from childhood to look down upon the body of the people. But a change in the policy of Lord North now made America the great object of political interest. Within a few weeks, the Boston Port Bill, and its attendant measures, were brought forward, designed to starve a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, with the adjoining province, into submission. The charter of that province was violently set aside; a British governor was empowered to send persons three thousand miles across the Atlantic to be tried in England for supposed offences in America; and British troops were to be employed in carrying out these acts of violence and outrage.

Fox was naturally one of the most humane of men. With his abhorrence of every species of cruelty, oppression, and injustice, quickened by the resentment which he naturally entertained against Lord North, it could not require much argument from Burke, Dunning, Barré, and other leaders of the Opposition, into whose society he was now thrown, to make him enter with his whole soul into all their views of these violent

oppressive acts. He came forward at once to resist, and was the first man in the House who took the ground of denying the right of Parliament to tax the Colonies without their consent. He accused Lord North of the most flagrant treachery to his adherents in New England, and his Lordship soon found that he had raised up a most formidable antagonist where he had least expected one.

Fox now entered into debate, not occasionally as before, when the whim struck him, but earnestly and systematically, on almost every question that came up; and his proficiency may be learned from a letter of Gibbon,—who was then a member of the House and a supporter of the Ministry,—in which, speaking of a debate on the subject of America in February, 1775, he says: "The principal men both days were Fox and Wedderburne, on opposite sides: the latter displayed his usual talents; the former, taking the vast compass of the question before us, discovered powers for regular debate which neither his friends hoped nor his enemies dreaded."

The sentiments of Fox respecting the treatment of America, though springing, perhaps, at first from humane feelings alone, or opposition to Lord North, involved, as their necessary result, an entire change of his political principles. He was now brought, for the first time, to look at public measures, not on the side of privilege or prerogative, but of the rights and interests of the people. From that moment, all the sympathies of his nature took a new direction, and he went on identifying himself more and more, to the end of life, with the popular part of the Constitution and the cause of free principles throughout the world. It was a happy circumstance for him, in coming out so strongly at the early age of twenty-five, that he enjoyed the friendship of some of the ablest men among the Whigs, on whom he could rely with confidence in forming his opinions and conducting his political inquiries.

A POWERFUL DEBATER.

The ambition of Fox was now directed to a single object, that of making himself a *powerful debater*. A debater, in the distinctive sense of the term, is described by a lively writer as one who goes out in all weathers—one who, instead of carrying with him to the House a set speech drawn up beforehand, has that knowledge of general principles, that acquaintance with each subject as it comes up, that ready use of all his faculties, which enables him to meet every question where he finds it, to grapple with his

antagonist at a moment's warning, and to avail himself of every advantage which springs from a perfect command of all his powers and resources.

In addition to great native quickness and force of mind, long-continued practice is requisite to make a successful debater. Fox once remarked to a friend that he had literally gained his skill "at the expense of the House;" for he had sometimes tasked himself, during a whole session, to speak on every question that presented itself, whether it interested him or not, as a means of exercising and training his faculties.

He now found it necessary to be intimately acquainted with the history of the Constitution and the political relations of the country; and though he continued for some years to be a votary of pleasure, he had such wonderful activity of mind and force of memory, that he soon gained an amount of information on these topics such as few men in the House possessed, and was able to master every subject in debate with surprising facility and completeness. In all this he thought of but one thing—not language, not imagery, not even the best disposition and sequence of his ideas, but *argument*; how to put down his antagonist, how to make out his own case. His love of argument was perhaps the most striking trait in his character. Even in conversation he was not satisfied, like most men, to throw out a remark, and leave it to make its own way; he must *prove* it, and subject the remarks of others to the same test; so that discussion formed the staple of all his thoughts, and entered to a great extent into all his intercourse with others.

With such habits and feelings he rose, says Burke, "by slow degrees to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw." There was certainly nothing of envy or disparagement—though charged upon him with great bitterness by Dr. Parr—in Burke's selecting the term "debater" to express the distinctive character of Fox. The character is one which gives far more weight and authority to a speaker in Parliament, than the most fervid oratory when unattended by the qualities we have mentioned above.

Notwithstanding the irregularities of his private life, to which Fox still unfortunately clung, he gradually rose as a speaker in Parliament, until, at the end of Lord North's administration, he was the acknowledged leader of the Whig party in the House. In many respects he was peculiarly qualified for such a station. He had a fine genial spirit, characteristic of the family, which drew his political friends around

him with all the warmth of a personal attachment. "He was a man," said Burke, soon after their separation from each other, "who was made to be loved." His feelings were generous, open, and manly; the gaming-table had not made him, as it does most men, callous or morose; he was remarkably unassuming in his manners, yet frank and ardent in urging his views; he was above everything like trick or duplicity, and was governed by the impulses of a humane and magnanimous disposition. These things, in connection with his tact and boldness, qualified him pre-eminently to be a leader of a Whig Opposition, while his rash turn of mind, resulting from the errors of his early training, would operate less to his injury in such a situation; and his very slight regard for political consistency would as yet have no opportunity to be developed.

AS SECRETARY OF STATE; RESIGNATION.

It was with these characteristics that, at the end of the long struggle which drove Lord North from power, Fox came into office as Secretary of State, under Lord Rockingham, in March, 1782. This administration was terminated in thirteen weeks by the death of his Lordship, and Fox confidently expected to be made Prime Minister. But he had now to experience the natural consequence of his reckless spirit and disregard of character. The King would not, for a moment, entertain the idea of placing at the head of affairs a man who, besides his notorious dissipation, had beggared himself by gambling, and was still the slave of that ruinous passion. Nor was King George alone in his feelings. Reflecting men of the Whig party, who were out of the circle of Fox's immediate influence, had long been scandalized by the profligacy of his life.

In 1779, Dr. Price, who went beyond him in his devotion to liberal principles, remarked with great severity on Fox's conduct, in a Fast Sermon, which was widely circulated in print. "Can you imagine," said he, "that a spendthrift in his own concerns will make an economist in managing the concerns of others?—that a wild gamester will take due care of the state of a kingdom?—Treachery, vanity, and corruption must be the effects of dissipation, voluptuousness, and impiety. These sap the foundations of virtue; they render men necessitous and supple, ready at any time to fly to a court in order to repair a shattered fortune, and procure supplies for prodigality."

In addition to this, Fox had made himself personally obnoxious to George III by another exhibition of rashness. He had treated the

King with great indignity in his speeches on the American war, pointing directly to his supposed feelings, and determination to rule in a manner forbidden by the Constitution, and plainly implying that he was governed by passions unbecoming his station as a King and disgraceful to his character as a man. It is difficult to understand how Fox could allow himself to indulge in such language, whatever may have been his private convictions, if he hoped ever to be made Premier; and it was certainly to be expected, for these reasons, as well as those mentioned above, that the King would never place him at the head of the Government, while he could find any other man who was competent to fill the station. He accordingly made Lord Shelburne Prime Minister, early in July, 1782; and Fox instantly resigned.

COALITION WITH LORD NORTH.

This step led to another, which was the great misfortune of Fox's life. Parties were so evenly balanced at the opening of the next Parliament in December, 1782, that neither the Minister nor either of his opponents had the command of the House. According to an estimate made by Gibbon, Lord Shelburne had one hundred and forty adherents, Lord North one hundred and twenty, and Fox ninety, leaving a considerable number who were unattached. Early in February, 1783, a report crept abroad that a coalition was on the *tapis* between Fox and Lord North. The story was at first treated as an idle tale. A coalition of some kind was indeed expected, because the Government could not be administered without an amalgamation of parties; but that Fox could ever unite with Lord North, after their bitter animosities and the glaring contrast of their principles on almost every question in politics, seemed utterly incredible. There was nothing of a personal nature to prevent an arrangement between Lord Shelburne and Lord North; but Fox had for years assailed his opponent in such language as seemed for ever to forbid any intercourse between the men, or any union of their interests as politicians. He had denounced him as "the most infamous of mankind," as "the greatest criminal of the State, whose blood must expiate the calamities he had brought upon his country;" and as if with the design of making it impossible for himself to enter into such an alliance, he had, only eleven months before, said of Lord North and his whole Ministry in the House of Commons: "From the moment I should make any terms with one of them, I would rest satisfied to be

called the most infamous of mankind. I could not for an instant think of a coalition with men, who in every public and private transaction as Ministers, have shown themselves void of every principle of honour and honesty : in the hands of such men I would not trust my honour even for a minute."

Still rumours of a coalition became more and more prevalent, until on February 17th, 1783, says Wilberforce, in relating the progress of events, "when I reached the House, I inquired, 'Are the intentions of Lord North and Fox sufficiently known to be condemned?' 'Yes,' said Henry Banks, 'and the more strongly the better.'" The debate was on Lord Shelburne's treaty of peace with America : and every eye was turned to the slightest movements of the ex-Minister and his old antagonist, until at a late hour of the evening, Lord North came down from the gallery where he had been sitting, and took his place beside Fox. His Lordship then rose and attacked the treaty with great dexterity and force, as bringing disgrace upon the country by the concessions it made. Fox followed in the same strain, adding, in reference to himself and Lord North, that all causes of difference between them had ceased with the American war. The coalition was now complete. The debate continued till nearly eight o'clock the next morning, when Lord Shelburne was defeated by a majority of sixteen votes, and was compelled soon after to resign.

Next came the Coalition Ministry. To this the King submitted with the utmost reluctance, after labouring in vain first to persuade Pitt to undertake the Government, and then to obtain, as a personal favour from Lord North, the exclusion of Fox. So strong were the feelings of His Majesty, that he hesitated and delayed for six weeks, until, driven by repeated addresses from the House, he was obliged to yield ; and this ill-fated combination came into power on the 2nd April, 1783, with the Duke of Portland as its head, and Fox and Lord North as principal Secretaries of State.

"The occurrence of this coalition," says Mr. Cooke, one of Mr. Fox's warmest admirers, "is greatly to be deplored, as an example to men who, without any of the power, may nevertheless feel inclined to imitate the errors of Fox. It is to be deplored as a blot on the character of a great man, as a precedent which strikes at the foundation of political morality, and as a weapon in the hands of those who would destroy all confidence in the honesty of public men."

The laxity of principle which it shows in Fox

may be traced to the errors of his early education. It was the result of the pernicious habit in which he was trained, of gratifying every desire without the least regard to consequences, and the still more pernicious maxims taught him by his father, that "brilliant talents would atone for every kind of delinquency, and that, in politics especially, anything would be pardoned to a man of great designs and splendid abilities." Certain it is that Fox could never understand why he was condemned so severely for his union with Lord North. As an opponent, he had spoken of him, indeed, in rash and bitter tones, but never with a malignant spirit, for nothing was farther from his disposition ; and knowing the character of the man, we can credit the statement of Gibbon, who was intimate with both, "that in their political contests these great antagonists had never felt any *personal* animosity ; that their reconciliation was easy and sincere ; and that their friendship had never been clouded by the shadow of suspicions and jealousies."

Every one now feels that Mr. Fox uttered his real sentiments when he said, "It is not in my nature to bear malice or ill-will ; my friendships are perpetual ; my enmities are not so : *amicitiæ sempiternæ inimiciæ placabiles*." But he had thus far shown himself to the world only on the worst side of his character ; and it is not surprising that most men considered him (what in fact he appeared to be on the face of the transaction) as a reckless politician, bent on the possession of power at whatever sacrifice of principle or consistency it might cost him. Even the warmest Whigs regarded him, to a great extent, in the same light. "From the moment this coalition was formed," says Bishop Watson, "I lost all confidence in public men." "The gazettes," says Sir Samuel Romilly in a letter to a friend, "have proclaimed to you the scandalous alliance between Fox and Lord North. It is not Fox alone, but his whole party ; so much so that it is no exaggeration to say, that of all the public characters of this devoted country (Mr. Pitt only excepted), there is not a man who has, or deserves, the nation's confidence."

THE EAST INDIA BILL.

The great measure of the Coalition Ministry was Fox's East India Bill. Perilous as the subject was to a new administration lying under the jealousy of the people, and the hostility of the King, it could not be avoided ; and Fox met it with a fearless resolution which at least demands our respect. The whole nation called for stronger measures, and Fox produced a measure stronger

than any one had contemplated. He at once cut the knot which politicians had long endeavoured to untie. He annulled the charter of the East India Company, and after providing for the payment of their debts, he took all their concerns into the hands of the Government at home, placing the civil and military affairs of India under the control of a board of seven commissioners, and putting their commercial interests into the hands of a second board, to be managed for the benefit of the shareholders.

Never since the Revolution of 1688 had any measure of the Government produced such a ferment in this country. Lawyers exclaimed against the Bill as a violation of chartered rights; all the corporate bodies of the kingdom saw in it a precedent which might be fatal to themselves; the East India Company considered it as involving the ruin of their commercial interests; and politicians regarded it as a desperate effort of Fox, after forcing his way into office against the wishes of the King, to set himself above the King's reach, and by this vast accession of patronage, to establish his Ministry for life.

Fox had again to suffer the bitter consequences of his disregard of character. The objections set up were plausible, and some of the provisions of the Bill were certainly impolitic for one situated as he was. Yet Mr. Mill, in his "British India," speaks of the alarm excited as one "for which the ground was extremely scanty, and for which, notwithstanding the industry and art with which the advantage was improved by the opposite party, it is difficult (considering the usual apathy of the public on much more important occasions) entirely to account." As to the principal charge, Lord Campbell observes, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," "No one at the present day believes that the framers of the famous East Indian Bill had the intention imputed to them of creating a power independent of the Crown. And as to the other objections, it is obvious that any effectual scheme of Indian reform would of necessity encroach on the charter of the Company; that such encroachments must in any case be liable to abuse as precedents; and that if (as all agreed was necessary) the Government at home assumed the civil and military administration of India, a large increase of patronage must fall into the hands of Ministers which others could abuse as easily as Fox. But the real difficulty was that no one knew how far to trust him. His conduct had given boundless scope for jealousy and suspicion. He had put into the hands of his enemies the means of utterly ruining his cha-

racter; and it is undoubtedly true, as stated by one writer, that he was at this period regarded by the great body of the nation as selfish, vicious, and destitute of virtue; by thousands he was looked upon as a man with the purposes of a Catiline and the manners of a Lovelace."

Under all these difficulties Fox placed his reliance on his majority in the House, and went forward with an unbroken spirit, trusting to time, and especially to the character of the men he should name as commissioners, for the removal of this widespread opposition. He introduced his Bill on the 18th November, 1783, in a speech explaining its import and design; and at the end of twelve days, after one of the hardest fought battles which ever took place in the House, he closed the debate with a speech of great ability, in reply to his numerous opponents, and especially to Dundas and Pitt.

A STRONG OPPOSITION; DISMISSAL OF THE MINISTRY.

The Bill passed the Commons by a vote of 217 to 103; but when it came up in the House of Lords, it met with a new and more powerful resistance. Lord Temple, a near relation of Pitt, had obtained a private audience of the King, and represented the subject in such a light that His Majesty commissioned him to say that "whoever voted for the East Indian Bill were not only not his friends, but that he should consider them as his enemies." At its first reading, Lord Thurlow denounced it in the strongest terms; and turning to the Prince of Wales, who was present as a peer with the view to support the Bill, he added, with a dark scowl, as he looked him directly in the face, "I wish to see the Crown great and respectable, but if the present Bill should pass, it will be no longer worthy of a man of honour to wear. The King may take the diadem from his own head, and put it on the head of Mr. Fox."

An instantaneous change took place among the peerage. The King's message through Lord Temple had been secretly but widely circulated among the Lords, especially those of the royal household, who had given their proxies to the Ministry. These proxies were instantly withdrawn. Even Lord Stormont, a member of the Cabinet, who at first supported the Bill, changed sides after two days; the Prince of Wales felt unable to give Fox his vote, and the Bill was rejected by a majority of ninety-five to seventy-six. The King hastened to town the moment he learned the decision of the Lords, and at twelve o'clock the next night a messenger conveyed to

Fox and Lord North His Majesty's orders that "they should deliver up the seals of their offices, and send them by the Under Secretaries, as a personal interview on the occasion would be disagreeable to him." The other Ministers received their dismissal the next day in a note signed "Temple."

IN OPPOSITION.

But the battle was not over. Fox had still an overwhelming majority in the House; and feeling that the interference of the King was an encroachment on the rights of the Commons, he resolved to carry his resistance to the utmost extremity. Accordingly, some days after, when Pitt came in as Minister, he voted him down by so large a majority, that a division was not even called for. Again and again he voted him down, demanding of him, in each instance, to resign in accordance with parliamentary usage, and bringing upon him at last a direct vote, "That after the expressed opinion of the House, the continuance of the present Minister in office is contrary to constitutional principles, and injurious to the interests of His Majesty and the people." Earl Temple was terrified, and threw up his office within a few days, but Pitt stood firm.

The contest continued for three months, during which Fox delayed the supplies from time to time, and distinctly intimated that he might stop them entirely, and prevent the passing of the Mutiny Bill if Pitt did not resign. But his impetuosity carried him too far. He was in this case, as in some others, his own worst enemy. The King's interference was certainly a breach of privilege, and, under other circumstances, the whole country would have rallied round Fox to resist it. But every one now saw that the real difficulty was his exclusion from office; and when he attempted to force his way back by threatening to suspend the operations of Government, the nation turned against him more strongly than ever. They ascribed all that he did to mortified pride or disappointed ambition; they gave him no credit for those better feelings which mingled with these passions, and which he seems to have considered—so easily do men deceive themselves—as the only motives that impelled him to the violent measures he pursued.

Addresses now poured in upon the King from every quarter, entreating him not to yield. At a public meeting in Westminster Hall, Fox, who was present with a view to explain his conduct, was put down by cries of "No Great Mogul!" "No Indian tyrant!" "No usurper!" "No turn-coat!" "No dictator!" The city of

London, once strongly in his favour, now turned against him. His adherents gradually fell off, until, on a division at the end of eleven weeks, March 8th, 1784, his majority had sunk from fifty-four to a single vote. A shout of triumph now broke forth from the ministerial benches. The contest in the House was ended, and the question was carried at once to the whole country by a dissolution of Parliament.

"FOX'S MARTYRS;" THE ELECTION AT WESTMINSTER.

The election which followed in April 1784 went against the friends of Fox in every part of the kingdom; more than a hundred and sixty having lost their places and become "Fox's Martyrs," in the sportive language of the day. In Westminster, which Fox and Sir Cecil Wray had represented in the preceding Parliament, the struggle was the most violent ever known, Wray being now in opposition to his old associate.

At the end of eleven days Fox was in a minority of three hundred and eighteen, and his defeat seemed inevitable, when relief came from a quarter never before heard of in a political canvass. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, a woman of extraordinary beauty and the highest mental accomplishments, took the field in his behalf. She literally became his canvasser. She went from house to house soliciting votes, she sent her private carriage to bring mechanics and others of the lowest class to the polls; she appeared at the hustings herself, in company with Fox; and on one occasion, when a young butcher turned the laugh on her by offering his vote for a kiss, in the enthusiasm of the moment, she took him at his word and paid him on the spot.

With such an ally Fox's fortunes soon began to mend; and at the termination of forty days, when the polls were closed, he had a majority over Sir Cecil Wray of two hundred and thirty-five votes. This triumph was celebrated by a splendid procession of his friends, most of them bearing fox-tails. The Prince of Wales showed the lively interest he had taken in the contest, by joining the procession on horseback in his uniform of a colonel of the Tenth Dragoons.

But Fox was not allowed to enjoy the fruit of his victory. Sir Cecil Wray demanded a scrutiny or revision of the poll, involving enormous expense, and a delay perhaps of years in taking testimony as to disputed votes. All this time Fox was to be deprived of his seat—the object really aimed at in the whole transaction. The presiding officer lent himself to this design; he returned Lord Hood, the third candidate, as a member,

and made a report to the House that he had granted a scrutiny in relation to Sir Cecil Wray and Fox. There was no precedent for a scrutiny in a case like this, where the poll had been continued down to the very day before the meeting of Parliament, and the presiding officer was required by his writ to return *two* members for Westminster on the 18th May, being the next day. If he could avoid this—if he was authorized (instead of doing the best he could) to reserve the question, and enter on a scrutiny after the session had commenced, it is obvious that the entire representation of the country would be in the hands of the returning officers. Any one of them, from party views or corrupt motives, might deprive a member of his seat as long as he saw fit, under the pretence, as in the present case, of satisfying his conscience by a protracted scrutiny.

THE WESTMINSTER SCRUTINY.

The case came up early in the session; and Fox, being returned by a friend for the borough of Kirkwall, in the Orkney Isles, was enabled to join in the debate. Under any other circumstances Pitt would never have allowed his passions to become interested in such an affair; even if he thought the scrutiny legal, he would have seen the necessity of putting an end at once to a precedent so obnoxious to abuse. But the conflict of the previous session seems to have poisoned his mind, and he showed none of that magnanimity which we should naturally expect in one who had achieved so splendid a victory at the recent elections. He assailed Fox in the language of taunt and ungenerous sarcasm, describing him as a man on whom a sentence of banishment had been passed by his country—as “driven by the impulse of patriotic indignation an exile from his native clime, to seek refuge on the stormy and desolate shores of Ultima Thule.”

Nothing could be more admirable than the firmness and elasticity of Fox's spirit under these depressing circumstances, stripped as he was of nearly all his former supporters in the House. He seemed, like the old Romans, to gather strength and courage from the difficulties that surrounded him. On the 8th June, 1784, he discussed the subject of the Westminster scrutiny in one of the clearest and most fervid pieces of reasoning ever delivered in the House of Commons. adding, at the same time, some admonitions for Pitt and his other opponents, which effectually secured him against uncivil treatment in all their subsequent contests. Although the vote went against him at that time by a majority of 117,

the House and the country soon became satisfied that the whole proceeding was dishonourable and oppressive; and at the end of nine months, Pitt had the mortification to see his majority, so firm on every other subject, turning against him on this, and by a vote of 162 to 124, putting an end to the scrutiny and demanding an immediate return.

Fox was accordingly returned the next day. The moment he took his seat as member for Westminster, he moved that all the proceedings in regard to the scrutiny be expunged from the journals of the House. This motion was supported by Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, who, on this occasion, for the only time in his life, came out in opposition to Pitt; but the majority were unwilling to join him in so direct a vote of censure, and the motion was lost. Fox, however, recovered two thousand pounds damages from the presiding officer, the High Bailiff of Westminster, and a law was soon after passed providing against any farther abuses of this kind.

Fox was shortly after this time appointed one of the managers of the impeachment against Warren Hastings in 1786, and had assigned to him the second charge, relating to the oppressive treatment of Cheyte Sing, Rajah of Benares. This duty he performed in a manner which awakened general admiration, and fully sustained the high character he had already gained as a parliamentary orator.

THE REGENCY QUESTION.

In the autumn of 1788, while travelling in Italy, Fox was unexpectedly presented with the prospect of being called again to the head of affairs. The King became suddenly deranged, and if the malady continued, the Prince of Wales would, of course, be regent, and Fox his Prime Minister. A messenger with this intelligence found him at Bologna, and urged his immediate return, as the session of Parliament was soon to commence. He started at once, and never quitted his chaise during the whole journey, travelling night and day, until he reached London on the 24th November. At this time no definite anticipations could be formed with respect to the King's recovery. Parliament had voted a fortnight's recess to allow of time for deciding on the proper steps to be taken, and the political world was full of intrigue and agitation.

It was the great object of the Prince and his future Ministers to come in untrammelled; to have his authority as Regent during his father's illness established on the same footing as if he had succeeded to the throne by the King's death.

The existing Ministry, on the other hand, who believed that the King might speedily recover, were desirous to impose such restrictions on the Regency as would prevent Fox and his friends from intrenching themselves permanently in power.

A Regency Bill was framed by the Ministers, making the Prince of Wales Regent, but committing the King's person to the care of the Queen, with the right of appointing the officers of the Royal Household. It provided that the Prince should have no power over the personal property of the King, and no authority either to create new peers, or to grant any pension, place, or reversion to be held after the King's recovery, except offices made permanent by law.

Nearly three months were spent in debating this subject, every possible delay being interposed by Pitt, who was now confident of the King's recovery. Accordingly, about February 19th, 1789, His Majesty was declared by the physicians to be restored to a sound state of mind ; and Fox's prospect of office became more remote than ever, the King and the people being equally embittered against him, as having again endeavoured to establish himself in power by the use of violent and illegal means.

THE RUSSIAN ARMAMENT ; THE RIGHTS OF JURIES.

Fox's next conflict was in connection with the Russian Armament ; and here he carried the whole country with him in opposition to the warlike designs of the Ministry. The Courts of London and Berlin had demanded of the Empress of Russia, not only to desist from her war with Turkey, but to restore the numerous and important conquests she had made. Unwilling to provoke the resentment of these powerful and self-created arbiters, Catherine consented to yield everything but a small station in the Black Sea, called Ockza Kow, with the dependent territory. Pitt, under a mistaken view of the importance of this fortress, peremptorily insisted on its surrender ; the Empress, taking offence at this treatment, as peremptorily refused ; and the British Ministry made the most active preparations for war.

When the subject came before Parliament early in 1791, Fox put forth all his strength against this armament. Reflecting men throughout the country condemned Pitt for interfering in the contests of other nations ; and as the discussion went on in Parliament, Ministers found their majority so much reduced, that they promptly and wisely gave up the point in dispute. Fox

gained greatly in the public estimation by his conduct on this occasion. He appeared in his true character, that of a friend of peace ; and was justly considered as having saved the country probably from a long and bloody war, certainly from much unnecessary expense contemplated by the Ministry.

Fox likewise distinguished himself at this period by his efforts to defend the rights of juries. The law of libel, as laid down by Lord Mansfield in the case of Woodfall, restricted the jury to the question of *fact*. Was the accused guilty of publishing, and did he point his remarks at the Government ? They were not allowed to inquire into his motives, or the legality of what he said ; and the real issue was therefore in the hands of the judges, who, being appointed by the Crown, were peculiarly liable to be swayed by Court influences. This made the trial by jury in libel cases a mere nullity, and too often turned it into an instrument for crushing the liberty of the press.

Burke took up the subject at the time of Woodfall's trial, and prepared a Bill for giving juries the right to judge of the law as well as the fact ; but it was rejected by a large majority. This Bill, in all its leading features, Fox brought forward again in 1791, after the famous trial of the Dean of St. Asaph, in which Mr. Erskine made his masterly argument on the rights of juries. Pitt generously seconded Fox in this effort, but the Bill was thrown out in the House of Lords. It was passed, however, in 1792, notwithstanding the pertinacious opposition of the Law Lords Thurlow, Kenyon, and Bathurst ; and Fox had the satisfaction of thus performing one of the most important services ever rendered to the liberty of the press.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The progress of our narrative has led us forward insensibly to the midst of the French Revolution. Some one, speaking of this convulsion, remarked to Burke that it had shaken the whole world. " Yes," replied he, " and it has shaken the heart of Mr. Fox out of its place." Certain it is that everything Fox did or said on this subject, whether right or wrong, sprang directly from his heart, from the warm impulse of his humane and confiding nature. In fact, the leading statesmen of that day were all of them governed, in the part they took, far more by temperament and previous habits of thought than by any deep-laid schemes of policy. Burke was naturally cautious. His great principle in government was prescription. With him abstract right was

nothing, circumstances were everything ; so that his first inquiry in politics was, not what is true or proper in the nature of things, but what is practicable, what is expedient, what is wise and safe in the present posture of affairs. Hence, on the question of taxing America, he treated all discussions of the abstract right with utter contempt. "I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions," said he ; "I hate the sound of them." Fox, on the contrary, instantly put the question on the ground of *right* ; all the sympathies of his nature were on the side of the colonies as injured and insulted. "There is not an American," said he, "but must reject and resist the principle and the right."

With such feelings and habits of thought, it might have been foreseen from the beginning that Burke and Fox would be at utter variance respecting the French Revolution, carried on, as it was, upon the principle of the inherent "rights of man." The difficulty was greater because each of them, to a certain extent, had the truth on his side.

The first great triumph of popular violence was the attack on the Bastille on the 14th of July, 1789 ; and Fox, in referring to it in the House, quoted very happily from Cowper's "Task"—which had been recently published—the beautiful lines respecting that fortress :—

"Ye horrid towers, th' abode of broken hearts,
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to age
With music such as suits their sovereign ears :
The sighs and groans of miserable men !
There's not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fall'n at last."

So far as this event was concerned, Burke's sympathies were entirely with Fox. He said it was impossible not to admire the spirit with which the attack was dictated ; but the excesses which followed brought him out soon after as an opponent of the Revolution ; while Fox, as might be expected from one of his ardent feelings, still clung to the cause he had espoused. He lamented these excesses as truly as Burke, but his hopeful spirit led him to believe they would speedily pass away. He ascribed them to the feelings naturally created by the preceding despotism, and thus insensibly became the apologist of the revolutionary leaders, as Burke was of the court and nobility.

Fox's VIEWS.

The false position into which Fox was thus drawn was the great misfortune of his subsequent life. He had no feelings in common with the

philosophising assassins of France ; and from the moment he learned their true character, and saw the utter failure of their experiments, it is much to be regretted that he should in any way have been led to appear as their advocate. And yet it seemed impossible for one of his turn of mind to avoid it. When Austria and Russia invaded France in July 1792, for the avowed purpose of restoring the absolute power of the King, he felt, as the whole world now feels, that it was not only the worst possible policy, but a flagrant violation of national rights. He sympathised with the French. He rejoiced, and proclaimed his joy in the House of Commons, when they drove out the invaders and seized, in their turn, upon the Austrian Netherlands. So, too, on the questions in dispute between England and France, which soon after resulted in war, he condemned the course taken by his own Government as harsh and insulting. He thus sided with the French, declaring that the English Ministry had provoked the war, and were justly chargeable with the calamities it produced. And when the French, elated by their success in the Netherlands, poured forth their armies on the surrounding nations, with the avowed design of carrying out the Revolution by fire and sword, Fox was even then led by his peculiar position to palliate what he had no wish to justify. He dwelt on the provocations they had received, and showed great ingenuity in proving that the spirit of conquest and treachery which characterised the Republic was only the spirit of the Bourbons transfused into the new Government—that *they* had taught the nation and trained it up for ages to be the plunderers of mankind.

UNPOPULARITY.

It is difficult to conceive at the present day how all this grated on the ears of an immense majority of our countrymen. The world has learned many lessons from the French Revolution, and one of the most important is that which Fox was continually inculcating,—that nations, however wrong they may be in their conduct, should be left to manage their internal concerns in their own way. But the doctrines of Burke had taken complete possession of the higher class of minds throughout the country. The French were a set of demons. They had murdered their King and cast off religion ; it was therefore the duty of surrounding nations to treat them out of the pale of civilized society, to treat them as robbers and pirates ; and whatever violence might result from such treatment, was

to be charged on the revolutionary spirit of the French.

That spirit was bad enough, and would very likely, under any circumstances, have produced war; but if Fox's advice had been followed, much of the enthusiasm with which the whole French nation rushed into the contest would have been prevented, and the fire of the Revolution would probably have burned itself out within its own borders, instead of involving all Europe in the conflagration. But the great body of our countrymen were unprepared for such views, and Fox was the last man from whom they could hear anything of the kind even with patience. His early mistakes as to the Revolution had made him one of the most unpopular men in the kingdom; and it must be admitted, that while he was right in the great object at which he aimed, the nature of the argument and the warmth of his feelings made him too often seem the advocate of the French, even in their worst excesses. It was hardly possible, indeed, to oppose the war without appearing to take part with the enemy. Even Wilberforce, when he made his motion against it in 1794, was very generally suspected of revolutionary principles. "When I first went to the *terre*," said he, "after moving my amendment, the King cut me." "Your friend Mr. Wilberforce," said Windham to Lady Spencer, "will be very happy any morning to hand your Ladyship to the guillotine."

The name of Windham naturally suggests another event connected with Fox's views of the French Revolution. Nearly all his friends deserted him and became his most strenuous opponents. Burke led the way. The Duke of Portland, Lord Loughborough, Windham, and a large number of the leading Whigs followed at a later period, leaving him with only a handful of supporters in the House to maintain the contest against Pitt. Any other man, in such circumstances, would have given up in despair, but Fox's spirit seemed always to rise just in proportion to the difficulties with which he had to contend.

SEPARATION FROM BURKE.

On the termination of not merely his political alliance with Burke, but of his friendship with that great orator, it is necessary that we should say a few words.

The difference of their opinions on continental affairs had been shown so early as in February 1790, during a discussion on the Army estimates. At this time, however, each spoke of the other in terms of kindness and regard. But it was not

always thus. When on the 6th May, 1791, the Quebec Government Bill, or Bill for regulating the government of Upper and Lower Canada, came under discussion, Mr. Burke rose and was proceeding to deliver a violent diatribe against the French Revolution, when, after he had been several times ineffectually called to order, it was moved by Lord Sheffield, and seconded by Fox, "that dissertations on the French constitution, and narrations of transactions in France, are not regular nor orderly on the question; that the clauses of the Quebec Bill be read a second time." The remarks made by Fox in seconding the motion, though there seems to have been but little in them calculated to irritate, irritated Mr. Burke; and when he rose to reply, he did so under the influence of strong excitement, and complained bitterly that he had not been treated by Fox as one friend should be treated by another. He observed, towards the conclusion of his speech, that it certainly was indiscreet at his time of life to provoke enemies, or give his friends occasion to desert him; yet if his firm and steady adherence to the British constitution placed him in such a dilemma, he would risk all; and, as public duty and public prudence taught him, with his last breath exclaim, "Fly from the French constitution." Fox here whispered that there was no loss of friendship. "Yes, there is," Mr. Burke exclaimed, "I know the price of my conduct; I have done my duty at the price of my friend; our friendship is at an end." At the conclusion of Mr. Burke's speech, Fox rose, but it was some minutes before his tears allowed him to proceed. So soon as he could speak, he pressed upon Mr. Burke the claims of a friendship of five-and-twenty years' duration, but to no purpose. Mr. Burke remained relentless, and the breach was never made whole.

THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE.

While he pleaded incessantly for peace with France, Fox maintained a desperate struggle for the rights of the English people during the memorable season of agitation and alarm from 1793 to 1797. His remedy for the disaffection which prevailed so extensively among the middle and lower classes, was that of Lord Chatham: "Remove their grievances; that will restore them to peace and tranquillity." "It may be asked," said he, "what would I propose to do in times of agitation like the present? I will answer openly. If there is a tendency in the Dissenters to discontent, because they conceive themselves to be unjustly suspected and calumniated, what would I do? I would instantly repeal the Test

and Corporation Acts, and take from them, by such a step, all cause of complaint. If there are persons tinctured with a republican spirit, because they think that the representative government would be more perfect in a republic, I would endeavour to amend the representation of the Commons, and to show that the House, though not chosen by all, can have no other interest than to prove itself the representative of all. If there are men dissatisfied in Scotland, or Ireland, or elsewhere, by reason of disabilities and exemptions, of unjust prejudices, and of cruel restrictions, I would repeal the penal statutes, which are a disgrace to our law books. If I were to issue a proclamation" (the King had just issued one against seditious writings), "this should be my proclamation, 'If any man has a grievance let him bring it to the bar of the Commons' House of Parliament, with the firm persuasion of having it honestly investigated.' These are the subsidies that I would grant to government."

Such indeed were the *subsidia*, the support and strength in the hearts of his people, which the Sovereign needed. But George III. and his counsellors at that time looked only to restriction and force. A repeal of the Corporation and Tea Acts was not to be thought of, though strenuously urged by Fox, because Dr. Price and Dr. Priestley, who were leading Dissenters, had been warm friends of the French Revolution. The King would hear nothing of any relief for the Roman Catholics: his coronation oath required him to keep them in perpetual bondage. As to parliamentary reform, Fox himself at a later period saw no plan which he thought free from objections; and hence Moore and others of his friends have been led unjustly to represent him as a cold, if not even a hypocritical, advocate of this measure. But from a private letter it appears that his views at this time experienced a material change. "I think," said he, "we ought to go further toward agreeing with the democratic or popular party than at any former period."

Accordingly, in May 1797, he supported Mr. Grey's motion for reform in a speech of uncommon beauty and force. His great struggle for the rights of the people was, however, somewhat earlier, during the period which has been called, though with some exaggeration, the "Reign of Terror." Lord Loughborough and other Whigs who seceded to Pitt, had urged the Ministry, with the proverbial zeal of new converts, into the most violent measures for putting down political discussion. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended; the Traitorous Correspondence Bill made it high treason to hold intercourse with the

French, or supply them with any commodities; the Treasonable Practice Bill was designed to construe into treason a conspiracy to levy war even without an *overt act* amounting thereto; and the Seditious Meetings Bill forbade any assembly of more than fifty persons to be held for political purposes, without the licence of a magistrate. The two Bills last mentioned were so hostile to the spirit of a free government, that even Lord Thurlow opposed them in the most vehement manner. It was during the discussion of the Seditious Meetings Bill that Fox made his famous declaration that "if the Bill should pass into a law, contrary to the sense and opinion of a great majority of the nation, and if the law after it was passed should be executed according to the rigorous provisions of the Act, resistance would not be a question of duty but of prudence."

It was unfortunate for Fox that he was so often hurried into rash declarations of this kind. Threats are not usually the best mode of defending the cause of freedom. Another of his hasty expressions did him great injury about three years after. At a dinner of the Whig Club in 1798, he gave as a toast "the sovereignty of the people of Great Britain." Exactly what he meant by this it is difficult to say. He was a firm friend of the British constitution, with its three estates of King, Lords, and Commons. He always declared himself to be against a republic, and he could not therefore have wished that the functions of sovereignty should be taken from the existing head of the Government, and conferred on the body of the people or their representatives in Parliament. Whatever his meaning, it is certain that the King considered it as a personal insult, and ordered his name to be struck from the list of Privy Councillors, a step never taken in any other case during his long reign, except in that of Lord George Germaine, when convicted of dereliction of duty, if not of cowardice, at the battle of Minden.

IN RETIREMENT: PROPOSALS FOR PEACE.

Pitt's ascendancy in the House was now so complete that Fox had no motive to continue his attendance in Parliament. He therefore withdrew from public business for some years, devoting himself to literary pursuits and the society of his friends. At no time does his character appear in so amiable a point of view. He had gradually worn out his vices. His marriage with Mrs. Armstead, which was announced at a later period, exerted the happiest influence on his character. This was truly, as a friend remarked, the golden season of his life. He devoted much of his time

to the study of the classics, and especially of the Greek tragedians. At this time also he commenced his work on the Revolution of 1688, which was published after his death.

From this retirement he was temporarily called forth by an occurrence which led to one of the noblest efforts of his eloquence. In December 1799, Bonaparte was elected First Consul of France for ten years, and the day after his induction into office, he indited a letter to George III. in his own hand, making proposals for peace. Pitt, however, even refused to treat with him on the subject. Upon the 3rd February, 1800, the question came before the House on a motion for approving the course taken by the Ministry, and Fox appeared again in his place. Pitt, who felt the difficulty of the situation, had prepared himself beforehand with the utmost care. In a speech of five hours long he went back to the origin of the war, brought up minutely all the atrocities of the Revolution, dwelt on the instability of the successive Governments which had marked its progress, commented with terrible severity on the character and crimes of Bonaparte during the preceding four years, and justified, on these grounds, his backwardness to recognize the new Government, or to rely on its offers of peace.

When he concluded, at four o'clock in the morning, Fox, who was always most powerful in reply, instantly rose and answered him with a speech of nearly the same length, meeting him on all the main topics with a force of argument, a dexterity in wresting Pitt's weapons out of his hands and turning them against him, with a keenness of retort, a graphic power of description, and an impetuous flow of eloquence, to which we find no parallel in any other of his published speeches.

Fox's ardent desires for peace, though disappointed at this time, were soon after gratified by the Treaty of Amiens, at the beginning of 1802. It proved, however, to be a mere truce. War was declared by England on the 18th May, 1803. To this declaration Fox was strenuously opposed, and made a speech against it which Lord Brougham refers to as one of his greatest efforts.

IN OFFICE AGAIN.

Pitt died in January, 1806; and Fox, at the end of twenty-two years, was called again into the service of his country as Secretary of Foreign Affairs, on the 5th February, 1806, through the instrumentality of Lord Grenville. His office was at that time the most important one under the Government, and he may be considered as virtually Minister.

One of his first official acts was that of moving

a resolution for the early abolition of the slave trade, which he had from the first united with Wilberforce in opposing. This resolution was carried by a vote of 114 against 15, and was followed up the next session by effectual measures for putting an end to this guilty traffic.

He soon after entered on a negotiation for peace with France, which commenced in a somewhat singular manner. A Frenchman made his appearance at the Foreign Office, under the name of De la Grevillière, and requested a private interview with Fox. He went on to say that "it was necessary for the tranquillity of all crowned heads to put to death the ruler of France, and that a house had been hired at Passy for this purpose." On hearing these words Fox drove him at once from his presence, and despatched a communication to Talleyrand, informing him of the facts. "I am not ashamed to confess to you who know me," said he, "that my confusion was extreme at finding myself led into conversation with an avowed assassin. I instantly ordered him to leave me. Our laws do not allow me to detain him, but I shall take care to have him landed at a seaport as remote as possible from France."

A reply was sent from Bonaparte, saying, among other things, "I recognise here the principles, honour, and virtues of Mr. Fox. Thank him on my part." In connection with this reply, Talleyrand stated that the Emperor was ready to negotiate for a peace, "on the basis of the Treaty of Amiens." Communications were accordingly opened on the subject; but at this important crisis Fox's health began to fail him.

FOX'S DEATH.

He had been taken ill some months before, in consequence of exposure at the funeral of Lord Nelson, and his physicians now insisted that he should abstain for a time from all public duties. In July the disease was found to be dropsy of the chest, and after lingering for three months, he died at the house of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, on the 13th September, 1806. He was buried with the highest honours of the nation in Westminster Abbey, his grave being directly adjoining the grave of Lord Chatham, and close to that of his illustrious rival, William Pitt.

FOX AS AN ORATOR.

Fox was the most completely English of all the orators in our language. Lord Chatham was formed on the classic model—the express union of force, majesty, and grace. He stood raised above his audience, and launched the bolts of his

eloquence, like the Apollo Belvidere, with the proud consciousness of irresistible might. Fox stood on the floor of the House like a Norfolkshire farmer in the midst of his fellows ; short, thick-set, with his broad shoulders and capacious chest, his bushy hair and eyebrows, and his dark countenance working with emotion, the very image of blunt honesty and strength.

His understanding was all English—plain, practical, of prodigious force, always directed to definite ends and objects, under the absolute control of sound common sense. He had that historical cast of mind by which our great jurists and statesmen have been so generally distinguished. Facts were the staple of his thoughts ; all the force of his intellect was exerted on the actual and the positive.

[His heart, too, was English. There is a depth and tenderness of feeling in our national character, which is all the greater in a strong mind, because custom requires it to be repressed. In private life no man was more guarded in this respect than Fox ; he was the last person to be concerned in getting up a *scene*. But when he stood before an audience, he poured out his feelings with all the simplicity of a child. "I have seen his countenance," says Mr. Godwin, "lighten up with more than mortal ardour and goodness ; I have been present when his voice was suffocated with tears." In all this, his profound understanding went out the whole length of his emotion, so that there was nothing strained or unnatural in his most vehement bursts of passion. "His feeling," says Coleridge, "was all intellect, and his intellect was all feeling." Never was there a finer summing up ; it shows us at a glance the whole secret of his power. To this he added the most perfect sincerity and artlessness of manner. His very faults seemed to heighten the beauty of his honesty. His broken sentences, the choking of his voice, his ungainly gestures, his sudden starts of passion, the absolute scream with which he delivered his vehement passages, all showed him to be deeply moved and in earnest, so that it may be doubted whether a more perfect delivery would not have weakened the impression he made.

The complete subordination of himself to the cause or party in which he was enlisted, made Fox always decorous in debate. Though a more frequent speaker while in Parliament than any other member, it is safe to say that he was never called to order for an unparliamentary expression. Gibbon himself bore the most unqualified testimony to Fox's moral elevation of character.

"No human being," he said, "was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood. It was his entire freedom from self-consciousness, which vanity will always betray, that gave Fox a large share of his influence in Parliament. He never seemed to be concerned about himself, or with anything but the division.

FOX'S CHARACTER.

Though Fox may never have known the highest joys of the Christian life, he was a sincere believer in the doctrines of Christianity, and never was heard to utter a word that betrayed either indifference to or want of confidence in them. "Though undoubtedly," says his earliest biographer, Mr. Fell, "there were and are men of great piety in the House of Commons, whose close attention to religious subjects has done them honour, I have not in the whole course of that attention to the Parliamentary procedure of the last thirty years which the preceding pages of this volume required, found any speeches or even allusions to a subject in every age so interesting to man, the hope of the virtuous, the comfort of the afflicted, and the terror of the vicious, so replete with genuine and unaffected religion as those of Mr. Fox."

While there is no doubt a great deal to admire and love in the character of Fox, there is no man of his own or perhaps of any age who presented in himself more to be accepted, and, at the same time, more to be avoided as an example. His habits of life would have ruined him before he had come to maturity if he had not contracted them innocently, and if they had not been afterwards controlled to some extent by intellectual endowments of the very highest order. Happily the number of parents, remarks one writer, who train children as Fox was trained is very limited, and unhappily the number born with such marvellous endowments is still more limited. He is therefore to be contemplated as a phenomenon rather than as a model, reminding one of the Pyramid of Cheops, so imposing in its dimensions, so unique in all its proportions, but fitly built in a wilderness, and not a model on which a school of architecture can ever be founded.

The life of Fox has this lesson for the young, that early habits of recklessness and vice can hardly fail to destroy the influence of the most splendid abilities and the most humane and generous dispositions. Though thirty-eight years in public life, he was in office only eighteen months.

S. I. A.



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

CONTENTS.

His Birth and Early Life—What He Wished to Be—A Member of Parliament—His Marriage—As a Social Reformer—Religious Zeal—His Personal Appearance—Factory Women and Children—The Ten Hours' Movement—Among the Thieves—Agricultural Gangs—Our Lunatics—Civil and Religious Liberty—Ragged Schools—Shoeblick Brigade—Tiny's Petitions—Lodging Houses—Challenged to a Duel—Temperance—Juvenile Beggars—Education of the Poor—Theatre Services—The Universal Benefactor—The Noble Coster—The Model Landlord—Artisans' Dwellings—The Bible Society—The London City Mission—Young Men's Christian Association—Sunday—The Conventicle Act—The Reformer—Foreign Politics—Bulgarian Atrocities—Indian Casto—American Slavery—Well-Deserved Honours—Dying in Harness—The Closing Scene—His Funeral—The Lessons of His Life—His Dying Legacy.

LORD SHAFTESBURY has by his whole life amply vindicated and well-sustained the motto of the Ashley family—"LOVE AND SERVE," as will be seen by the following brief but thrilling narrative of his grand career and noble efforts to love God and serve his neighbour. He was a

nobleman whose "life with deeds to crown it" is endeared in the hearts and memories, not only of those who knew him, but of all who have watched his career in his manifold endeavours to elevate and bless his fellow-man. He might have served either as a model of a practical

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

saint, or of a high-minded patriot. He believed in the charity which would lead people by sympathy and kindness to help themselves, and in all directions he has made his power in this way felt, by classes and persons who most needed the friendly hand and the cheering voice, to bid them look upward and onward to a brighter and better state of things.

HIS BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

The Right Hon. Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles, Dorset, Baron Cooper of Paulett, Somerset, and a Baronet, K.G., F.R.A.S., was born in Grosvenor Square on the 28th of April, 1801. He was the eldest son of the sixth earl. But he was not dependent for the honourable name by which he was known so much to his ancestry, as to his own world-wide reputation, for beneficent efforts, and self-sacrificing zeal, which never seemed to falter or fail when any needful effort called it forth. His childhood was mostly spent in the family home in Dorsetshire. At Harrow and Oxford, where he was educated, Lord Ashley, as he was then called, gave ample proof of possessing that ability and application, which for so long a period distinguished him. At Christ Church in 1822 he took a first class in Classics; graduated as M.A. in 1832, and was created D.C.L. in 1841. Bishop Short, of Adelaide, a fellow student with him, recalled at a meeting at which they met sixty years after, "watching Lord Ashley day after day walking up the great hall of that ancient house on his way to lectures, assiduous in his duties, diligent in his studies," and also how he thought that "if that was a specimen of the English aristocracy, we have in the House of Lords an institution which has no equal throughout the world."

WHAT HE WISHED TO BE.

If he had been able to choose for himself, he tells us how he would have shaped his course in the following words: "In early life I was passionately fond of science, so much so, that I was almost disposed to pursue science to the exclusion of everything else. It passed away, and I betook myself to literature, hoping that I should not only equal, but that I should rival many in mental accomplishments. Other things were before me, and other things passed away, because, do what I would, I was called to another career, and now I find myself, at the end of a long life, not a philosopher, not an author, but

simply an old man, who has endeavoured to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me."

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

When he arrived at twenty-five he took his seat in the House of Commons as Member for Woodstock, and soon showed his capacity and ability for political affairs. In 1829 he was appointed to a Board of Control Commissionership under the administration of the Duke of Wellington. One of his earliest speeches was made upon a Bill to amend the Law for the Regulation of Pauper Lunatics. For years he gave special attention to the subject of lunacy legislation, although his efforts have not received proper recognition at the hands of the nation.

HIS MARRIAGE.

In the year 1830 Lord Ashley married Emily, daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper, whose mother afterwards became Lady Palmerston. In the following year a son was born, who now succeeds to the title; subsequently he had issue five more sons and four daughters. Lady Shaftesbury died in 1872. Her Majesty the Queen wrote a most kind and touching letter to the earl upon his sad loss, and referred to her ladyship in the most affectionate and warmest terms.

AS A SOCIAL REFORMER.

In 1830 he represented Dorchester, in 1831 the county of Dorset until 1851, when he succeeded to the earldom by the death of his father. Both as Lord Ashley and Lord Shaftesbury, however, he mainly continued a Conservative "unattached," his politics being formed upon social rather than party grounds, and having about them an elasticity which enabled him to act, as statesman and legislator, with entire independence. When he first entered Parliament, the country was passing through a great crisis. Poverty and destitution, owing to a number of causes, prevailed to an alarming extent. Riots and outrages were frequent. It was then that he took what is called "The Ten Hours' Movement" in hand. To understand this it is needful to say that, owing to the invention of machinery, thousands of children were sent down into Lancashire from the work-houses in London by the large-load. Their hardships none could conceive. "Language," said Lord Shaftesbury in one of his retrospective speeches, "would fail to describe their humble sufferings; but their lives were shortened, and they died off rapidly." His wife urged him to

"go forward and to victory." although he felt unequal to the work, and at length he had the satisfaction, after enduring much opposition and hostility, to see it passed. Although he was appointed to Government positions, yet he showed that he possessed higher ambition than mere office, and determined not to let place or party prevent his following out the self-imposed task, of remedying the wrongs of the poor, whatever opposition and isolation it involved.

RELIGIOUS ZEAL.

He was early convinced that the religious destitution of the masses was scarcely less acute than their social and moral degradation, and it appears to have resulted in inducing him to support so many movements, with which his name has been so familiar, and which have resulted in so much good to the world. For many years previously he had enjoyed the fullest confidence of the Evangelical party of the Church of England. When the Queen ascended the throne, Lord Ashley, then in his thirty-seventh year, was a noted philanthropist, and often to be seen at Exeter Hall. A writer who was present in 1838 at one of his meetings thus describes

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Lord Ashley possesses, perhaps, the palest, purest, stateliest exterior of any man you will see in a month's perambulation of Westminster; indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more complete *beau idéal* of aristocracy in all its properties than the person of this elegant nobleman.

His lordship looks about six-and-twenty, but is some ten years older. He is above the medium size, about five feet eleven, with a slender and extremely graceful figure, which might almost pass for that of some classic statue attired in a fashionable English costume, and the similarity is not at all impaired by the rigidity of his lordship's muscles. His fine beard has also much of the "marble" about it; his curling dark hair in its thick masses resembles that of a sculptured bust, and his fine brow and features are distinctly, yet delicately cut, the nose, perhaps, a trifle too prominent to be handsome; he has light blue eyes, deeply set and near each other, with projecting white eyelids; his mouth is small, retiring and compressed. The whole countenance has the coldness as well as the grace of a chiselled one, and expresses precision, prudence, and determination in no common degree. To judge from the set form of lips,

you would say, not only that he never acts from impulse, but that he seldom, if ever, felt an impulse in his life. All that Lord Ashley does, seems to be done from conviction and principle, and not even a muscle dares to move without an order from headquarters. Every separate lock of his hair appears to curl because it has a reason for so doing, and knows that to be the right course of conduct.

FACTORY WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

To advance the cause of factory women and children for a long period absorbed his attention. He was not content with knowing that the regulations were enforced, but he pressed the government through Lord John Russell to make further extensions; and in 1840 he succeeded in getting a committee appointed to inquire into the operation of the Act, which bore good fruit. It was the means, directly or indirectly, of getting placed upon the Statute Book almost every measure of social reform which became law at that time, and for a long period after. He then busied himself with seeing that the Act which was intended to stop boys climbing up chimneys to sweep was being enforced; and five years after, when he became Lord Shaftesbury, he brought forth a motion in the Upper House, complaining that the Act was being evaded. In 1841 he made a tour in Lancashire to see for himself how the Factory Act was working, and in 1842 he presented a report of the commission. His speech electrified the country, as he told them of the horrors the report revealed. How that little boys and girls of four or five years old were sent down into pits, and were put to dragging sledge-tubs by girdle and chains on all fours through roadways, often not more than 22 to 28 inches high, and full of mud and water, for fourteen or sixteen hours a day, half naked, and exposed to cold, darkness, and foul air. Girls and women had to labour in ways destructive of all self-respect and purity. Lord Ashley, as he then was, addressing the House of Commons, thus graphically summarised the report:—

"In South Staffordshire it is common to begin work at seven years old; in Shropshire some begin as early as six years of age; in Warwickshire the same; in Leicestershire nearly the same. In Derbyshire many begin at five, many between five and six, many at seven. In the West Riding of Yorkshire it is not uncommon for infants even of five years old to be sent to the pit. About Halifax and the neighbourhood children are sometimes brought to the pits at

the age of six years, and are taken out of their beds at four o'clock. Bradford and Leeds the same; in Lancashire, from five to six. Near Oldham children are worked as low as four years old; and in the small collieries toward the hills some are so young they are brought to work in their bedgowns." Matters in Wales and Scotland he described as not a whit better; for though some localities may not have been quite so bad as others, the general custom of employing even infants of both sexes in the pits was pretty general. Thus "the ways are so low that only little boys can work in them," said Lord Ashley in describing the state of things at Oldham; and it was added that they worked "naked, and often in mud and water, dragging sledge-tubs by the girdle and chain." In the east of Scotland the coal-bearers of the pits were said almost always to have been girls and women; and while the elder ones carried loads varying from 84 lb. to 336 lb., one "little girl, only six years old," was found carrying half a cwt. "And it not unfrequently happens," it was added, "that the tugs break, and the load falls upon those females who are following, who are, of course, struck off the ladders into the depths below." The girls and lads thus employed ranged in age from seven to twenty-one years. The effects of this system and of the long hours during which the operatives were required to remain at their labour were everywhere discernible in the mining districts, the general results having been "stunted growth, crippled gait, irritation of the head, back, and feet, a variety of diseases, premature old age, and death."

Describing many years afterwards a visit to a factory, he said:—

"I can recollect, in the earlier periods of this movement, waiting at the factory-gates to see the children come out, and a set of sad, dejected, cadaverous creatures they were. Then one asked, 'Can any of them reach their homes alive?' In Bradford especially the proofs of long and cruel toil were most remarkable. The cripples and distorted forms might be numbered by hundreds, perhaps by thousands."

The result was that a law, forbidding women and girls and boys under fourteen working in mines and collieries, was carried, and has proved one of the greatest boons to the poor.

THE TEN HOURS MOVEMENT.

It may with truth be said that wherever there was a wrong which could be remedied, or suffer-

ing which might be averted, he was ready to do what he could to help to secure it. The possibility of cheering any home, brightening any life, purging any physical or moral evil out of the way, would find his hand quick to help, and his heart warm to feel. The humbler the calling, the meaner the lot, the more despised the position, the greater the need he felt for his help and sympathy. From year to year Lord Ashley sought to improve the measures, which had been passed to lessen the ills of the factory system, and in 1850 he could say that, "emerging from many struggles, it was reduced to good working order. One provision alone was wanting—to confine the labour of children of tender years within the hours of six and six. This was done in 1853 by Lord Palmerston, and since that day the Act has required neither impulse nor amendment." It also became a source of joy for his lordship to live to see the day, when those who had bitterly opposed him personally thanked him for his efforts; and as some slight recognition of what he had done on behalf of the factory operatives, they presented the Countess, who had so warmly supported him even when others considered the work hopeless, with a bust of her husband on the 6th August, 1859. Such was the enthusiasm of the people on that occasion, that 7,000 persons belonging to the Manchester district insisted upon kissing Lord Ashley's hand. A significant proof that they appreciated and recognised his self-denying efforts on their behalf.

That his labours were appreciated not only by the workpeople, but in the long run by the employers, was demonstrated by an incident which his lordship has related in the following words:—

"I remember perfectly well that when, after the attainment of the principal objects of the factory movement, I went round from mill to mill to see the several proprietors, and thanked them for their concessions, one of the greatest of them received me in his counting-house, took me by both hands, and said, 'I was long your most determined opponent, but you have carried the day; and now never part with a hair's-breadth of what you have gained. It will do no harm to us, and it will do great good to the people.' And such have ever been their sentiments and their action. The evils chiefly feared were 'foreign competition, loss of trade, reduced wages, and universal distress'; but these in time were answered by increased production, equal profits, higher wages, and universal prosperity."

AMONG THE THIEVES.

Nor must we forget that, during these years he was also mindful of other questions of importance. Baron Bunsen in his diary for February, 1839 :—"Ashley took me to a meeting whose tendency and significance made that day one of the most important of my life. He, and Sandon, and others desire a lay union for extension of Church rights, in order to call upon all lay Churchmen of England to stand up for two points: one, that the people shall have a regular education, in parish and commercial schools; the second, that the schools shall be under the clergy, directed by a diocesan board, consisting of clergy and gentry under the bishop. Bunsen goes on to add his testimony to Lord Ashley's work among the thieves. On one occasion, together with Jackson, the city missionary, he met 279 thieves, at their own wish, to consult with them as to the means they could employ to lead better lives. He gained the hearts of the poor and the unfortunate in an almost unexampled manner. Nor should his efforts in connection with the abolition of slavery be forgotten.

When charged, as he was, by some with seeking to set class against class, he repelled it with righteous indignation in the following manner, by asking :—"Can any man in his senses now hesitate to believe, that the permanent prosperity of the manufacturing body, in all its several aspects, physical, moral, and commercial, is essential, not only to the welfare, but absolutely to the existence of the British Empire? Now, we fear not the increase of your political power nor envy your stupendous riches; 'peace be within your walls and plenteousness within your palaces.' We ask but a slight relaxation of toil, a time to live and a time to die; a time for those comforts that sweeten life; and a time for those duties that adorn it: and, therefore, with a fervent prayer to Almighty God that it may please Him to turn the hearts of all who hear me to thoughts of justice and of mercy, I now fully commit the issue to the judgment and the humanity of Parliament."

AGRICULTURAL GANGS.

In 1863, Lord Shaftesbury moved in the Lords for an address to the Queen for an inquiry into the system of "organised labour," known by the name of "agricultural gangs." In reply to a taunt he said, "It was reserved, first, because it presented the greatest difficulties, and second, because it required all the sympathy and experience to be derived from

proofs of success, furnished by factories, to obtain for it a favourable reception." The report presented such a revelation of the moral and social degradation which prevailed, that it virtually amounted to a system of slavery, and the Bill became law almost without opposition; and it has been further developed by the Education Acts. He always insisted upon the rights of the agricultural labourer, because he understood his needs. He said in 1868 :—

"Nevertheless, with all these deficiencies (of education) which the wisdom of Parliament will endeavour to supply, I cannot refrain from making, on behalf of the first-rate agricultural labourer, a larger claim than is usually admitted, to be considered a man of education; that he is 'a skilled artizan' will anyone deny? Look at him engaged with the plough, see the length and straightness of each furrow, its mathematical precision, the steadiness of his hand and eye, and his masterly calculation of distance and force. Observe a hedger on all the various branches of that part of labour, and admit the accuracy of judgment that is required for a calling so apparently humble; no spinner could do what he does any more than he could do what is done by the spinner. His talk, too, may be of bullocks; it may be also of sheep; it may be of even parochial matter; but then, it is talk upon his special vocation; and oftentimes how sound and sensible it is. He has not, of course, the acquirements and acuteness of the urban operative; his labour is passed in comparative solitude, and he returns to his home at night, in a remote cottage or a small village, without the resource of clubs, mechanics' institutes, and the friction of his fellow-men. Still, he may say, with the most scientific, that he is master of the profession to which he is called; and everyone will rejoice to add to his honourable and useful career whatever is possible to comfort and adorn it."

OUR LUNATICS.

For more than fifty years Lord Shaftesbury faithfully and zealously laboured for the passing of amendments, and also for the consolidation of the laws on this subject, and a few months prior to his death he again consented to resume his work. When he first began, he found things in a frightful condition. The filth and wretchedness of the pauper lunatics in the workhouses was simply terrible. They were often housed in stables, and bedded on dirty straw. They were so closely confined that the most fearful distortions resulted. In some

chest bones protruded, others had legs bent backward, and knee-joints fixed and immovable, etc. He succeeded in working a mighty change, but died ere he had time to complete the revision of such measures, which his ripened judgment and vast experience had so eminently fitted him to undertake.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

As a friend of the principles of civil and religious liberty, he has ever been in its front ranks. He has never faltered, nor been found wanting in the time of trial. Only recently, during the persecutions of the Jews in Russia, he delivered a powerful speech on their behalf in the Mansion House at a large meeting held. He was for years President of the Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews, also President of the Bible Society, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Pastoral Aid Society, and other kindred associations. To slavery in every form and under every pretext he was ever strongly and vigorously opposed, while the generous character of his benevolence was instanced, by his having held for many years, gratuitously, the important office of a Commissioner of Lunatics. Throughout his long career he has used the influence which his position gave him for no single selfish purpose, but always for the benefit of others, and thereby has added lustre to high rank, and bequeathed to his countrymen and to the peers of England a lofty, pure, and undying example.

In March, 1884, we find him engaged in the congenial occupation of unveiling the statue to William Tyndale on the Thames Embankment. On that occasion he described Tyndale's greatest memorial as the English New Testament.

On some public questions Lord Shaftesbury held very decided views. He was strongly hostile to the opening of the national museums and galleries on Sundays. In the debate on the Public Worship Regulation Bill, he vehemently denounced Ritualism, and, with regard to the confessional, he affirmed that, if it were suffered to continue unchecked—and it could not be checked by any ordinary legislation—it would produce an entire change in the spiritual, moral, and political character of the English people, and would sink the Established Church in inevitable ruin. For some years he was a member of the Ecclesiastical Commission, and it is well known that during the premiership of Lord Palmerston he had considerable influence in the appointment of bishops. He took the chair for the Congregational, Baptist, Wesleyan, and other

Missionary Societies, at their annual meetings in Exeter Hall; the Religious Tract Society, the London City Mission, the Sunday School Union, the Field Lane Refuges and Ragged Schools, the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, and a hundred other excellent organizations, were all indebted to him for active aid, sympathy, and advice. He seemed to be a connecting link between the highest and lowest classes in the State. While he enjoyed the esteem and friendship of his Sovereign, he was also the friend of those in the humblest stations.

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Another noble movement with which Lord Shaftesbury's name is inseparably associated is that of Ragged Schools. Next to his labours in regard to factory life, this will link his name most closely with the poor, down to posterity. Indeed, he has been the life and soul of its success. The term "Ragged" is said to have been first applied to these schools by a warm admirer of his lordship, Charles Dickens, then editor of the *Daily News*. Lord Shaftesbury himself explored the plague-spots of London, and was astounded at the misery and destitution he discovered. At the annual meeting of the Ragged School Union, in 1883, his lordship gave this testimony:—

"For thirty-nine years I have been president of this grand institution, and I have not missed one anniversary, and then, after showing that such an agency needed to be enormously extended, his lordship, in taking a retrospect, showed what had been effected. 'Did we not, during the palmy days of the ragged schools, pick up from the streets some 300,000 boys and girls, all of whom, if they had not been taken up, would have been found ere long among the dangerous classes? We picked them up, we trained them, we taught them to fear God and man, we sent them into trades, into domestic service, and far off into the colonies. Have any of them broken the hearts of their teachers? Have any of them proved a disgrace to the tuition they received? None, I tell you. We have, by the blessing of God, turned out 300,000 children as good and industrious citizens, who, but for the intervention of these ragged schools, would have gone to join the dangerous classes, and would have been a curse to this great country.'"

The Ragged School Union acknowledged how much they were indebted to their president by presenting him with his portrait on his eightieth birthday, in 1881.

The slums of London forty years ago were dangerous and disgraceful. The police only dared venture to explore them in companies and with arms. In one rookery in Marylebone there were three hundred families found herding in one hundred and nineteen houses, young and old living like savages. Drury Lane was equally bad, and in Wild Court nearly one thousand persons actually existed in fourteen houses. Life there was too horrible to be described. Ratcliffe and Bluegate Fields were noted for all that was vile. As might be expected, juvenile crime increased at a rapid rate, and the cry arose for more schools or more prisons. It seemed difficult to tell where to begin upon this mass of degradation and vice, and when the first advertisement in connection with the Field Lane Ragged School appeared in *The Times*, many were prepared to smile over what looked like a Quixotic undertaking. But Lord Ashley was persevering and energetic, and again he set himself personally to examine into the condition of the classes he sought to benefit. The results of his investigations appeared in an article which he contributed to the *Quarterly Review* in 1846. He dealt fully with the question of the danger threatened to the State by the criminal classes, which were increasing at a fearful rate, and, referring to the younger portion of these classes, he described them as "bold and pert and dirty as London sparrows, but pale, feeble, and sadly inferior to them in plumpness of outline." Holborn, the Strand, Whitechapel, Spitalfields, Lambeth, and Westminster, all had swarms of these evil and precocious children. "The stranger dives into the recesses from which they seem to issue, and there he sees before and behind, on the right hand and on the left, every form and character of evil that can offend the sense and deaden the morals." In thousands of cases they came up and perished as vermin. The districts in which they were reared reeked with filth and abomination. The influence of their surroundings upon the young was so bad that 14,887 persons under twenty years of age were arrested in London during 1845.

SHOEBLACK BRIGADE.

This may be called a branch of the Ragged School movement, and may be properly added to the noble things in which his lordship took the lead. This movement, with the Reformatory and Refuge Union, has succeeded in helping thousands of poor children to turn from lives of vice and crime to one of honesty and usefulness. This Shoeblack Brigade had its origin at

the time of the Great Exhibition in 1851. It began in a small way, but in thirty years it numbered at one time over three hundred members, who earned nearly £12,000 in twelve months. The movement was intended to be a remedial and auxiliary one; and in 1882 as many as 1,619 new members entered the brigade in London, while 1,584 left the ranks, 600 of them having been placed in suitable situations. Many of these boys, whom he has thus raised out of slouching street Arabs into bright, alert, intelligent, have risen to good positions in life, and others have been educated in training ships, to become gallant sailors of the Queen's navy, or in mercantile ships. Flower girls also owe to him the first public effort, to protect them from the temptations of their calling, and the hardship of their lives. To each—yes, to all such waifs and strays—the name of Shaftesbury has been for years a word of inspiration, love, and reverence.

"TINY'S PETITIONS."

A little girl named Tiny, an inmate of King Edward's Industrial School, Mile End, wrote his lordship a letter asking him if he would kindly give a bed to a new home just then being established, to which he sent the following answer:—

"February 11th, 1876.

"MY DEAR SMALL TINY. --I must thank you for your nice letter, and say that, God willing, I will certainly call and see your new home, and you too, little woman. You ask me to give 'a bed' to the new home. To be sure I will. I will give two, if you wish it, and they shall be called 'Tiny's Petitions.'

"I am glad to see how well you write; I shall be more glad to hear from G—— and your other friends that you are a good girl, that you read your Bible, say your prayers, and love the blessed Lord Jesus Christ. May He ever be with you!—Your affectionate friend,

"SHAFTESBURY.

"To Tiny, at King Edward's School."

This little dot, to whom he thus so pleasantly wrote, has since that time grown to be a woman, and in 1884, when his lordship was giving the prizes away at the school, she was present as an old scholar, and was presented to him. Although his voice was weak at the time, he broke out in a tone which every one in the tent could hear, and said, "What, Tiny, is it you, dear? Tiny, I am so glad to see you!"

When celebrating his eightieth birthday, among other presents he received from a girls' home six

nightshirts. While thanking them, he said that "a better fit or a more comfortable one he never had in the whole course of his life." It was therefore not surprising that one of the pleasantest of the May meetings was the anniversary of the schools, when from floor to ceiling Exeter Hall was filled with the children, and from which his lordship was never absent; and even in the last year of his life, when sickness kept him from almost all other meetings, he went pale-faced, with weak and faltering steps, to gaze upon them again.

LODGING HOUSES.

In a speech on the Public Health Bill in 1848, his lordship called attention, in the House of Lords, to the horrible state of our towns, and the condition of the dwellings of the people, and said that it lay at the root of two-thirds of the disorders which afflicted the country. He held that good drainage, ventilation, and healthy houses, with an ample supply of good water, would go far to extinguish epidemics and reduce fevers, and have a great influence upon the moral habits of the people. The Lodging-house Act, for the registration and inspection of common lodging-houses, was among the measures passed by the Legislature at his instigation. Charles Dickens described it as the best legislation that had ever proceeded from the English Parliament; and there is no doubt that it effected a complete revolution.

CHALLENGED TO A DUEL.

For a philanthropist to receive a challenge to a duel is a singular circumstance, yet this occurred to Lord Shaftesbury in 1853. It arose out of the Juvenile Mendicancy Bill. In the course of a speech in the House of Lords, his lordship cited the judgment of Lord Eldon in the case of William Pole Tynley Long Wellesley (Lord Mornington) to show that the proposed detention of children, whose parents were immoral, was nothing new in law. Lord Mornington resented it as an interference with his private affairs, and wrote to the earl that he "must apologize or fight." Lord Shaftesbury defended his quotation, and, so far as the challenge was concerned, referred Lord Mornington to the magistrate at Bow Street, or to his solicitors. Lord Mornington rejoined that this added to the original insult, and was "very absurdly impertinent." Nothing further came of the affair, but it was not a little amusing that, referring to a case before the Lords Justices in Chancery the same week, Lord Mornington wrote, "I have

ever felt, as a peer of the realm, that I am more bound to respect the law than other men."

TEMPERANCE.

Although he never identified himself completely with the total abstinence movement, his sympathies were with its advocates, and he never failed to insist upon the terrible effects which drunkenness produced upon the working classes. He rendered invaluable help in the passing of the Habitual Drunkards Act. For some years he subscribed to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and on one occasion took the chair, when Rev. C. H. Spurgeon delivered a lecture in aid of its funds. He also, at considerable inconvenience, took the chair at the opening of a society in his ancestral parish, Wimborne, where he said that of 90,000 lunatics in England and Wales, he believed that 70,000 came into that state directly or indirectly through drink.

Mr. Robert Sawyer, Chairman of the Church of England Temperance Society, gives the following interesting incident. He says:—"I was waiting at Salisbury station, and saw a tall man walking about. He wore a sort of pot hat, and I did not recognise him at first as Lord Shaftesbury. When I did so, I touched my hat, and reminded him that I had met him in Golden Lane among the costermongers. 'What are you doing here?' he asked. 'I am waiting for a train to take me to Dinton.' 'What are you going to do at Dinton?' 'I am to speak at a Temperance meeting.' 'I am glad to hear it,' said he, 'I hope that you will be of some use.' 'Well, I shall try, and very possibly I shall tell the people something which your lordship is reported to have said.' 'What is that?' I repeated the well-known words, 'The more I examine and travel over the surface of England, the more I see the absolute and indispensable necessity of Temperance Associations. I am satisfied that, unless they existed, we should be immersed in such an ocean of intoxication, violence, and sin, as would make this country uninhabitable.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I believe I did say so; you are quite welcome to repeat the words. Moreover, I will give you some more words which you may tell the people. There is no man who knows the evil of intemperance more than I do. I have been for many years the head of the Lunacy Commission. Intemperance produces lunacy. Intemperance and lunacy are both hereditary.'"

On the occasion of Mr. Gough being presented with a Bible in Exeter Hall, the gift of drunkards

io had been reclaimed, Lord Shaftesbury, who d hoped to be present but was hindered, sent pocket-edition of the Psalms, with the following note :—

"DEAR MR. GOUGH,—It would give me much pleasure to see you and hear you again, but under the extreme pressure of business, both on you and on me, this is, I fear, impossible. May God be with you now and for ever, in all your labours and prayers for the advancement of Christ's kingdom.—Yours truly,

"SHAFTESBURY."

JUVENILE BEGGARS.

In 1853 he introduced his Juvenile Mendicancy Bill. But although spoken of in the warmest terms by Lord Brougham, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Grey, and others, the Bill met with many difficulties. A second Bill on the subject was introduced at the same time in the House of Commons by Mr. Adderley. In the end it was deemed advisable to withdraw both measures, and to press upon the Government the urgent necessity of dealing with the whole question. Lord Palmerston consequently introduced the measure. The chief effect of the new Act was, that the reformatories established by philanthropic efforts in various parts of the kingdom were more distinctly recognised by the Government, and received aid from the national funds.

EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

One of the ablest of Lord Ashley's Parliamentary addresses was delivered in 1843, in connection with his motion for an address to the Queen, praying for the instant and serious consideration of the best means for promoting the blessings of a moral and religious education among the working classes. He strongly attacked the oppression and corruption which prevailed, and exposed the doings of those who ground the faces of the poor. He demonstrated by statistics that there were 1,014,193 children capable of education, and yet under no kind of educational influence. In the county of Lancaster alone the annual expenditure for the punishment of crime was £604,965, while the annual vote for education in all England was £30,000. The evils of the truck system, the payment of wages in public-houses, and the bad state of workmen's dwellings, were forcibly shown. All these things made it impossible for the adult to practise that morality, of which he should have been an example to his children. His motion was agreed to, and it led the Government of the day to bestir themselves in the important question of education.

THEATRE SERVICES.

Lord Shaftesbury was the chief originator of the movement for holding religious services on Sundays in the London theatres. But in 1860 Lord Dungannon drew the attention of the House of Lords to the subject, and proposed a resolution to the effect that such services, being highly irregular and inconsistent with order, were calculated to injure rather than advance the progress of sound religious principles. The noble lord asserted the incompatibility between the associations of the theatre and those of religion, and declared that the movement was fraught with danger to the Church of England. Lord Shaftesbury, in reply, admitted he was its chief originator, and defended it in a speech of considerable ability, and the result was that the motion was ultimately withdrawn.

THE UNIVERSAL BENEFACTOR.

An attempt to enter fully into the details of his active career as a practical philanthropist would fail, owing to its comprehensiveness, and the unwearied assiduity which he displayed. He has always been at the head of almost every movement calculated to improve the religious, social, and physical condition of the working classes. Of him it may emphatically be affirmed, that he went about among the poor doing good. He was either the president of, or connected with, every society and association, which had for its object the amelioration of his fellow beings, which was founded on a broad basis; and the cause of humanity to the lower creation also has lost in him a powerful friend.

As an illustration of the wide-spreading character of his lordship's sympathy, it may be interesting to note, that in addition to the numerous religious societies to which Lord Shaftesbury gave his support, he was more or less actively identified with very many—more, in fact, than any other man—of the following charitable institutions. With some he has been associated for over half a century, and has aided with his purse, and by publicly advocating their claims. He was president of the following charities :—The Children's Aid and Refuge Society, Field Lane Ragged Schools, Flower Girls' Mission, Fox Court Ragged School, Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street; Hospital for Women, Soho Square; Indigent Blind Visiting Society, London Orphan Asylum, Ragged School Union, Reformatory and Refuge Union; Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Royal Orthopedic Hospital, Oxford Street; Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes,

and the Surgical Aid Society. The charities of which he was the vice-president, are the Chelsea Hospital for Women, City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Finsbury Dispensary, Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, the German Hospital, London Aged Christian Society, London Female Penitentiary, Metropolitan and National Nursing Association, Metropolitan Convalescent Institution, Middlesex Hospital, National Hospital for Heart Disease, Philanthropic Society, Redhill; Protestant Blind Pension Society, Royal Hospital for Women and Children, the Royal Maternity Charity, and the Royal Medical Benevolent College. Several charities also claimed Lord Shaftesbury either as patron or vice-patron. Among the former are the Christian Blind Relief Society, Governesses' Benevolent Institution, Infirmary for Consumption, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square; and the "One Tun" Ragged School and Mission; and among the latter are the British Orphan Asylum, Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, Charing Cross Hospital, and the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read.

THE NOBLE COSTER.

So far back as 1843, in a speech Lord Shaftesbury made known his views in very plain terms in the House of Commons; he said, "We owe the poor of our land a weighty debt. We call them improvident and immoral, and many of them are so; but that improvidence and immorality are the results, in a great measure, of our neglect, and not a little of our example. We owe them, too, the debt of kinder language and more frequent intercourse." What he taught he practised himself, and it is not too much to say, that he had by this consistency, acquired world-wide fame as a philanthropist, and his name is inextricably interwoven with many of the most humane movements of two generations. Pre-eminently the friend of the poor, the degraded, and the outcast, his generous sympathies and his ceaseless efforts, on behalf of the classes in whom he took so deep an interest, have given him a high place in the illustrious roll of benevolent Englishmen. It is interesting and singular to note, that one of the most steadfast and powerful friends which the humbler classes have ever had, as well as one of the most trusted, did not belong to their own order of the commonalty, but to the privileged order of the aristocracy.

Besides chimney sweeps, "sandwich" men, dung-cart men, watercress and flower girls, costermongers came in for a share of his sym-

pathy. Indeed, he seemed to have a special weakness for them. It was a red-letter day in his history when he was admitted into the Worshipful Company of Costermongers, and presented with a donkey as a token of his membership; nor was he ashamed to call himself a coster. His donkey was frequently "on view" at his residence in Grosvenor Square; and in 1883, at the Annual Costers' Donkey and Pony Show, he referred to the great change which had come over them—from being "a nuisance and a danger to society," they were "orderly, honest, and well-conducted," showing the regenerating power of the Gospel, and that it was time all the costers of London were impressed by such a good example as they presented.

THE MODEL LANDLORD.

It is very gratifying to be able also to add, that he was mindful of those with whom he had to do at home. As a landlord, he was just and yet generous, and fully alive to his great responsibilities. The village of Wimborne St. Giles, near his family seat of St. Giles, was transformed under his care into a model village. He built new labourers' cottages, each containing a front parlour and kitchen on the ground floor, with three bedrooms above, absolutely unconnected with each other. Every cottage has its apricot tree, its pump, its separate sanitary arrangements, its pigsty, and its quarter-acre allotment—the labourer paying for all these things only 52s. per annum. The tenants were never behind with their rents, but the earl was content with a small percentage on his original outlay. The woods round Wimborne St. Giles are very large and not overstocked with game, for the late landlord held strongly to the principle, that it was unfair to preserve too much. Almshouses and other advantages are provided for those who are beyond work. Lord Shaftesbury spent some period every year upon the estate, notwithstanding his numerous public undertakings. But, amid all these other engagements, he never forgot that charity which begins at home.

ARTISANS' DWELLINGS.

On the 3rd of August, 1872, he laid the first stone of the new buildings on the Shaftesbury Park Estate, just outside London, which had been acquired by the Artisans', Labourers', and General Dwellings Company, for the purpose of lying out as a workman's city. The company was formed in 1867—in consequence of the destruction of houses by railroads, and for other public improvements—for the purpose of enabling workmen to erect dwellings combining fitness

and economy with the latest sanitary appliances, and to become themselves the owners of these dwellings, in the course of a stated number of years, by the payment of a small additional rent. The houses were to be of three kinds, and were to be for the accommodation, not only of artisans, but of clerks, and each house was to form a distinct and separate tenancy. This estate, situate in Battersea, near Clapham Junction station, was opened in July, 1874. It contained 1,200 houses, capable of accommodating about 8,000 persons. In addition to the houses, the township included several special features, such as schools, an ornamental garden, a lecture-hall, co-operative stores and general stores, but there is to be NO PUBLICHOUSE OR PAWNSHOP within its precincts. At the inauguration, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Granville, and other gentlemen made speeches, the Prime Minister expressing his warm sympathy with Lord Shaftesbury's endeavours to improve the condition of the working classes.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

It was in the year 1846, shortly after the good effects of the Factory Acts were beginning to be felt, that Lord Ashley became a vice-president of this society. Five years later, in 1851, he became its president, and his attendance at the annual meetings was after this one of the events of the year, and he was very rarely absent from the chair. His speeches at these meetings were always brief and effective. In 1881 he commented touchingly upon the fact, that he had then filled the chair for the thirty-second time, and in May 1884 he made his last long speech as chairman of the annual meeting. It contained much that was characteristic and interesting, as will be seen from the following extract :—

"I find that this day we celebrate the eightieth anniversary of the Bible Society, and I believe I have had the honour and the deep satisfaction to hold the office of president for nearly one-half of that long period. What have I seen grow up in that time? Why, here is our friend Dr. Gibson, who quoted some coxcomb—a very able man, I dare say he was, but that does not prevent him being a coxcomb—who talked of the Bible being nearly effete, and Bible Christianity being extinct. It may be so in the class where he moves. I do not answer much for those literary men. I know little of them, but I tell him this, that it is by no means effete or extinct in the great masses of the population.

"Let us set one literary man against another. We have heard of one literary gentleman who

said the Bible was effete. Let us set against him a man, I am quite sure equal in literary power and intellectual ability—Lord Macaulay. I was in the House of Commons with Lord Macaulay, and I heard him use these very words :—'He who speaks or authorises a syllable against Christianity, is guilty of high treason against the civilisation of mankind.' These two literary men may pair off. But all these fellows, I speak of them with contempt; I do, indeed, because here they are spending the time that God has given them, the intellect that He has bestowed upon them, and instead of using it for the advancement of His honour, they are doing everything they can for the destruction of the temporal and eternal happiness of the whole human race. Therefore I must speak of them with contempt. I cannot speak of them with respect. They have no objection to a God or some Supreme Being, provided He is after their own taste, will follow their desires, and be guided by them."

THE LONDON CITY MISSION.

So satisfied was Lord Shaftesbury with the good work done by this society and its devoted missionaries, that he was never tired of bearing his testimony, and rendering it every support. He was in the habit of calling the Scripture readers and city missionaries the "spiritual police" of London. At a May meeting once held in Exeter Hall, he thus very vividly contrasted old and new London, as he touched upon the work being done by the society :—

"He showed what the society had done in undertaking work which the churches had neglected, and expressed his belief that results were yet to be achieved far greater than those at which they had arrived. With satisfaction he referred to the fact that, whereas when he was young, religion was regarded with coldness, rebuke, and contempt in the highest circles, it was now the reverse, and real respect was felt for the religious man who had the courage to express his opinion. He also referred to the influence which religion had exercised over the minds of the democracy, to whom especially the City Mission had been instrumental in conveying it. It had been a most remarkable organization for a system of aggressive Christianity, and its aggressiveness had been the strength of the movement. In commending the good sense and the devotedness of the missionaries, his lordship affirmed that he had always had from them true guidance and correct information, had never been misled by them, or made to believe

by any brilliant accounts that this or that would succeed when there was not good ground for believing it; and, on the other hand, he had never been allowed to despair. These men went out day by day taking God's Word in all its simplicity, not charged, as many were, with Hebrew and Greek and Latin, and the higher criticisms, and 'all that dreadful nonsense'; they went with nothing but a deep, living knowledge of the Word of God, and yet see what achievements He had wrought thereby."

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

He was president of this institution from its commencement, and over and over again occupied the chair at its meetings, lectures, etc. When Exeter Hall was reopened, after being purchased in 1881, he occupied the chair, and was supported by Archbishop Tait and Lord Cairns. As was usual with him on such occasions, he was particularly happy in his phrases, and described the association as "thankful for the past, ambitious for the future," and, in returning thanks for his reception, "he expressed his joy that the Hall was preserved for its original purpose. He was reminded of the saying of that good though mistaken man, Macaulay, who had hoped that the brayings of Exeter Hall would come to an end ere long. He thought that some of those brayings, like those of Balaam's ass, to his mind spoke the lesson of truth and soberness." A proposal to change the name of the association by the omission of the word Christian, was successfully resisted by Lord Shaftesbury, who was well supported in speaking strongly against it.

SUNDAY.

So satisfied was his lordship of the blessedness and benefits which were associated with the Lord's day, that in every way, in season and out of season, by voice and effort, he did his best to secure its observance. He firmly and steadfastly opposed all encroachments upon its sanctity, no matter in however specious a guise they might be presented, and he was the patron of many societies formed to withstand the agitation of the Secularists. The abolition of Sunday labour in the Post Office was one of his most cherished projects.

In November, 1847, he took the chair at a meeting of inhabitants of London and Westminster, at Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of memorialising Government on the subject of the rumoured intention of increase of duty on the Sabbath in the General Post Office.

In 1850 he brought forward and carried a resolution for an address, praying for the Sunday delivery of letters to be stopped. For three weeks the Sunday post was stopped throughout the kingdom, and, said one writer, "Lord Ashley was the most unpopular man in the kingdom." An inquiry was moved for, and the resolution and the order of the Postmaster-General under it were rescinded. But he was little daunted by this opposition. In 1854 he passed a Sunday Closing of Public Houses Act, but this was repealed in the following year by the Sale of Beer Act. Then in 1856, in company with Archbishop Sumner, he headed a deputation of working men to Lord Palmerston, in opposition to the agitation for the Sunday opening of the British Museum, Crystal Palace, and similar places of amusement, and to protest against the Sunday bands in parks.

In July, 1859, again, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Shaftesbury introduced a deputation to Earl Granville, then President of the Council, to present a very full and argumentative memorial in opposition to the movement by the Sunday League, reviewing the history of the agitation and recording the heads of the arguments against it. In conjunction with the Lord's Day Observance Society, and the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, in both of which admirable organisations he took the greatest interest during the whole of his life, he spared no pains to guard the Sabbath. He spoke upon the question constantly, he appealed to the people through the press, and he was unremitting in his efforts to promote wholesome legislation.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association in 1878, he expressed views which deserve the careful consideration of all lovers of right and liberty. He said: "Your political liberties are more secure under the Charter of the Sabbath, than they can be under all the charters which were ever given by any of our kings, including that of Runnymede itself. That Charter is greater than any other that God has ever given to man. It is as great as the sanctity of His own Book."

He strenuously opposed year by year the efforts of the so-called Sunday Society, in their attempts to get the National Gallery and British Museum opened on Sundays; and to show that he did so in the interest of the working classes, he carried a resolution in Parliament, that such places should be opened on week-day evenings to the public, at least three times a week, between the hours of seven and ten in the evening.

THE CONVENTICLE ACT.

By this Act it was made illegal for more than twenty persons to meet together for reading the Bible and prayer, unless the place of meeting was licensed. Up to 1855 this law was still in force. To the honour and credit of Lord Shaftesbury it ought to be known, that his Religious Worship Bill of that year was directed to remove this from the Statute Book. Bishop Wilberforce and others so opposed it, that at first it was referred to a select committee, in the hope that it might be shelved altogether; but single-handed he triumphed, and this blot was removed from the Statute Book of our realm. Again, when an attempt was made to prevent any minister of the Established Church preaching in a parish where there were more than 2,000 parishioners, without having the Rector's sanction, Lord Shaftesbury brought in a Bill to amend the law. He saw, to use his own words, "the Church of England must be the Church of the people; if it is not the Church of the people, it will cease to be the Established Church."

THE REFORMER.

It is not possible within our limited space to record the innumerable measures to which Lord Ashley put his hand. Very early in his career he came to the front as a philanthropist; and whenever he found evils which needed removal, or wrongs to be redressed, he set to work irrespective of party politics to get them altered. Strictly, therefore, speaking, he was not a party politician. Although in his early years he was a member of more than one Tory Government, yet his disagreement with his professed party was more owing to the fact that it was impossible for him to subordinate what seemed to him the public good, to the demands of a political party. He supported the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and resigned his seat in 1845 because he could not vote according to his new convictions. He was asked to stand for Bath, and defeated Mr. Roebuck, although the Jews had subscribed £2,000 towards his expenses. He sat for that borough up to the time of his succession to the earldom, on the death of his father in 1851.

When asked to take office by Lord Derby in 1866, he replied, "There are still 1,600,000 operatives excluded from the benefits of the Factory Acts; until they are brought under the protection of the law I cannot take office. The people first, place afterwards. When Garibaldi was in England, Lord Shaftesbury was with him constantly; and never left him except when "Garibaldi would go to the opera," as his lord-

ship remarked. With common sympathies on some subjects with Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, he never heartily trusted either; and to the end of his life he was to all intents and purposes "a non-party man," so far as politics were concerned.

In Committee on the Ballot Act he moved and carried an amendment, by which the hours of polling were to be extended to eight o'clock in the evening, and the public-houses were to be closed during the election. Mr. Gladstone's Government refused to accept the amendments; and they sent the Bill back to the Lords with these alterations struck out. For a few days a collision seemed imminent, but it was averted by the concession of the Peers. Thirteen years have passed since that Act was passed. One of Lord Shaftesbury's proposals has been adopted, and the other, the closing of public-houses during elections, is felt by most persons to be desirable. Lord Shaftesbury has always laid the greatest stress on the moral responsibility of political power. In 1877, ten years after the Tory Reform Act, he said in public that he should always have been in favour of universal suffrage, if he could be sure of the "self-control" of the voters.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

It was impossible for such a large, warm-hearted man as Lord Shaftesbury to confine his efforts to his own country. Hence we find him taking an interest in the liberation of Italy, from the tyranny of the petty governments which divided its classic soil; and he entertained the Neapolitan exiles at his own town-house. During the Polish insurrection of 1861-3 he denounced Russia, and stirred up English sympathy, and thrilled the audience at a meeting held in London (March 1863) by saying:—

"Is there a man in England who has a heart for what is great, true, or noble, who does not indeed feel the deepest and most unalterable sympathy with the people, the patriots of Poland? I will not call this, as I have somewhere seen it called, a rebellion of the Polish people, because a rebellion seems to pre-suppose that the party who would put it down has something of right on its side. This is a great and glorious insurrection of a wronged and abused people, driven to despair by cruelties unprecedented in history, by a refinement of cruelty unparalleled in the antecedent periods of war. Where, I ask you, if you ransack the records of past ages, will you find anything like that vile and ever-accursed conscription conceived by the Emperor of Russia, and carried out against a

gallant and defenceless people? I look upon it as equal in cruelty to anything perpetrated by Nadir Shah, and equal in refinement to the worst deeds of the Emperor Tiberius."

BULGARIAN ATROCITIES.

The same sympathy which led his lordship to sympathize with Poland, led him also to take an active part in denouncing the Bulgarian atrocities of 1876, and in a speech in St. James's Hall, the noble earl delivered a short but powerful speech, in which he denounced the Turkish Government in vehement language, while disclaiming on his own part any desire to embarrass the Government (Lord Beaconsfield's), and highly praising the strongly-worded dispatch which the present Lord Derby, then Foreign Secretary, had just before sent to Constantinople. When, twelve months later, England was divided into two camps on what had by that time become a sanguinary Russo-Turkish war, and party spirit on both sides was manifesting a bitterness hardly paralleled even in the last year or two, Lord Shaftesbury no longer appeared in the front. His object was not to forward the interests of English politicians, but to deliver from a foreign yoke, the most fanatical religion on earth, nations and peoples who, with all their faults, he believed capable of being raised to a higher level of European civilisation and influence.

INDIAN CASTE.

It has been the usual policy of the British Government in India to ignore the missionaries, to exclude the Bible from Government schools, to discourage native converts, and to subsidise the Hindoo and Mohammedan religious systems. Lord Shaftesbury fought against this fatal policy with all his might. He headed a memorial to the Queen, drawing attention to the evils of the course Lord Canning and the Government were taking, and advocating the introduction of the Bible in the schools, and the giving up of the subsidies to heathen worship. In January, 1858, Lord Shaftesbury, at a crowded meeting in Exeter Hall, pleaded that, instead of harping on that "odious word neutrality in religion, the Government should manfully acknowledge Christianity." Instead of doing this the Christians were, he declared, trampled on in India to please Brahmins. "They have prejudices in favour of Vishnu; we have prejudices, if I may call them so, in favour of Christ." He urged that caste should be ignored in the following glowing terms:—"Caste must be put down. Do you doubt how it can be done? Look upon the surface of India. There you will see some

20,000,000 of men amongst the most miserable, the most degraded, the most trampled upon, the most disparaged, the most hated people, who are of no caste, or outcasts, it may be; turn to them, and from them you will find acceptance, favour, and gratitude."

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

His sympathy with down-trodden people of all lands was naturally accompanied by detestation of slavery. He never lost an opportunity of expatiating upon the great and good qualities of the negro. "They had," he wrote, in a preface to an edition of "Uncle Tom," "warmth of heart, great development of the social, and, where they are permitted of it, domestic affections; cheerfulness and elasticity of temperament, with wonderful power of mental and bodily endurance." He then brought the slur of slavery nearer home, by adding:—

"It is not for England to vaunt herself in this matter, and censure her American brethren. We share the sin of slavery with the United States. We compelled them, while they were under British rule, to receive the foul system into their provinces; and they only carried into effect what we, in our wickedness and folly, had forced upon them."

He pursued the same course during the American Civil War. In a letter to the *Times* at the very commencement of it, his lordship pointed out that the triumph of the South meant the consolidation of slavery, and for that he was not prepared on any terms.

WELL-DESERVED HONOURS.

In celebration of his eightieth birthday, in June 1884, there was a crowded gathering in the Guildhall of the City of London in his honour. A portrait, subscribed for by the pence of the poor, was unveiled and presented to him "in grateful remembrance of his lifelong efforts on behalf of suffering humanity." This was supplemented with other offerings from the children in the schools, the flower-girls, the costermongers, and others; and from many of the colonies letters and messages and gifts were received, from men occupying high positions of usefulness, whom he had befriended in their early days of poverty. He was afterwards presented with the freedom of the City. The City Chamberlain, in enumerating the claims of the newest freeman, referred to his labours in connexion with the Climbing Boys Act, the Factory and the Hours Acts, the Mines and Colliery Regulation Acts, the establishment of ragged schools, training ships, refuges for boys and girls, and

other philanthropic institutions, and we may add, never was such an honour conferred upon one more worthy to receive it. The Lord Mayor intimated, that when the biography of his Lordship came to be written, he hoped it would be stated he died a citizen of London.

Lord Shaftesbury was also presented with the freedom of the City of Glasgow on the 28th of August, 1871. On the same day he laid the foundation-stone of a new Convalescent Home for Glasgow at Lenzie Junction. The Home, which was erected at a cost of £5,000, has accommodation for sixty-two convalescent patients. In addressing a meeting of the working classes of Glasgow on the 31st, his lordship reviewed the campaign in connection with the Factory Acts, maintaining that the Ten Hours Act was the greatest boon that was ever conferred, not only upon the operatives, but upon the proprietors and capitalists of the country. An address was presented to the speaker by the factory-workers, expressive of their gratitude for his exertions in their cause. At a later period, Lord Shaftesbury was also presented with the freedom of the City of Edinburgh, in recognition of his long-continued philanthropic efforts.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Though Lord Shaftesbury lived to the very advanced age of upwards of eighty-four, and went through an enormous amount of work, his constitution was not a strong one. He suffered from gout, which in a suppressed form occasionally affected important internal organs. During the summer of 1884 he had an attack of diarrhoea, by which his strength was considerably reduced. This malady in a chronic form, but greatly modified by treatment, continued until a few months ago. Towards the close of the summer the distribution of a legacy amounting to £50,000 devolved upon his lordship. The desire to fulfil this duty conscientiously imposed much anxiety and fatigue. Still, Lord Shaftesbury could not be induced to leave town until he had completed the undertaking. He went, by the advice of his physician, Dr. Quain, to Folkestone, where at first he seemed to recover some strength. An unfortunate exposure to east wind resulted in inflammation of the left lung. The acute malady yielded to the treatment of Dr. Bowles of Folkestone, but the disease in a more chronic form crept into the upper part of the lung, and to this malady Lord Shaftesbury succumbed, happily without material suffering.

His last moments were of the most peaceful character. During the morning his lordship

dictated two letters to his daughters. Three members of his family—Lady Templemore, the Hon. Edith Ashley, and the Hon. Cecil Ashley—were in constant attendance upon him, and he conversed with them in an affectionate and cheerful manner. Up to the last he retained consciousness, and conversed with the utmost sensibility. He expected death, and his gentleness with his children in the last hour was very touching. A friend who saw him a few days before he died, writes, "Lord Shaftesbury said, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He has been my Friend for long years.'" In this calm and sure confidence he gradually sank, and it seemed as if in falling asleep his own wishes were fulfilled: "I trust that I shall go down to the grave, and rise again, with the line written upon my heart, 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified.'" Thus closed, on the 1st day of October, 1885, the long life of Lord Shaftesbury.

HIS FUNERAL.

Seldom has Westminster Abbey witnessed so imposing a sight as when the body of his lordship was conveyed within its sacred walls to receive those last tokens of honour, of service, and of love which he deserved. Great and noble, well-to-do, and the very poorest stood side by side to own their respect to his memory. Beautiful flowers decked the simple coffin; flower-wreathed banners, bearing appropriate inscriptions, were also to be seen in the procession. Handel's *Dead March* and Chopin's *Funeral March* pealed from the organ; now and then could be heard the sweet voices of the choristers. Deputations from all kinds of benevolent societies swelled the crowd. The service was most impressive, and a solemn hush gave proof of the deep and earnest homage which prevailed in all hearts. The whole congregation finally joined in singing Charles Wesley's triumphant hymn:—

"Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone!
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one!"

At the close of the service, quietly the congregation dispersed, and then the remains were taken to St. Giles, near Wimborne, to the family vault, to await the Divine summons to awake.

THE LESSONS OF HIS LIFE.

It is impossible to do more than refer to a few leading traits which deserve consideration, but the most obvious which his life suggests is this:—Do what you can to do good with the power you possess and the position you occupy. Lord Shaftesbury seems to have been governed largely by the spirit of Him "who went about doing

good." To accomplish this, like his Master, he made great sacrifices and endured many reproaches. He went in search of those who needed help. Literally, he went out into the highways and hedges, and compelled the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind to come in, to the enjoyment of blessings and privileges to which they had hitherto been strangers. None were too low for the reach of his hand, nor too far gone in sin to be beyond the possibility of redemption. So long as there was life there was hope, seemed to be the prevailing spirit which governed his actions and prompted his efforts. Would that this generous spirit towards the fallen moved others!

Another lesson is that of the vast responsibility which rests upon those who have position, time, money, and influence for helping to make our land what it ought to be. If one Lord Shaftesbury has been able to set in motion, and keep in activity, so many instrumentalities for purifying and elevating the masses, what might be done if a noble band of noblemen would only lead the way? If, instead of devoting time, money, and effort to train horses for the racecourse, they would seek to train men, women, and children in virtue, honesty, and godliness, they would command an influence, and secure an amount of respect, which would bring joy and gladness into many a home, and also furnish themselves with material for reflection which would bear the test of the closest scrutiny and the plaudits of an enlightened conscience. To whom ought those who are down look up for an example worthy of imitation if not to those who claim to be the best blood of the nation?

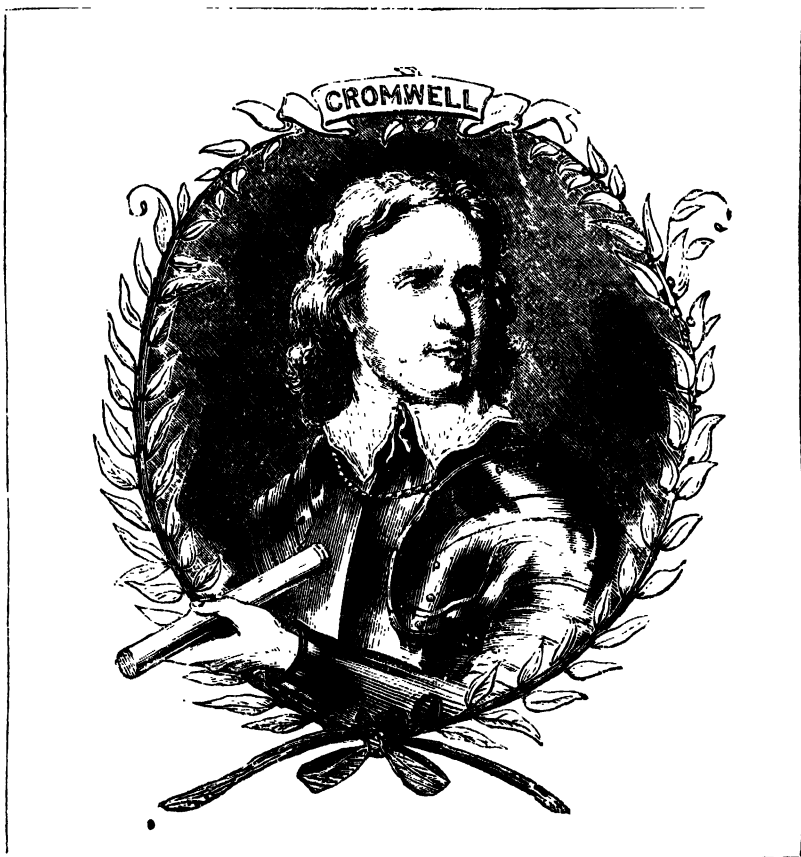
From its beginning to its close, his life had been marked with deeds rich in goodness and benevolence. Although he was permitted to attain the ripe old age of eighty-four, he still retained in full vigour the faculties which he had devoted so freely and without stint to secure the welfare of his fellow creatures. His ancestors' names are somewhat famous in the councils and literature of the nation, but he excels them all, in the loftiness of his purpose, and the pure and unsullied brilliancy of his deeds of moral heroism. "Do noble things and not dream them" seems ever to have been the guiding spirit of his life. Some, indeed, of his ancestors were noted for ambition, intrigue, and energy, and in a measure he has inherited their spirit; but how different the nobler purposes to which he has devoted it. From quite a mere youth to the age of fifty, the name of Ashley was associated in the minds of all true

men and women, with everything where weak, defenceless, and down-trodden beings needed help, and even when his name was changed to that of Shaftesbury, it remained identified with the same noble mission. There seemed to be no limit to his sympathy, or bounds to his far-reaching devotion, to all who were "desolate and oppressed," save boundless misery itself. To "comfort and help the weak-hearted, and to raise up them that fall," was the one aim of his life. He agreed with one who said, "'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, but to support them after," and thousands could be found in all parts of the world at this moment, who would gladly testify that they had received their first impetus onward towards a happier and better life, by the lessons of self-respect and self-reliance which they learnt at his feet. He was not content by merely giving them money to get rid of them, but grasped them by the hand to help to rise up to their feet, so that they might learn to walk alone. To accomplish this, he sacrificed every worldly interest, and turned aside from every alluring path, in which he might have attained a proud position in our country's history. He was thus all the more free to pursue those great movements of a moral, social, and religious character, with which his name has been so prominently associated. Party politics were never allowed to interfere with his determined purpose, or to hinder his entire devotion to practical reform.

HIS BEST LEGACY.

It is to be regretted, that there are so few comparatively of the same type, to be found among the members of the House of Lords, and the most precious legacy Lord Shaftesbury leaves them behind, is the lesson, that his order (and, indeed, every other order also) may derive, of the immense, yea, incalculable benefit which they have the power to bestow, upon large masses of their fellow men, if they would only follow in his steps. Practical sympathy like his would earn lasting gratitude. To have the blessing of those who are "ready to perish," will be far more satisfactory at the last than the plaudits of the racecourse, or the passing popularity of the fleeting crowd in a public assembly. It would also, at the same time, help to weld together the rich and the poor, in a bond which no schemes of political arrangement could either give or take away, and in this way secure the true welfare of our beloved country. Such, evidently, was the life-work of the true nobleman,

LORD SHAFTESBURY.



OLIVER CROMWELL,

LORD PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND.

"God hath given it (the victory) to our handful; let us endeavour to keep it. I had rather have a plain, russet-coated captain, that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call 'a gentleman,' and is nothing else. I honour a gentleman that is so indeed!"—*Letter of Cromwell, Sept., 1648.*

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HISTORIC CALUMNIES.

IN the year of the "glorious Restoration," 1660, —the Treaty of Dover to wit, that made England a pensioned vassal of France, and the arrival of the Dutch fleet in the Medway to burn the English anticipatory of many and various other glories,

ships, and divers "glories" that were to distinguish the reign of the merry monarch who so merrily betrayed the country he came to govern,—there was enacted a notable scene close under the walls of the Abbey Church of Westminster. Anxious to vindicate their own position, and to prove to all men the heinousness of the "great rebellion," and the utter wickedness and depravity of the men who had stood up for the rights of the English people against the mild and tolerant rule of Strafford and Laud, and their simple-minded and straightforward master Charles I., the high authorities caused to be dug up "above a hundred buried corpses," and "flung them in a heap in St. Margaret's churchyard." In this ghoul-like process were included the corpse of Admiral Blake, the famous soldier and sea-captain, who, after maintaining the honour of England in distant seas, had come to the coast of his island home to die; and, worse than all, there were the poor remains of Oliver Cromwell's old mother, who had passed away, at the age of ninety-four, a few years since; and presently the high authorities caused the bodies of the late Protector and of Ireton and Bradshaw to be tumbled out of their graves for the satisfaction of this sorry posthumous vengeance, to be hanged on the gallows at Tyburn; quite unconscious that, by that notable proceeding, they were gibbetting themselves to all posterity in the minds of all fair and thoughtful men. Then it was also that a certain James Heath, the son of King Charles the Second's cutler,—*Carrion* Heath, as he has been called, from his propensity for collecting garbage of lies and calumny,—hastened to come out with a little brown-leather-covered book, entitled, "*Flagellum: or, The Life and Death of O. Cromwell, the Late Usurper*;" which notable work has been pronounced by a great writer on that period, "the chief fountain of all the foolish lies that have been circulated about Oliver since."

For a long time the tone of the minor writers and pamphleteers was, as might be expected, that of vituperation, in all its moods and tenses, against Cromwell; and even those writers who claimed to be historians, could see nothing in the great soldier and statesman but a jumble of opposing qualities: "An amazing conjuncture of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition," writes Smollett; "the strangest compound of villany and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, to be met with in the annals of mankind," with much more incoherent nonsense of the same kind; and although some small books, notably the "Passages concerning his late Highness's last sickness," by an officer of Oliver's household, ventured to put the matter in another light, it

was not until recently that the character and career of one of the greatest of English worthies has been set with anything like impartiality and justice before the eyes of the nation whose destinies he had swayed with such vigour and genius. To this end two writers have mainly contributed,—John Forster and Thomas Carlyle. They have dived below the surface of malicious pamphleteering by partisan scandalmongers, and have done justice to Cromwell,—such justice as the great Protector himself would have desired. For did he not say to young Lely, when that ingenious limner, afterwards famous for his effigies of the notable "beauties" of Charles the Second's Court, came to take his portrait, "Paint me as I am; if you leave out the blotches and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling"?

And in the light thrown upon his life by recent investigations, and most of all by those letters and speeches edited by Mr. Carlyle, in which the Protector speaks and writes for himself, we have at length the opportunity of seeing the great central figure of the most important period of English history "as he was."

BIRTH, FAMILY, AND EDUCATION.

Oliver Cromwell, afterwards Protector of the English Commonwealth, was born on the 25th of April, 1599, at Huntingdon. His father, Robert Cromwell, was a younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrooke; and the child was named after his uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell, Sir Henry's eldest son. His mother, Elizabeth Stewart, the daughter of an opulent squire of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, was descended from a certain Walter Stewart, who, in the reign of Henry IV., accompanied to England that Prince James who was imprisoned in Windsor Tower, and wrote impassioned verses to Lady Jan Beaufort. Walter Stewart remained in England when his master at length returned to the north, for the young retainer had made a good marriage; and thus, as Carlyle observes, Oliver Cromwell could lay claim to a "fractional portion" of cousinship to the man on whose fortunes he was destined to have so tremendous an influence. The Cromwells were an ancient and influential family, and numbered among their ancestors that Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, once secretary to Wolsey, and afterwards minister to Henry VIII., who, like many others, paid with his head for the fleeting and dangerous favours of the royal tiger.

A country gentleman of moderate estate, well known and active at quarter sessions, and once for a short time a Member of Parliament, Robert

Cromwell was a person of consideration. The tradition that speaks of him as a brewer is utterly untrustworthy, and appears to have been one of those somewhat flunkeyish devices by which small spirits endeavour to lower the position of a successful opponent. Thus Wolsey and Harrison were both stigmatised by courtiers as "butcher's sons;" Thomas Cromwell as "son of a Putney blacksmith;" and so on. There is no evidence that Robert Cromwell ever took to brewing; though his famous son, in after years, helped to brew a very notable draught, to be "commended to the lips" of Strafford and others.

He was educated at the public school at Huntingdon, whence he proceeded to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. At the age of eighteen he was summoned home from the University by the death of his father, which occurred in June 1617; and thus, his elder brother Robert being dead, he became the sole surviving son among a bevy of six daughters in the house of his widowed mother. He was thus head of the household; which will account for his returning no more to Cambridge. He then went to London for a short time to read law, though he was not entered on the books of any of the Societies. Many tales utterly without evidence, have been told of his boyhood; such as that of a meeting with Prince Charles, who is said to have accompanied his father James on a hunting progress, in which the King visited Hinchinbrooke; of a quarrel between the two lads, and a beating administered to the heir-apparent by his future successor. Carlyle appropriately cails for Christian burial for these idle tales, classing them with the "facts" of "Carrión Heath."

CROMWELL'S MARRIAGE; COMMENCEMENT OF PARLIAMENTARY TROUBLES IN ENGLAND.

On the 22nd of August, 1620, as shown in the register of St. Gilos's, Cripplegate, Oliver Cromwell, being then just over twenty-one years of age, was married to Elizabeth Bourchier. He then returned to Huntingdon, where, in his father's old house, with his wife and mother, he lived for some years, during which time a numerous family began to grow up around his board; but the earliest born children of his household died young. During this time he probably occupied himself in the avocations of a farming country gentleman. He thought deeply on religious matters, as was not unnatural in the seventeenth century,—an age when "the English squire clearly appears to have believed in God,

not as a figure of speech, but as a fact, very awful to the heart of the English squire; when he wore his Bible doctrine round him as our squire wears his shot-belt—went abroad with it, nothing doubting." His convictions led him to pronounced Puritanism of the Calvinistic sort. And thus matters went on; and he must have won the reputation of a trustworthy man, fit to be employed on matters of moment; for in 1628 he was returned to Parliament as member for the borough of Huntingdon.

This was the third Parliament called by Charles I. since his accession in 1625; and various weighty reasons stamp it as important in the history of England. Throughout the whole of the inglorious reign of James, the question of the rights of the people as against the prerogative of the King had been in debate; and more than once there had been a near prospect of open rupture between the King and his Parliament. But the Scottish Solomon was not cast in an heroic or even in a manly mould. When he had declared that the King's wrath was as the roaring of a lion, he invariably ran away. Contempt for his timidity was largely mingled with the dislike excited by his lofty pretensions of "divine right," his claim for irresponsible rule, with passive obedience and non-resistance as the only attitudes to be maintained by his subjects. But matters were greatly altered when Charles, supported by his evil genius Buckingham, came to the throne. With all the obstinacy of his father, he had far more intellect than the heavy professor of "kingcraft," who had been so egregiously duped and deceived in what were to have been his master-strokes. The prologue to the tragedy had been spoken in the time of James I.; under Charles the play was to begin in earnest.

Two Parliaments had already been dismissed in anger by the King; and the most determined members of the opposition had been cast into prison as a warning to the rest. The most illegal means had been resorted to in order to fill the exhausted treasury,—forced loans, benevolences or supposed free-will contributions extorted by threats and intimidation, soldiers quartered to a ruinous extent in the houses of private citizens, old feudal rights revived, and stretched to the utmost extent. These things, coupled with disastrous failure and disgrace in foreign wars, had caused the third Parliament of Charles to meet in no complying mood. Buckingham was looked upon as the root of all the evil; and, in spite of the angry intervention of the King, was censured by name and without stint. Grim Felton, with that Sheffield whittle he bought on Tower Hill,

and with which he rode down to Portsmouth, sternly resolved to avenge his own wrongs and the nation's, saved the Commons any further trouble about that unprincipled adventurer. The Parliament, after obtaining the King's reluctant consent to the Petition of Rights, adjourned, to meet again in the January following; and once more Oliver Cromwell, the Member for Huntingdon, came up to town, and appeared in his place.

During the recess, the King had again resorted, without stint or measure, to all the illegal acts against which the Petition of Rights had been levelled. Tonnage and poundage had again been levied; and the penalty of imprisonment was inflicted on those who refused to pay; and sycophancy to the King in matters of religion, the tuning of the pulpits to sing the praises of Divine right and passive obedience, and the nearest possible approximation to Popery in matters of ceremonial, had greatly angered the Puritan party, who, with rage in their hearts, saw the Mainwarings and Montagues and Neiles, who went farthest in the ceremonial and church millinery direction, rewarded with good things in the Church for their pains. A committee on religion was accordingly called for; and here we have a notable fragment preserved of a speech delivered on the occasion by the Member for Huntingdon, Mr. Oliver Cromwell: "He had heard by relation from one Dr. Beard," he said, "that Dr. Alabaster had preached flat Popery at St. Paul's Cross (the open-air stone pulpit, with a roof or canopy over it, whose foundations have recently been discovered at the south side of the present cathedral); and that the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Neile) had commanded him, as his diocesan, he should preach nothing to the contrary. Mainwaring, so justly censured in this House for his sermons, was by the same Bishop's means preferred to a rich living. If these are the steps to church preferment, what are we to expect?"—an outspoken, vigorous remonstrance, going straight to the point, as, indeed, it was this man's custom at all times to do.

DESOTISM IN ENGLAND, 1629-1640.

Then came that memorable day on which the Commons, harassed beyond endurance by repeated orders from the King to adjourn whenever they set about considering the state of public affairs, fairly took the bit between their teeth, locked their door even against Black Rod coming with a message from His Majesty; and while Speaker Finch, trembling and weeping and vainly refusing to put the question to the House, is forcibly

held down in his chair by Denzil Holles and Valentine,—his presence being necessary to the validity of their proceedings,—the Commons pass their three famous resolutions condemning tonnage and poundage as illegal, and equally condemning papistical practices in the Church and Arminianism; and then the King dissolves the Parliament by proclamation, clapping the chief members in prison, according to his wont; and for eleven years there is absolute government by "right divine" in England.

So Oliver Cromwell, late Member for Huntingdon town, goes back to his native place, there being no Parliament left in which he or any other honourable member can sit; indeed, a Royal Proclamation has appeared forbidding men to speak of anything of the kind: "Meddle with no State matters," was one of "the twelve good rules the royal martyr drew,"—a mighty convenient rule for tyrants and despots to impress upon their subjects, and much in favour with them accordingly.

And now those two men, so different from each other in intellect, in capacity to govern, and even in outward appearance, but alike only in their devotion to the cause of absolute government and divine right, come forth to play their prominent part in the sad drama of tyranny and misgovernment that is being enacted in England. The first of these men is Archbishop Laud, puny of intellect and a Zacheus in stature, a busy, prying, restlessly zealous partisan of the fussy kind,—Justice Shallow in a surplice and bands,—tuning the pulpits, persecuting the Puritans, with the help of the Star Chamber and High Commission Court, even to pillorying and the cutting off of ears and slitting of noses, with fine and imprisonment unlimited to follow; as witness the well-known cases of Prynne the barrister, and Burton, and hundreds more, irritating men at last beyond endurance, and helping greatly to gather the storm destined to overwhelm him with thousands of better men. The second was Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, "the great apostate," who had once used his great powers of mind and his noble eloquence on the side of popular liberty, and had been the trusted friend of Pym, Holles, Hampden, Eliot, and the other chiefs of the popular party; but who now, won over by the cajolements of the Court, hated his former associates with all the rancour of a deserter, and in his "thorough" devised a scheme of government wherein royal despotism was to be upheld and supported by military force.

And presently, while the Star Chamber and the

Court of High Commission and the Northern Counties' Court are harassing men to the verge of rebellion, over-riding the judgments of the regular tribunals, and playing havoc with the laws and liberties of the land, comes Attorney-General Ray, with his ingenious scheme for replenishing the King's coffers by extending the Writ of Shipmoney from the maritime to the inland counties, and making what had been an exceptional expedient in war-time a means of perennial supply in a period of profound peace. And then, in 1635, did John Hampden, the cousin of Oliver Cromwell, and a member of each of the five Parliaments of Charles's reign, stand forth, and boldly and emphatically refuse to pay two sums of thirty-one shillings and sixpence and twenty shillings respectively, at which he had been assessed; preferring the certain loss and the probable danger involved in a suit at law, to the violation of the principle of right he considered involved in the question of this illegal impost.

Meanwhile Oliver Cromwell was quietly looking after his own concerns. Part of his estate at Huntingdon he sold during those eventful years; he removed to St. Ives, some miles off, where he bought an estate, and pursued the tolerably even tenour of his way, farming, sowing, and reaping, and breeding cattle and sheep; while in public matters, Strafford was establishing the "thorough," and the country was drifting slowly but none the less certainly towards the Great Rebellion. From St. Ives he afterwards removed to Ely, on inheriting some property there from Sir Thomas Stewart, his maternal grandfather.

There are extant letters written by his hand at this period, wherein, in the strong, vigorous language of seventeenth century puritanism, he speaks of his conversion, his sinfulness, and the mercies vouchsafed to him. Upon these expressions several of his earlier biographers, and notably a clergyman named Noble, have chosen to found a theory that Oliver must at one time have led a very dissolute life. Just the same conjecture has been made, on similar grounds, concerning John Bunyan; but there is no tittle of evidence that the future Protector of England was guilty of profligacy or evil living at this or any other portion of his career.

SCOTLAND IN REBELLION; THE "SHORT PARLIAMENT."

In the north, meanwhile, events were happening which gave the English people an invaluable chance for a struggle for the recovery of their

liberties. Long years before, King James I. had attempted to set up a shadowy imitation of an Episcopal Church, and to that end had nominated certain bishops, who were contemptuously dubbed Tulchan Bishops by the North Britons; a tulchan being a kind of dummy, in imitation of a calf, constructed to deceive bereaved cows by a false appearance, and induce them to yield their milk to the pail. At the instigation of zealous but indiscreet Laud, it was resolved that to the tulchan imitation should succeed the reality of episcopacy in Scotland. Uniformity of worship with that of the Church of England was to be enforced, and the liturgy, or Prayer-book service, introduced everywhere.

It is well known what an explosion ensued: Clarendon has left us a graphic account of what took place "on the Sunday morning appointed for the work" of reading the liturgy in the cathedral church of St. Giles's, Edinburgh. He tells us of that "shower of stones and sticks and cudgels" that came flying at the dean's head when that high functionary began reading the words which the fiery zeal of the Scots confounded with "the Popish mass." The country was quickly in a blaze; men were everywhere signing the Solemn League and Covenant; pledging themselves to venture life and property in defence of the freedom of their faith. The remonstrances of the King and his advisers were vain: and the year 1639 saw Charles marching northward, with forces raised with great difficulty,—for the exchequer was badly furnished, in spite of the extraordinary means taken for its replenishment,—to put down the Scottish rebellion with the strong hand, and awe the rebels into submission.

But in this design he failed lamentably. The leading men among those who had signed the Covenant had organised regiments to oppose the King; and so formidable did they appear in numbers and determination, that the Pacification of Dunse was hastily patched up, and the King retreated southward; the main question being left for a time in abeyance. The Scots disbanded their army; but with admirable foresight kept the leaders about them, mostly tough, doughty men, who had fought in the great German Thirty Years' War, at that time raging on the Continent.

And thus it came about, that early in 1640 the King, chafing under these reverses, and finding that the scheme of despotism had failed, was fain to call a Parliament after an interval of eleven years; and thus Oliver Cromwell, now Member for Cambridge, and his cousin Oliver St. John, the lawyer who had defended Hampden in the

ship-money trial, and that most famous cousin of his, John Hampden himself, with a number of other zealous and earnest men, were once more summoned to Westminster. This was what is known in our history as the "Short Parliament;" for the session was not more than three weeks old, when the King, perceiving probably in the members a disposition to inquire into abuses and grievances rather than confine themselves to the voting of supplies, the reason for which they had been summoned, suddenly dismissed this his fourth Parliament. Even Clarendon professes himself at a loss to conceive how the members had given offence. Oliver St. John, with a grave smile on his dark face, declared that "things must be worse before they would be better." He knew there was no chance for a free Parliament in England so long as Charles had a card in his hand to play in the game of despotism.

CROMWELL IN THE LONG PARLIAMENT; HIS DEFENCE OF THE RUSTICS.

Things became worse very speedily. A new army was with great difficulty assembled; for the Pacification of Dunse had not been kept, each party accusing the other of misinterpreting its articles; and again Charles marched northward to fight the Scots. But his troops were mutinous and disaffected, and evidently more inclined to take part against episcopacy than to uphold it. The Scots had crossed the border and advanced confidently into Northumberland; and at Newburn the King's troops ran away almost without striking a blow; and then it became evident that Charles had risked his last stake as a despotic ruler, and failed, and that the time to which Oliver St. John and his colleagues looked forward had come.

In November of that same memorable year, 1640, met the celebrated Long Parliament, destined to experience, during an existence, with long intervals, extending over nineteen years, the most opposite fortunes, including the height of power and triumph, and the depths of humiliation and weakness. This Parliament met with a stern consciousness of its own strength, and a thorough determination to make use of its power to the fullest extent; plainly understanding that it owed its existence to the necessities and by no means to the favour of the monarch, who would far rather have seen the members in the Gatehouse than in the Hall of Assembly, but to whom rule without a Parliament had for the time become impossible. Accordingly the Long Parliament at once sets to work vigorously and without delay. Strafford and Laud are arrested and

impeached; the Courts of Star Chamber and of High Commission, and the equally infamous Northern Court, vanish before its prompt, indignant action. Then there is justice, with compensation and redress, for the Puritan prisoners, who, with cropped ears and slit noses, and backs scarred with the hangman's whip, have been languishing in prison, even as far off as distant Jersey, for years. Cromwell, who had been again returned to Parliament, presented a petition in favour of one of the worst used, and one of the most difficult of the Puritan captives, young Lilburn, who had been Prynne's amanuensis, and had been whipped like a felon at the cart's tail from Westminster to the Fleet Prison at the foot of Ludgate Hill, enduring his two hundred stripes with a constancy never exceeded even by Prynne himself. We have another picture of him in those days, from the pen of Sir Philip Warwick, the Member for Radnor, a frank, honest gentleman enough, somewhat inclined to be satirical at the expense of the plain, massive-looking farmer from the Fens, who has never a band to his hat, whose words are not even ready and flowing, and are spoken with a harsh, rugged vehemence,—and who yet, by some unaccountable power of earnestness within himself, gets the House to listen to him:—

"The first time I ever took notice of Mr. Cromwell," Sir Philip says, "was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman; for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes. I came into the House one morning well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor: his linen was plain, and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour. For the subject-matter," continues the courtly Sir Philip, "would not bear much of *reason*, it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had dispersed libels;" and he concludes, with the amusing simplicity of a man who cannot conceive any greatness disassociated from the external glories of fine clothes and gold lace: "I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great Council,—for this gentleman was very much hearkened unto." He was destined to be very much more "hearkened

unto" in the days, then rapidly approaching, when the iron "pot," or helmet, was to become a more general headgear than the beaver with its gold band.

About the same time he also appears as a Member of a Committee of the House to hear and investigate the case of some poor rustics, whose rights in some waste lands—enclosed and sold to two noblemen, the Earl of Manchester and his son—had been disregarded with a right royal injustice, who accordingly made an outcry against the great oppression carried upon them with a very high hand, and supported by power. It is in the "Life" of Clarendon that the scene occurs; and the writer seems rather to have wondered at the insolence of the appellants, "who were a very rude kind of people," in making any complaint at all, and still more at the vehemence and heat with which Mr. Cromwell supported their cause. "Cromwell knew this Soke of Somersham, near St. Ives (the land to which the proceedings referred), very well; knew these poor rustics, and what treatment they had got; and wished, not in the imperturbablest manner, it would seem, to see justice done them,"—a praiseworthy object certainly, though we can fancy the outspoken manner of Cromwell must have considerably startled not only courtly Hyde, who was present as a sort of moderator, but the majority of the Committee.

ATTEMPTED ARREST OF THE FIVE MEMBERS; BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

After the execution of the great Earl of Strafford, and the prompt abolition of the most flagrant abuses, had in some measure appeased the angry mood of the nation, a strong current of public opinion began to flow in an opposite direction, in favour of the King—a current checked for a time, but not turned aside permanently, by the horrible Irish massacre. When the Long Parliament first met, an overwhelming majority in the Commons had been for checking the prerogative and limiting the power of the King in every direction. But now that majority had dwindled down to very small proportions; for many who had at first swelled its ranks were of opinion that the King had now done enough to re-establish confidence, and ought to be trusted. And thus, when the presentation of a Grand Remonstrance was decided on, the debate was so hot, that there might have been brawling, if not bloodshed, among the members themselves. But for the admirable temper and conciliatory exertions of John Hampden, Cromwell on this

occasion is reported to have been one of the warmest upholders of the Remonstrance,—which is more than probable,—and to have said, that had the Remonstrance not passed, he would have sold off everything and gone to New England—which rests entirely on tradition.

But the King was badly advised; that body-guard he had got round him contained too many dissolute, broken-down Templars and roystering blades to be safe councillors, or even desirable tools in the hands of a King chafed by opposition and humiliated by forced concessions after a long period of despotic power. Nor was grim Colonel Lunsford, their leader, a desirable representative of kingly authority and dignity, "slashing the apprentices with his sword in Westminster Hall." And so it came about that Charles, returning from his ill-omened journey to Scotland, became possessed with the idea that if he could suddenly swoop down upon five heads of the hydra of opposition in the Commons, and one in the Lords, namely, Pym, Hampden, Holles, Hazlerig, and Strode, and Lord Kimbolton, it would be a comparatively easy matter to deal with the rest. Accordingly he came down to Westminster on the 5th of January, 1642, with his swaggering guard behind him, entered the Commons House, intending to carry away captive the men in question on a charge of high treason, found that "the birds were flown," for they had received warning of His Majesty's approach, and quitted the House amid angry and ominous cries of "Privilege." The members had gone into the city, where they were received with open arms by the authorities, and whence the King demanded their surrender in vain. On the 11th of January they were to be brought back in triumph to their places in Parliament, escorted by the jubilant city trainbands. On the 10th, the day before that ceremony, the King quitted the palace of Whitehall, which he never saw again till that fatal 30th of January, 1649, when he was brought there to die.

Even then there was a hope that the matter of dispute between the King and his Parliament might be settled without recourse to the sword; but the point on which all negotiation failed was the command of the militia. This the King would by no means consent to give out of his own hands; and the Parliament, after that fatal 5th of January, would not trust Charles with a military force; and during the next months both sides were busy preparing for the great armed struggle that was to begin when the King raised his standard at Nottingham, in the month of August, 1642.

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CROMWELL'S MILITARY CAREER BEGUN.

And now a new chapter opens in the life of Cromwell; the time was coming in which he should mount step by step to the Presidential throne of England by virtue of the genius and worth that render the man of pre-eminent mind indispensable in days of peril and distress. Confident that the quarrel between King and Parliament would have to be decided by war, Cromwell exerted himself strenuously, on behalf of the Parliament, to prepare for the inevitable. He lent £300 for the services of the Commonwealth; Hampden's subscription at the same time being £1,000. He organized a body of volunteers, and collected arms, and sent them down into Cambridge for the defence of that county; himself taking the management of the preparations in the county of Cambridge, and, among other notable actions, seizing the magazine of Cambridge Castle, and preventing the college plate being carried off; and when the army is organized under Robert Lord Essex for the Parliament service, Captain Oliver Cromwell is entered as captain of Troop Sixty-seven of the cavalry force. "How a staid, most pacific, solid farmer of three-and-forty decided on girding himself with warlike iron, and fighting, he and his, against principalities and powers," says the editor of the "*Cromwell Letters and Speeches*," "let readers who have formed any notion of this man conceive for themselves. *He and his*, advisedly; for his eldest son Oliver was now grown up, and held the commission of ensign in the Eighth Cavalry Troop."

And then was fought that indecisive fight of Edgehill, at which Oliver was present, and which gave him the occasion for the shrewd remark that this great struggle would never be won with indifferent or careless soldiers, and that the stimulus of religious zeal on the part of the Parliament troops, must be put in action to oppose the eager readiness of the King's troops: "Loyalty must be met by a principle as strong," he said emphatically to his cousin Hampden; "and what can that be but religion?" and he therewith proceeded to act upon the truth his sagacity had recognised, by enlisting in the cause the fiery zeal of the most respectable and steady of the Nonconformist sects, the Independents, drilling and exercising his stalwart company of troopers, who formed the nucleus of that splendid band of warriors, invincible in their fierce enthusiasm and the deep conviction of their cause, who became famous throughout the three Kingdoms under the honoured name of Oliver's Ironsides.

The energetic Captain, soon to become Colonel |

Cromwell, among his other duties, had to keep a watchful eye on the doings of disaffected persons, and to hinder anything that could tend to the disadvantage of the Parliament and its cause. Very characteristic is his letter to Mr. Robert Barnard, once his fellow justice in Huntingdon, who had been engaged in such suspicious transactions as to draw upon himself a domiciliary visit of some of Oliver's soldiers to see what he was about. Whereupon Mr. Robert Barnard grumbles; and his former colleague addresses to him the following very outspoken and characteristic letter, the original of which, in Cromwell's handwriting, is still in existence:

"To my assured friend, Robert Barnard, Esq.: Present these, 23rd January, 1642.

"MR. BARNARD,—It's most true, my Lieutenant, with some other soldiers of my troops, were at your house. I dealt freely to inquire after you; the reason was, I had heard you reported active against the proceedings of Parliament, and *for* those that disturb the peace of this country and the kingdom; *with* those of this country who have had meetings not a few, to intents and purposes too full of suspect.

"It's true, sir, I know you have been wary in your carriages: be not too confident thereof. Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will. With my heart I shall desire that your judgment may alter, and your practice. I come only to hinder men from increasing the rent—from doing hurt, but not to hurt any man; nor shall I you: I hope you will give me no cause. If you do, I must be pardoned what my relation to the public calls for. If your good parts be disposed that way, know me for,

"Your Servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Be assured fair words from me shall neither deceive you of your houses nor of your liberty."

HIS EXERTIONS IN THE COMMON CAUSE; THE IRONSIDES.

Presently we see him doing notable service to his side by seizing and sending off post-haste to London the high-sheriff of Hertfordshire, Thomas Conisby, Esquire, who, with many followers, had been executing a pretended King's Writ, or, in other words, levying contributions, one market day in the good town of St. Albans. A sudden rush of Cromwell's dragoons effected the capture of the sheriff, who was forthwith sent to give an account of himself and his doings to the Parliament at Westminster; by whom he was treated to several years of imprisonment in the Tower.

Other important services quickly followed,

such as the taking of Lowestoft, the relief of Croyland, the skirmish at Grantham, and the taking of Stamford. But the event that first drew general attention upon him as a skilful and wary leader was his victory at Gainsborough fight, July 1643, in which General Cavendish, cousin to the Marquis of Exeter, was killed; for, as Colonel Cromwell laconically puts it, "one officer cut him on the head; and, as he lay, my Captain-Lieutenant Berry thrust him in the short ribs, of which he died, about two hours after, in Gainsborough."

His energy and promptitude are characteristically shown in a short note to the Cambridge Commissioners, enclosing a desponding communication he had received from his friend Lord Willoughby, full of bad news. Cromwell just claps Lord Willoughby's letter into one of his own, couched in the following terms, and despatches the two without delay:—

"GENTLEMEN,—You see by this enclosed how sadly your affairs stand. It's no longer disputing, but out instantly all you can! Raise all your bands; send them to Huntingdon; get up what volunteers you can; hasten your horses.

"Send these letters to Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex without delay. I beseech you, spare not, but be expeditious and industrious. Almost all our foot have quitted Stamford, there is nothing to interrupt an enemy but our horse that is considerable. You must act lively; do it without distraction. Neglect no means.

"I am,

"Your faithful Servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

His energy and spirit are untiring in these days of trouble. The men are discouraged now and then by the slowness of the Association and Commissioners, being left without pay, and sometimes in sore straits for clothing, and sometimes even for food; and meanwhile time is being lost, and the opposite party are strengthening themselves; bold Prince Rupert, or Prince Robber, as he is already called, having already begun to practise, with great effect, the art of swooping down suddenly, when least expected, and retiring as suddenly, laden with plunder, leaving fire and desolation behind him. Just now, too, the Parliament has to lament the loss of their best man, the patriot Hampden, mortally wounded in the skirmish at Chalgrove Field. The following remonstrance from a letter of Colonel Cromwell will show to what straits he was sometimes reduced. He concludes an energetic appeal with the following very sensible and unanswerable words: "The money I brought down with me is

so poor a pittance, when it comes to be distributed amongst all my troops, that, considering their necessity,—it will not half clothe them, they were so far behind,—if we have not more money speedily, they will be exceedingly discouraged, I am sorry you put me to it, to write thus often. It makes it seem a needless importunity in me, whereas in truth it is a constant neglect of those that should provide for us. Gentlemen, make them able to live and subsist that are willing to spend their blood for you. I say no more."

Meanwhile, by weeding out the bad soldiers and enlisting the best men procurable, he was organising that capital body of cavalry, those thousand *Ironsides* who soon did such splendid service. Strict discipline, as became men engaged in a great cause, is maintained among them. "Not a man of Colonel Cromwell's soldiers swears," say the newspapers, "but he pays his twelve-pence; and all drinking, plundering, impiety, and disorder are sternly prohibited."

At the beginning of 1644, *Lieutenant-General* Cromwell seems to see his way more clearly. We find him administering an official reproof to Major-General Crawford, who has sent away a zealous Lieutenant-Colonel with whom he differs on religious matters. "Surely," writes Cromwell, in grave wonder, "you are not well advised thus to turn off one so faithful to the cause as this man is. Give me leave to tell you, I cannot be of your judgment, if a man notorious for wickedness, for oaths, for drinking hath as great a share in your affections as one who fears an oath . . . that this doth commend your election of men to serve as fit instruments in this work. Ay, but this man is an Anabaptist. Are you sure of that? Admit he be, shall that render him incapable to serve the public? . . . Sir, the State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions; if they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies. I advised you formerly to bear with men of different minds from yourself; if you had done it when I advised you to it, I think you would not have had so many stumbling-blocks in your way."

CROMWELL'S RISING FORTUNES; MARSTON MOOR; CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.

So much energy and thoroughness, combined with a military genius and a faculty for organisation that developed itself more and more every day, could not fail to gain for their possessor a foremost place at a time when each side was compelled to put forth all its strength to avoid destruction at the hands of its opponent. The great fortunes of Cromwell date from

Gainsborough fight; for here the immense importance of the man himself, and of the men he brought with him to the contest, became clearly manifest. We find him immediately afterwards made Governor of the island of Ely, and recognised as one of the leaders in the struggle, which has become one for life or death; for it is clearly seen by all that the hopes of compromise are fallacious, and that half-measures at such a crisis mean ruin. It is two years since the sword was drawn; and now the scabbard is thrown away.

How tremendous the strength of steady discipline, combined with stern enthusiasm, and led on by consummate skill may become, was manifest in the eyes of the whole nation in the next battle fought, in June 1644, and known as the field of Marston Moor. The honours of that memorable day, which saw the best of the cavalier forces, with Rupert's fiery cavalry, scattered like chaff before the tremendous onslaught of Oliver's Ironsides, were with General Cromwell. It was well understood that rout and ruin, instead of victory, might have been the fate of the Parliament on that memorable day but for the farmer of St. Ives, whom the exigencies of the times had converted into a leader of men; and from this time the action of Cromwell becomes even more vigorous, and he has a larger stage upon which to display his powers. Accordingly he is found exhorting, reproving, admonishing, with more vigour than ever. If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare him for the battle? He is determined that his trumpet, at least, shall continue to sound the alarm with a strain that shall be unmistakeable, and that it shall echo through the length and breadth of the land. He spares not to complain, and that right bitterly, of Lord Manchester himself, when he considers that nobleman is betraying "the Cause" by want of spirit and thoroughness. With him "the Cause" is everything; and he declares that the man who would not, in battle, fire off his pistol at the King as at any other opponent, if need be, is no man for him. Accordingly, after he has besieged and reduced Farringdon, we find him, as Lieutenant-General of the army, invested with new authority, and firmly fixed in the hearts of his followers, who would die rather than disobey him; while the contempt, half real, half assumed, with which the cavaliers had regarded their opponents, was fast changing to a half incredulous wonder at the astonishing prowess and success of the "canting psalm-singers." It was too much the fashion of those who risked their lives in defence

of the King, to look upon license, profanity, and looseness of life and manners as a kind of declaration of loyalty, and as signs of a fine cavalier spirit. The fact that profane swearing, had been constituted by the Puritans an offence against the law, punishable by fine and other penalties, was enough to make the royalists use oaths in abundance in their ordinary conversation. The plain, sad-coloured garments and grave demeanour, sometimes exaggerated into sourness, that characterised the Parliamentarians, was another source of perennial ridicule to their opponents.

"They'll not allow such pride, it brings
No favours in hats, nor no such thing;
They'll convert all ribbons to Bible-strings,
Which nobody can deny,"

sang the cavaliers. And the fact that various Puritan preachers had inveighed their sermons against the "unloveliness of lovelocks," was enough to make them wear their hair in long curls, flowing over their shoulders, the rather as it formed a contrast to the close-cut fashion adopted by their opponents, whom they stigmatised as "crop-eared, canting hypocrites and knaves." But though the visages of many of the Parliament partisans might be sour and harsh, though their psalmody might be occasionally nasal, and their affectation of Scriptural names and Bible phraseology was a source of continual ridicule to their opponents, there was no denying their terrible earnestness; and the late victories had inspired them with a conviction that they were invincible in fighting the battle of the Lord; and thenceforth they marched to the combat with a certain fierce joy, as to assured triumph, all the more to be prized because on each field many of them would be privileged to seal their testimony with their blood.

Even the excesses they committed in their fanaticism were tinged with an idea, oft mistaken and exaggerated, but none the less real, of religious duty and obligation. When the troopers stabled their horses in the grand old cathedrals; when they hacked and defaced with their swords the carving and ornaments with which the piety of former centuries had decorated the churches; when they threw down from their niches the statues of saints, they considered themselves as performing the judgment of heaven upon the land, in casting down the implements of idolatry.

NASEBY; RUIN AND DEATH OF THE KING.

The discomfiture at Marston Moor was hardly greater than the calamity brought upon the royalist cause in the next campaign by the

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Battle of Naseby. Here it was decisively proved that the sudden and fiery charges of Rupert's cavalry were powerless against the steady and confident valour of their opponents; and here again we find Cromwell present, contributing largely to the triumph of his party on that memorable day. And Charles lost more than the battle on that occasion; for there fell into the hands of the victors that memorable cabinet of letters, which proved but too clearly that the King had been cultivating the Machiavelian kind of diplomacy from the beginning of the contest, endeavouring to effect a compromise with his opponents by promises he never intended to keep, and negotiating with various parties at once, in the hope of destroying one by the other. The publication of the royal letters had a terrible effect in increasing the number of those who felt that with Charles I. no peace was possible, if the liberties of the country, or even a remnant of them, were to be maintained.

Among the next triumphs of Cromwell were the taking of Winchester, and the reduction of Basing House, the most important stronghold possessed by a subject; and now the burden and heat of the day in the combat against the King being over, considerable grants of land were awarded to him by the Parliament in return for his services, which had included not only his personal exertions during those years of peril and anxiety, but assistance to the cause in arms and money to the very utmost of his means.

The King, finding his cause desperate, now put himself into the hands of the Scotch Presbyterians who had marched a large army into England; and his ruin was complete from the unhappy day on which he fled to their camp at Newark. The miserable story of the £100,000 of pay due from the Parliament to the Scots, of the negotiation for a part of that sum paid down, the rest within a given period of the delivery of the King into the hands of the Parliament, when the price was paid, and of the withdrawal of the Scottish forces northward, fills the next sad page in the history of the civil war. And then came the mournful period during which the disrowned King, a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, by his dignity and patience, won back the hearts of many who had been his most determined enemies during the days of his prosperity and tyranny. Then, too, came the time when a large and influential portion of the Parliament became alive to the fact that the army was becoming too powerful for it. Hence the "self-denying ordinance" and the subsequent strife between the Parliament and the army; and, by the natural

instinct that makes men turn to the strong when their lives and fortunes are at stake, the army rallied round Oliver Cromwell, when it refused to disband at the behest of the Parliament. In the struggle that ensued, the army was victorious; and the Parliament, with the Presbyterian element driven out of it by "Pride's purge," became a shadow of its former self. Then comes the most impressive scene of all the great drama,—the trial and execution of the King; and in this proceeding, Oliver Cromwell took a prominent part. His name appears third among the signatures to the death-warrant of Charles; and of the responsibility attached to the death of the King, a great share falls to him. To justify the action is impossible. Charles's refusal to plead, on the ground that the High Court of Justice was incompetent to try him, was perfectly logical and justifiable; more logical than President Bradshaw's petulant rebuke, "Sir, you are not permitted to issue out in these discourings. This Court is satisfied of its authority. No Court will bear to hear its authority questioned in that manner." But although those fifty-nine men who signed the death-warrant of the King committed a great crime, yet there were some points in which their procedure contrasted favourably, nay, heroically, with the usages of former times. The fate of Arthur of Bretagne, of Edward II., Richard II., and Henry VI., would have been that of Charles, had he lived in earlier days, and fallen into the hands of his enemies. He would have been relegated to some strong and secure prison, from whence shortly afterwards would have gone forth the tidings of his death; and men would have spoken mysteriously and in whispers of the suddenness of the King's demise. But here was presented by the men of 1648, to the eyes of astonished Europe, the spectacle of a King, solemnly and openly, in the face of the nation, arraigned and brought to the bar for unfaithfulness to his trust. These things were not done in a corner. No more impressive protest was ever entered against the doctrine of divine right, and the irresponsibility of kings. It was a tremendous and impressive lesson to tyrants throughout the world, and as such was not without its effect. "What did Cromwell ever do for England?" asked Dr. Johnson in Scotland, "with his Jacobitical tendencies sharpened into aggressiveness by opposition." "Ecod, Doctor," replied the shrewd old Scottish laird his interlocutor, "ho gard kings ken they had a lith in their necks;" and, in homely phrase, this expresses a truth. And, indeed, these things cannot be judged by ordinary rules. When men have been engaged

for years in a mortal struggle for their lives and liberties; when at every stage valuable lives have been sacrificed, until at last blood and treasure have been poured out like water; when each successive triumph and defeat has alike embittered the struggle, and made both sides more determined to fight it out to the end, ordinary rules and laws are at length put aside, and there is no further distinction or respect of persons. As Schiller observes in his *William Tell*: "Der alte Urstand der Natur kehrt wieder, Wo Mensch dem Menschen gegenüber steht:" the condition in which man recognises in his opponent an enemy and nothing else, when he would as soon discharge his pistol at the king as at a common man, and would with equal readiness condemn the king who fell into his power.

THE COMMONWEALTH; CROMWELL LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

Immediately after the execution of the King came that Council of State, to be followed, on the 19th of May, by the emphatic Act of Parliament, which decreed "That the people of England, and of all the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, are, and shall be, and are hereby constituted, made, established, and confirmed to be a *Commonwealth or Free State*, by the supreme authority of this nation, the Representatives of the People in Parliament, and by such as they shall appoint and constitute Officers and Ministers under them for the good of the People; and that without any King or House of Lords." Cromwell appears to have been the first President of the Council of State, temporarily chosen until the election of Bradshaw. An order still exists, signed by him as "*Præses pro tempore*." But there was soon more active work for him. Lawlessness appears in various directions; and, worse than all, there is disaffection in the army. For a certain part of the force has to march to Ireland, which is in a state of open rebellion, and will not acknowledge the authority of the new state; and Oliver Cromwell has been appointed to the high office of Lord-Lieutenant. In other directions also there are ugly symptoms of disaffection. The sects, freed from Church control, are breaking out into strange extravagances. In Surrey, the "Diggers" have begun to delve assiduously in the waste lands, asserting that, by virtue of the penalty of Adam, it is man's destiny to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and, consequently, that all ranks are to be levelled, and property in land to cease; for the "levellers" openly declare their intention of pulling down park palings on the first oppor-

tunity—a state of things that has to be met with prompt repression of the most energetic kind, even to the stern trial by court-martial and subsequent shooting of several of the most refractory soldiers. In the West, too, the Clubmen, mostly ignorant peasants, stirred up to attempt a revolt without any very definite idea of their object, are put down by judiciously mingled conciliation and force.

And so, the standard of the new King, Charles II., being unfurled in Ireland by the Marquess of Ormond, Oliver Cromwell, a very different personage now from the Captain Cromwell who was drilling men and collecting arms in the midland counties just seven years since, sets forth for Ireland by way of Bristol, to fight the battle of the Commonwealth. The newspapers of the day, as chronicled in "*Cromwelliana*," describe quaintly enough the manner of his setting forth, under date of July 10th, 1649, in the following record:—"This evening, about five of the clock, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey, by the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish grey; divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army; his life-guard, consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof a commander or esquire, in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing Cross had it been now standing." (This ancient monument, by the way, had lately fallen beneath the iconoclastic zeal of the Parliamentary soldiers, who detected some latent essence of Popery in this and many similar monuments, and ruthlessly destroyed them; the statue of the late King at Charing Cross being likewise pulled down, and sold to a city cutler to be broken up; but by him buried, to be reproduced, to the great profit of the holder, at the Restoration.) "Of his life-guard many are colonels; and, believe me, it's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world. And now have at you, my Lord of Ormond! You will have men of gallantry to encounter, whom to overcome will be honour sufficient, and to be beaten by them will be no great blemish to your reputation. If you say 'Caesar or nothing,' they say, 'A Republic or nothing!' The Lord-Lieutenant's colours are white."

CROMWELL IN IRELAND; DROGHEDA AND WEXFORD.

Those white colours were soon to be stained of an awful red, whose crimson hue should live for

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many generations in the memory of the Irish nation. It seems difficult at first to reconcile the idea of a merciful man with the terrible scenes of slaughter enacted at Tredagh, or Drogheda, and at Wexford and elsewhere, during this memorable campaign. The rebels were put to the sword like the Amalekites of old; of the defenders of Tredagh not thirty were left.

The grim Commander of the Commonwealth army appears in a darker aspect than we have yet seen him assume, in this campaign in Ireland. The name of Oliver Cromwell is still a tradition of terror and hatred among the peasantry of part of Ireland; and "Cromwell's curse" still passes among them for the deepest of maledictions. The severities practised upon those that resisted his army were terrible. But first he summoned the garrisons that stood out against him to surrender, plainly putting the alternative before them—safety and protection if they yielded, death to the last man if they continued to resist. They refused to capitulate, and he was as good as his word. How completely the work of destruction was done at Drogheda appears very clearly from Oliver's despatch to President Bradshaw, written for the information of the Council of State:—"It hath pleased God to bless our endeavours at Tredah," he says. "After battery, we stormed it. The enemy were about 3,000 strong in the town. They made a stout resistance; and near 1,000 of our men being entered, the enemy forced them out again. But God giving a new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered, beating the enemy from their defences. The enemy had made three entrenchments both to the right and left, where we entered; all which they were forced to quit. Being thus entered, we refused them quarter; having the day before summoned the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did are in safe custody for the Bar-badoes. Since that time, the enemy quitted to us Trim and Dundalk. In Trim they were in such haste that they left their guns behind them."

There is in this very outspoken letter no kind of attempt at concealment; and he who runs may read in it the policy Cromwell had determined to pursue in the civil war. He had evidently made up his mind that the short and sharp method was the only one that would be effectual; and, indeed, when we view the circumstances of the case, we are strongly inclined to think that his view was not unreasonable. In Ireland, all

the different sects and parties, from Romanists to Presbyterians, had been united, by the indefatigable energy and activity of Ormond, against the government of the Commonwealth. Dublin and Derry were the only two towns that held out for the Parliament; and the enemy had concentrated their strength in Drogheda and Wexford, having put into this garrison (Tredah) almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers; Sir Arthur Ashton being made Governor. "To break the neck of the rebellion at once, by blows fiercely and relentlessly struck, and, above all, to impress the people with the idea that what he promised he would perform," seemed to Cromwell the one feasible method of terminating the struggle promptly and successfully; and in the same letter from which we have quoted, he goes on to say how one lieutenant who got away to the enemy, was declared to have reported himself as the only man of all the garrison who escaped. "The enemy upon this were filled with much terror," adds Cromwell; "and truly I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God." That he was right in his belief subsequent events and the speedy termination of the war very quickly proved. "The execrable policy of that regicide," says Carte, a writer bitterly hostile to him, "had the effect he proposed." The hasty evacuation of Dundalk and Trim by their garrisons was the first indication of this.

In his letter to the commander at Wexford, before proceeding to the storm of the city, he offers fair terms: to the soldiers and noncommissioned officers of the garrison quarter for life, and leave to go home, they undertaking not to bear arms more against the Parliament; to the commissioned officers, quarter as prisoners; to the inhabitants, protection and security from plunder and ill-usage.

By the end of May, the Lord-Lieutenant is back in London; hastily summoned home by the Government, for affairs in Scotland look threatening. A triumphal greeting awaited him; Fairfax, with the chief officers and many members of the Parliament, going as far as Hounslow Heath to meet him, and so bring him to Whitehall amid much noise and shouting. "What a crowd hath come out to see your Lordship's triumph!" cries a flatterer, willing to please the great man. "Yes," replies his Lordship with a grim smile; "but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be?"—wherein especially many in Ireland at that moment would declare he had spoken truly.

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THE SCOTTISH CAMPAIGN; WORCESTER; EXPULSION OF THE RUMP PARLIAMENT.

That trouble in the direction of Scotland has been growing formidable, and Oliver's strong hand is required to put it down. The Scottish Covenanters, anxious, as they say, "that God's divine law of the Bible should be put in practice in these nations," or in other words, that the Presbyterian form of religion shall be the one recognised in the Three Kingdoms, had made advances to Charles, the eldest son of the late King, whom they proclaimed as Charles the Second, and thus set up the standard of revolt against the Parliament. "Given a divine law of the Bible on one hand, and a Stuart King, Charles the First or Charles the Second on the other, alas! did History ever present a more irreducible case of equations in this world?"—as was wittily observed by a French writer, the Presbyterians compelled Charles Stuart to sign the covenant "voluntarily;" and thus it was necessary to send an army into the north. Fairfax refused to go, and gave up his commission; whereupon Cromwell, now General-in-chief, marched away to the north.

The story is well known of that famous Battle of Dunbar, on the 3rd of September, 1650; how the Scottish General, Leslie, encamped in a good position on the hill-side, came down to fight Oliver in the plain, urged by the ministers of the Kirk, who rebuked him for trusting in the arm of flesh, and adjured him to go forth and fight his adversary in the strength of the Lord; how upon seeing the foe moving upon the heights, and evidently preparing to come down, grim Oliver exclaimed gleefully, "The Lord hath delivered them into my hands!" So says Bishop Burnet; but many of the garrulous Bishop's assertions rest only upon hearsay. What is certain, is that Leslie did come down, and was very completely beaten, with a loss of ten thousand prisoners; the rout was frightful, and the cause of the Covenant was lost. For Edinburgh quickly surrendered, though the Castle held out for a time. At Edinburgh Cromwell had a long illness, which put the Government at home into much anxiety; but by June 1651, he is on his feet again, and soon afterwards he is marching rapidly southwards, and for a notable cause. For a Scots army has gone southward into England, in the hope of raising the country in favour of Charles; and Cromwell is in hot pursuit of them. Towards the end of August the royal standard is raised at Worcester; and on the 3rd September, the anniversary of the Battle of

Dunbar, was fought the last battle of the Civil War, ending in a victory for Cromwell, which he was accustomed to call his "crowning mercy." The Scots fought desperately on this occasion, and the victory was not gained without a hard and fierce struggle of five or six hours. "My Lord General did exceedingly hazard himself," says a contemporary account, "riding up and down in the midst of the fire, riding himself in person to the enemy's foot to offer them quarter, whereto they returned no answer but shot." But it was all in vain. The steady discipline of Oliver's well-trained troops carried the day, and the Scots were driven in desperate rout through the streets of Worcester; and King Charles, after hiding as best he may, with the help of the good Penderells and others, at last gets away to France.

And now what might long have been expected came to pass. The foundations of law and order had been deeply shaken in England by the events of the last twelve years; factions had been fighting against factions, and every form of fanaticism and religious extravagance was fighting for supremacy amongst Millenarians, Muggletonians, Brownists, Fifth Monarchy men, and a score of others. The one man who could dominate the conflicting masses was Cromwell; and he came forward and boldly took the supreme power into his own hands.

On that memorable 20th of April, 1653, he came into the House of Commons, "clad in plain black clothes and grey worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place." But he has come to do no ordinary thing; and after a time, suddenly rising, he commences an impressive harangue, in which he sets forth to the bewildered members of the Rump Parliament the various misdeeds of which they have been guilty; "of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults;" and then calls in certain armed men, and in a few minutes the Speaker, Lenthall, has been made to come down from his seat, and the mace is carried away, and the members of the Rump Parliament have all departed; Cromwell afterwards impressively asserting that "not a dog was heard to bark at their departure." A lawless and high-handed proceeding certainly, and one which even the strongest advocates of Cromwell have only faintly attempted to justify.

CROMWELL PROTECTOR; HIS RULE AND POWER; HIS DEATH.

A few months more, and the sequel to this high-handed proceeding becomes manifest to all men; for Oliver Cromwell receives the title of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England.

Scotland, and Ireland, and begins to rule with such an amount of power as no English king until his time has possessed. A solemn instrument of Government, containing forty-two Articles, is drawn up for the safe-guarding of the State; and the ceremony of his installation being performed with a grave dignity and pomp worthy of the accession of a great monarch. "His Highness was in a rich but plain suit," says the contemporary account, "black velvet, with cloak of the same; about his hat a broad band of gold." (So now the objection to him made by his critics at his first appearance in Parliament is removed, for Oliver has a hat-band.) Carlyle has left an impressive picture of Cromwell, as he supposes him to have appeared on this day. "Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong, solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage; the expression of him valour and devout intelligence, energy and delicacy, on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last, ruddy, fair complexion, bronzed by toil and age; light-brown hair and moustache are getting streaked with grey. A figure of sufficient impressiveness, not lovely to the man milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature, big, massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect . . . on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; to me royal enough."

And now for the first time since the death of the lion-hearted Queen Elizabeth, the nation, and Europe, too, felt that there was indeed a king, a true ruling spirit upon the English throne. The march of events, far more than any personal ambition, had raised Oliver Cromwell to the position of arbiter of the destinies of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. In times of great national peril and confusion, it is natural that nations, like individuals, should rally round the one man who shows himself equal to the occasion, who hopes when others despond, who works and labours to relieve disaster while others are lamenting it. What high ground the great Protector took in the matter of national morality, how far he was from being a leveller, or one who wishes to obliterate legitimate social distinctions, will appear from his own words addressed to his second Parliament: "I did hint to you my thoughts about the reformation of manners. And those abuses that are in this nation through disorder, are a thing which should be much in your hearts. It is that which, I am confident, is a description and character of the interest you have been engaged against, the badge and character of coun-

tenancing profaneness, disorder, and wickedness in all places, and whatsoever is most of kin to these, and most agrees with what is Popery, and the profane nobility and gentry of this nation. *In my conscience, it was a shame to be a Christian within these fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen years, in this nation, whether in Caesar's house or elsewhere! It was a shame, it was a reproach to a man; and the badge of 'Puritan' was put upon it. We would keep up nobility and gentry; and the way to keep them up is: Not to suffer them to be patronisers or countenancers of debauchery and disorders! And you will hereby be as labourers in that work of 'keeping them up.' And a man may tell as plainly as can be what becomes of us, if we grow indifferent and lukewarm, under I know not what weak pretensions. If it lives in us, therefore; if, I say, it be in the general heart of the nation, it is a thing, I am confident, our liberty and prosperity depend upon—Reformation. Make it a shame to see men bold in sin and profaneness, and God will bless you. You will be a blessing to the nation; and by this will be more repairers of breaches than by anything in the world. Truly, these things do respect the souls of men, and the spirits, which are the men. The mind is the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast. He hath only some activity to do some more mischief." And this is the man whom Smollett describes as "ridiculous in his reveries," and "despicable in his discourse;" this man who with such sagacity hits the nail on the head, and with such manly, outspoken frankness declares that the only true way of keeping up nobility and gentry is to insist that with the grand old name of gentleman shall be associated purity of life and truthfulness and self-respect!—"Make it a shame to see men bold in sin and profaneness, and God will bless you." Here was a man in whom was the root of the matter, whatever his faults may have been.*

It was a marvellous government this of the Lord Protector, and one that soon set men talking and wondering at home and abroad. Its energy was marvellous; and equally remarkable was the originality and force with which it acted, and its utter disregard of prescription or antique rule where these were found standing in the way of right and justice. Thus the brother of the Portuguese Ambassador, Don Pantaleon Saa, having had a dispute with an English merchant in the Exchange in London, treacherously assassinated his opponent, and then took refuge at the Embassy; the houses of ambassadors being considered, by a

polite fiction, as belonging to the territory the Embassy represented. But the grim Protector had no idea of any place as a sanctuary for any one who had murdered an Englishman; the homicide was seized, carried off to prison, and in due time brought to trial, and made to suffer death in due course of law.

Never had the name of England stood so high among foreign nations as at this period; never had the nation possessed such influence abroad as it now wielded. The pride of France, Spain, and Holland was humbled. The naval victories of Blake threw the names of such great captains as De Ruyter and Van Tromp into the shade.

Wherever there was a report of wrong suffered by Protestant at the hand of Papist, or by Christian at the hand of infidel, the strong arm of the "Defender of the Faith" who ruled at Whitehall was stretched forth to exact vengeance. Two notable instances of this may be given: the cases of the Mediterranean pirates and of the Waldenses. The Government on the North African seaboard had been in the habit of sending forth piratical vessels, which attacked merchant ships, plundered them, and carried the crews and passengers away into slavery, large ransoms being exacted for the liberation of the captives. Algiers and Tunis were the chief offenders in this matter; and to Algiers and Tunis a fleet of English men-of-war was promptly despatched through the Straits of Gibraltar. The Dey of Algiers submitted when summoned, set his captives free, and gave security for future good behaviour; the Dey of Tunis, who resisted, had his walls promptly battered down by English cannon, until he too saw, that for him the better part of valour was discretion, and consented to give up every Christian captive in his hands. In the Alpine valleys of Savoy dwelt a harmless, simple community of Protestants, the Waldenses, whose reasonable wish to worship God after the manner of their fathers, had roused up fierce persecution against them from the Duke of Savoy.

The action of Cromwell in this matter was prompt and decisive. He despatched a fleet to the Gulf of Genoa, and there and then exacted a promise from the Duke that the persecution of the Waldenses should cease forthwith. Moreover, he placed the community under the special protection of England, so that the promise was not likely to be broken in his time. In the northern parts of Ireland he settled a colony of Scottish Presbyterians, and in the remoter regions of Scotland he bestowed land on many of his English followers; in each case with the best results for the tranquillity of the country.

It was no enviable position that of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, under the conditions on which Oliver Cromwell held that dignity. He was indeed despotic, for all men seemed to vie with each other in submitting to him. He was more arbitrary than Charles I. had been in the days of the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission, and his word and his will were supreme throughout England. "The people had undergone that worst and most sad recoil from a virtuous and quick-witted enthusiasm to the debasing sense of failure, depression, and indifference," says Mr. Forster in his history of the Commonwealth. "Even this last, however, had more hope in it than another sense to which they were now and then roused to give way. This was when they admired their tyrant. . . . He flung some foreign victory among them as a rattle or a toy, and the whimpering ceased, and they recollected what a great man the Lord Protector was, and sent up an ill-sung song of praise." This is a somewhat strong view of the case. The period through which the English nation was passing was the one frequently following a time of strife and anarchy, when the strong hand is needed to keep down all jarring elements and opposing factions; when the community recognises the paramount necessity of kingship, in the hands of a really powerful and kingly man. What changes might have been made had the great Protector lived out the allotted threescore and ten years of man's life, can only be matter of conjecture; but, as Napoleon justly said, "one grows old quickly on battle-fields." The enormous responsibilities and cares of empire, increased by continually-recurring plots among the discontented, broke down that strong frame and that iron will; domestic trouble, in the loss of his favourite daughter, Lady Claypole (his eldest son, Oliver, had fallen in the Civil War long before), hastened the end; and at Whitehall, in 1658, on the 3rd of September, "his great day," as he was accustomed to call it, the anniversary of his victories of Dunbar and Worcester, the great Protector died. "Truly God is good, indeed He is!" was the expression most frequently on his lips during the last hours of his life. "This saying, 'God is good,' he frequently used all along," says Harvey, the attendant who has left us the record of Oliver's last days, "and would speak it with much cheerfulness and fervour of spirit in the midst of his pains. Again he said, 'I would be willing to live, to be further serviceable to God and His people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with His people.'" H. W. D.



ROBERT BURNS.

THE NATIONAL POET OF SCOTLAND.

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THE POET AND HIS NATIVE LAND.

IT has been said that "Lowland Scotland, as a distinct nationality, came in with two warriors, and went out with two bards. It came in with William Wallace and Robert Bruce, and went out with Robert Burns and Walter Scott.

The first two made the history, the last two told the story and sung the song."

We have here to trace the career of one of these illustrious personages—Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland. In him we have a truly representative Scotchman; he was "Scotland condensed in a personality, the representative of what is noblest and also of much that is erring in the race." Emphatically a poet of the people, his life is doubly interesting from the broad ground of sympathies and the deep reality and naturalness of his sentiments.

His life, in so far as it was "by passion driven," may furnish a warning, but it may also serve as a great encouragement. To the young and aspiring it is another illustration of the fact that immortal fame does not belong to any particular rank in life, but may as likely as not be met with when following the plough or bestriding the pony of an exciseman.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY YEARS.

Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a humble cottage on the banks of the Doon, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr. There was something romantic in an accident which befell him before he had concluded his first week's experience of the world. The frail abode in which he first saw the light, and which had been erected by the hands of his father, gave way at midnight, and the infant and his mother had to be conveyed through a storm to the shelter of a neighbouring cottage.

The father of the poet, William Burness—such was the original spelling of the name—was the son of a farmer in Kincardineshire, whence he removed at the age of nineteen, in consequence of the poverty of his family. Though a mere peasant, he was far superior to the class by whom he was surrounded. By nature he possessed strong sense and keen powers of observation, and these talents had been improved by such an education as a Scottish parish school could then afford. Deeply religious, and of unblemished integrity, he inspired his children with reverence and affection; and in his portrait of the priest-like father of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" his son has pronounced an imperishable eulogy on his worth. Unfortunately he possessed a headlong, ungovernable irascibility, and to this many of the distresses which befell him on his way through life are no doubt to be attributed.

Of the mother we know little. In one of Burns's letters he describes her as "a very sagacious woman, without forwardness or awk-

wardness of manner;" but he can find no higher praise for her in his family picture than—

"The mither wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new."

She seems to have been in the habit of repeating fragments of old Scottish songs and ballads to her children, and no doubt this did something towards the cultivation of the poetic instinct in her afterwards famous son. It is to his father, however, that he was most indebted for the formation of his character.

When the poet was a little over six years old, his father removed to the farm of Mount Oliphant, in the parish of Ayr, on which he was placed by the kindness of a Mr. Ferguson, to whom he had acted as gardener. The change, however, was not for the better: Mr. Ferguson died, and his affairs fell into the hands of a factor who treated Burness with great harshness.

On being driven from Mount Oliphant, Burness went with his family, about 1772, to Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, and for a time he succeeded better in the world. His sons were placed under the care of a teacher called Murdoch, who was engaged to instruct the children of the farmers at Lochlea. Murdoch has given a very interesting account of Robert Burns and his brother about this time. "Gilbert," he says, "always appeared to me to possess a more lively imagination, and to be far more the wit than Robert. I attempted to teach them a little Church music. Here they were left far behind by all the rest of the school. Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get them to distinguish one tune from another. Robert's countenance was generally grave, and expressive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind, Gilbert's face said, 'Mirth, with thee I mean to live; and certainly, if any person who knew the boys had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the Muses, he would never have guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind.'

Of himself at this period Burns says: "I was by no means a favourite with anybody. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety. I say *idiot* piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and participles.

"In my infant and boyish days, too, I owed

much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, contraipts, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors.

"The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was *The Vision of Mirzah*, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, *How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!* I particularly remember one half-stanza which was music to my boyish ears—

'For though on dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave—'

I met with these pieces in *Mason's English Collection*, one of my school-books.

"The first two books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were *The Life of Hannibal*, and *The History of Sir William Wallace*. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest."

Murdoch was now appointed master of the Grammar School of Ayr, and the two brothers were sent to him "week about," and in the winter evenings their father instructed them in arithmetic and such other knowledge as he possessed. Much of their time, however, was spent in farm labour.

The exertions of both father and sons soon failed to support them, and a very dismal description of their situation and prospects has been given by Gilbert Burns. Their privations and poverty no doubt had a material influence on the future character of the poet.

THE DAWN OF POETRY.

Burns made his first attempt at verse-writing before he had reached his sixteenth year. It was inspired by his partner in the labours of the harvest, a bewitching creature a year younger

than himself, "a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass," whose charms he celebrated in the little ballad, "O once I loved a bonnie lass."

"Among her other love-inspiring qualities," says Burns, for we must give the incident in his own words, "she sang sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme.

"I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son, on one of his father's maids with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could shear sheep and cast peals, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholarship than myself. Thus with me began love and poetry."

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT: AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL AND OTHER NOTES.

During the residence of his father at Lochlea, Burns made a great advance in mental improvement.

At the beginning of this period, he was, according to his own account, perhaps the most ungainly, awkward boy in the parish—no *solitaire* was less acquainted with the ways of the world. What he knew of ancient story was gained from *Salmon and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars*; and the ideas he had formed of modern manners, of literature, and criticism, he got from the *Speculator*. These, with *Pope's Works*, some plays of *Shakspeare*, *Tull and Dickson on Agriculture*, the *Pantheon*, *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*, *Stackhouse's History of the Bible*, *Justice's British Gardener's Directory*, *Bayle's Lectures*, *Allan Ramsay's Works*, *Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin*, *A Select Collection of English Songs*, and *Hervey's Meditations*, had formed the whole of his reading. The collection of songs was his *read meum*. He pored over them driving his cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime from affectation and fustian. "I am convinced," he says, "I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is."

In his seventeenth year he began to attend a country dancing school, and his doing so was in direct opposition to the wishes of his father. "My father," says Burns, "was subject to strong passions; from this instance of disobedience he took a sort of dislike to me, which I believe was one cause of the dissipation which marked

my succeeding years. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness and sobriety and regularity of Presbyterian country life; for though the will-o'-the-wisp meteors of thoughtless whim were almost the sole lights of my path, yet early engrained piety and virtue kept me for several years afterwards within the line of innocence.

"The great misfortune of my life," he continues, "was to want an aim. I had felt early some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. I saw my father's situation entailed on me perpetual labour. The only two openings by which I could enter the temple of Fortune was the gate of niggardly economy, or the path of little chicaning bargain-making. The first is so contracted an aperture, I could never squeeze myself into it; the last I always hated—there was contamination in the very entrance! Thus abandoned of aim or view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriasm that made me fly solitude: add to these incentives to social life my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and a strength of thought something like the rudiments of good sense; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that, always where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was *un penchant à l'adorable moitié du genre humain*.

"My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various. Sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared further for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart.

"A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe."

The account of the poet's early habits given

by his brother will be read with interest. "The seven years," he says, "we lived in Tarbolton parish, extending from the seventeenth to the twenty-fourth of my brother's age, were not marked by much literary improvement; but during this time the foundation was laid of certain habits in my brother's character which afterwards became but too prominent, and which malice and envy have taken delight to enlarge on. Though, when young, he was bashful and awkward in his intercourse with women, yet when he approached manhood his attachment to their society became very strong, and he was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver. The symptoms of his passion were often such as nearly to equal those of the celebrated Sappho. I never indeed knew that he 'fainted, sank, and died away,' but the agitations of his mind and body exceeded anything of the kind I ever knew in real life.

"He had always a particular jealousy of people who were richer than himself, or who had more consequence in life. His love, therefore, rarely settled on persons of this description. When he selected any one out of the sovereignty of his good pleasure to whom he should pay his particular attention, she was instantly invested with a sufficient stock of charms, out of the plentiful stores of his own imagination; and there was often a great dissimilitude between his fair captivator, as she appeared to others, and as she seemed when invested with the attributes he gave her."

Part of his nineteenth year was spent in learning mensuration and surveying at Kirkoswald, where smuggling, with its attendant demoralizing effects, prevailed. The temptations of Kirkoswald proved irresistible. On his first going there the poet was a great reader—eating at mealtimes with a spoon in one hand and a book in the other, and carrying a few small volumes about in his pocket, to study at leisure moments. But he soon began to find enjoyment in the convivial society of the smuggling population, the excitement of wine led him still farther astray, and at last his studies were thrown overboard, and everything had to give place to a young girl with whom he fell desperately in love.

THE POET'S EXPERIENCES.

Love and trifling were his chief occupations till he reached his twenty-third year. At that period, he observes, "Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind, but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half a dozen or more pieces on hand; I

took up one or other as it suited the momentary turn of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they found vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet."

He had written his first verses of note, "Behind yon hill where Stinchar (afterwards Lugar) flows," when in 1781 he went to Irvine to learn the trade of a flax dresser, his motive being to acquire the means of marrying. "It was," he says, "an unlucky affair. As we were giving a welcome carousal to the New Year, the shop took fire, and burned to ashes; and I was left like a true poet without a sixpence." To crown his distresses, the girl whom he this time adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet him in the field of matrimony, jilted him under peculiar circumstances of mortification.

At Irvine the poet contracted some acquaintances of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been accustomed to, whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue which had hitherto restrained him. He himself says that a friendship formed there with a person whose superior knowledge of the world gave him great influence over his mind, did him much harm, inasmuch as that individual "spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror."

It is but justice, however, to say that this person is reported to have exclaimed, in reference to this statement, "Illicit love! levity of a sailor! the poet had nothing to learn that way when I saw him first."

In Robert's twenty-fifth year his father died, full of sorrows and apprehensions for his gifted son. Of this event he thus feelingly speaks: "On the 13th of February I lost the best of fathers. Though, to be sure, we have had long warning of the impending stroke, still the feelings of nature claim their part; and I cannot recollect the tender endearments and parental lessons of the best of friends and the ablest of instructors without feeling what the calmer dictates of reason would perhaps condemn." His beautiful epitaph on—

"The tender father and the gen'rous friend,
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,"

is well known, and forms a pathetic proof of his filial love.

Shortly before his father's death, Burns and his brother took the farm of Mossiel, near

Mauchline, as an asylum for their parents in the wreck of their affairs. The poet now resolved to be wise. He read farming books; he calculated profits; he attended markets, and everything might have gone well, but unfortunately, the first year from buying bad seed, and the second from a late harvest, they lost half their crops. This overset all Burns's wisdom, and all his good intentions vanished.

"I now began," he says, in an autobiographical fragment written shortly after this date, "to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw light was a burlesque lamentation of a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists; both of these were *dramatis personæ* in my *Holy Fair*. I had a notion myself that the piece had some merit; but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy as well as the laity it met with a roar of applause.

"*Holy Willie's Prayer* next made its appearance, and alarmed the Kirk session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers. Unluckily for me, my wandering led me on another side, within point-blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate incident which gave rise to my printed poem, *The Lament*."

It would not be desirable, even if it were possible, to trace all Burns's love affairs, or to identify every pretty girl whom he celebrated in his verses. His heart was as susceptible as his imagination, and his fair idols succeeded each other with a rapidity which shows that constancy formed no part of his nature.

In 1785 he loved and was beloved by Jean Armour, the daughter of a master mason at Mauchline, a young girl of much goodness of heart and great personal charms. When their intercourse could no longer be concealed from the world, he declined to make her the atonement which the similarity of their station and the usage of the country justified her in expecting. To avoid the responsibility cast upon him, he resolved to leave Scotland for the West Indies.

One of his friends remonstrated. He consented to see Jean Armour, and in the end conceded to her tears and affliction what ought to have proceeded from love and duty. He gave her a written acknowledgment of marriage, which under such circumstances is binding in Scotland.

On learning what had taken place, the father's

indignation that his daughter should be married to so wild and worthless a fellow as Burns knew no bounds. He compelled his daughter to give up the poet, and to destroy the document which vouched their marriage. In September, 1786, Jean Armour became the mother of twin children, and about the same time Burns took measures for securing a passage to Jamaica.

We gain a curious insight into the fickle temperament of the poet, when we discover that almost at the very time when he was half-distracted by Jean Armour's desertion of him, and whilst he was penning his *Lament* over her conduct, there occurred the well-known episode of Mary Campbell. This simple and true-hearted girl was the object of by far the deepest passion Burns ever experienced.

On the second Tuesday of May, 1786, the two met by the banks of the river Ayr, to spend one day of parting love. They stood one on either side of a little brook, laved their hands in the stream, and holding a Bible between them, vowed eternal fidelity to each other. They parted, and never met again. In October of the same year, Mary came from Argyllshire as far as Greenock, in the hope of meeting Burns; but she was there seized with fever, and died.

Mary Campbell might have been constancy itself, but not so Robert Burns. In the very month following their secret betrothal, June, 1786, we find him writing to one of his friends about "poor, ill-advised, ungrateful Armour," declaring that, "to confess a truth between you and me, I do still love her to distraction after all, though I won't tell her so if I were to see her."

"Chambers," says Professor Shairp, "even suggests that there was still a third love interwoven at this very time, in the complicated web of Burns's fickle affections. Burns, though he wrote several poems about Highland Mary, which afterwards appeared, never mentioned her name to any of his family. Even if there were no more in the story than what has been here given, no wonder that a heart like Burns's, which, for all its unsteadfastness, never lost its sensibility, nor even a sense of conscience, should have been visited by remorse.

THE POET IN PRINT.

Not having sufficient funds to pay his passage to the West Indies, he thought the money might be raised by the publication of some of his poems. His friends warmly encouraged the idea, and a number of subscribers being obtained he sent his favourite pieces to press. In one of his letters, written on the 12th Dec. 1786, he says,

"You will have heard that I am going to commence poet in print; and to-morrow my works go to press. I expect it will be a volume of about two hundred pages—it is just the last foolish action I intend to do; and then turn a wise man *as fast as possible*."

This event in the poet's career is of such importance, that we may well quote what he says himself. "Before leaving my native land forever," he tells us, "I resolved to publish my poems. I weighed my productions as impartially as was in my power; I thought they had merit; and it was a delicious idea that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver, or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits! I can truly say that, *povre inconnu* as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of my works as I have at this moment, when the public has decided in their favour. . . .

"It ever was my opinion, that the mistakes and blunders, both in a rational and religious point of view, of which we see thousands daily guilty, are owing to their ignorance of themselves. To know myself had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone; I balanced myself with others; I watched every means of information to see how much ground I occupied as a man and as a poet; I studied assiduously nature's design in my formation—where the lights and shades in my character were intended. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause; but at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes make me forget neglect.

"I threw off about six hundred copies, of which I got subscriptions for about three hundred and fifty. My vanity was highly gratified by the reception I met with from the public; and besides, I pocketed, all expenses deducted, nearly twenty pounds. This sum came very seasonably, as I was thinking of indenting myself, for want of money, to procure a passage. As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, for

'Hungry ruin had me in the wind.'

"I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my friends; my chest was on the way to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, *The*

gloomy night is gathering fast, when a letter from Dr. Blackwood to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening up new prospects to my poetic ambition."

The publication of his poems, which took place at Kilmarnock, was attended by most gratifying results. They were received, it is said, with rapture, and according to Heron, "Old and young, high and low, grave and gay, learned and ignorant, were alike delighted, agitated, transported. I was at that time," he adds, "resident in Galloway, contiguous to Ayrshire, and I can well remember how even ploughboys and maidservants would have gladly bestowed the wages they earned the most hardly, and which they wanted to purchase necessary clothing, if they might but procure the Works of Burns."

It may be convenient if we add here that this volume contains some of his most justly celebrated poems, the results of his scanty leisure at Lochlea and Mossiel: amongst others, *The Two Dogs*; *The Author's Prayer*; *The Address to the Diel*, *The Vision and the Dream*; *Halloween*; *The Cotter's Saturday Night*; the lines *To a Mouse*, and *To a Daisy*; *Scotch Drink*; *Man was made to Mourn*; *The Epistle to Davie*, and some of his most popular songs.

A VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

Amongst those to whom the merits of Burns were at once discovered were Professor Dugald Stewart and Dr. Blair, together with Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, who was ever afterwards his steadfast friend. Dr. Blacklock also pronounced a warm eulogium on his work, and earnestly recommended that a second edition should be immediately printed in the capital of the country.

Visions of future fame dawned on the imagination of the poet, and a sudden revolution seemed to have occurred in his fortunes. He hastened at once to Edinburgh, where he arrived early in December, without even a letter of introduction or an acquaintance in that city, cheering his spirits on the journey by repeating a verse of an old ballad—

"As I came in by Glenap,
I met an aged woman,
And she bade me cheer up my heart,
For the best of my days was coming."

Within a month of the poet's arrival in town he had been welcomed at the tables of all the celebrities—Lord Monboddo, Robertson the historian, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Hugh Blair, Dr.

Adam Fergusson, the "Man of Feeling," Mr. Fraser Tytler, and many others.

How he bore himself during that winter as the chief lion of Edinburgh society we have the best of all evidence, both in the reports of those who met him and in his own letters. On the whole, his native good sense carried him creditably through the ordeal. If he showed for the most part due respect to others, he was still more bent on maintaining his respect for himself; indeed, this latter feeling was exhibited even in an exaggerated degree. As Mr. Lockhart has put it, he showed "in the whole strain of his bearing, his belief that in the society of the most eminent men of his nation he was where he was entitled to be, hardly deigning to flatter them by exhibiting a symptom of being flattered." His wonderful powers of conversation made a deep impression on all into whose society he was thrown, filling them with a greater sense of his genius than even his finest poems.

Sir Walter Scott bears testimony to the dignified simplicity and almost exaggerated independence of the poet.

"As for Burns," he says, "*Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen when he came to Edinburgh. I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Adam Fergusson's. Of course we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms.

"Burns seemed much affected by the print: he actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received with very great pleasure. His person was strong and robust; his manner rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity. His countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known who he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school,—the *douce gademan* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a dark

cast, which glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

It is much to the credit of Burns, that, amidst all this popularity with the great, he never abated a jot of his intimacy and friendship towards the men of his own rank with whom he had associated in his days of obscurity. These were tradesmen, farmers, and peasants. The thought of them, their sentiments and habits, if it had been possible, their very persons, he would have taken with him without disguise or apology into the highest circles of rank or of literature.

He went from those meetings with professors and duchesses to share a bed in a garret with a writer's apprentice—they paid together 3s. a week for the room. It was in the house of Mr. Carfrae, Baxter's Close, Lawnmarket, "first scale stair on the left hand in going down, first door on the stair."

"Some of the friendships," says Professor Nichol, "contracted during this period—as for Lord Glencairn and Mrs. Dunlop—are among the most pleasing and permanent in literature; for genuine kindness was never wasted on one who, whatever his faults, has never been accused of ingratitude. But in the bard's city life there was an unnatural element. He stooped to beg for neither smiles nor favour, but the gnarled country oak is cut up into cabinets in artificial prose and verse. In the letters to Mr. Graham, the prologue to Mrs. Wood, and the epistles to Clarinda—a lady of a somewhat voluptuous style of beauty, who had been deserted by her husband, and with whom Burns was greatly fascinated—and of whom we shall hear again—he is dancing minuets with hobnailed shoes."

A SECOND EDITION; RETURNING HOME; A SECOND VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

When, in 1787, the second edition of his *Poems* appeared, the proceeds of their sale realized for their author about £500. The volume was published by subscription, "for the sole benefit of the author," and the subscriptions were so numerous that the list of them covered thirty-eight pages.

On the strength of this sum Burns gave himself two long rambles full of poetic material—one through the border towns into England, as far as Newcastle, returning by Dumfries to Mauchline, and another a grand tour through the East Highlands as far as Inverness, returning by Edinburgh, and so home to Ayrshire.

On returning home, after his first visit to Edinburgh, Burns came in among his own people unheralded, and was in the midst of them before they knew. It was a quiet meeting; for the Mossiel family had the true Scottish reticence or reserve; but their feelings were strong, though their words might not be "mony feck." It was indeed as strange a reverse as was ever made by the fickle wheel of fortune. "He had left them," to quote the words of Lockhart, "comparatively unknown, his tenderest feelings torn and wounded by the behaviour of the Amours, and so miserably poor that he had been for some weeks obliged to skulk from the sheriff's officers to avoid the payment of a paltry debt. He returned, his poetical fame established, the whole country ringing with his praise, from a capital in which he was known to have formed the wonder and delight of the polite and the learned, if not rich, yet with more money already than any of his kindred had ever hoped to see him possess, and with prospects of future patronage and permanent elevation in the scale of society, which might have dazzled steadier eyes than those of maternal and fraternal affection. The prophet had at last honour in his own country, but the haughty spirit that had preserved its balance in Edinburgh was not likely to lose it at Mauchline."

In the close of 1787, Burns spent a second winter in Edinburgh. He remained there till the 24th of March, 1788, when he left it, never to return again for more than a day's visit. There was a marked contrast between the first and second winters in Edinburgh.

Allan Cunningham says, "On his first appearance the doors of the nobility opened spontaneously, 'on golden hinges turning,' and he ate spice-meats and drank rare wines, interchanging nods and smiles with high dukes and mighty earls. A colder reception awaited his second coming. The doors of lords and ladies opened with a tardy courtesy; he was received with a cold and measured stateliness, was seldom requested to stop, seldom to repeat his visit; and one of his companions used to relate with what indignant feeling the poet recounted his fruitless calls and his uncordial receptions in the good town of Edinburgh. . . . He went to Edinburgh strong in the belief that genius such as his would raise him in society; he returned not without a sourness of spirit and a bitterness of feeling."

MARRIED LIFE BEGUN.

On his return home he took a new farm at Ellisland on the Nith, in Dumfriesshire, and here

he took up his abode in June, 1788. Previous to this event, however, he legalised his union with Jean Armour, by joining with her in a public declaration of their marriage.

The reasons which influenced Burns to marry Jean Armour, and not another, are given by him in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, one of his most trusted correspondents, to whom he spoke out his real heart in a more natural way than was customary with him in letter-writing:—

"You are right that a bachelor state would have ensured me more friends; but, from a cause you will easily guess, conscious peace in the enjoyment of my own mind, and unmistrusting confidence in approaching my God, would seldom have been of the number. I found a once much-loved and still much-loved female, literally and truly cast out to the mercy of the naked elements; but I enabled her to purchase a shelter: there is no sporting with a fellow-creature's happiness or misery. The most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition; a warm heart, gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me; vigorous health and sprightly cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage by a more than commonly handsome figure: these, I think, in a woman may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page but the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a penny pay wedding."

Jean Armour has been described as an Ayrshire lass, of humble origin, very sagacious, with bright eyes and an intelligent look, but not what one would call beautiful. She had good manners and easy address. Like her husband, she was sincerely religious, but of a more equable temper. She was quick to perceive character, and had a memory stored with old traditions, songs, and ballads, which she told or sang to amuse her children.

Of what may be called the poet's marriage settlement, Allan Cunningham gives the following details:—

"His marriage reconciled the poet to his wife's kindred: there was no wedding portion. Armour was a respectable man, but not opulent. He gave his daughter some small store of plonishing; and, exerting his skill as a mason, wrought his already eminent son-in-law a handsome punch-bowl in Inverary marble, which Burns lived to fill often, to the great pleasure both of himself and his friends. . . . Mrs. Dunlop bethought herself of Ellisland, and gave a beautiful heifer; another friend contributed a plough. The young couple, from love to their native country, ordered

their furniture from a wright in Mauchline; the farm-servants, male and female, were hired in Ayrshire, a matter of questionable prudence, for the mode of cultivation is different from that of the west, and the cold, humid bottom of Mossiel bears no resemblance to the warm and stony loam of Ellisland."

Before Mrs. Burns could be received at Ellisland, a house had to be built, and with this end in view the poet at first took up his residence alone on the farm. The discomfort of his dwelling-place made him not only discontented with his lot, but also with the people amongst whom his lot was cast. "I am here," he writes, "on my farm, but for all the pleasurable part of life called social communication I am at the very elbow of existence. The only things to be found in perfection in this country are stupidity and canting. . . . As for the Muses, they have as much idea of a rhinoceros as of a poet."

When he was not in Ayrshire in bodily presence, he was there in spirit. It was at such a time that, looking up to the hills that divide Nithsdale from Ayrshire, he breathed to his wife one of the most natural and beautiful of all his love-lyrics:—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best."

About the middle of 1789 Burns entered the house which had cost him so much toil in building. It was a humble abode, the accommodation it afforded consisting only of a large kitchen, in which the whole family, master and servants, took their meals together; a room to hold two beds, a closet to hold one; and a garret, coom-ceiled, for the female servants. "One of the windows looked southward down the holms; another opened on the river; and the house stood so near the lofty bank, that its afternoon shadow fell across the stream, on the opposite fields. The garden or kail-yard was a little way from the house. A pretty footpath led southward along the river-side, another ran northward, affording fine views of the Nith, the woods of Friars Carse, and the grounds of Dalswinton. Half-way down the steep declivity, a fine, clear, cool spring supplied water to the household."

Such was the first home which Burns found for himself and his wife, and it was the best they were ever destined to find.

THE POET AS AN EXCISEMAN.

Soon after this, by the interest of Mr. Graham of Fintry, he was appointed, on his own application, an officer of excise for the district in which he lived. The salary which he received in this capacity was originally £50 a year, but was eventually increased to £70. The duties, however, greatly interfered with the attention due to his farm.

We have some interesting glimpses of him in this new capacity. To the country folk, farmers, or cottagers who sometimes set the excise at defiance, he tempered justice with mercy. Many stories are told of his leniency, and of these we shall repeat two, as given by Professor Shairp.

At Thornhill, on a fair day, he was seen to call at the door of a poor woman who for the day was doing a little illicit business on her own account. A nod and a movement of the fore-finger brought the woman to the doorway. "Kate, are you mad? Don't you know that the supervisor and I will be in upon you in forty minutes?" Burns at once disappeared among the crowd, and the poor woman was saved a heavy fine.

Again, a woman who had been brewing, on seeing Burns coming with another exciseman, slipped out by the back-door, leaving a servant and a little girl in the house. "Has there been any brewing for the fair here the day?" "O no, sir, we hae nae licence for that," answered the servant-maid. "That's no true," exclaimed the child; "the muckle black kist is fou' o' the bottles of yill that my mither sat up a' nicht brewing for the fair." . . . "We are in a hurry just now," said Burns; "but when we return from the fair, we'll examine the muckle black kist."

ON THE BANKS OF THE NITH.

From the year 1786, onwards, a cloud of melancholy seemed to oppress the poet towards the close of each autumn. In October, 1789, as the anniversary of Highland Mary's death drew near, he was observed by his wife to "grow sad about something, and to wander solitary on the banks of the Nith, and about his farmyard, in the extremest agitation of mind, nearly the whole night. He screened himself on the lee-side of a corn-stack from the cutting edge of the night wind, and lingered till approaching dawn wiped out the stars, one by one, from the firmament." Only after his wife had frequently entreated him, he was persuaded to return to his home, where he sat down and wrote as they now stand these pathetic lines:—

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

The autumn of 1791 was signalized by the production of *Tam o' Shanter*, a matchless tale, which was struck off at one heat. Mrs. Burns retained a vivid recollection of the day on which the poem was written. Her husband had spent most of the early part of it by the river-side, and in the afternoon she joined him with her two children. He was busily engaged *crooning to himself*; and Mrs. Burns, perceiving that her presence was an interruption, loitered behind with her little ones among the broom. Her attention was presently attracted by the strange and wild gesticulations of the bard, who was now seen at some distance. He was reciting very loud, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, those animated verses which he had just conceived,—

"Now Tam! O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strappin' in their teens."

"I wish ye had seen him," said his wife; "he was in such ecstacy that the tears were happing down his cheeks."

The poet, having committed the verses to writing on the top of his sod-dyke above the water, came into the house, and read them immediately in high triumph at the fireside.

Burns speaks of *Tam o' Shanter* as his first attempt at a tale in verse—it was also his last. He himself looked upon it as the masterpiece amongst his poems, and the public, we believe, are of much the same opinion.

A few songs were all the rest of the Ellisland productions during 1791. Only one of these is noteworthy—the popular lyric, *The Banks o' Doon*. In sending it to a friend, he says: "March, 1791. While here I sit, sad and solitary, by the side of a fire, in a little country inn, and drying my wet clothes, in paps a poor fellow of a soldier, and tells me he is going to Ayr. By heavens! say I to myself, with a tide of good spirits, which the magic of that sound, *Auld Toon o' Ayr*, conjured up, I will send my last song to Mr. Ballantine."

Then he gives the second and best version of the song, beginning thus:—

"Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blame sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I see fu' o' care?"

The latest edition of Burns's works gives three different versions of this song. "Anyone," says Professor Shairp, "who will compare these, will see the truth of that remark of the poet, in one of his letters to Dr. Moore, 'I have no doubt that the knack, the aptitude to learn the Muses' trade is a gift bestowed by Him who forms the secret bias of the soul; but I as firmly believe that excellence in the profession is the fruit of industry, attention, labour, and pains; at least. I am resolved to try my doctrine by the test of experience.'"

In the summer of 1791, two English gentlemen, who had before met with him in Edinburgh, paid a visit to him at Ellisland. On calling at the house, they were informed that he had walked out on the banks of the river; and dismounting from their horses, they proceeded in search of him. On a rock that projected into the stream, they saw a man employed in angling, of a singular appearance. He had a cap made of a fox's skin on his head, a loose great-coat fixed round him by a belt, from which depended an enormous Highland broadsword. It was Burns. He received them with great cordiality, and asked them to share his humble dinner—an invitation which they accepted. On the table they found boiled beef, with vegetables and barley-broth, after the manner of Scotland, of which they partook heartily. After dinner, the bard told them ingenuously that he had no wine to offer them, nothing better than Highland whisky, a bottle of which Mrs. Burns set on the board. He produced at the same time his punch-bowl, made of Inverary marble, and, mixing the spirits with water and sugar, filled their glasses, and invited them to drink. The travellers were in haste, and besides, the flavour of the whisky to their *southern* palates was scarcely tolerable; but the generous poet offered them his best, and his ardent hospitality they found it impossible to resist. Burns was in his happiest mood, and the charms of his conversation were altogether fascinating. He ranged over a great variety of topics, illuminating whatever he touched. He related the tales of his infancy and of his youth; he recited some of the gayest and some of the tenderest of his poems; in the wildest of his strains of mirth, he threw in touches of melancholy, and spread around him the electric emotions of his powerful mind. The Highland whisky improved in its flavour; the marble bowl was again and again emptied and replenished; the guests of our poet forgot the flight of time and the dictates of prudence. At the hour of midnight they lost their way in return-

ing to Dumfries, and could scarcely distinguish it when assisted by the morning's dawn.

LIFE IN DUMFRIES.

About the end of the year 1791, he retired, with his wife and family, to a small house in the town of Dumfries, placing his dependence for the future exclusively on his chances of promotion in the excise.

Towards the close of 1791, and about the time of Burns's first settling in Dumfries, he paid his last visit to Edinburgh. It was caused by the intelligence that Clarinda, whom we have already mentioned, was about to sail for the West Indies, in search of the husband who had deserted her. Since the poet's marriage, the silence between them seems to have been broken by only two letters to Clarinda from Ellisland. In the first of these he resents the name of "villain," which she seems to have hurled at him. In the second he acknowledges that his past conduct has been wrong, but winds up by repeating his error and enclosing a song addressed to her in the most exaggerated strains of affection. He now rushed to the capital to see her once more before she sailed. The interview was brief and hurried, and no record of it remains, save some letters and a few impassioned lyrics, which about that time he addressed to her. The first epistle is stiff and formal, as if to break the ice of their long estrangement; but not so the others, which are in the language of rapturous devotion. The lyrics are in some cases strained and artificial, but one of them stands out from all the rest as one of the most impassioned effusions Burns ever poured forth. It contains that one consummate stanza in which Scott, Byron, and many more, saw concentrated "the essence of a thousand love tales,"—

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly;
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

In course of time Mrs. McLose returned from the West Indies, and without having succeeded in the recovery of her truant husband. On her return Burns again addressed her in the old exaggerated style; the last time was in June, 1794, after which Clarinda is heard of no more.

In Dumfries Burns spent the short remainder of his life. The habits which he had acquired during the sudden and short-lived excitement of his first introduction to public notice now gained entire ascendancy over him, as misfortune and disappointment broke, or, at least, embittered.

tered, his spirit, and enfeebled his powers of resistance. The admiration and applause, by which he had been surrounded at Edinburgh, were sought for at any cost, and among companions of any order who would join him in drowning reflection. Even the prospects upon which he had placed his reliance of advancement in the excise were suddenly overcast, in consequence of some imprudent expressions which he had dropped on the subject of the French Revolution, to which some despicable informer had called the notice of the Board. It was only through the exertions of his friend Mr. Graham, on this occasion, that he was saved from being dismissed. Ill-health and great dejection of spirits at last came upon him, along with the pressure of accumulating pecuniary difficulties.

During the first year of Burns's residence in Dumfries he was asked by Mr. George Thomson to lend his aid in the preparation of a collection of Scottish melodies and words, then projected by a small band of musical amateurs in Edinburgh. This collection was pitched in a higher key than the comparatively humble *Museum*. It was to be edited with more rigid care, the symphonies and accompaniments were to be supplied by the first musicians of Europe, and it was to be expurgated from all leaven of coarseness, and from whatever could offend the purest taste. To Thomson's proposal Burns at once replied, "As the request you make to me will positively add to my enjoyment in complying with it, I shall enter into your undertaking with all the small portion of abilities I have, strained to their utmost exertion by the impulse of enthusiasm. . . .

"If you are for English verses, there is, on my part, an end of the matter. Whether in the simplicity of the ballad, or the pathos of the song, I can only hope to please myself in being allowed at least a sprinkling of our native tongue. . . . As to remuneration, you may think my songs either above or below price; for they shall be absolutely the one or the other. In the honest enthusiasm with which I embark in your undertaking, to talk of money, wages, fee, hire, etc., would be downright prostitution of soul."

Burns's correspondence with Thomson on the subject of his contributions to this work has been printed, and forms a highly interesting series of letters, as well as a most affecting chapter in the poet's history.

GATHERING GLOOM.

Burns now began to feel himself prematurely old. Walking with a friend who proposed to

him to join a country ball, he shook his head, saying, "That's all over now," and adding a verse of Lady Grissel Baillie's ballad:—

"Oh, were we young as we ance hae been,
We sud hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it ower the lily-white lea,
But were na my heart light I wad dee."

Amid the gloom of this unhappy time Burns turned to an old Edinburgh friend. Alexander Cunningham, and poured forth this passionate and well-known complaint: "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul tossed on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next surge may overwhelm her? Of late, a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these cursed times—losses which, though trifling, were what I could ill bear—have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition. Are you deep in the language of consolation? I have exhausted in reflection every topic of comfort. A heart at ease would have been charmed with my sentiments and reasonings; but as to myself, I was like Judas Iscariot preaching the gospel. . . . Still there are two great pillars that bear us up amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The one is composed of a certain noble, stubborn something in man, known by the names of Courage, Fortitude, Magnanimity. The other is made up of those feelings and sentiments which, however the sceptic may deny them, or the enthusiast may disfigure them, are yet. I am convinced, original and component parts of the human soul, those senses of the mind—if I may be allowed the expression—which connect us with, and link us to those awful obscure realities—an all powerful and equally beneficent God, and a world to come, beyond death and the grave. The first gives the nerve for combat, while a ray of hope beams on the field; the last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure."

This remarkable, or, as Lockhart calls it, noble letter, was written on February 25, 1791.

In November of the same year, Burns wrote the well-known song:—

"Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creeping along,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang."

"I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sorer, and life is a faught;

My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

"A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks of the road he has past?"

"Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is—Welcome, and welcome again."

"This song," says Professor Shairp, "gives Burns's idea of himself, and of his struggle with the world, when he could look on both from the placid, rather than the desponding side. He regarded it as a true picture of himself; for, when a good miniature of him had been done, he wrote to Thomson that he wished a vignette from it to be prefixed to this song, that, in his own words, 'the portrait of my face, and the picture of my mind may go down the stream of time together.'"

Allan Cunningham tells us, "While he lived in Dumfriesshire he had three favourite walks—on the Dock, green by the river-side, among the ruins of Lincluden College, and towards the Martingdon-ford, on the north side of the Nith. This latter place was secluded, commanded a view of the distant hills and the romantic towers of Lincluden, and afforded soft greensward banks to rest upon, within sight and sound of the stream. As soon as he was heard to hum to himself, his wife saw that he had something in his mind, and was prepared to see him snatch up his hat, and set silently off for his musing-ground. When by himself, and in the open air, his ideas arranged themselves in their natural order—words came at will, and he seldom returned without having finished a song. . . . When the verses were finished, he passed them through the ordeal of Mrs. Burns's voice, listened attentively when she sang, asked her if any of the words were difficult, and when one happened to be too rough he readily found a smoother; but he never, save at the resolute entreaty of a scientific musician, sacrificed sense to sound. The autumn was his favourite season, and the twilight his favourite hour of study."

In the beginning of 1796 he somewhat revived, but recovering health did not involve an increase of prudence. Chambers thus records a fact which the local tradition of Dumfries confirms: "Early in the month of January, when his health was in the course of improvement, Burns tarried to a late hour at a jovial party in the Globe tavern. Before returning home, he unluckily remained for some time in the open air, and, overpowered

by the effects of the liquor he had drunk, fell asleep. . . . A fatal chill penetrated his bones; he reached home with the seeds of a rheumatic fever already in possession of his weakened frame. In this little accident, and not, in the pressure of poverty or disrepute, or wounded feelings or a broken heart, truly lay the determining cause of the sadly shortened days of our national poet."

It was thought that sea-bathing might improve his health, so the poet removed to Brow. Whilst residing there, on the 12th of July, he wrote to Thomson the following memorable letter:—

"After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for £5. A cruel scoundrel of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God's sake, send that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness, but the horrors of a jail have made me half-distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously; for, upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest songs you have seen. I tried my hand on *Rothemurichie* this morning. The measure is so difficult, that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines. They are on the other side. Forgive, forgive me!" And on the other side was written Burns's last song, beginning, *Fairest maid on Devon banks*.

A LAST INTERVIEW.

While he was at Brow, his former friend, Mrs. Walter Riddell, to whom, after an estrangement, he had been reconciled, happened to be staying for the benefit of her health in the neighbourhood. She asked Burns to dine with her, and sent her carriage to bring him to her house. This is part of the account she gives of the interview:—

"I was struck with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was imprinted on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, 'Well, madam, have you any commands for the other world?' I replied, that it seemed a doubtful case which of us should be there soonest, and that I hoped that he would yet live to write my epitaph. (I was then in a poor state of health.) He looked in my face with an air of great kindness, and expressed his concern at seeing me look so ill, with his accustomed sensibility. At table he ate little or nothing, and he complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach

We had a long and serious conversation about his present situation, and the approaching termination of all his earthly prospects. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling, as an event likely to happen very soon, and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his four children so young and unprotected, and his wife in so interesting a situation—in hourly expectation of lying-in of a fifth. He mentioned, with seeming pride and satisfaction, the promising genius of his eldest son, and the flattering marks of approbation he had received from his teachers, and dwelt particularly on his hopes of that boy's future conduct and merit. His anxiety for his family seemed to hang heavy upon him, and the more perhaps from the reflection that he had not done them all the justice he was so well qualified to do. Passing from this subject, he showed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and particularly the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation; that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blast his fame.

"He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers into a state of arrangement, as he was now quite incapable of the exertion." The lady goes on to mention many other topics of a private nature on which he spoke. "The conversation," she adds, "was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I had seldom seen his mind greater or more collected. There was frequently a considerable degree of vivacity in his sallies, and they would probably have had a greater share, had not the concern and dejection I could not disguise damped the spirit of pleasantry he seemed not unwilling to indulge.

"We parted about sunset on the evening of that day (the 5th of July, 1796); the next day

I saw him again, and we parted to meet no more!"

THE POET'S END.

At first, Burns imagined bathing in the sea had been of benefit to him: the pains in his limbs were relieved; but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. At this time a tremor pervaded his frame; his tongue was parched, and his mind sunk into delirium, when not roused by conversation. On the second and third day the fever increased, and his strength diminished.

When the news spread in Dumfries that Burns had come back from Brow, and now lay on his deathbed, the whole town was deeply moved. Allan Cunningham was there at the time, and thus describes what he saw: "The anxiety of the people, high and low, was very great. Whenever two or three were together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history, of his person, and of his works; of his witty sayings and sarcastic replies, and of his too early fate, with much enthusiasm, and sometimes with deep feeling. All that he had done, and all that they had hoped he would accomplish, were talked of. Half a dozen of them stopped Dr. Maxwell in the street, and said, 'How is Burns, sir?' He shook his head, saying, 'He cannot be worse,' and passed on to be subjected to similar inquiries farther up the way. I heard one of a group inquire, with much simplicity, 'Who do you think will be our poet now?'"

On the 21st of July, 1796, the sufferings of this great but ill-fated genius were terminated, and a life was closed in which virtue and passion had been at perpetual variance. His remains were consigned to the earth with the solemnities of a public funeral, which was rendered remarkably imposing by the voluntary attendance of a vast multitude of persons of all ranks from every part of the surrounding country.

Much has been said on the disgrace reflected on persons of power and affluence for having allowed Burns to die in so humble a condition and in poverty. But these observations, it has been very sensibly pointed out by Sir Harris Nicolas, though springing from a just admiration of the bard, are not strictly just, and being liable to create expectations in future writers that cannot, from the nature of things in this country, be realized, are likely to tend to disappointment and discontent.

The only patronage to which an author can

safely direct his hopes is that of the *public*, shown by their applause and by the demand for his works. In this patronage Burns shared largely; and it would seem, from the preface to the first edition of his poems, that to it alonedid he aspire; for he proudly says "he found poetry its own reward." Few writers have been more honoured by their contemporaries; and the profits arising from the sale of his works, considering their extent and the slight remuneration then given for literary labour, were very considerable. If he had chosen, he might have received payment for his other productions; and had he devoted the hours spent in the tavern to his pen, his income would have been still further increased.

The only other sources of patronage are private benevolence and public employment. The former Burns would, it is certain, have treated with contempt, for it is not likely that he would have condescended to be the pensioner of any man; and with regard to the latter, to which some of his biographers more particularly allude, it must be asked, Was he at the time when he was brought into notice, from his habits of life and fondness for the society of persons of his own class, suited for a much higher office than that which his intimate friends, who must have known his character best, suggested, and with which he often expressed himself perfectly content? Though the author of unrivalled poems, there is no proof of his fitness for a higher official appointment when he first came to Edinburgh; and after that period, his irregular life and imprudent conduct render it unlikely that he should have been patronized by a government alive to the slightest appearance of disaffection in its servants.

Of the person and manners of Burns, the best description will be conveyed by the description of those in whose society he moved. Professor Walker, who met him on his first visit to Edinburgh, says: "His person, though strong and well-knit, and much superior to what might be expected in a ploughman, was still rather coarse in its outline. His stature, from want of setting up, appeared to be only of the middle size, but was rather above it. His motions were firm and decided; and though without any pretensions to grace, were at the same time so free from clownish constraint as to show that he had not always been confined to the society of his profession. His countenance was not of that elegant cast which is most frequent among the upper ranks, but it was manly and intelligent, and marked by a thoughtful gravity, which shaded at times into sternness. In his large dark eyes the most striking index of his genius

resided. They were full of mind, and would have been singularly expressive under the management of one who could employ it with more art for the purpose of expression."

THE LITERARY POSITION AND CHARACTER OF BURNS.

The history of literature scarcely affords another instance of a popularity either so sudden or so complete as that obtained by the poetry of Burns. Even in his own lifetime, and indeed almost immediately after his genius first burst into public notice, his name and his poems were familiar to all ranks of his countrymen. Nor did the enthusiasm for his poetry die away with the generation among whom it was first kindled. His works are still everywhere a cottage-book in his own land, and they are read wherever the English language is understood.

No poetry was ever better fitted to obtain extensive popularity than that of Burns. It had little of either grandeur or richness of imagination, qualities that demand much cultivation of mind as well as a somewhat rare endowment of the poetic temperament for their appreciation and enjoyment. It is all heart and passion, and every human bosom capable of feeling strongly must be stirred by its fire and tenderness. The themes which Burns has chosen are all of the kind which come home to the natural feelings of men, and his mode of treating them is the most simple and direct. In what he has written, in his native dialect at least, there is nowhere anything of mere rhetorical ornament or display. The expression is throughout, as truly as that of any poetry ever was, the spontaneous utterance of the thought or sentiment, which falls into measured words as if it and they were struck out together by the same creative act. In his lyrical pieces especially, the passion, and the language, and the melody, which is "married" to the "immortal verse," seem to come all in one gush from the full fountain of the heart. In this exquisite truth of style no writer in any language has surpassed Burns. But, with all his nature, he is, like every great writer, also a great artist, nature being the inspiration of his art. Nothing can be more masterly—more demonstrative both of high skill and of general elevation of mind—than the manner in which he triumphs over the disadvantages of a dialect so much vulgarized as that of Scotland had come to be at the time when he wrote. Familiar as his subjects generally are, and bold and expressive as his diction constantly is, we will venture to say that there is not one instance of real vul-

garity in all that he has written. Of mere license and indecorum there is certainly no want in some of his productions; but even in his broadest humour, in his most unpardonable violations of moral propriety, in the rudest riot of his merriment and satire, there is never anything that is mean or grovelling, anything that offends our sense of what is noble and elevated. Some of the most immoral of his pieces are distinguished by a studied propriety of expression springing from the finest taste and most delicate sensibility to the beautiful.

There can be little question about the justice of Lockhart's remark: "*The Cotter's Saturday Night* is of all Burns's pieces the one whose exclusion from the collection would be most injurious, if not to the genius of the poet, at least to the character of the man. In spite of many feeble lines, and some heavy stanzas, it appears to me that even his genius would suffer more in estimation by being contemplated in the absence of this poem, than of any other single poem he has left us." It is this poem which has most endeared the name of Burns to the more thoughtful and earnest of his countrymen. The strange, not to say painful, fact has been pointed out, that this poem, in which the simple and manly piety of his country is so finely touched, and the image of his own religious father so beautifully portrayed should have come from the same hand which wrote nearly at the same time *The Jolly Beggars*, *The Ordination*, and *The Holy Fair*.

As examples of songs in which he has given "their ultimate and consummate expression to fundamental human emotions," we may mention such pieces as the following: "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast," "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," "Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon," "Go fetch to me a pint o' wine," and that other which expresses so blithely, yet pathetically, the calm depth of long-wedded and happy love, "John Anderson, my Joe."

As an expression of the comic humour of courtship, what is equal to "Duncan Gray cam here to woo"? For personal independence and sturdiness, if somewhat self-asserting manhood, we have "A man's a man for a' that." For patriotic heroism there is "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." The contented spirit finds a voice in the song we have already quoted, "Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair;" and old friendship never had a representative song of anything like the power of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

"The poet," to quote Professor Nichol, "passed

away in darkness, but his name will never disappear from our literature. He stands before us as a feature of Nature; and the fact that he cannot be moved from the hearts of his countrymen, that they recognise and respect a man who has refused to mutilate human nature, and who at once celebrates and strives to harmonise its ethereal and Christian elements, marks a gulf still fixed between Scotland and the Spain with which Mr. Buckle has associated it. 'The generous verse of Burns,' says Dr. Craik, 'springs out of the iron-bound Calvinism of the land, like flowing water from Horeb's rock.'

Burns, according to Professor Wilson, is by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in an humble condition. No country in the world but Scotland could have produced such a man; and he will for ever be regarded as the glorious representative of the genius of his country. He was born a poet, if ever man was, and to his native genius alone is owing the perpetuity of his fame. For he manifestly had never very deeply studied poetry as an art, nor reasoned much about its principles, nor looked abroad with the wide ken of intellect for objects and subjects on which to pour out his inspiration.

The condition of the peasantry of Scotland, the happiest, perhaps, that Providence ever allowed to the children of labour, was not surveyed and speculated upon by him as the field of poetry, but as the field of his own existence; and he chronicled the events that passed there not merely as food for his imagination as a poet, but as food for his heart as a man. Hence, when inspired to compose poetry, poetry came gushing up from the well of his human affections, and he had nothing more to do than to pour it, like streams irrigating a meadow in many a cheerful tide over the drooping flowers and fading verdure of life. Imbued with vivid perceptions, warm feelings, and strong passions, he sent his own existence into that of all things, animate and inanimate, around him; and not an occurrence in hamlet, village, or town affecting in any way the happiness of the human heart, but roused as keen an interest in the soul of Burns, and as genial a sympathy, as if it had immediately concerned himself and his own individual welfare.

Whatever, therefore, be the faults or defects of the poetry of Burns—and no doubt it has many—it has, beyond all that was ever written, this greatest of all merits, intense life-pervading and life-breathing truth.

S. I. A.



THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT, PROBABLY PAINTED FROM
THE MEMORIAL IN THE CHURCH.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

"The life of Shakspeare is a fine mystery."—CHARLES DICKENS.

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THE SHAKSPEARE FAMILY.

ELIZABETH had been Queen of England for five and a half years, and the clear light of the dawn of a new intellectual and political era was breaking over her realm, when, on the 26th April, 1564, an infant of a few days old was carried into the stately parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, to receive the

rite of baptism according to the ritual of the reformed Church of England, re-established, not without some conflict and cruel retaliation, by the famous maiden Queen. That infant received the name of William; and his father was John Shakspeare, a thriving burgess of the Avonside town, who owned and farmed land, dealt in country produce, and sold stout gloves made of dressed

skins, in the small low-browed shop, the lower room—scarcely more, indeed, than the expansion of the family kitchen—of a mean-looking but strongly-built house, with massive timber beams, in Henley Street. In the little upper room lay, waiting the return of the father and gossips, with her three days old baby, the mother, Mary Shakspeare. She had been married nearly seven years: two girl babies had passed away in infancy, and her home, so carefully provided and furnished by the prudent husband, had been childless, except for those brief gleams of life, until on the 23rd of April the sweet little Willie came to make mother and father, house and town, England itself, famous with an undying fame.

More than ordinary anxiety, no doubt, visited the heart of Mary Shakspeare, and tempered the "joy that a man child was born into the world." The terrible plague, which only a few months before had, helped by famine, swept away twenty thousand persons in London, had spread into the midland counties, and in Stratford (where more than two hundred died of the disease) and other Warwickshire towns there were the tears of mourners and the troublings of fear. Can it be doubted that Mrs. Shakspeare listened eagerly for the footsteps of the returning party in the street and on the narrow stairway, and clasped to her bosom with an intense joy her bright-eyed baby?

There were at the time several Shakspeares living in Stratford and the adjacent villages, whether related or not to the John Shakspeare of Henley Street we cannot say. One was a shoemaker, and had a large family, and some too zealous modern searcher of the parish register discovered entries of the christening of his many children, and credited the Henley Street couple with the parentage of nearly a score of lively boys and girls. How the various Shakspeares spelt the name is unknown. Probably they did not spell it at all. The poet's father, who seems to have been the most substantial of those who bore the name, used a mark as a signature. The town-clerk, when he had occasion to write the name, spelled it Shaxpere; and the poet's own signatures, of which three or four remain, leave the orthography a vexed question, so difficult is it by any analytical process known to experts to separate the autograph into distinct letters. So it appears, according to the fancy of editors, as Shakspeare, Shakespeare, and Shakspere; the first being the form more generally adopted. The name is still met with in various parts of the county, especially at Coventry, Henley-in-Arden, Kenilworth, Leamington, and Stratford;

the persons who claim it belonging almost exclusively to the trading and working classes. The name Shakeshaft—evidently derived from the other—also appears in the Warwickshire Directory.

Of the history of the family nothing certain is known, but the name is almost a warrant of knightly descent. The yeomen and peasants who followed the feudal lords to battle, and fought in France or in the civil wars at home, were armed with bills and bows; nobles and knights only could "shake the spear;" and probably the surname was bestowed on some "doer of doughty deeds," of whose family a junior branch settled down in Warwickshire, content to own or rent, and cultivate by his own labour, a few acres of land. The first of the name of whom we have any record was John Shakspeare, who, in 1550, at Snitterfield, near Stratford, was a tenant of Robert Arden, a yeoman farmer of Wilmeccote, in the adjacent parish of Aston-Cantlowe. We can hardly be wrong in supposing that the John Shakspeare whom we meet with in Henley Street was the son of this Snitterfield farmer, for it is known that his brother Henry lived and died in that village, and perhaps inherited the little property, John trying to make his way in the world at Stratford—looked on, we may suppose, as quite a large town—by combining farming and trading. Assuming that to be the case, we find that young John Shakspeare made love to Mary Arden, the daughter of his father's landlord, and so prospered in his wooing that in 1557 the marriage took place, the bridegroom being a fine young fellow about twenty-six years old, and his wife three or four years younger. Mary's father had died about a year before, leaving six daughters, four of whom were married. The two who were at the time single, Mary and Alicia, were appointed executors of Robert Arden's will; and the former brought to her husband, as a marriage portion, a small sum of money and a property known as Asbyes, in the parish of Aston-Cantlowe, consisting of a dwelling-house, fifty acres of arable land, six acres of meadow and pasture, with right of common; and, in addition, an interest in some property at Snitterfield.

The young couple, then, began married life under favourable circumstances. For their station, they might, indeed, be considered wealthy. John Shakspeare, young as he was, had been for at least five years a householder, for there is a record that he was fined, in 1552, for having a dung-heap in front of his residence in Henley Street—a circumstance which shows that the town

authorities tried to enforce some wholesome regulation. The year before his marriage, his name appeared in the town records as suing and being sued before the bailiff, John Burbage—a name to be remembered, as it may throw light on some incidents in the career of William Shakspeare. The record, still preserved, describes him as “a glover.” In the same year—probably in anticipation of his union with Mary Arden—he acquired two tenements, with appurtenances—one of them, in Henley Street, being described as being almost as good as freehold. He must have been regarded already as a man of substance and good repute, for in that year (1556) he became a member of the corporation of Stratford, which, according to a charter dated only three years earlier, consisted of fourteen aldermen and fourteen burgesses. He was also appointed to the office of ale-taster, with power to visit breweries and ale-houses and test the quality of the liquor supplied to the thirsty souls of Stratford. The duties of this office were perhaps not very congenial to the prudent, industrious glover; at any rate, he was fined for not performing them diligently. That occurred in the year of his marriage; and we may be excused for suggesting that, if it was before the wedding, he preferred visits of courting, and strolls about the country lanes with Mary Arden—or, if after marriage, the comforts of domestic life—to the inspection of alcavats and altercations with hosts and drawers. Of course, having undertaken the duty he should have performed it diligently, but much may be excused to a young man head over ears in love.

THE ARDEN FAMILY.

Mary Shakspeare was a descendant of a junior branch of one of the oldest families of Warwickshire, the Ardens, from whom the extensive woodland district in the northern, western, and midland parts of the county, the Forest of Arden, took its name; or it may be that the family took its name from the forest. Robert Arden of Willmccote, the father of Mary, was probably the grandson of Robert Arden, who was Groom-of-the-Chamber to Henry VII. His uncle, Sir John Arden, also held an office at the Court of the same monarch, and his brother, Walter Arden, married a daughter of John Hampden, of Buckinghamshire. There is thus a link—we admit, a very slight one—between two famous names. Sir William Dugdale, the historian, herald, and antiquary, who, in 1656, published the “Antiquities of Warwickshire,” traces the pedigree of the Ardens to the time of Edward the Confessor; and a modern writer of authority, Professor

Ward, in his “History of English Dramatic Literature,” says there seems no doubt that Mary Shakspeare’s father, Robert Arden, “was a lineal descendant of the ancient family of that name, which traced its descent to ‘Ælwyn, vice-Comes of Warwickshire, under his uncle Leofric,’ in the time of Edward the Confessor, and through him it seems farther traceable to Guy of Warwick, with a possible female descent from Alfred the Great.” Here are more links, “long drawn out,” indeed, by which we may in fancy connect the poet who “was not for an age, but for all time,” with Godiva of Coventry, the great Earl Guy of Warwick, and the greater Alfred. Certainly womanly beauty and tenderness, chivalrous achievement and large-hearted wisdom may, in imagination at least, be fitly associated with him who was incomparably the best delineator of those qualities.

If Mary Shakspeare knew anything of this,—and probably she did, for family traditions are carefully treasured in old country families, and if some of the facts are lost in the lapse of time, legend is always ready to supply the deficiency,—no doubt she took a pride in knowing that she was a scion of a goodly stock, related to the wealthy and influential Roman Catholic family who held up their heads proudly in another part of the county. One of Mary’s cousins was appointed to the high office of Sheriff of Warwickshire in 1568.

The mother of William Shakspeare was, then, in the estimation of Warwickshire folk, a lady by descent and association, although her father was described in a legal document as *agricola*, or farmer, and her husband sold gloves at Stratford and looked after cows and sheep in the meadows at Snitterfield and on the Asbies farm in Aston-Cantlowe. Neither she nor her husband could write; perhaps they could read a little, but that is very uncertain. It is not probable that there was a book of any kind in the Henley Street house. By the law newly-passed, all persons, unless they could make some lawful excuse, were compelled to attend the parish church once every Sunday, under the penalty of a fine; and the Shakspeares, as respectable and law-abiding folks of position in the town, no doubt punctually took their seats in the large church. The head of the house probably looked upon regular church attendance as a duty which, as a burgess, and therefore an example to his fellow-townsmen, he was bound to perform; and most likely his wife understood little about doctrinal differences, and was happy enough sitting by her husband’s side, listening to the Protestant service, although the

traditions of her family were connected with the Roman Catholic Church, for which it was natural she should feel an affection and respect. On the Shakspeare side, too, there were associations with the great historic church. In the reign of Henry VII., the prioress of Wraxall monastery, eight miles from Stratford, was Isabella Shakspeare. The nuns of the monastery held, according to an official return made in the reign of Henry VIII., large possessions in the Arden district; and in that circumstance was a connection of family names which would, with the other considerations, tend to increase the respect of the Shakspeare family for the institutions, at least, of the Catholic Church. It is a noticeable fact, that the poet, who nowhere gives evidence of particular attachment to any doctrinal or ecclesiastical forms, invariably exhibits an almost affectionate respect for priests and nuns, who appear in his dramas as wise, holy, and devoted advisers and doers of kindly and charitable works.

One of the perplexing questions connected with Shakspeare is, how could he have acquired such an extensive knowledge of the Scriptures as he evidently possessed? Bishop Wordsworth has published a volume, "Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible," in which he shows how intimately acquainted the poet was with the language and incidents of the Old and New Testaments.

The versions then in use were those by Parker, called also the Bishops' Bible, of 1568, required to be read in churches; or various reprints of the Geneva Bible of 1560, with short marginal notes, and much used in private families (a translation due, in fact, to John Knox, while resident abroad). Crammer's translation was also used by some Protestants, but was not so likely to be known to Shakspeare as the others, to one of which he probably had access in school. Bishop Wordsworth shows how some of the grammatical peculiarities of these versions, especially in connection with the articles and pronouns, are reproduced by Shakspeare. The authorized version of the Bible now in use was not published until 1611, after the appearance of nearly all the plays of Shakspeare; and Bishop Wordsworth does not hesitate to say, "While the contents and general language of the Bible would be known to our poet from translations previously in use, in regard to particular words and modes of speech it is probable that our translators of 1611 owed as much, or more, to Shakspeare than he owed to them." "Shakspeare," says the Bishop, "has not received the credit which I think I shall be able to prove that

he deserves, of having been, in a more than ordinary degree, a diligent and a devout reader of the Word of God."

Something he may have learned at the Grammar School, but in all likelihood he learned a great deal more by means of the enforced regular attendance at the services of the church. His mind was too eager and inquisitive, and the poetic faculty too instinctive, to permit him to be an uninterested listener to the reading of the historical incidents and magnificent poetry of the Bible, although he might have been careless as to the spiritual or moral lessons taught; and his vigorous memory would retain a vast amount of what he heard.

The year after William's birth, his father was elected alderman; and, three years later, was appointed high bailiff of the town, and, by virtue of that office, justice of the peace. In the following year he attained the position of head alderman, and we may suppose there was scarcely a more important personage in Stratford than the Henley Street glover. His family cares increased with his prosperity, sons and daughters filling the small house. One daughter, Anne, died when eight years old. It is just possible that she was named after Anne Hathaway, afterwards the wife of William, and, when John Shakspeare's daughter was christened, a girl thirteen or fourteen years old. The Hathaways and Shakspeares were old friends, for in the year of the poet's birth his father's name appeared in a legal document as security for Richard Hathaway. Gilbert, Joan, Richard, and Edmund followed in quick succession, making eight children born to John and Mary Shakspeare, four sons and four daughters; only one of the latter, however, Joan, surviving the age of childhood.

In 1570, John Shakspeare rented a meadow known as Ingow, of fourteen acres, at a rent implying there was a good house on it, and in 1575, when William was eleven years old, bought two houses with gardens and orchards in Henley-street, for £40. It has been suggested that one of these houses is that one shown as "the birth-place of Shakspeare,"—an unwarranted claim if his father only occupied it after the date mentioned. It is possible, however, that the family may have lived in the house before the freehold was purchased; and local tradition stoutly maintains that there William was born. We have seen, besides, that one of the houses he became possessed of the year before his marriage was described as "almost as good" as freehold; and it is quite possible that, as his means increased, he made it "quite as good," by purchasing the

property he may have previously held on a very advantageous lease.

The vivacity and natural gifts of his eldest son must have been apparent even in childhood; and his father and mother seem to have desired that he should have the best education at their command. Chief Alderman John Shakspeare no doubt wished that he could affix something better than a mark to documents requiring his signature, and was not willing that his clever little boy should grow up as ignorant as he himself was. There was in the town a Grammar School, established as a free school by Thomas Jolyffe, about a hundred years before, and remodelled by a charter granted by Edward VI., who ordered it to be named the King's Free School. It adjoined the old chapel of the Guild, and the low part of the building was the Guildhall, where the worshipful aldermen and burgesses assembled to transact business, the schoolroom being on the floor above, and reached by an external flight of steps. The chapel and school-buildings still exist, very little altered by the lapse of time, except by the removal of the staircase a few years since. In this school William seems to have remained for seven or eight years, and to have acquired a fair knowledge of the rudiments of classical learning; for Latin was undoubtedly the principal subject of instruction in Grammar Schools, and it is quite possible that he made there some slight acquaintance, by means of extracted passages, with the Latin writers, and with the biographies of Greek and Roman heroes, which afforded him such abundant material afterwards. When he first entered the school, the head-master was Walter Roche, succeeded in 1577 by Thomas Hunt, who wielded the ferule for three years, and then, becoming curate of Luddington, gave way to Thomas Jenkins. Whether any of these worthy schoolmasters suggested the Holofernes of *Love's Labour Lost*, we may leave to conjecture; but critics have discovered an allusion to one of them in the phrase in *Twelfth Night*, "A pedant that keeps school i' the church"—it being a fact that for a brief time, when the room was under repair, the school was held in the Guild Chapel.

Nearly opposite the school was the newest and most handsome mansion in the town, familiarly known as the "great house," but more strictly New Place, built by Sir Hugh Clopton, who in 1491 was Lord Mayor of London. This house appears to have attracted the attention in no common degree of the schoolboy, who regarded it with the same sort of vague and ambitious hope which Charles Dickens, as a boy,

felt when he passed the big house at Gad's Hill. Each lived to make the coveted house his own, and each died in the place the desire to possess which stimulated him to exertion and prudence.

School teaching, however, contributed but little to the real education of Shakspeare. He had quick eyes, an exquisite instinctive perception of character, a marvellous memory, and that indefinable sympathy with humanity under all aspects which no other poet or dramatist, certainly no philosopher or historian, has ever equalled. His mind was like a camera, perpetually receiving images from the external world to be developed into pictures when the time came. He went to school—not, we may well believe, like the boy described by himself, "creeping like snail unwillingly," but willingly enough, getting through his lessons cheerfully, and no doubt the leader in all games and frolics. At any rate, if there was any boy in the school capable of outshining William Shakspeare, he ought to have made a great mark on the world.

In his early boyhood he was possibly present at some of the performances by companies of actors who visited the town and enacted plays in presence of the high bailiff, aldermen, and burgesses, and were paid by the town treasurer. These companies were attached to the households of great noblemen, and styled themselves "the Earl of Leicester's servants," "the Earl of Worcester's servants," and so forth; but were permitted to accept what in these days we might speak of as "private engagements." They travelled from town to town, and are probably fairly sketched in the player troop in *Hamlet*. It appears that the first actors who visited Stratford were the Earl of Leicester's servants, the chief among them, and manager, being Richard Burbage, or perhaps, as Mr. Howard Staunton supposes, James Burbage, father of Richard; and that the first performance was given in 1568, when John Shakspeare was chief alderman. William Shakspeare was then only four years old, but as the plays were acted in the daytime and in the open air, it is quite possible he may have witnessed them. Nine or ten subsequent visits to the town are recorded, and young Shakspeare would have been less than himself if he had not contrived to witness at least some of the performances. The actors of the Earl of Leicester's company were, it would seem, possessed of more than ordinary ability, and were in good repute; for, in 1574, they received a patent under the great seal, and were afterwards known as the Lord Chamberlain's servants, famous in our dramatic history. We have

noticed that the name of the high bailiff of Stratford who preceded John Shakspeare in that office, was Burbage, and there is a possibility that Richard (or James) Burbage, the actor and manager of the company, was his relative, it might be a son, or nephew; and in that case there might have been a friendship between the two families of Burbage and Shakspeare, which would clear away some obscurity respecting William's early association in London with Richard Burbage the actor. We know that we are dealing considerably in "might have beens," but authentic information is so scarce that we are compelled to follow the advice given by Shakspeare himself to those who witnessed his historical dramas—"entertain conjecture of a time," and "piece out our imperfections with our thoughts."

We may make a tolerably sure guess as to the nature of the plays performed at Stratford by Burbage and his fellows. Very likely the description by Polonius of the strolling troop who visited Elsinore would be applicable to the players who made their bows to the worshipful John Shakspeare and the aldermen and burgesses of the good town of Stratford—"The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, (tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral), scene individable, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light." There may have been old folks in Stratford who had seen "miracle plays" at Coventry on the feast of Corpus Christi, and enjoyed the strange association of Scriptural personages with outrageous buffoonery and coarseness, "the fight between Noah and his wife," after the fashion of the later Punch and Judy, and the wild pranks of the Vice. A recent writer noticing the republication of some of these miracle plays, says: "The language of most of these plays is very rude, and often disgustingly coarse; the most sacred and divine persons are frequently made to speak in a manner that would now be considered unbecoming even in Billingsgate, though no doubt the language was regarded by those who heard it as perfectly proper and appropriate."

If, however, the old townsmen who thronged around the stage when Burbage and the others played, expected to witness any productions of that kind, they were no doubt disappointed. A new dramatic literature was growing into shape, and the Stratford "player-folk" were among its earliest and best exponents. One of our best popular historians remarks: "Between the date

of Shakspeare's birth and majority we find notes of acted plays that range through every variety of 'moral' and 'miracle' plays,—plays of English and ancient history; mythological, romantic, and what may be called fantastic subjects. Blank verse, prose, rhyme, extemporised dialogue, dumb show, and to a certain extent spectacle, were interchanged and combined with every degree of extravagance and simplicity."

It is not likely that the Burbage company revisited Stratford after they had settled at the Blackfriars theatre and obtained a patent entitling them to be styled the Lord Chamberlain's servants; but by that time William Shakspeare was twelve years old, and had no doubt seen so much of the Stratford performances, that a very strong impression was produced on his precocious and plastic mind. We are justified in remembering that we are not estimating the effect which such early experience might have had on the mind of a boy of average intelligence; but with the effect on a mind of phenomenal power which ripened early, and to which ordinary standards cannot fairly be applied.

There were, besides, as we have said, other dramatic companies, known as the "servants" of eminent noblemen, including performers of talent; and it is quite probable that they too visited Stratford, and afforded the townfolk the opportunity of witnessing many performances after the time of Burbage.

But these occasional play-actings, great as their influence must have been, were far from being the exclusive preparation of young Shakspeare for his future career. Warwick Castle, one of the finest baronial residences in England, is only nine miles from Stratford, and Kenilworth, then the superb residence of the magnificent Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, only thirteen miles. This nobleman, already popularly credited with being the chosen lover of Elizabeth, held almost regal state at Kenilworth, when residing there. His elder brother, Ambrose Dudley, had been created Earl of Warwick in 1561, and was so popular in the locality that the county people generally spoke of him as the "good Earl." Attached to each of these stately households was a retinue of men-at-arms, pages, and serving-men. The flower of the splendid nobility of the Elizabethan age, gallant knights, cultured and beautiful women, visited there, and pageants were presented, splendid to a degree which, in our more prosaic age, we can scarcely appreciate. Along the highway from the south which passed through Stratford to Warwick and Kenilworth, rode brilliantly-appointed horsemen, with troops

of retainers; the wayside taverns resounded with the boisterous laughter and not unfrequently with the too ready quarrelling of the men-at-arms and rough bragging soldiery, among whom might have been found Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph, "full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard." When there were revels at the great castle, a motley group of hangers-on, Autolycus-like pedlars, and others, would collect at village ale-houses, singing that "a quart of ale is a dish for a king," or "jog on the footpath way," with the "merry heart that goes all the day," while the "sad tires in a milc-a." Mopsa and Dorcas, Phoebe and Audrey, comely wenches, clustered by the wayside and curtsied to the ladies who, beaming with smiles of graceful courtesy, rode by.

Is it likely that nobles and ladies, gay servitors, stalwart rough-bearded soldiers, fussy officials, and picturesque country folk, passed through the streets of Stratford unnoticed by the little son of John Shakspeare, who had an eye for everything, a ready wit to note peculiarities, an irrepressible sense of humour, and a wonderful sympathy with brilliant show and gallant bearing? Is it likely that an active boy, accustomed to country life, with all its exercises and sports, would have thought it a great feat to run a few miles, even across fields and over hedges, much more along a broad high-road, when there was anything remarkable to be seen? We may well suppose, too, that his father, local great man as he was, would not permit himself to be too obscure on public occasions; and as he was presumably a kind father, and very proud of his handsome, intelligent eldest son, he took him, it may be, with him when anything stirring was going forward. William was eight years old when (1572) Queen Elizabeth visited Sir Thomas Lucy, at Charlecote; and as the Corporation of Stratford was put to some small charges "for the Queen's provision," the head alderman, John Shakspeare, would most likely assist at her reception, and take care that his family had a good view of Her Majesty.

The Queen had been on a visit to Warwick, where extraordinary preparations had been made for her reception, and of course the excitement in the locality was great. On the 12th August she dined with Mr. Edward Fysher, at Ichington, one of the houses belonging to the Earl of Leicester, about two miles from the town. Sir William Dugdale gives a minute account of her reception at the Ford Mill, at the entrance to Warwick. Immense crowds had collected; people from the adjacent towns and villages swelling the throng. If Stratford was not well repre-

sented it was strange indeed; for nine miles of high-road is not generally an alarming distance to country people on a summer's day, especially if a queen is to be seen; and it is almost a certainty that many of the townfolk, including some of the bigger boys from the Grammar School, saw the show, and brought back glowing accounts of it.

The Queen apparently liked Warwick and Ambrose Dudley well, but liked Kenilworth and Robert Dudley better. Having stayed two days with the Earl of Warwick, she went for five days to Kenilworth, where she was entertained with "such princely sports as could be devised." On the Sunday, having returned to Warwick, "it pleased her to have the country people resorting to see her [from Stratford, of course, among other places] dance in the court of the castle, Her Majesty beholding them out of her chamber window, which thing, as it pleased well the country people, so it seemed Her Majesty was much delighted and made very merry." On the following day, Elizabeth, "taking that pleasure in the sport she had at Kenilworth, would thither again," and she remained there till the following Saturday, and thence went on to Charlecote, the owner of which, Sir Thomas Lucy, memorable in Shakspearean annals, calling, it would appear, on the Stratford Corporation to help him to defray the expense of the royal entertainment.

Here was matter enough for talk at Stratford and the places round about—public receptions, brave revellings, princely sports, dances by country folk in the presence of the handsome and gracious Queen—for Elizabeth was then under forty, and at that time handsome, and at all times frank and gracious in public—who so especially honoured the two powerful brother Earls, the great men of the locality. John Shakspeare, well-to-do farmer and glover, burgess, and head alderman, felt that he had borne some creditable part in the business; and perhaps Mary Shakspeare, whose ancestors, the Ardens, had held offices at court, looked forward to a possible future, when her lively, clever, frolicsome boy Willie, her "handsomest, sweetest young prince," might be restored to the rank of gentility, and hold up his head with the best of them. Fond mothers like to indulge in speculations of this kind; and clever sons listen to them with considerable satisfaction. The desire to possess armorial bearings, gratified, but not without difficulty, at a later date, perhaps had its origin in talk of this kind.

In 1575 Queen Elizabeth made that famous visit to Kenilworth which furnished Scott with material for some of the most telling chapters of

his novel. Shakspeare was then eleven years of age, and not at all likely to have kept indoors when there were such brave doings only a dozen miles away, and gallant shows all along the road.

The purchase of the two houses in Henley Street appears to have marked the turning-point in John Shakspeare's career. His corporation honours and the expenses incurred to keep up the dignity of office had apparently impoverished him. He neglected his duties, and in 1577 was fined for irregular attendance as alderman. A year later he was unable to furnish his quota of expense for pikemen and billmen to serve as soldiers if wanted. In 1579 he should have contributed something towards purchase of armour and weapons; but the town accounts show an entry against his name in respect of the sum, "unpaid and unaccounted for." In the same year the corporation paid a portion of the expense of the funeral of his daughter Anne. Then came the sale of the Snitterfield property, part of his wife's marriage portion. Another part, the estate at Asbyes, was mortgaged for £40 to Edmund Lambert, of Barton-on-the-Heath, her brother-in-law. So hard pressed, indeed, were the family for money, that they owed Roger Sadler, the baker, £5; and, a year after the mortgage mentioned, Lambert and another became security for the amount. About this time, the youngest of the family was born, and named Edmund, perhaps in compliment to his uncle, with whom it was advisable to keep on good terms. The second wife of Robert Arden of Wilmecote, Mrs. Mary Arden, was still alive, and after her death further property would come to Mary Shakspeare; but the reversionary interest was sold for £40, and that sum was offered to Edmund Lambert in redemption of the mortgage. He refused to accept it in that sense unless other sums due to him were paid at the same time, and retained the property, notwithstanding his relationship; affording another instance of the fact that those of kin are sometimes "less than kind." In after years William Shakspeare instituted a Chancery suit to recover the estate, but the result is unrecorded.

Straitened in circumstances as John Shakspeare now was, it was necessary that his eldest son, sixteen years old, should do something for the support of the family. In the ordinary course he would have left school by that time, unless intended for the clerical or other learned profession, with a probability of being able to study at one of the Universities. No such career appeared open to the son of the impecunious

Stratford tradesman; and, indeed, there is no evidence that William desired it.

He set to work at such employment as the country town offered. There is a vague tradition that he acted as schoolmaster. Malone thought he might have been clerk to a local lawyer—the only ground for the supposition being his familiarity with legal phraseology; but, if similar tests were applied in other directions he might have been a soldier, sailor, surgeon, divine, or have belonged to almost any profession, or followed any calling, so versed was he in the technical and familiar language of all. An old parish clerk of Stratford, who, however, was only three years old when Shakspeare died, was accustomed to tell visitors to the poet's grave that he was apprenticed to a butcher; and John Aubrey, the antiquary, writing nearly eighty years after Shakspeare had been laid in the chancel, asserted, "His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of his neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style, and make a speech." John Shakspeare certainly was not a butcher, in the ordinary sense of the word; but probably he bred and killed calves, oxen, and pigs too, for the use of his family; and it is very likely indeed that his son, a well grown active lad, helped in all kinds of work in the little homestead, especially as poverty had shown its face, and all the family would be called on to do something. There was little idling among boys and girls in those days, even among country folk more prosperous than the Shakspeares could pretend to be.

Local traditions respecting those who have made themselves famous in after life are generally very untrustworthy; for there is a prevalent disposition to father on them all kinds of exploits. If literary eminence is attained, the poet *must* have been the author of every silly couplet or doggerel verse familiar to the garrulous folk of his native place. The local hero who becomes famous for adventure, equally, of course, is credited with every wild exploit which can be remembered, exaggerated or invented. Similarly when, as generally is the case in small communities, there is a prominent "bad character," he is blamed for all the hen-roost robberies and poaching exploits perpetrated by more obscure delinquents. Eminent wits are quoted as the author of countless jokes, epigrams, and bon-mots which they never heard of; and Shakspeare, sharing the common fate, has had attributed to him doggerel and drunken verses, which a dozen other Stratford men were quite capable

of producing, and much more likely to produce.

Whatever his work may have been—and we may well suppose it was of an ordinary kind—it was no doubt done well; he was too healthy, cheerful, active, and bright to do anything in a slovenly fashion. He soon added to it another occupation, for which he had an especial aptitude—making love; and he appears to have made it in all sincerity. The name of Anne Hathaway is almost as well-known as his own. She lived, as we know, at Shottery, a little rural place near Stratford, on the Alcester road, reached by way of meadows and a rustic bridge across a rustic brook. She was seven years older than her lover; but then he was only about seventeen when he went courting, though manly for his age, and she, in her twenty-fourth year, was only a very pretty girl; so disparity in years was not much thought of. It is a very noticeable fact, considering how eagerly every scrap of information relative to the poet's youthful days has been sought for, and how ready local tradition is to furnish something to meet the demand, that nothing whatever has been forthcoming connecting Shakspeare's love-making with any other girl than Anne Hathaway, of Shottery. The "passionate pilgrim" was constant in his love. Anne was his Juliet, and there was no antecedent or rival Rosalind. Had he been a "wild gallant," there is little doubt that we should have heard something more or less authentic of his love adventures. Poetry was possibly warmed into life by love, and the "bright particular star" of Shottery was the inspiration of the first efforts of the muse destined to be so great. The old cottage where she dwelt, with many brothers and sisters, is to this day a place of pilgrimage, and is very little altered in appearance by the lapse of three centuries.

Richard Hathaway was a farmer and sheep-owner, in comfortable circumstances. He died early in 1582, and left his large family under the guardianship of his eldest son Bartholomew, charging him to be a support to his mother and a comfort to his brothers and sisters. His will was apparently drawn by Fulks Sandells and John Richardson, and both these names appear to a document binding the persons named in fifty pounds as securities to the Bishop of Worcester against any liabilities he might incur by licensing the marriage of William Shakspeare and Anne Hathaway with one asking of the banns of matrimony. The date of this bond, still preserved at Worcester, is November 28th, 1582.

Where the marriage ceremony took place is not known. No trace of it is found in the Stratford register; and it may have been, as Malone suggested, that the wedding took place at Ludington, a little riverside village, about three miles from Stratford. The only ground for the supposition, and it is very slight, is that one of Shakspeare's schoolmasters, Thomas Hunt, was curate there. The church was destroyed by fire, and the register consumed, so that no information is attainable. It would be very interesting to know the place and date of the ceremony, because very much has been made of the fact that the first child, Susanna, was baptized on the 26th May, 1583, and was born therefore less than six months after the date of the marriage bond. It is possible of course that the lovers had been indiscreet, but if so, the young man hastened to make what reparation he could; and it is possible also, as has been apologetically suggested, that a formal betrothal, with the recognition of friends, was morally regarded as really equivalent to a formal marriage. But it is also possible that, by some accidental irregularity, the banns had only been once published, instead of three times, and that, *after* the marriage, fearing that it might be considered invalid, or that, at any rate, difficulties might arise, the friends of the young couple might have persuaded the bishop to license it, binding themselves to hold him harmless should the question arise and any expenses be incurred.

To what sort of a home William Shakspeare, aged eighteen, took his bride, we cannot say. His father was growing poorer and poorer. Two of the Henley Street houses, probably those purchased the year before his marriage with Mary Arden, were disposed of, and the family were no doubt greatly pinched. The young wife's brother Bartholomew helped her, we may suppose, in conformity with their father's dying injunction; and William Shakspeare's own avocations, whatever they may have been, were not likely to be neglected now that new responsibilities were upon him. At the end of January 1585, his wife presented him with twins, a boy and girl, baptized, on the 2nd February, as Hamnet and Judith. Three children, and very little to keep them on! The old home breaking up, and his father, once the chief man of the little town, poverty-stricken and litigious, suing and being sued for petty sums. William himself, with his great heart and marvellous powers, of which he could scarcely be unconscious, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" in a little Warwickshire town of some 1,500 inhabitants, very few of whom could write

their names or pick out the alphabet from a horn-book.

At length came the last straw which might have broken a camel's back, but which started on his grand career a high-mettled steed. In January 1586, a distraint was made on the goods of John Shakspeare, but the bailiff's men found, according to the town record, "that the said John Shakspeare has nothing on which the distraint can be executed." The furniture which the once prosperous burgess had collected to make his home comfortable, had disappeared bit by bit, to provide for the needs of the family, including, we can suppose, the three little children of his son William. Writ after writ was issued for the arrest of the wretched man, who seems to have been in hiding; and at last the aldermen, who had acted with forbearance and kindness, struck his name off the corporation roll, because "he doth not come to the halls when he is warned, nor hath done of a long time." A few weeks afterwards he was a prisoner for debt.

At the age of twenty-one, only just legally arrived at man's estate, but a husband and the father of three children, William Shakspeare bade good-bye to Stratford, intent on seeking his fortune in London. Perhaps the good Bartholomew Hathaway "comforted" his wife and her little ones, and received them in the old cottage where she had passed her childhood. All is speculation regarding this matter, and this act of Shakspeare's life-drama terminates with a picture of him riding to London, thinking of what he had left behind, and of the unknown land of promise to which he was going. In the fiftieth of his Sonnets, he perhaps hints at this journey:—

"The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods daily on, to bear that weight in me."

THE DEER-STEALING STORY.

We are now brought face-to-face with a tradition which, more than any other connected with Shakspeare, has been accepted as authentic. Aubrey, the earliest writer who attempted a biography of the poet, knew nothing about it. Rowe, who wrote about a hundred years after the supposed event, and who, with Davis, Oldys, and other collectors of anecdotes, accepted with great readiness local gossip, tells us:—

"Shakspeare had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill-company, and amongst them some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing. He engaged with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford.

For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought somewhat too severely, and in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the persecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time and shelter himself in London."

William Oldys, learned and inquisitive, but the drunken hack of a bookseller, of about the same date, not only confirmed the story, but professed to have discovered the first stanza of the scurrilous verses, of which Rowe, who had made eager search, could discover no trace. Oldys apparently met with an "old inhabitant," who was kind enough to have a good memory. There is a coarse play on the name Lucy which we need not repeat, but which we must admit Shakspeare himself indulged in, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (the comedy, however, had been published nearly a hundred years when Oldys discovered the lines). We think that Shakspeare, even in his most careless mood, would have written something smarter than these:—

"A Parliamento member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an asse.

* * * * *
He thinks himself greater,
Yet an asse in his state,

We allow by his ears but with asses to mate."

We have already adduced very good reasons why Shakspeare left Stratford; and there were other reasons of which Rowe and Oldys appear to have known nothing, why Shakspeare should have disliked Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote.

In tracing the connection of Mary Shakspeare with the old family of the Ardens, we mentioned that they were Roman Catholics, and that Isabella Shakspeare, an aunt or great-aunt of the poet, was an abbess, and noticed the great respect he always exhibited for the old church, probably from family influences. It need not be supposed that he felt the slightest sympathy with the plot against the life of Queen Elizabeth originated by Catholic emissaries; but it doubtless pained him greatly that his mother's relatives should suffer punishment, and it is quite likely he thought they were rather martyrs for their adherence to their religious faith than active conspirators. They were ardent Roman Catholics who would not conform. A priest, disguised as a gardener, was attached to their household. The Ardens were charged with being concerned in some of the conspiracies which preceded that for which

Babington suffered, and in 1583—a year after Shakspeare's marriage—the head of the family, Edward Arden, of Park Hall, was hanged at Tyburn, and his son-in-law, John Somerville, strangled himself in the prison-cell, to avoid the horrible tortures inflicted on those convicted of high treason. Their heads were set up on London Bridge, and a few years afterwards Shakspeare must often have looked on the blackened skulls when he crossed the river to Bankside. There must have been a latent but powerful dislike, on the part of the members of that Stratford household, towards the violent ultra-Protestants who took an active part in the persecution of the Catholics; and few were more active or merciless than Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, who, two years after the execution of Edward Arden, and a few months only before William Shakspeare left Stratford, rose in his place in Parliament and proposed that "some new law should be devised for Parry's execution"—Parry was a Roman Catholic who had been convicted of high treason—"such as might be thought fittest for his extraordinary and horrible treason." As if hanging and quartering and disembowelling were not horrible enough! It was scarcely likely that the Shakspeares would like their rich neighbour Sir Thomas Lucy over-much, and his popularity would scarcely be increased by the fact that he was one of the Commissioners appointed to inquire about the "Jesuits, seminary priests, and recusants in Warwickshire," the Parliament having ordered all such to leave the realm within forty days, or suffer as traitors, and those who harboured them were to be hanged as felons.

SHAKSPEARE IN LONDON.

It may be fairly supposed that the young Stratford man did not venture to London without some definite prospect of employment. His instinct would naturally point towards literature as a pursuit, and the drama as a possible opening. It seems to be an indisputable fact that he made his way at once to the theatre at Blackfriars; but it is not at all necessary to accept the story that he at first earned a miserable living by holding the horses of the Court gallants who visited the theatre, and that so well was he known, that the boys who afterwards performed similar offices, were known as "Shakspeare's boys." It is more likely that he introduced himself to James Burbage, who is mentioned as "the first builder of playhouses," and who had a few years previously purchased a house at Blackfriars, "at extreme rates, and made it into

a playhouse with great charge and trouble." This theatre nearly occupied the site of the present Apothecaries' Hall, behind the Ludgate Hill railway-station, and within a few yards of the printing-office of the *Times*; and the short thoroughfare adjoining still bears the name Playhouse Yard. It may be observed that the theatre was within the limits of the old Sanctuary, and so exempt from interference from the Corporation of London, who prohibited stage plays in their domain.

At first Burbage leased the house to a man named Evans, who produced plays acted by "Her Majesty's Children of the Chapel." These youthful actors must have been heavily taxed, for we have records of the performance by "Her Majesty's Children and the Children of St. Paul's" of such long plays as Lilly's *Campaspe*. It is not surprising, therefore, that "the boys were daily wearing out," and, in consequence, Burbage purchased the lease from Evans, and formed a regular company of grown-up actors. A subordinate place in this company appears to have been occupied by Shakspeare; but it was not long before the manager perceived his talents, and employed him to prepare for performance, by re-arranging and partly re-writing, dramas not otherwise adapted for effective representation.

The vigorous Elizabethan drama sprang into existence with amazing rapidity. The miracle plays and moralities, as they were called, had been superseded. Between 1560 and 1580, forty-six regular tragedies and comedies are known to have been enacted, none of which are now extant, besides those which have been preserved. In some instances, the open yards of large inns, such as the Belle Savage, at Ludgate, were converted into temporary theatres; but generally the plays were performed in the halls of the Inns of Court, the Sovereign's palace, and the residences of the nobility. The Blackfriars Theatre was roofed in, and so were the Whitefriars and the Curtain, at Shoreditch, opened a few years afterwards; but the Bankside theatres, the Rose, Hope, Swan, Paris Garden (originally a place for baiting bears), and the large Globe, built in 1593, were open to the sky. Altogether there were about a dozen theatres open at one time or other in the eighteen years of Shakspeare's London life.

About the time that Shakspeare joined the Blackfriars company, or within two or three years afterwards, several dramatic authors attained considerable reputation. Among them was George Peele, a Devonshire man of good family and Master of Arts of Oxford. When

twenty years old he came to London, and led a sadly wild life. He died miserably from the effects of drunkenness and dissipation.

Another writer, Robert Greene, contributed to the stage. He was born at Norwich, and was Shakspeare's senior by three or four years. According to his own account, he had taken the M.A. degrees at both the great universities, and was certainly possessed of learning and superior abilities. He took orders, and was for a short time a vicar in Essex, but soon came to London, and "after leading one of the maddest lives on record, died a miserable death in September, 1592, his last illness being caused by a surfeit of Rhenish wine and pickled herrings." He would have died in the streets, but a poor cobbler and his wife, at Dowgate, gave him a shelter.

Far greater than either of these was Christopher Marlowe, of "the mighty line," who came to London, and it is thought appeared as an actor, shortly after Shakspeare had established himself at Blackfriars. As a dramatic poet, he unquestionably holds the second place in the Elizabethan annals; and in *Faustus* there are passages of power and beauty which Shakspeare himself could scarcely have surpassed. His *Troublesome Reign and Lamentable Death of King Edward the Second, of England*, may almost take rank with the historical plays of his great contemporary, and perhaps suggested them. His *Jew of Malta* was the origin of Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, but is savage and sombre, unrelieved with the delightful gaiety and tenderness and the human sympathy infused by the master mind. A tavern brawl ended the life of this great but misguided genius.

Shakspeare, while affecting no puritanical austerity, and witnessing, perhaps sharing in, some of the revels in which these unhappy men passed the greater portion of their lives, was too prudent to damage his reputation and endanger his prospects in life by injurious excesses. That he was familiar with the wild life of his time, the Eastcheap tavern scenes in *Henry the Fourth* attest; and we need not suppose that the *Hostess*, and *Doll*, and the drawers, not to speak of the great *Sir John* himself, were entirely evolved from the inner consciousness of the poet. Some faint resemblance to them may have been found among the surroundings of Peele, Greene, and Marlowe. But William Shakspeare lived in the main temperately, and worked hard, transmuting the rude ore accumulated by others into fine gold, writing original plays, and acting in those parts known to the modern stage as "utility" business. The order in which his dramas were produced cannot

be exactly settled; but we may safely place *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (in which are the germs of several of the characters and incidents of later plays) and *Love's Labour Lost* among the earlier productions.

His growing success, his unimpeached character, and the brilliancy of his genius, the dawn of which was clearly enough perceptible, excited the malicious envy of some of his dissolute contemporaries. A few days before Robert Greene died so wretchedly in the little room over the cobbler's stall, he wrote a spiteful attack on Marlowe and Shakspeare, in a pamphlet entitled, "Groat's Worth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance." "There is," he said, "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is well able to bombast out a blank verse with the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country." The quibble on the name would in itself be sufficient to indicate the reference, but the parody of a line in *Henry the Sixth*, then recently produced, "O tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide," fixes it beyond doubt.

Shakspeare felt this attack keenly, and supposed it to have been the work of a small dramatist named Chettle, whose handwriting had been identified in the manuscript sent to the printer. Chettle replied, explaining that he had only transcribed it, Greene's writing being, perhaps from weakness, almost unreadable. He argues how unlikely it is he should have attacked Shakspeare, for "I myself have seen his demeanour, no less civil than excellent in the quality he possesses. Besides, divers of worship have reputed his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art."

Friends enough surrounded the poet, and were eulogistic enough to compensate for the spite of Greene or other enviers. Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, and many of the wealthiest, most brilliant of the Court gallants, among them Walter Raleigh, frequented the theatre and were on terms of intimacy with the author and the actors. In 1593, Shakspeare published his *Venus and Adonis*, dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. He speaks of it as "the first heir of his invention," from which we may conclude it had been written some years earlier. It was very successful, and ran through four editions in the poet's lifetime. In the next year appeared the *Rape of Lucrece*, also very

successful, passing through four editions. It has been stated, and there appears no reason to doubt the fact, that the Earl of Southampton made a present of a large sum of money (some say as much as a thousand pounds) to the author of *Venus and Adonis*, who was by that means enabled to purchase a share in the new Globe Theatre. That the friendship existing between Shakspeare and the two young noblemen, Southampton and Herbert, was of the most intimate character is one of the best known facts in the poet's history; and by their aid, perhaps, he obtained access to good libraries. His reading must have been extensive. Early British legends, mediæval histories, the works of Holinshed and other chroniclers, Italian romances, classic biographies, Montaigne and other French writers, the "*Gesta Romanorum*" and "*Decameron*," and other collections of pathetic and humorous stories, seem to have been among his favourite books; and if the innumerable allusions scattered broadcast throughout his plays are any evidence, he appears to have been equally well versed in philosophical, religious, speculative, political, and professional literature.

THE SONNETS.

We now approach the most perplexing problem connected with the life of Shakspeare. The "Sonnets," a hundred and fifty-four in number, were not printed till 1609, after Shakspeare had returned to Stratford, but they were evidently written in the early years of his residence in London. They were published apparently without the author's knowledge or sanction, and with a dedication printed in so enigmatical a manner that even now English, French, German, and American critics are disputing as to its meaning. They made very little sensation when published. Shakspeare himself was either ignorant of, or quite indifferent to, the fact, and Alleyn the actor, founder of Dulwich College, has left a record that he purchased a copy for fivepence! Some of the Sonnets had circulated in manuscript among the poet's friends, and are spoken of by the Rev. Francis Meeres as the "sugared sonnets." Many of them are addressed to a young man—critics almost unanimously suppose to William Herbert—and the praises of his personal beauty are so fulsome as to be, unless they have some secondary meaning, almost nauseous. Then there are references to a rival poet (perhaps Marlowe), and 'o some woman of wonderful beauty and dark complexion, who had interfered between him and his friend. Interspersed are bitter self-accusations, expressive of

weariness of life, reminiscences apparently of early happiness long passed away, and flashes of proud consciousness of the immortality of his poetry. Altogether there is such a revelation of the workings of a passionate nature, such an admixture of lofty imagination and perception of beauty with discontent, jealousy, and remorse; such terrible hints and self-accusations, that the reader marvels that so tempestuous a nature could have been veiled by the calm, cheerful exterior which ordinarily Shakspeare presents to the world. Some writers regard the Sonnets as mere literary exercises, no more to be taken as representatives of the poet's individuality than as the characters of Hamlet or Othello. Others suggest that the Sonnets were written to order, and supplied at different times to various persons who were rich enough to pay, but not clever enough to write poetry for themselves. It is true hack writers of the time were willing to sell their pens, but we cannot believe Shakspeare was one of them, and there are too many obvious allusions to himself to permit the suggestion to be accepted. Mr. Gerald Massey finds in the Sonnets a dramatic character, and divides them into two series. In the first the author, in his own character, addresses the young Earl of Southampton, advising him to marry; while other of the Sonnets are written in the character of the Earl, and addressed to his mistress, Elizabeth Vernon; and some are supposed to be expressive of that lady's jealousy of Lady Rich. The second series, Mr. Massey tells us, are written in the character of the young Earl of Pembroke, expressing his love for Lady Rich. All this is very fanciful, but fails to be convincing. Another investigator divides the Sonnets into separate poems, believing the first to illustrate the Platonic love of beauty in the abstract, which the highest poetical minds have experienced, and to be addressed to the young Herbert, whose personal beauty was remarkable.

We cannot, within our limits, attempt to test minutely these theories; but we cannot understand the Sonnets as having other than a personal origin, and as unveiling the secrets of a powerful and passionate nature. The abstract love of beauty, and the insistence that it should be perpetuated for the good of the world, was a favourite idea of Shakspeare's, and is allied to the motives which have inspired great sculptors and artists of all ages. Romeo says of his first love, Rosaline,

"O, she is rich in beauty! only poor
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
Beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity."

And Viola, in the character of her lord's envoy, says to the fair Olivia,

"You are the cruellest she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy."

These passages run parallel with the first lines of the first Sonnet—

"From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die."

The love of beauty was as settled a principle in the mind of Shakspeare as in that of Keats, who wrote, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." We cannot resist the impression that the subjective element is as powerful in these Sonnets as the objective; and that when urging his youthful friend to bequeath his beauty to the world, there is an appeal to his own genius, of the possession of which he was conscious, to produce some work worthy of itself. He feels keenly while professing to despise, the obloquy to which he is exposed. He is "in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes." (XXIX.) With a daring appropriation of the most sacred words, he says,

"I am that I am; and they that love
At my abuses reckon up their own." (CXII.)

He feels "the impression which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brain." (CXII.) He is sadly conscious of his secret faults: "What wretched errors hath my heart committed." (CXIX.) He wails "my dear time's waste" (XXX.), and feels a degradation even in the exercise of the profession he has adopted.

"I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view." (CX.)

"Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued,
To what it works in, like a dyer's hand." (CXI.)

There is the cry, "Vanity, all is vanity," the crushing sense of the supremacy of evil, which Solomon uttered, in Sonnet LXVI. The desponding heart of Shakspeare was conscious of

"Purest faith unhappily foresworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced . . .
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced . . .
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill;"

and, "Tired with all these, for restful death I cry." (Was this line ringing in the ears of that ardent genius Keats when despondingly he wrote, "I have been half in love with careless death"?)

Yet, in all this sadness of heart, this moody discontent, there was the consciousness of his

own power, and that he had contributed something which the world would treasure—

"Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme" (LV.)

Quite as remarkable is the passage (XVIII.) in which he says to the object of his verse:—

"Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee."

What secret history underlies the Sonnets the world knows not, and never will know. It is buried in the poet's grave; but there is a suggestive hint—

"Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill." (CXIV.)

It would seem that Shakspeare, at the time when most of these powerful but mysterious Sonnets were written, was passing through that strange experience which so many men of highly-sensitive natures and great mental powers have endured, marked by despondency, morbid intensity, disappointment, weariness of life itself; a time of conflict, exaggeration, and despair. Solomon experienced it, so have nearly all great natures since his time. It is the "melancholy" of the old writers; the struggle between the Two Voices of Tennyson. It has driven men into monasteries; wrestled with and subdued, it has made saints, philosophers, and heroes. John Stuart Mill has pathetically described the despondency and weakness of intellect and will which for a time he felt. Many never conquered it; but passed through life discontented, disappointed, cynical, and railing at gods and men. The greatest have wrestled, and, Jacob-like, discovered an angel in their opponent. Of these was Shakspeare.

From this moody chaos emerged a noble manhood. He worked hard and cheerfully, realized prosperity, and enjoyed life temperately and frankly. He had been twelve years in London when he met with Ben Jonson, who was ten years younger than himself, and who in later days wrote the noblest of all the eulogiums of Shakspeare, whom, he says, "I loved on the side of idolatry." The taverns then frequented by gallants and wits enabled the best men of the time to meet and enjoy one another's society; and it is not necessary to suppose that intemperance or licentiousness was an inevitable adjunct. There took place the "wit combats" between Shakspeare

and Jonson, which Fuller describes; and as nobody would describe Samuel Johnson, Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, and Edmund Burke as toppers, because they met at the Literary Club, so we need not imagine that at the merry meetings of the Elizabethan time the brilliant men who gathered together went beyond "the limits of becoming mirth."

VISITS TO STRATFORD.

Tradition asserts, and it appears with authority, that Shakspeare made yearly visits to Stratford; and it is confirmed by the story of the regular calls at Davenant's inn at Oxford, which gave rise to a scandal which even William Davenant, the cavalier poet, countenanced, although it attacked his mother's reputation. These yearly visits certainly do not sanction the presumption that he neglected his wife and family. On the contrary, there is reason to suppose that he provided for their support. His father's difficulties would seem to have increased; for in 1592 his name appears on a return made to Sir Thomas Lucy of recusants "and others," who absented themselves from church, an absence accounted for as probably owing to fear of arrest for debt. A year or two afterwards his name appears in the town records as a party to petty actions.

William's youngest brother, Edmund, is known to have gone to London and adopted the stage as his profession. There is a record of his burial at St. Saviour's, Southwark, in 1607. In 1596, in pursuance of his cherished aim, William Shakspeare obtained, not without great difficulty and after three years' demur of the heralds, a coat of arms, as a gentleman, for his father, then an impoverished old man, on the ground of his marriage with a descendant of the Ardens of Henley. The shield shows a spear, and is quartered with the Arden arms. The profession he had adopted prevented Shakspeare himself from becoming an armiger, or gentleman from the heralds' point of view, but if the dignity were granted to his father, he as eldest son would inherit it, and so his object would be attained. Two years before he had purchased the fine house of the Cloptons, on which he had set his boyish heart. He repaired and enlarged it, and most probably his wife and two daughters—his son Hamnet had died a year before—took up their residence there. In the same year he assisted his father to recover the Asbyes estate, Mary Shakspeare's dower.

In London his reputation surpassed that of any of his contemporaries, and his prudence enabled him to secure a handsome competence. The

order of the production of his plays is not likely to be accurately ascertained; and the tests applied by examination of metrical peculiarities and general style are at the best unsatisfactory; but it is tolerably certain that during his residence in London he produced all his historical plays, except *Henry the Eighth*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Troilus and Cressida*. He received the direct patronage of Queen Elizabeth, and, after her death, in 1603, of James I.,—he "did delight Eliza and our James." When James passed through London in procession, on the 15th March, 1604, Shakspeare took part in the pageant, heading the company of King's Players, and for his dress on that occasion was furnished with four-and-a-half yards of scarlet cloth. It is stated, too, that he was present, probably as an invited guest, at Hampton Court Palace on the 8th January in the same year, on the occasion of the production of Samuel Daniel's masque, *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, the characters in which were supported by Lady Suffolk, Lady Rich (who appeared as Venus), Lady Bedford, Lady Hertford, Lady Derby, Lady Dorothy Hastings, Lady Nottingham, and other brilliant beauties of the Court.

By this time he was a shareholder in the Blackfriars and Globe theatres, owner of houses in Bishopsgate, and had added a house near New Place, and more than a hundred acres to his Stratford property; and very significant of his affection for his wife is an entry recording that he wished to purchase "some odd yard of land or other at Shottery." "Respect and memory, and troops of friends," an unrivalled reputation, and a considerable share of this world's goods, had been achieved in eighteen years of London work by the Stratford poet, who had wrestled so desperately with fate in the Sonnet time. Now, like his own Horatio, he was not "passion's slave," but one "whose blood and temper were so well commingled that he was not a pipe for Fortune's fingers to play what stop she please." He could, when he willed, reproduce the utterances of his old moods, as we may see in *Hamlet* (especially), *Othello*, *Timon of Athens* and other of his plays. He could even pleasantly jest about them, as we find in little Prince Arthur's talk about the affected melancholy of the young gentlemen in France, and in the mingling of cynicism and humour in "the moody, melancholy Jaques."

RETURN TO STRATFORD.

In 1604 he left London for Stratford. His father having recently died, he was entitled to bear the arms and take the rank of a country gentleman. His two brothers who had remained at Stratford were dead, and only his sister Jona survived. His mother was probably dead, but we have no record of the fact. When he took up his abode in New Place, his daughter Susanna was twenty-one years old; his other daughter, Judith, was nineteen.

Soon after returning to Stratford we find him investing £440 (equivalent to a much larger sum now) in the purchase of the unexpired lease of tithes in Stratford, and in 1613 he purchased more property in London, especially a house in Blackfriars, near the Wardrobe, on St. Andrew's Hill, to which he made occasional visits. He by no means relinquished his literary pursuits, but must have worked nearly as hard as he did in London.

The Homeric legends had already attracted his attention, and Chaucer's version of the story of Cressida was probably the immediate origin of *Troilus and Cressida*, written shortly before he left London; and now, in his leisure, he turned to Roman history, as seen chiefly through the medium of Plutarch, and to early British history. From the study of the old chroniclers, Holinshed and others, came *Macbeth*, *Lea*, and *Cymbeline*; from Roman history, *Julius Caesar*, *Coriolanus*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. The dates of the composition of the plays are uncertain, and much critical ingenuity has been displayed in endeavouring to fix them; but there is reason to believe that his last effort was one of the most beautiful, *The Tempest*; and that, in the full maturity of his powers, he laid down his pen as the magician Prospero laid down his magic wand. *Henry VIII.* is perhaps the next latest,—a reverting to English history suggested by the death of Queen Elizabeth. The only scrap of personal correspondence extant is a short letter to Shakspeare from Thomas Quiney, vintner and wine merchant of Stratford, asking for a loan of money. This Quiney afterwards married Judith Shakspeare. That marriage took place on the 10th of February, 1616; and on the 23rd of April, on his fifty-third birthday, Shakspeare had ceased to live. There is a well-known assertion, based on an entry in the diary of the Rev. Mr. Ward, vicar of Stratford, to the effect that Shakspeare died of a fever contracted after hard drinking at a "merry meeting with Drayton and Ben Jonson." As this entry was made about forty-four

years after the poet's death, it is not of much authority.

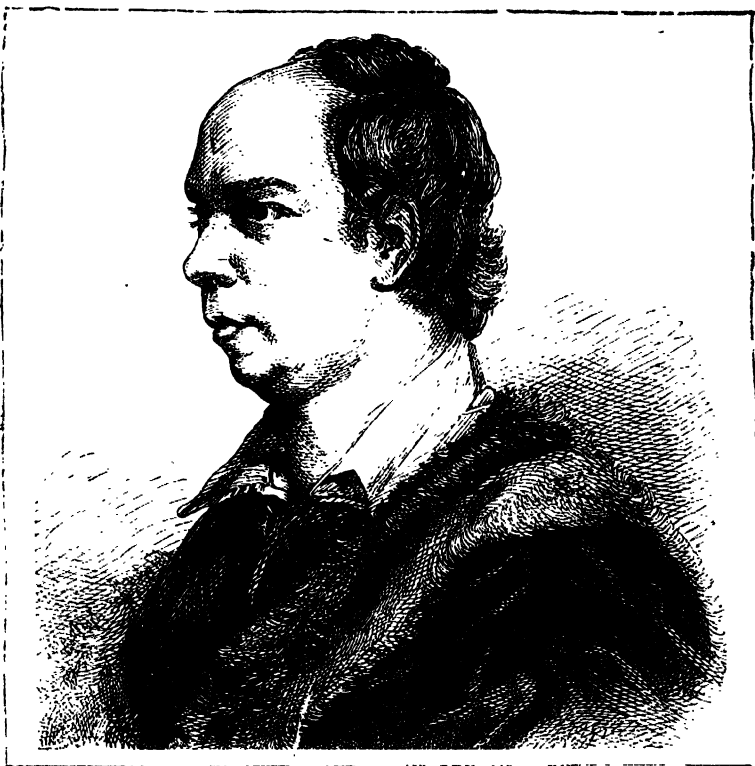
He had made his will (still to be seen in London) on the 25th of January, about three weeks before Judith's marriage. New Place, its furniture, and the bulk of his property, he bequeathed to his daughter Susanna, who had married Dr. John Hall, a physician. His widow was entitled to dower, and was therefore provided for. The special legacy to her of the "second-best bed" was long considered as a mark of slight; but if we remember that in all good houses there was a "guest-chamber," in which the best bed and fittings were kept, only used on special occasions, we can well understand that the "second-best bed" was the one on which Shakspeare and his wife slept, and that the bequest had a special significance. To his daughter Judith he left £150, and £150 more if she or children of hers were living three years after the date of his will. There are several minor legacies, and the bequests to Susanna include the houses in Henley Street, "barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands and hereditaments" in Warwickshire and London.

He was buried in the chancel of the beautiful parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, and his memorial is placed on the wall. A story is extant that a lady who had heard the funeral sermon preached by the vicar, remembered that he expressed regret that Shakspeare had not been bred a divine. His widow survived him more than seven years, dying in August 1623, and lies beside him in the chancel. His daughter Susanna Hall (died July 1649), and her husband (1635), and their son-in-law, John Nashe (1647), are also buried there. On the stone over the poet's grave are the lines (we modify the spelling), written by himself:—

"Good friend, for Jesu's sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

After the death of her first husband, Nashe, Susanna Hall's daughter Elizabeth, the granddaughter of Shakspeare, married Sir John Barnard, of Abingdon, Berkshire. She had no children, and was the last of Shakspeare's lineal descendants. She sold New Place, and, it is supposed, destroyed any letters or other papers that might have been left by the poet. Some of his manuscripts were probably lost when the Globe Theatre was burnt down in 1613, during a performance of Shakspeare's *Henry the Eighth*.

G. R. E.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH II.

"A man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing."—Dr. Johnson.

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THE GOLDSMITHS AT LISSOY.

OLIVER, the second son of the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, was born at Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of November, 1728—not 1731, as erroneously re-

corded on the tablet to his memory in Westminster Abbey,—that famous epitaph which Johnson insisted on composing in Latin, in spite of the "round Robin" remonstrance handed in—with many misgivings, we may be sure,—by the chief

members of the Literary Club; "Mund Burke" and the rest pleading that an English memorial would most appropriately keep alive the memory of an eminently English man of letters. A poor, a very poor parson was the Reverend Charles Goldsmith in 1728; but within two years, modest Church preferment came in the shape of promotion to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and an agreeable alteration of income from the forty pounds a year on which he could only have been "passing rich" in a highly metaphorical sense, to the comfortable stipend of two hundred, and a respectable house and farm at Lissoy, not far from Ballymahon, in Westmeath. Here was the home of Oliver Goldsmith's childhood and youth. Round Lissoy were entwined the warmest feelings of his gentle, affectionate heart;—to Lissoy his thoughts turned fondly and regretfully, alike in the dark days when, unknown and unfriended, he wrote for bread in his garret in that horrible Fleet Street slum, termed with unconscious irony Green Arbour Court, and in the times of feverish and uncertain prosperity when he numbered some of the best and worthiest in the land among his friends. To get back some days to Lissoy, there "among the swains to show his book-learned skill"—to rejoice in the admiration and wonder of those simple souls, as by the evening fire he "told of all he felt and all he saw," to find there a refuge from literary jealousies, carping critics, and social duns—especially the latter—was the dream of the poor heedless, harassed poet. Thus he writes in "The Traveller," the poem that first opened the eyes of the circle around him to the depths and heights of his genius:—

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst those humble bowers to lay me down.

* * * *

I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

It was a natural, if not a very lofty aspiration; but was destined, like the majority of human hopes, to remain unfulfilled. For, after his first start in the race of life, Goldsmith never saw Lissoy again.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH AS A BOY.

That scourge of the last century, the smallpox, descended with terrible severity on the face of poor little Oliver, scarring and seaming it indelibly—it did worse, for it left wounds in his heart that rankled and festered at times, to his dying

day. Then, too, the genius that was in the boy was entirely unsuspected by those around him. From good Elizabeth Delap, the trusty servant who taught him his letters, and whose pride in after days, at having been the first instructress of the famous Dr. Goldsmith, could not prevent her from frankly confessing that "he seemed impenetrably stupid," to the schoolfellows who "made fun" of him, all seem to have concurred in a low estimate of the boy's abilities. And yet there are recorded some words of his that indicate at least readiness of wit. "Why, Noll," said a notorious scapegrace of the family, "you are become a fright! When do you intend to get handsome again?" "I mean to get better, sir," retorted the insulted boy, "when you do."—"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying, See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing," was his sarcastic reproof to the amateur musician who dubbed him "little Æsop" when he attempted to dance a hornpipe. But poor Goldsmith's deficiencies in the outward graces continued to be a cheap source of amusement, alike to his friends and foes, to the end of his life. Miss Reynolds, Sir Joshua's sister, when called on to give as a toast the ugliest man she knew, without a moment's hesitation gave Doctor Goldsmith; though, after reading "The Traveller," she had certainly the grace to declare that she should never think Dr. Goldsmith ugly again. The consciousness of this unfortunate ugliness, and the belief, continually strengthening in his over-sensitive mind, that those around him were secretly making merry over his defects, will explain much of the uneasy self-assertion that Boswell, Hawkins, and other detractors have set down as evidence of poor Goldie's ludicrous and insatiable vanity. He felt horribly awkward, at times, among the polished men of the world, the Topham Beauclerks and the Bennet Langtons, who would now be utterly forgotten but for their association with him and with his friend Johnson; and if he occasionally talked at random, and swaggered, and exhibited his ungainly little person in the silk and velvet clothes of tyrian bloom that were too fine for him, and too expensive, and for which, alas! he did not always pay, it was done chiefly to improve his position with those whose good opinion he valued, and was nervously anxious to gain.

For, to appreciate this man in his great qualities and his failings, his vast genius and his poor weaknesses, it must at once be understood that he was not of the oak, but of the willow—accustomed to be dominated by circumstances, rather than to mould them to his will; far too strongly swayed by the impulse of the moment, and ready to

sacrifice the remote to the immediate ; anxious for the approbation of his fellows, even to the extent of longing for "the vulgar praise which fools impart ;" in his diffidence of his own powers, and his over-anxiety for applause, forgetful of the fact he himself has so well expressed in his "Traveller" :-

"For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast."

He was nervously anxious about the opinion of others, and painfully conscious of his own defects. He drew bills on the future, never thinking that they would certainly be presented at maturity. His kindly nature led him to relieve want wherever he found it. Even fictitious distress frequently imposed upon him, and was listened to and solaced to the detriment of just claims. "What a pity it is, Jarvis," says wise Sir William Honeywood, in "The Goodnatured Man," "that any man's goodwill to others should produce so much neglect of himself as to require correction." Yet we must touch his weakness with a delicate hand. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue. To the author of "The Goodnatured Man," it might well have been said, "Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur,"—for he was himself the "goodnatured man" whose generosity often prevented him from being just.

FAMILY FAILINGS AND EMBARRASMENTS.

A powerful tendency to act on the impulse of the moment seems to have been inherent in the Goldsmith family ; and a singular instance is found in a proceeding of the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, which for the gratification of a very false pride impoverished the whole family, and especially inflicted hardship on Oliver. Henry Goldsmith, the eldest son, after a very creditable college career, had become tutor to a Mr. Daniel Hodson, whose father was a gentleman of property. Master Daniel fell in love with his tutor's sister Catherine, and privately married her. The young man's father may probably have said some hard words on the subject of the breach of confidence involved in this clandestine marriage ; whereupon Charles Goldsmith executed a bond pledging himself to pay to Daniel Hodson four hundred pounds as a marriage portion for his daughter. The means of the whole family were thus crippled, that Mrs. Daniel Hodson might be put in a better position ; and the first to suffer was poor Oliver, to whom was announced that he

must go to Dublin University, not like his brother Henry, as a pensioner, but as a sizar ; and accordingly, after an examination in which he came out last among eight candidates, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, on the 11th of June, 1745.

GOLDSMITH'S COLLEGE DAYS ; UNCLE CONTARINE.

That certain menial duties, hardly consistent with the position of youths intended to become scholars and gentlemen, were exacted from the sizars, in return for almost gratuitous commons, teaching, and chambers, cannot be denied. The worst part of the affair was, perhaps, the red cap, the compulsory badge that marked out the poor sizar as the recipient of charity. At a later period Goldsmith wrote bitter complaints of the humiliations to which the sizars were subjected ; but here, also, some traces of his over-sensitiveness are to be found. The college years, like any other period of life, will be passed more pleasantly by a rich than by a poor man ; and wealth will be worshipped and poverty despised by the vulgar-minded until the world shall have very greatly changed. After all, there was the college education, a solid, tangible benefit, a weapon of strength in the hands of a man who knew how to use it ; and the wiser part, under such circumstances, is to secure the permanent benefit, and to disregard the temporary inconveniences which surround its attainment. Nor was Goldsmith without a friend at this important period of his life. In the Reverend Mr. Contarine, the "Uncle Contarine" remembered to the last with real gratitude and affection by the heedless, lovable nephew whom he persistently strove to start in the world, Goldsmith had a helper whose bounty and patience seemed alike inexhaustible. When the lad's boyish pride revolted against an eleemosynary college career, it was Uncle Contarine who reminded him that he himself had been a sizar, "and that it had not availed to withhold from him the friendship of the great and good ;"—when the death of his father, about eighteen months after he entered college, left the poor student destitute, it was Uncle Contarine who supplied his wants ; and over and over again, when poor Oliver seemed obstinately bent on rendering abortive every plan for his advancement, it was Uncle Contarine who came forward to give him that one more chance that was to start him definitely in life.

The glimpses we have of his college life present him to us as very poor, and undergoing various hardships. His tutor, Mr. Theaker Wilder, more famous for knocking down hackney coachmen than for learning, and who, years afterwards, lost his life in a dissolute brawl, behaved to Goldsmith like the brute he was, sneering at him, browbeating,

and occasionally striking him. In spite of Uncle Contarine's kindness, Oliver was often reduced to great straits to live. We hear of ballads written by him, and the copyrights sold for five shillings each. His name occurs in the list of those "admonished" for aiding and abetting in a college riot. He gets a small exhibition, worth thirty shillings, on the strength of which he gives a dancing party—it must have been an aristocratic "at home," that gathering in Oliver's room,—and Mr. Theaker Wilder bursts in, and scatters the guests to the four winds, and knocks down the unfortunate host. Burning with the sense of disgrace and insult, Oliver packed up his books next day, and ran from college with a vague intention of going to America,—but went to Lissoy instead, where his brother Henry came to him with conciliatory words; and he was induced to return to Dublin, a half-reconciliation being effected with Wilder. On the 27th of February, 1749, he obtained his B.A. degree—at the bottom of the list again; and having achieved in some sort the object of his residence in Dublin, bade adieu to the university.

And now, after his scholastic fatigues, the young graduate seems to have been determined to give himself a good long holiday. For a couple of years he lived chiefly with his mother, who had removed to Ballymahon. Sometimes he assisted his elder brother, Henry, in "teaching school" at Pallasmore; but his favourite haunt was a certain inn kept by one George Conway, where he established a club, with some associates and relatives, and lorded it like his own Tony Lumpkin at the "Three Pigeons." Whist-playing, anecdote-telling, and the singing of jolly songs, though sufficiently agreeable employments in themselves, with judicious alternation of field-sports in the season, and of flute-playing, are not the best preparation for the battle of life; and at length Goldsmith's friends began to look somewhat anxiously for some practical result of his university education.

YOUTHFUL INDISCRETIONS.

Never was there a learned graduate more difficult to settle. The Church, towards which, however, he did not feel himself very strongly impelled, was first thought of; but for some reason—tradition says he presented himself for ordination in breeches—the bishop to whom he applied rejected him. Uncle Contarine got him a tutorship in a family; he stayed long enough to earn thirty pounds, then quarrelled with the family, and came back to his mother. Thence he went off, well mounted, and with his thirty pounds in his

pocket, bound for Cork, and thence for America. Six weeks afterwards he was back again at his mother's door, penniless, ragged, and mounted on a deplorable pony he named "Fiddleback." Of course he had a fine story to tell;—how he had paid for his passage, and taken his chest on board; and how then, during his absence on shore, the ship had sailed without him. "After having struggled so hard to come home to you, my dear mother," says the young scapegrace, "I wonder you are not more rejoiced to see me."

In some most amusing letters—for he was already an inimitable letter-writer—he appeals, in half-penitent, half-humorous fashion, to mollify Uncle Contarine as well as his mother. He was like "Tip" in Dickens's "Little Dorrit" in his talent for finding his way home again, after each dismal failure. In his lectures on the English humourists, Mr. Thackeray expresses a very strong and very shrewd opinion as to the truthfulness of these letters. He says that if Uncle Contarine and the good people at Lissoy believed those letters about the anonymous captain who sailed away with Oliver's valuable luggage, they were very simple folks, for it was a very simple rogue who was trying to cheat them.

As Oliver seemed not destined to make a position in the Church, the law was thought of as a profession for him. Mr. Forster tells us the story of this venture in very few words. "The good Mr. Contarine came forward with fifty pounds. It seems a small sum wherewith to travel to London, to defray the expenses of entrance at Inns of Court, and to live upon until a necessary number of terms are eaten. But with fifty pounds young Oliver started on a luckless journey. A Rosecommon friend laid hold of him in Dublin, seduced him to play, and the fifty pounds he would have raised to a hundred he reduced to fifty pence. In bitter shame, after great physical suffering, he wrote to his uncle, confessed, and was forgiven."

MEDICAL STUDIES IN EDINBURGH, ETC.

By this time he seems to have wearied out his mother; and even his gentle brother Henry must have sometimes bitterly contrasted the school drudgery he himself went through, with the lettered ease of the impecunious but happy-go-lucky Oliver. It was Uncle Contarine who received the unlucky prodigal once more into his house; and in the autumn of 1752, Goldsmith, being then twenty-four years of age, began a new course of study at Edinburgh, again assisted by his uncle. He would be a medical man. Away with law and divinity! Physic was evidently the thing, for it was the newest toy.

Tradition has preserved some record of his course at Edinburgh,—how he became famous for his social qualities, his songs, and his anecdotes. Mr. Contarine is still his unwearied helper and friend; and if, as an ancient writer asserts, “it is a mark of a noble mind to be willing to owe more to one to whom you owe much,” Oliver certainly vindicates his claim to such nobility; for he continues, with effusive gratitude, to draw upon this jewel of an uncle for occasional supplies. Thus a couple of years glide by; and this singular student determines—not to make a start in life, at length, for himself, but to go in for a course at a third university—a foreign one this time—Leyden in Holland. The inexhaustible kindness of Uncle Contarine provides him with twenty pounds, and he starts for Holland; not unpursued by bailiffs, for he has “been security” for a fellow-student, and is probably not without debts of his own. At Leyden he maintained himself for a time, in Bohemian fashion—teaching, borrowing, and the play-table, all figuring in turn among his precarious means of support. At length, with a single guinea in his pocket, the clothes he wore, and his flute as a means of subsistence, he left Leyden, and started on the grand tour through Europe, in February 1755.

GOLDSMITH ON HIS TRAVELS.

In his essay on the “Present State of Polite Learning,” published some years afterwards, Goldsmith speaks of the travels of Holberg, the Danish author, whom he describes as wending on foot just as he himself did. “Without money, recommendations, or friends, he undertook to set out upon his travels, and make the tour of Europe on foot. . . . He travelled by day, and at night sang at the doors of peasants’ houses to get himself a lodging.”

Such, or nearly such, was Goldsmith’s tour. He must frequently have begged his way during that queer peregrination of his, that lasted about a year; and the hand-to-mouth manner of living he perforce pursued can at the best have been but a bad preparation for a settled career. But he saw much of life, and especially of the seamy side. In France he detected the muttering of the volcano on whose brink the privileged classes were dancing to complacency, as though oppression and endurance would last for ever.

“There is some taste of goodness in things evil, if men observantly distil it out,” said Shakespeare’s King Harry, environed by perils on the eve of the mighty struggle at Agincourt; and in the things evil that now surrounded Goldsmith—his poverty, his vagabond tendencies, and his habit, daily becoming more inveterate, of living for the day that

was passing over his head—there were mingled certain advantages of which the effects appeared at a later time. He had, as he himself says, “a knack of hoping;” his queer mode of travelling enabled him to study the people—the toilers whose lives pass unnoticed and unchronicled, and whose honest and persistent advocate he afterwards became, to his own undying honour. “The slightest misfortunes of the great,” he afterwards wrote, “the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence to engage attention; the poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.” Let any thoughtful reader take up that wonderful essay in the “Citizen of the World,” in which the story of the disabled soldier is chronicled. There he will see, set forth with that exquisite humour in which smiles and tears are so near each other, the hardships endured with unconscious but noble philosophy by thousands in Goldsmith’s time—hardships and wrongs the worst of which have disappeared in these better days of enlarged humanity and more generous feeling. Who can read unmoved that record of good-humoured, patient endurance so simply narrated by the old cripple with the wooden leg and the mutilated hand, who has fought valiantly for his country by land and sea, and who, beggared and mutilated as he is, can still shout—“Liberty, property, and old England for ever! Huzzay!” A strange chronicle of the evil “wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart,” is laid bare in that poor fellow’s experiences. The workhouse, where the pauper child is set to do felon’s labour; the game laws, that punish with seven years’ transportation the slayer of a hare; the pressgang, laying violent hands upon a “freedborn” Englishman, and dragging him off to the hardest of slavery; the wretched privateering system, that enriched merchants with plunder, while it left the unhappy crippled sailor to beg and starve,—all these things are set forth plainly and honestly by the writer, who saw “the seamy side” of life during his wanderings, and whose kind heart ever urged him to take the side of the poor and the oppressed, whose trials, temptations, and sufferings he did his best to alleviate. How, with his keen observations, he himself profited by this journey, was never known till the day, many years later, when he astonished the literary world by the publication of “The Traveller.”

BACK IN LONDON—MEDICINE AND TUITION.

In February, 1756, he was back again in London penniless, without employment, or any definite

hope of obtaining it, and alone in that most dismal of lonelineses, the solitude of a crowd. By this time his Irish friends had ceased to answer his letters. Uncle Contarine, sick of a disease that was hurrying him to the grave, could assist him no longer, and indeed the starving wanderer does not seem to have applied to him. To this part of his career belong experiences that he himself looked back upon with a shudder, and would hardly hint at; though on one occasion, in subsequent prosperous days, he startled a fashionable circle at polite Sir Joshua Reynolds's table by beginning a story with—"When I lived among the beggars in Axe Lane . . ." He "tramped" from Dover to London, and after desperate attempts to obtain employment of any kind, he was glad to pound drugs and run errands for a chemist in Monument Yard, though he had brought back from a foreign university, probably Louvain, the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. Soon afterwards, in a wofully shabby second-hand coat, whose chief patch he in vain tries to conceal by sedulously covering it with the hat he carries in his hand, he is trying to practise as a *physician* among the poorest inhabitants of Southwark. For a time he corrects the press for Samuel Richardson, the printer-author. He attempts—dismal resource of misery—to write a tragedy; and subsides, from dreams of poetic fame, into the dismal reality of the life of an usher at the school of Dr. Milner, at Peckham, in Surrey.

The reminiscences of Miss Milner, the Doctor's daughter, who survived those days for half a century, have furnished a view of him at this period of his life. He was very goodnatured and amiable; always ready to amuse the boys by playing on his flute, great at telling anecdotes, and always sure to spend his small salary the day he got it. "You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me take care of your money, as I do for some of the young gentlemen," said Mrs. Milner. "In truth, madam," he replied, "there is equal need."

Of course they played tricks upon him, and sneered at him, and made his dependent position bitter, in the full belief in their superiority over the poor drudge whose oddities they could laugh at, while no one among them suspected his genius. "I have been an usher at a boarding school myself," says one of his characters in the "Vicar of Wakefield," "and may I die by an anodyne neck-lace, but I would rather be under-turnkey in Newgate." And no doubt Goldsmith was drawing to some extent on his own experiences, when he continues: "The usher is generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon him; the oddity of his manner, his dress, or his language, is a fund of eternal ridicule; the master

himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usage, lives in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning! They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with such ceremony."

COMMENCEMENT OF A LITERARY LIFE.

But one day a prosperous London bookseller, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Ralph Griffiths, came to dine with the Milners at Peckham. This worthy was the proprietor of a London magazine, the *Monthly Review*; and his anxiety to obtain readable articles had been stimulated by the appearance of an opposition venture, the *Critical Review*, with no less a personage at the head of the literary staff than Tobias Smollett. Griffiths was struck by some remarks made by the uncouth, shabbily dressed usher; and having requested and obtained from him some specimens of criticism, offered him an engagement on the *Monthly Review*; and in April, 1757, Goldsmith was accordingly installed in a room at Griffiths's in Paternoster Row, under a year's engagement to write for the *Monthly*, in consideration of board, lodging, and an exceedingly moderate salary,

Only five months of the stipulated time had elapsed when the engagement came to an abrupt close. The employer complained that the drudge did not stick to his desk; the drudge retorted indignantly, denying the charge of laziness, and complaining in his turn that his work was continually and unfairly tampered with by Griffiths, and, worse still, by Mrs. Griffiths. It was a dismal apprenticeship, and we cannot wonder that the articles were broken. "The *Critical* is certainly not written," sneered Smollett, "by a parcel of obscure hirelings, under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles. The principal writers in the *Critical* are unconnected with booksellers, unawed by old women, and independent of each other."

A garret near Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, was his refuge from the tyranny of the Griffithses, male and female; and very poor and needy, but still hopeful, he struggled on. His brother Charles suddenly appeared on the scene, attracted by a vague idea of assistance from the London author, who might procure him a start in life. "All in good time, my dear boy," says Oliver of the empty pocket, with persistent cheerfulness. "I shall be richer by-and-by. . . . Addison wrote his poem of 'The Campaign' in a garret in the Haymarket, three stories high; and, you see, I am not come

to that yet, for I have only got to the second story." But Charles too plainly saw that starvation was the grim fellow-occupant of that dreary room; and he fled, even as far as Jamaica, not to return till thirty years afterwards, when Oliver had long been famous—and dead.

He could not yet knock a subsistence out of literature alone, and would have escaped only too gladly from the thralldom of the desk. Physic is thought of as a resource once more. "I suppose you desire to know my present situation," he writes to his prosperous brother-in-law, Hodson. "As there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live." This was putting the best face on the matter; but a sorry shift it was, and drove him in a short time back to Dr. Milner and the usher's stool.

And now at last a transient gleam of light shone upon his dark path. Dr. Milner had some interest with an East India director; and through his influence Goldsmith was nominated as medical officer to one of the Company's settlements on the coast of Coromandel. Here was a chance of escape from literature and poverty; from the dreary life "in a garret, writing for bread and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score." He endeavoured to publish by subscription "An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," for money would be required for his outfit; and he wrote a series of letters to friends in Ireland, companions of the old Lissoy days, who now received his appeals, charmingly worded though they were, with the silence that gives—refusal. "Now see how I blot and blunder when I am asking a favour," he says at the end of one of these epistles to Mrs. Lauder, the married daughter of Uncle Contarine. To Mr. Hodson he puts the best face on his intended emigration to the East Indies, talks magniloquently of "the high interest which money bears—twenty per cent." in those regions, and estimates the private practice attached to the appointment "at not less than a thousand pounds a year;" and these advantages, to use his own words, "induce me to leave a place where I am every day gaining friends and esteem, and where I might enjoy all the conveniences of life."

All the conveniences of life, forsooth! He had removed by this time to another miserable lodging, in a ghastly square of tall houses, between the Old Bailey and Farringdon Street, approached by a steep ascent appropriately termed Breakneck Steps, and itself most imaginatively named "Green Arbour Court."

THE STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE FROM LITERATURE ABANDONED.

The gleam of sunshine quickly vanished. Whether because he could not get together the sum for his outfit, or because his qualifications for the post were doubted (as well they might be), the appointment was given to another. His next expedient was a desperate one, and shows him ready to escape from Green Arbour Court and hack-work at any cost. He obtained a decent suit of clothes, his old employer, Griffiths, who still gave him occasional work, becoming answerable to the tailor, "for a consideration" in the shape of critical articles to be written for the *Monthly Review*. Thus sorrowfully equipped in borrowed garments, Goldsmith presented himself on the 21st of December, 1758, at Surgeons' Hall, to pass his examination for the humble grade of "hospital mate." The book of the College of Surgeons for the date above mentioned tells the issue in few but sufficient words, amid the names of those who passed the ordeal on that occasion: "*James Bernard, mate to an hospital; Oliver Goldsmith found not qualified for ditto.*" To this shipwreck had come the hopes of Indian fortune, and the private practice of "not less than a thousand a year," a miserable candidature for the lowest of medical employment, and a rejection, as unqualified. After this, there was no going back. Literature, taken up as a last resource, henceforth became the fate from which there was no escape. All endeavours in the direction of medicine had utterly failed. Even the unfortunate examination suit, pawned to rescue his landlady's husband from a debtor's prison, involved the unlucky would-be medico in a humiliating quarrel with Griffiths, who called him a sharper, and threatened him with a gaol. Thenceforth literature was to be the means of his daily livelihood; and through all his distresses there was still the love, hardly acknowledged to himself, that it might one day bring him reputation and fame.

The days of bitterness and poverty had, however, been productive of one benefit. The hope of escape from Green Arbour Court and its squalid surroundings had nerved the poor author to strenuous exertion; and the "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning" was completed, and actually published, in April, 1759. It was a longer work than any he had yet produced, and the subject and treatment were likely to attract attention; and, more than this, Goldsmith had at last found his vocation, and after that miserable Surgeons' Hall failure made no further attempt to escape from literature.

THE BEGINNING OF BETTER DAYS.

How the compulsory apprenticeship had left its marks upon him, we learn from a letter to his brother Henry, the clergyman, to whom he opens his heart, discarding the thin veneer of cheerfulness with which he covered its wounds in writing to the prosperous Mr. Hodson. There is no disguise about these words of his :—

"I must confess it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong, active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than I, yet I dare venture to say that if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honour of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig, and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. . . . I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here."

But Goldsmith was now becoming known. Learned Bishop Percy, the collector of the "Reliques of English Poetry," called upon him in the wretched Green Arbour Court lodging. "He was writing his 'Enquiry,'" says Percy, "in a miserable, dirty-looking room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, he resigned it to me, he was himself obliged to sit on the window." When the "Enquiry" was published, by the Dodsleys of Pall Mall, it was found to contain many hard hits at critics and their doings; and especially did the author fall foul of the two reviews the *Critical* and the *Monthly*. "Though ill-nature is far from being wit," he says, "yet it is generally laughed at as such. The critic enjoys the triumph, and ascribes to his parts what is only due to his effrontery. I fire with indignation when I see persons wholly destitute of education and genius, indent to the press, and thus turn book-makers, adding to the sin of criticism the sin of ignorance also; whose trade is a bad one, and who are bad workmen in the trade."

Of course this provoked reprisals. Smollett answered sharply, and Kenrick, a malevolent and abusive hack in Griffiths's employ, coarsely and scurrilously. But the great object was achieved. All this made Goldsmith known; and he began to command a price in the Grub Street market.

GOLDSMITH'S ESSAYS; THE "CITIZEN OF THE WORLD."

The first effect of this was seen in his employment by Wilkie, a bookseller of St. Paul's Churchyard, to produce the matter for a weekly magazine, to be entitled the *Bee*, which commenced a short career of less than three months on the 6th of October, 1759. In it occurs that wonderful "City Night Piece," in which Goldsmith shows that, though the familiar and even the jocose was his usual vein, sublimity of style was within his reach; as when he speaks of the time "when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room."

The *Bee* was too well written for its readers, and failed accordingly; but it proved another step of the ladder whose lowest rungs the author was laboriously mounting. The *Busybody*, the *Ladies' Magazine*, and similar publications arose; and when Mr. Newbery, the enterprising bookseller of St. Paul's, purposes establishing the *Public Ledger*, with Dr. Smollett as its editor, the two find their way to Green Arbour Court, to obtain the co-operation of Goldsmith. To this period belong those essays which were afterwards collected into a volume by himself; and they are well worthy of preservation. He thoroughly understood what he was writing about. When he makes the strolling player describe his adventures, his own wanderings must have been vividly in his mind. "I 'love a straggling life before all things in the world," says the light-hearted philosophic vagabond, "sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and to drink when it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the 'Greyhound,' where we resolved to exhibit 'Romeo and Juliet,' with the funeral procession, the grave, and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane; Juliet by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before; and I was to snuff the candles;—all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them." Mr. Jack Spindle, too, the good-natured man, whose friends are so profuse of offers of service so long as the sun shines upon him, and who can find nothing more substantial for him in his adversity than good advice, is drawn with the happiest humour. But the merit of the miscellaneous essays is entirely eclipsed by that of the admirable series that has become a part of our national literature,—the "Citizen of the World."

The idea of this work is ingenious, and it is capitally worked out. Not that it was altogether original, for in the "Lettres Persanes" of Montesquieu a similar notion—that of a foreigner describing in his own way the manners and customs of a country—is similarly worked out. The happy fancy, the genial sympathy with the poor, and the tender pity for "all who are desolate and oppressed," that formed the best part of Goldsmith's character, are here shown naturally and spontaneously, flowing without effort from the kind man's gentle heart. "Through tattered coats small vices do appear,—Robes and furred gowns hide all," a greater master had written a century and a half before; and manfully does Goldsmith pluck away the furred gown from wealthy vice, and with hearty and ever good-humoured eloquence did he plead for a little human pity and consideration for the wearer of the tattered coat, whom the great ones of the earth used so scurvily. He was always on the side of the poor; and it is not the least of his merits that he has persistently shown how many unhonoured and unsung heroes exist among the humblest toilers of the world. The characters in the work are alone enough to rescue it from oblivion. There is the inimitable "Man in Black," with maxims of curmudgeon prudence ever on his tongue, and overflowing benevolence and pity in his heart; and the wonderful little Beau Tibbs—the shabby, fussy, consequential, transparent impostor, bragging of the great "friends" with whom he has "scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance, affecting to despise the luxuries that are beyond his reach, as the fox despised the grapes, preferring ox-cheek and brisk beer to ortolans and claret, and serenely unconscious that his flimsy pretences are seen through by every one;" and Mrs. Tibbs, his worthy partner, with her airs of third-rate gentility, and her contempt of the Vauxhall entertainment as "low."

FRIENDSHIP WITH DR. JOHNSON.

The acquaintance with Johnson was formed at this time; and the friendship that arose between the rough, sturdy, honest-hearted "Cham of literature," and the affectionate, self-distrusting poet, was like a bright golden thread woven into the life of each. Both men of gentle nature, they understood each other well, and each knew the other's worth. It was all very well for such men as Boswell to depreciate Goldsmith's worth to Johnson—the sturdy old sage knew better. "He imitates you, sir," said Boswell the truckler, when the beautiful poem, "The Traveller," had set all London talking. "Why, no, sir," was Johnson's

frank reply; "Jack Hawkesworth is one of my imitators, but not Goldsmith. Goldy, sir, has great merit." "But, sir, he is much indebted to you," cried the irrepressible Bozzy, "for his getting so high in the public estimation." Whereat Johnson complacently rejoined, "Why, sir, he has perhaps got *sooner* to it by his intimacy with me." Another time he said, in reply to disparagement by Boswell, who alluded to the loose, queer life Goldsmith had led, "Sir, Goldsmith is one of the first men we have now as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He *has* been loose in his principles, but he is coming right." On the other hand, the sage cannot resist a jest now and then at the expense of the awkward Irishman, with his scarred face, his brogue, and his strange abrupt manners. When Miss Reynolds, Sir Joshua's sister, being called upon to give as a toast the ugliest man she knew, named Goldsmith, and a lady friend, with an ardent shake of the hand confirmed the accuracy of her choice, Johnson, exclaimed, "Thus the ancients, on the commencement of their friendships, sacrificed a beast between them;" and at a later period he acknowledged that "the partiality of Goldsmith's friends was always *against* him." No wonder that the poor poet now and then strove to carry off the shame and embarrassment he felt, under an appearance of bravado and swagger, which was set down to vanity. But he gratefully, and indeed eagerly, accepted the friendship honestly proffered by Johnson,—honoured and appreciated in him the sturdy endurance and strength in which he himself was so woefully deficient; bore his browbeating and contradictory moods with unflinching good-humour conscious that "there was nothing of the bear about Johnson but the skin;" was content to let the sage become a sort of growling supervisor of his affairs, and had the honesty to acknowledge the soundness of advice he had not the strength to follow. "It would be much, sir, that I could not take from you," was his affectionate reply to Johnson's apology for more than usual rudeness. "He is now become miserable, and that ensures the protection of Johnson," was his comment to Boswell, who expressed surprise at the Doctor's befriending a man whose reputation was not even doubtful. He could, however, occasionally retort upon the sage himself with a quickness that goes far to disprove the persistently repeated story of his deficiency in conversation. When Johnson laughed at the idea of skill being required in the dialogue of animals in a fable, he said, most happily, "This is not so easy as you seem to think, for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales." It was observed that Johnson would

take more of this kind of thing from Goldsmith than from any man alive ; but sometimes he would turn restive and growl. "There is no arguing with Johnson," said Goldsmith, on one such occasion, "If his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt-end of it." But throughout there was between the two men a hearty respect and affection, founded on the knowledge each possessed of the real good that was in the other.

THE ARREST ; A COMPULSORY SALE.

By this time Goldsmith had removed to better quarters, in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, and here he had the honour of receiving Johnson and Percy—there were more chairs than one in the room now—at a supper he gave on the 31st of May, 1761. Johnson, who with his rusty brown suit, loose knee-breeches, soiled shirt, and frowsy little wig, was usually the untidiest of mortals, came out resplendent in new clothes and a new wig, to the amazement of Percy, who called for him on the way to their host's. Johnson explained that Goldsmith was accustomed to excuse his own slovenliness by quoting his practice ; "and I am desirous this night," he continued, "to show him a better example."

From this time Goldsmith had plenty to do, and could always command a remunerative price for his work. But his habits were formed, and he had not the strength of mind to break through them. He was a self-indulgent man, sadly given to procrastinate, and to prefer to-day's pleasure to the thought of to-morrow's responsibilities ; fond of pleasure, and holidays, and fine clothes, and persistently given to running in debt. Thus occurred the memorable scene, chronicled by Boswell, who took down the account from Johnson's own words, which are as follows :—

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begged that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for debt, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired that he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit ; told the landlady I should soon return ; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Gold-

smith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The bookseller here mentioned was the younger Newbery—for Goldsmith appears to have exhausted the patience of the elder, the uncle, who would make no more advances. Goldsmith had got into a new circle of acquaintance ; Hogarth and Reynolds came to his lodgings now ; and that celebrated literary club had been formed, to which it was considered a distinguished honour to belong, and Goldsmith was one of the original members, while rich David Garrick sighed for admittance in vain. The prosperous manager had made known to Johnson, through polite Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he liked the *idea* of the club excessively, and thought he should be of them, whereat Johnson exclaimed, "He'll be of us ! How does he know we will permit him ? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language ;" and Garrick had to remain outside. The fact was, Goldsmith was living beyond his means, as he always had done, and as he continued to do, until the day of his death. The bottle of Madeira into which Johnson "put the cork" was but too typical of his way of seeking consolation and refuge from care in any shape that offered most readily. But the book that was sold to satisfy the landlady's demand was no catchpenny, written in a hurry as a "potboiler ;" it was a work destined to move the laughter and tears of thousands during successive generations, and to exert an influence even on the mighty genius of Goethe—it was "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Francis Newbery, having bought the book on Johnson's recommendation, put it aside, entirely unconscious of the prize he had secured. It is probable that Goldsmith himself had built hopes of fame upon the work, in spite of his declaration in the opening sentence of the preface, "there are a hundred faults in this thing ;" and the necessity of sending it away in a hurry to sell for what it would bring was unfortunate. It is always unfortunate when a careless man lets his affairs get into hopeless disorder ; but that was Goldsmith's fault, and not Newbery's, who paid what was asked for the book, and thus relieved the author from a very disagreeable position. "A sufficient price, too, when it was sold," was Johnson's sensible reply to the indignant outcry afterwards made at the smallness of the sum, "for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his 'Traveller,' and the bookseller had faint hopes of profit by his bargain. After 'The Traveller,' to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

THE LITERARY CLUB; "THE TRAVELLER."

So Goldsmith went on for a time, compiling, writing prefaces; looked upon at the famous club with a sort of half-contemptuous toleration by stiff, dull Sir John Hawkins, and fussy, meddling Boswell, and Topham Beauclerk, the "swell" of that goodly association, whose tongue was so sharp that Johnson once cried indignantly, "Sir, you never open your mouth but with intention to give pain; and you have often given me pain, not from the power of what you have said, but from seeing your intention." Unfortunately for himself, Goldsmith was far too sensitive with regard to what in the present day would be called "chaff." He felt that he was somehow at a disadvantage; and, like the weak man he was, called to his aid Mr. William Filby, the tailor; and the finer the clothes in which he appressed his sturdy little person, the more awkward and ungainly was his appearance. "You are perhaps the worst-dressed man in the room," was Garrick's jesting comment on one occasion when Goldsmith appeared in unusual splendour at a dinner given by Boswell; and this, with certain long bills from the Mr. Filby aforesaid, made up the sum of the advantages he derived from his gorgeous array.

He was soon to take up a very different position, and to assert himself in a much more valuable way. At the end of the year, on the 19th of December, 1764, the following notice appeared in the *Public Advertiser*.—"This day is published, price one shilling and sixpence, 'The Traveller; or, A Prospect of Society.' A Poem. By Oliver Goldsmith, M.B. Printed for J. Newbery, in St. Paul's Church-yard." The poem came out, and found its way at once to the heart of every reader. Johnson pronounced it the best poem that had appeared since the days of Pope. "I shall never again think Dr. Goldsmith ugly," was Miss Reynolds's characteristic tribute; and Boswell, who arrived in London shortly after from the north, was amazed to find Goldsmith's poem in every mouth, and sagely opined that the greater part of the work must have been written by Johnson.

The design of "The Traveller" was to show that to every nation certain blessings are vouchsafed by Providence; that the goodness of God is everywhere; that "Nature" is "a mother kind alike to all." But a blessing, abused, may become a curse: "Till carried to excess in each domain, This favourite good begets peculiar pain." Each state has its evils to show, as well as advantages. The lavish natural beauties of Italy, where bright flowers and luscious fruits "own the kindred soil, Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil," must be taken

in conjunction with the degradation of the inhabitants. "Man seems the only growth that dwindles here." The rugged valour and rough patriotism of the Swiss, fostered and developed by their way of life among stormy mountain regions, "where Winter lingering chills the lap of May," do not blind the poet to the defects in the national character; "For as refinement stops, from sire to son, Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run." This refinement the traveller finds in France; in bright France the poet finds a contrast to Switzerland, where their level life is but a smouldering fire. "Honour forms the social temper here;" and in that love of praise, that setting up of a false standard of glory, the poet rightly sees the source of evil and calamity. Holland, the home of industry and practical commercial energy, where the very land has been won from the sea, boasts the blessings that arise from opulence. But industry begets a love of gain, and everything, even to liberty itself, is made a subject of sale and barter; and "all those ill superfluous treasure brings, are here displayed." And lastly, the traveller writes of Britain, the land where the rights of the free man are recognized, "While e'en the peasant boasts those rights to scan, And learns to venerate himself as man." But here, too, the inevitable "other side" of the picture must be taken into account. "That independence Britons prize too high, Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie." Liberty may degenerate into license; restraint may be removed until there is nothing to keep the rich man from using his money for unhallowed purposes,—the rich man being free to drive his poor neighbour out of doors, and destroy his habitation, to enlarge the park in which his own mansion stands solitary. The moral of the poem is contained in the last sixteen lines, which, with the exception of the couplet commencing "The lifted axe," were contributed by Johnson. It sets forth that kings and laws, bad or good government, have little influence on the sum of human happiness and sorrow. "Still to ourselves in every place consigned, Our own felicity we make or find,"—a truly Johnsonian proposition, but somewhat at variance with the spirit of the poem generally, in several passages of which, especially with regard to Italy, tyrannical repression is set forth as reducing men to the condition of children. "Each nobler aim, repressed by long control, Expires at last, or feebly snares the soul." But the incongruity of the concluding lines, especially as they had been written by the revered "Great Cham of Literature," was not likely to be severely criticised. All readers were charmed with the exquisite facility of the verse—the absence of that artificial, high-flown imagery, the

frippery borrowed from the ancients, and which now, "like a robe tossed by a proud beauty to her waiting-woman, was abandoned by genius to mediocrity." In "The Traveller" the verse flows on naturally, musically, free from harsh inversions, strained imagery, and unreal thoughts. Goldsmith avoids the bombastic and the commonplace. "What acceptance a poem may find which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it," he says in the dedication, "I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right." And he appeals to no patron to stand sponsor to his work, and introduce it into the circles of fashion, for it is dedicated to his clergyman brother, Henry Goldsmith. Among the most felicitous lines in this beautiful poem may be cited those which describe the Italian of his time—ignorant, unambitious, unconscious of any meaning in the relics of a mighty cast by which he is surrounded:—

"As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay;
There in the ruin, heedless of the dew,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile."

Again, where could we find a truer or more complete description of the natural features of Holland, with its dykes, canals, and pastures, than is comprised in the following lines:—

"To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies;
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,—
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign."

Long afterwards, when Goldsmith was lying in the Temple churchyard, emphatic testimony was given to the merits of the work. It was at a dinner given by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Boswell is the narrator of the conversation. "I was glad," said the painter, "to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the finest poems in the English language." "Why were you glad?" asked Bennet Langton. "You surely had no doubt of this before?" Here Johnson joined in the conversation with a sturdy "No, sir; the merit of 'The Traveller' is so well established,

that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it."

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Fame, however, will not pay the tailor's bill, or other household expenses; and Goldsmith had already altered his style of living in anticipation of the increased income this long-awaited-for fame was to bring him. By this time he had chambers in the Temple, and kept a man-servant, and was giving way more than ever to the pernicious habit of drawing as much as he could in advance on every work he engaged to produce, and deferring his task until the greater part of the copyright money had been spent. Early in February, 1766, the *St. James's Chronicle* announced to its readers the following fact: "In a few days will be published, in two volumes, twelves, price six shillings bound, or five shillings sewed, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' a tale supposed to be written by himself. Printed for J. Newbery, at the Crown, in Paternoster Row." The work made its way, steadily and surely, into public favour, through the power of the truth that was in it,—the noble vindication of good, and the exhibition of its triumph over evil, and through the exquisite truth to nature in its portraiture of character. They are no conventional heroes and heroines of romance, this gentle Dr. Primrose and his surroundings, but simple folks with many little weaknesses and faults and vanities, and withal a hearty capacity for good. Was there ever anything in imaginative writing, more wonderfully and healthily attractive than the character of this good clergyman? "Equal to either fortune," as the old phrase has it,—not to be spoiled by prosperity, or soured by adversity; so ready to believe in the honesty of his fellow-men, that a schoolboy could cheat him, and all the more loveable for his simplicity, but endowed with a steadfast faith in the goodness of heaven, and an unwearied readiness to forgive, and to deal gently with the failings of humanity, compared to which the utmost elaboration of worldly wisdom would seem but foolishness. The loss of his fortune cannot disturb his equanimity, for he considers that every position in life has its pleasures and advantages, and fears nothing but dishonour. Never, except when he is struck at through his children, does his patience give way; and even then, he quickly remembers that it is for the Christian to forgive, and that pardon is nobler than vengeance. How pleasantly he adapts himself to the simple folks among whom he and his family are thrown by the loss of his fortune, is capitally told. "As we rose with the run, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting

family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests. Sometimes Farmer Flam-borough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the recipe nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad—"Johnny Armstrong's last good-night," or the 'Cruelty of Barbara Allen.' The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have a half-penny on Sunday to put into the poor's box."

What grander and more impressive picture was ever given of the dignity of Christianity than that of the good vicar in his days of trial reading the Church Service to his fellow-prisoners, strong in the consciousness of his righteous cause, and undisturbed by the fact that he finds his audience "perfectly merry upon the occasion," and serenely persevering, amid all the ridicule, the "lowly whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, wailing, and coughing," with which the dissolute crew at first receive the efforts that at length succeed in awakening some to remorse, and all to attention? "I continued," says the good and faithful servant, "with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might mend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any." The good vicar knew how to labour and to wait, as is shown in the plain practical manner and the strong common sense of his short sermon to the wretched congregation for whom his gentle heart is sad, and to whom in plain homely phrase he seeks to prove that the devil is the worst of masters, and that death is the wages of sin.

What signifies that the plot is improbable, and the construction in many respects faulty? The vicar and his family, the ambitious Livy and the demure Sophy, the good-hearted, scheming, hot-tempered Mrs. Primrose, the sedate Moses with his quotations from "the ancients," Mr. Burchell, happy in the company of sturdy little Dick and Bill, and crying "fudge" at the mock morality of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, will live as long as there are English books and English readers.

GOLDSMITH AS A DRAMATIST.

The Vicar and the Traveller had brought him fame; it was now high time that Goldsmith should cast about for something that would yield him profit. His expenditure always ran in advance

of his means. He now turned to dramatic writing as a means of filling his empty pocket, and of paying off the most pressing of his debts. The fashion of the day was in favour of what was known as "genteel comedy,"—an artificial and mischievous style, in which everything "low" and every natural delineation of a vulgar character was to be avoided. At a later date, in his character of Cumberland, Goldsmith happily outraged the tendencies of the genteel school, whose chief author he describes as

"A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout."

Goldsmith chose, on the other hand, to depict men "as they are," and to make his stage a mimic world on which the high-bred and the vulgar, the generous and the mean, all appear together. "The Goodnatured Man," for so the comedy that he pressed upon the acceptance of Garrick, the manager, was called, presented in every respect a contrast and a defiance to the genteel and sentimental school. It was a bold experiment, that of "holding the mirror up to nature" to audiences accustomed to applaud artificial sentimentalities. Garrick took alarm, and, after suggesting alterations which would have made a gruesome corpse of the play, declined to bring it out at Drury Lane. Coleman, who presided at the rival house in Covent Garden, accepted the manuscript indeed, but with many misgivings as to its success; the actors caught the infection of the manager's despondency. The broad comicality of a scene in which two bailiffs are introduced was voted "low," and the play was saved from condemnation on the first night chiefly by the admirable acting of Shuter, the comedian, in the character of Croaker, a confirmed grumbler and alarmist. Poor Goldsmith went to the club after the performance was over, and rattled away as usual, even singing his pet song of "An old woman tossed up in a blanket," for the amusement of the company; but he himself afterwards at a dinner party made public confession of his real feelings on the occasion. "All the while," he said, "I was suffering horrid tortures; . . . but I made more noise than usual to cover all that, so that they never perceived my not eating, nor, I believe, at all imagined to themselves the anguish of my heart. But when all were gone, except Johnson here, I burst out a-crying, and even swore that I would never write again."

But when the bailiffs had been cut out, the comedy

succeeded well enough ; and the "author's rights" and copyright money put nearly five hundred pounds into Goldsmith's purse in the course of a few days. Here was a chance of getting out of the slough of despond of debt and embarrassment. "Pay your debts," said Prudence. "Take a better set of chambers, and furnish them with 'blue marine' curtains, Wilton carpets, and expensive chimney glasses," whispered Extravagance ; and four hundred pounds squandered in the purchase of the set of chambers in Brick Court, Temple, indicated to which of these counsellors the heedless poet had listened. In fact, no sum of money would have set Goldsmith right with the world, simply because every increase in his earnings was made an excuse for augmented expenditure and waste. And we find tokens of this following close upon every supply of money, in the shape of fine entertainments, fine clothes, visits to Bath and other expensive resorts, etc. Not that Goldsmith could not enjoy himself, on occasion, in a very unpretending way. One of his favourite relaxations consisted in what he called a "shoemaker's holiday" — a day spent in a walk with a few friends into the country, a dinner at the Highbury Barn ordinary—tenpence a head, including a penny to the waiter, and a supper at a Fleet Street tavern, the whole day's expenses "never exceeding a crown, and being oftener from three and sixpence to four shillings"—very reasonable and primitive pleasuring, that would bear the morrow's reflection.

TASK-WORK ; THE HISTORIES OF ROME AND ENGLAND, ETC. ; THE "ANIMATED NATURE."

The jaunts and holidays, simple and expensive, were interspersed with periods of strenuous exertion. Before this time he had engaged to write a "History of Rome," on terms sufficiently liberal to have kept him beyond money troubles, had he possessed ordinary prudence ; he afterwards undertook to write an English History on the same plan, like the Roman History for the use of colleges and schools. The charm of the author's style was enough to ensure a very large sale for these works. No one could put information in a more pleasing form ; and this gift of making knowledge palatable was one of the many talents which made Goldsmith adorn whatever he touched in a literary way. Johnson's opinion regarding his friend's merits in this direction is emphatic. "Goldsmith's abridgment," he declared, "is better than that of Lucius Florus or Eutropius ; and I will venture to say that if you compare him with Vertot in the same places of the Roman History, you will find that he excels Vertot. Sir, he has

the art of compiling, and of saying everything he has to say, in a pleasing manner. He is now writing a Natural History, and will make it as entertaining as a Persian tale."

This last-mentioned work, published under the title of "Animated Nature," very shortly before the author's death, fully realized Johnson's prognostication, in the charm of its style. That he might settle to these tasks without interruption, Goldsmith was accustomed to retire to a lodging about eight miles from London on the road to Edgware, away from all temptations to society and conviviality. At a later period, when he was writing his second comedy, he thus describes himself in a letter to Bennet Langton : "There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance." Anecdotes of his eccentricities, his odd fits of absence of mind, and his strange habits, such as reading in bed and putting out the candle by throwing his slipper at it, long survived as traditions in the Edgware farmhouse.

CLOSING PERIOD ; A PROFESSORSHIP ; "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

A further insight into his circumstances is obtained from a letter, dated January, 1770, to his brother Maurice, on the subject of a small legacy of some fifteen pounds left to him by Uncle Conarine, and which he gives up to the said Maurice, and to a sister who has married badly. "The King has lately been pleased," he says, with a touch of pardonable vanity, "to make me Professor of Ancient History in a Royal Academy of Painting, which he has just established ; but there is no salary annexed, and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution, than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt." And so it continued to the end of his life. Literary reputation his genius could not fail to bring him, and fashionable acquaintances, and fame for his genius, mingled with affection for himself ; but from carking care he was never to be free. The publication of "The Deserted Village" greatly increased his fame. This beautiful poem has all the charms of "The Traveller," with additional ones of its own ; and the character of the village preacher, and that of the schoolmaster, with his "words of learned length and thundering sound," would in themselves have been enough to immortalize Goldsmith's name, if he had written nothing else.

The description of the loveliest village of the plain is in Goldsmith's happiest style. The good-natured, careless, holiday-loving idler, who could never wait patiently in his own life for the

time when toil remitting should "lend its turn to play," seems to revel in the bucolic delights of the village festival. "The dancing pair that simply sought renown by holding out to tire each other down," may have brought many a reminiscence of *Lissoy* to his mind; nor did the rough practical jokes connected with the swain mistrustless of his smutted face, suggest any incongruity, as included in the "charms" of Sweet Auburn. And just as the description is beautiful, so the reasoning is utterly faulty. As in "The Traveller" he lays down the startling proposition that "honour sinks where commerce long prevails," so here in his second poem he talks of "trade's unfeeling train," who "usurp the soil, and dispossess the swain," utterly ignoring the fact that agriculture alone would never maintain a constantly increasing population. His inconsistency is sometimes laughable. In "The Traveller" he points out how, with simply agricultural and pastoral employments, a nation fails to exhibit any progress; "from sire to son, unaltered, unimproved, the manners run;" and yet in "The Deserted Village" he deprecates all change.

The description of the good clergyman has a resemblance to Chaucer's parson in the "Canterbury Tales," too close to be the result of chance. Not only is the genial character the worthy divine portrayed as only Goldsmith could do; the apparent contradiction between the general welcome—"careless their merits or their faults to scan"—extended to all applicants at the parsonage, and the anxious punctuality "prompt at every call," in the fulfilment of sacred duties, is admirably indicated and explained. We have few finer instances of concentrated power than in the six lines that describe the transition from despair to trembling hope on the deathbed.

"Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismiss'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distract;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

"THE HAUNCH OF VENISON;" AND "RETALIATION."

The charmingly humorous poetical epistle to Lord Clare, describing the unhappy fate of that "haunch of venison" of which the fortunate recipient was despoiled by the under-bred, fine-spoken fellow, whose delusive dinner-table exhibited "in the middle a place where the pasty was not," exhibits the versatile poet in a new and pleasing light. Robert Nugent, Lord Clare, a jovial nobleman of the hearty Irish school of the old time, contributed not a little, by his kindly hospitality and kindly attentions to lighten the cares of the harassed poet during that last period of his life when fame had come to him, but not prosperity or surcease from toil. The piece is perfect in its way, from the story of the gammon of bacon hung up for a show in this Irish house, whose inmates would no more think of eating a slice of that ostentatiously exhibited than they would of eating the pan that it's fried in, down to the conclusion, "when with looks that quite petrified entered the maid," to tell of the dire mishap that has robbed the dinner of its chief and much-expected dish. The last few lines, too, convey a compliment gracefully turned; and though the whole epistle is intended only as a piece of good-humoured banter, and the jest tells against the author who so humorously relates it, even here the good heart and heedless head of Goldsmith are unmistakably discernible. The little bit of harmless vanity in the possession of fashionable friends, while the author is laughing at his own weakness, is admirably indicated, as is likewise the manner in which the "under-bred fine-spoken" acquaintance jockeys the poor poet out of the present that has but just arrived, and asks him to a dinner at which the guest, and not the host, is to provide the *pièce de résistance*.

"While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend, as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.

'What have we got here?—why, this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?'
'Why, whose should it be?' cried I with a founce,
'I get these things often;' but that was a bounce;
'Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind; but I hate ostentation.'
'If that be the case, then,' cried he, very gay,
'I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And now I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner!
What say you—a pasty, it shall and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear friend!
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.'

But the finest touch is the piece of mock heroic
that precedes the final compliment to Lord Clare:—

"While thus we resolved, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified enter'd the maid:
A visage so sad and so pale with fright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sinner
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let smiles drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplaced,
To send such good venison to one of your taste."

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;" "RETALIATION;"
THE END.

The non-success of "The Goodnatured Man" had made Goldsmith declare, in his haste, that he would write no more plays. But the increasing pressure of his debts induced him to try his fortune once more in this field, in the hope of realizing a large sum in a short time. He wrote the admirably humorous comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," founding the plot on that long-past escapade of his youth, when he had mistaken a gentleman's house for an inn, and ordered a supper and a bottle of wine with the air of a young Cæsus. In spite of the misgivings of Manager Colman, the piece proved a brilliant success, and filled the author's purse with guineas that he squandered with incurable recklessness. As if to vindicate at the last his claim to Johnson's well-earned eulogium, declaring him to have touched almost every kind of literature, and to have touched nothing that he did not adorn, Goldsmith, in the last poem he ever wrote, showed how satire could be keen, polished, and yet without malice. At the invitation of some friends who had sharpened their wit, not for the first time, upon him, and some mock epitaphs, and who asked him to pay them in their own coin,

he composed "Retaliation," a set of characters in which the foibles of the persons portrayed are hit off with infinite felicity and humour, while their good points are generously put forward, the concluding lines of each character always taking the sting out of the former part. The portrait of fussy, vain little Garrick is admirable:—

"Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line!
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."

"With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kennicks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be Roscius'd, and you were beprais'd!
But praise to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above."

Increasing debts and difficulties spoiled the successes of Goldsmith's later days. We get glimpses of him in fashionable company and among genial friends, striving to forget the care that is gnawing at his heart. For he is being dunned right and left; the publishers are tired of "reliance on his fractured dates," and will employ him no more. After a short, feverish attempt to work up literary arrears in a suburban lodging, in March, 1774, he comes to London, suffering from a local disease, but still more from low, nervous fever, brought on by anxiety. To the inquiry of the physician, who wondered at the disorder of his pulse, and inquired if his mind was at ease, he replied sadly, "No, it is not;" and these sad words are the last we hear from his lips, as he passes away in his forty-sixth year, and in what should have been the full vigour of his activity. "Let not his faults be remembered," said honest, sturdy Johnson; "he was a very great man."

H. W. D.



DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

* * * "Mark what ills the scholar's life assail
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."—*Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

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CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS.

"I thought never to be forgotten that the two most popular writers of the eighteenth century, Addison and Johnson, were such efficacious teachers of virtue, that their writings may be numbered amongst the causes which

in an important degree have contributed to preserve and improve the morality of the British nation."

Such is the emphatic testimony borne in the life of Sir J. Mackintosh to the merits of the author of the "Rambler" and "Idler."

Samuel Johnson, the central figure among the literary men of the first twenty-four years of George the Third's reign, was born at Lichfield, on the 18th of September, 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, was a bookseller in that place, and used moreover to open a shop at Birmingham on every market day; for at the beginning of the last century the book-buying section of the Birmingham community did not support a single bookseller. Michael Johnson, magistrate, high churchman, and Tory, made money by selling books, and lost it by endeavouring to manufacture parchment; and in the end died insolvent. Samuel's mother, who lived to the age of nearly ninety, and whom he regarded with affectionate reverence, appears to have been a woman of strong sense and estimable character, but without education. "My father could not bear to talk of his affairs," says Johnson, speaking of his early years, "and my mother, being unacquainted with books, cared not to talk of anything else. Had my mother been more literate, they had been better companions."

A big heavy child young Samuel was, yet far from being healthy. His face was disfigured with scrofula, and from the same cause one of his eyes was almost useless—"The dog was never worth much, sir," he used to say of that unprofitable member in later days. His earliest reminiscence was of being taken to London to be *touched* by Queen Anne; for the belief in the efficacy of the royal touch as a cure for the king's evil had not yet died out in England. He told Mrs. Thrale he remembered Queen Anne—"He had a confused, but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds, with a long black hood." As a boy, at the Lichfield grammar school, under Mr. Hunter, who, according to Johnson, beat his pupils unmercifully, accompanying the flagellation by the consoling assurance, that it was administered to save them from the gallows, he made considerable progress in Latin; and he seems to think the discipline did him good. "My master," he said to Bennet Langton, "whipped me very well. Without that, sir, I should have done nothing." Indolent and procrastinating, he seemed yet to learn by intuition; and his marvellous memory enabled him to hold tenaciously what he had once gained. His indolence, and in some measure

his shortsightedness, prevented him from joining in the ordinary sports of the boys. That his unusual talents were acknowledged by pupils and masters alike there is no doubt. Afterwards at the grammar school at Stourbridge, to which he was removed at the age of fifteen, he profited much from the instruction of the able Mr. Wentworth. He afterwards said of the Lichfield and Stourbridge grammar schools, "At one I learnt much in the school, but little from the master; in the other, I learned much from the master, but little in the school." But Johnson could hardly have avoided gaining knowledge anywhere.

JOHNSON AT PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD; PRIDE AND POVERTY.

Two years spent in a somewhat desultory manner at home intervened between his leaving Stourbridge and commencing his university career at Pembroke College, Oxford. He read a great deal, in an irregular and fitful way, during this period, and astonished the tutors at Pembroke by the extent and variety of his knowledge of books. How he got to the university at all is a matter of some doubt, for his father's affairs were becoming more and more embarrassed; but there is little doubt that the assistance of friends furnished the necessary funds. Promises of further assistance seem to have been given, and not fulfilled; and Johnson's college career was embittered by the sordid cares of poverty. The independence of spirit that marked him during his whole career was already shown here. He flung down the staircase the new shoes a sympathising observer of his raggedness had left outside his door; but he hid his real feelings with Spartan firmness; and few could have suspected, as he lounged at the college gates, entertaining a group of students with leaning that made them stare, how keenly he felt his position. "He was a gay and frolicsome fellow," said one of his university contemporaries to Boswell, "and passed there the happiest part of his life." "Ah, sir," said Johnson, when this account was reported to him, "I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit, so I disregarded all power and all authority."

START IN LIFE; FIRST ESSAYS IN AUTHORSHIP.

In the autumn of 1731 he left Oxford, after three years' residence, without a degree. Michael Johnson was now quite a broken man. He died

at the close of the year. What little could be saved from the wreck of his fortunes was applied to the maintenance of the widow; and Samuel was fain, in July, 1732, to walk to Market Bosworth, where for a time he officiated as usher in the grammar school. But the drudgery was intolerable to him, and he soon gave it up. Presently we find him living as the guest of his old schoolfellow, Mr. Hector, in the house of Mr. Farren, the first resident Birmingham bookseller. Here he wrote his first book, a translation from the French, of a "Voyage to Abyssinia," by Jerome Lobe, a Portuguese. Johnson, with characteristic indolence, dictated part of the book to Mr. Hector from his bed. His morbid melancholy seems to have increased during his university career, and sometimes oppressed him to such an extent as to render him the prey to horrible fancies. On his return to Lichfield, he tried to live by his pen; and removing to Birmingham, wrote thence to Mr. Cave, the London bookseller, with a literary proposal, which does not appear to have met with any response. With as yet no settled means of living, he married Mrs. Porter, the widow of a trader—a fat, florid, vulgar woman, in her forty-ninth year, while he himself was but half her age; but in the eyes of the ungainly scholar she seems to have appeared "a phantom of delight." She had a few hundred pounds in the funds; and presently we find an advertisement in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, setting forth that "at Edial, near Lichfield, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson." But only three pupils appeared—David Garrick, afterwards the celebrated actor, his younger brother George, and a Master Offley. So Johnson, like many a needy clever man before him, turned his face towards the metropolis. He used afterwards to allude to "the year when I came to London with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket;"—"and thou Davy," he once added, in presence of a brilliant company, to the discomfiture of the prosperous manager, Garrick, "with three-halfpence in thine."

To get his livelihood as an author was now his fixed intention. Wileox the bookseller, to whom he first applied, scanned the robust frame of the applicant, and advised him to invest in a porter's knot. That his ideas of expense were not magnificent is shown by his account of his first way of living, when he lodged in an obscure street near the Strand. He describes himself as dining very well for eightpence, at the Pineapple in New Street—a cut of meat for sixpence, a penny for bread, and a penny for the waiter,

made up his very frugal reckoning. After some trouble, he procured literary employment from Mr. Cave; and returning for a time to Lichfield, brought away thence Mrs. Johnson,—his Tetty or Tetsey, as with elephantine playfulness he called her,—and established himself permanently in London.

WORK FOR CAVE; THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

For a series of years he continued to write for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published by Cave, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. Biographies of Boerhave, of Admirals Drake and Blake, of Philip Basietire, and others appear among his earlier articles. He also contributed the yearly prefaces to the volumes; and, indeed, he had a special talent in the composition of introductory notices, dedications, and similar tasks. Among his work done for the *Gentleman's Magazine* must not be omitted those articles in which, under the title "Debates in the Senate of Liliput," he gave an abstract of the parliamentary debates from November, 1740, to February, 1743. In those days there was no press gallery, furnished with conveniences for reporting the speeches of noble lords and honourable gentlemen in parliament assembled. Even to take a note was a breach of privilege, and for such an offence Woodfall the printer, "Memory Woodfall," was once rebuked at the bar of the Commons. Even an account given from memory had to be hidden under a pseudonym. Johnson, who was a violent Tory, half acknowledged that his reports were not written without bias, and speaking of the Whigs, said with a laugh, "I took care not to let the dogs have the best of it." To task-work of various kinds, for bread, not for fame, was Johnson condemned for many years; and sometimes he was reduced to great straits for common necessities. There is an authenticated story of his having a plate of victuals handed to him upon one occasion behind a screen at Cave's, because he was too ragged to show himself at the prosperous bookseller's table; at another time he significantly signs himself, in a business letter to the same worthy, *Impransus*, which may be interpreted "dinnerless." It was bitter bread that was gained by literary labour in those days.

The earliest work by which he set people talking about him was his "London," an imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. Pope, the literary autocrat of that period (1738), living in dignified ease at Twickenham, saw the poem, and was

sufficiently interested to inquire the name of the author, and to prophesy that the unknown man would soon be unearthed, or, as he called it, *déterré*.—"Everybody was delighted with it," said a reverend bishop, quoted by Boswell; and, there being no name to it, the first buzz in the literary circles was, "Here is an unknown poet, greater even than Pope." And it is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that year, that it "got to the second edition in the course of a week." But the last line of the poem, "Slow rises worth by poverty depressed," is singularly applicable to Johnson. Twenty years of hard and obscure work lay before him, ere he emerged from the slough of despond of poverty and neglect. How hard the struggle was, is shown by his unavailing efforts to escape from it. He who hated teaching tried vainly for the mastership of a country school, with a salary of sixty pounds. But for the fact that the want of a degree was fatal to the scheme, he would have turned to the study of civil law. He writes to Cave, "If you could spare me another guinea for the history, I should take it very kindly; but if you do not, I shall not think it an injury." Cave also speaks at a later time, while the Dictionary was in progress, of "feeding him with guineas;" that is, doling out those coins one or two at a time, to keep the working author at his task. This was the time when, to his own disadvantage, he made acquaintance with that wild, erratic, profligate, and utterly ungovernable genius, Richard Savage, whose life he afterwards wrote. At this time his dwelling-place was occasionally at some distance from London, as, for instance, at Greenwich; and in later and more prosperous days he once whimsically described to Joshua Reynolds how he and poor Savage had walked round and round St. James's Square all night, neither having enough money to pay for a lodging, but both brimful of patriotism, inveighing against a profligate ministry, and resolved to "stand by their country." This Bohemian Savage had a strange fascination for Johnson. His experiences were varied; he had seen life in its opposite phases, at one time in the nobleman's library, at another in the night cellar where footpads and highwaymen skulked from the thief-taker, or furtively caroused. Of his temper and discretion it is sufficient to state that he began an insolent letter to a nobleman who had been his friend, with the words, "Right Honourable Brute and Booby," and after a few lines of insolence, concluded with a petulant "I defy and despise you," worthy of a Miss Squeers.

JOHNSON'S MARRIED LIFE; THE "VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES."

He accepted his life of drudgery and hardship with a quiet endurance which told of a true and wise philosophy. He must occasionally have been conscious of a bitter feeling when he saw his friend and pupil, little David Garrick, rapidly advancing to fame and fortune, by exhibiting his painted face on the stage, while he himself was toiling on, not able on all days to procure necessaries, and sorely put to it at the best of times to satisfy the demands of his elderly charmer, who seems not to have been so considerate to him as his constant affection and care for her entitled him to expect. "I have been told by Mrs. Desmoulins, who before her marriage lived for some time with Mrs. Johnson at Hampstead, that she indulged herself in country air and nice living, at an unsuitable expense, while her husband was drudging in the smoke of London, and that she by no means treated him with that complacency which is the most engaging quality in a wife." If Mrs. Desmoulins lived with the old woman at Hampstead, it was not quite kind on her part to expose the weaknesses of her hostess to that old woman of the opposite sex, James Boswell, who would be sure to put it on record; but it gives us a glimpse of the sturdy, rough-mannered, honest-hearted man, toiling on in his untidy garret library in Gough Square, Fleet Street, and believing in his doubtful spouse to the last, even to the extent of recording on her tombstone, a course in Latin, that she was *beautiful*, cultured, ingenious, and pious. He kept her wedding ring as an especial treasure to the last day of his life, and held her memory in honour. A gentle-hearted man was this uncouth, slovenly scholar, for all his roughness; but, naturally enough, he had little sympathy for what he called "foppish lamentations"—complaints of the minor ills of life, which appeared very small indeed to him, who had tasted the bitterness of real want and sorrow during a series of years. It was not safe, however, to beard the lion or the bear in his den. When purse-proud Osborne, the bookseller, ventured too far, presuming on the poor author's position, he was made by the most summary method to understand his mistake. "The fellow was impudent to me, sir," said Johnson to Boswell, in explanation, "and I knocked him down."

The drudgery of his life was, however, broken occasionally by fitful rays of the sunshine of success. While Mrs. Johnson was inhabiting

those Hampstead lodgings, her husband occasionally came forth from Gough Square to pay her a visit; and at Hampstead, according to Boswell, he wrote much, if not all, of his second poem, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." Great pecuniary profit this poem did certainly not bring him; he received for it only fifteen pounds. But it confirmed the favourable impression already produced by his "London," and vindicated his pretensions to be considered a poet. Like "London," it is imitated from Juvenal; and the object is to show that man walketh in a vain shadow. "Vanity of vanities" is the text on which he writes; "all is vanity." Great men are taken as the types of especial forms of ambition. Wolsey the courtier stands "in full-blown dignity." Through him the rays of royal bounty shine. But the sovereign's countenance is withdrawn from him; he falls,

"Remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings."

Charles XII., the frantic Alexander of the North, is to bear witness "on what foundation stands the warrior's pride;" the vanity of the wish for kingly titles is set forth in the example of that unfortunate Elector of Bavaria, who a few years before had paid for the short possession of the dignity of Emperor of Germany, with defeat and humiliation that broke his heart. Sir Walter Scott was accustomed, with genial enthusiasm, to praise the dignity and grandeur of the poem. Byron's estimate of this work is judicious and sound, though tinged with his own misanthropy. "Read Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes,'" he says; "all his examples and mode of giving them sublime, as well as the latter part, with the exception of an occasional couplet." Then he takes objection, not without reason, to the opening line,

"Let observation with extended view,"

as heavy and superfluous. "But," he continues, "'tis a grand poem—and so true! True as the tenth (the famous tenth satire) of Juvenal himself. The lapse of ages changes all things—time—language—the earth—the bounds of the sea—the stars of the sky, and everything about, round, and underneath man, except *man himself*, who has always been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal. The infinite variety of lives conducts but to death, and the infinity of wishes leads but to disappointment." Thus wrote Byron in his *Ravenna Diary* of 1821; and none had more bitterly experienced the disappointment of these aspirations founded on the prospect of

worldly praise and ambition, than the man who "awoke one morning to find himself famous," and on another turned his back for ever on the society that had loaded him with obloquy as exaggerated as its former laudation.

THE TRAGEDY OF IRENE; JOHNSON'S FRIENDS, "LANKEY" AND "BEAU."

In 1749, through the kindness of Garrick, who had now become manager of Drury Lane, a work of Johnson's, written some years before, was introduced to the public. "Irene," a tragedy, was performed at Drury Lane. It failed to please; and, indeed, it is heavy and wearisome to a degree; but it brought him nearly three hundred pounds in author's rights and copyright. He said he felt "like the monument," unshaken by his ill-success; but he acquiesced in the popular verdict, and never wrote for the stage again. In this year he commenced the series of essays known as "The Rambler."

By this time, too, he had begun the work with which his name is always associated in literary history, that Dictionary of the English language, which, imperfect as it may appear when judged by the standard of the present day, is certainly a marvellous achievement when we consider the circumstances under which it was undertaken and completed. The chief London booksellers took shares in the venture—the names of Mr. Robert Dodsley and the two Messrs. Longman curiously linking the past with the present—and Johnson undertook the task on his own responsibility, and fondly hoped to complete it in three years. His calculations were rather vague. "Sir," said Dr. Adams, "how can you do this in three years?" "Sir," replied Johnson, sententiously, "I have no doubt that I can do it in three years." "But the French Academy," urged Adams, "which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their dictionary." Johnson's reply was decisive: "Sir, thus it is; this is the proportion. Let me see; forty times forty are sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

Of course there was no gainsaying so logical and lucid an estimate; but amid the toils of dictionary-making drudgery, and the struggle against the morbid melancholy and indolence proceeding mainly from chronic ill-health—long afterwards he declared in a letter to Boswell that after his twentieth year he rarely had a day entirely free from pain—we occasionally get a glimpse of Johnson in a more cheerful mood at this period of his career. One whimsical

scene comes especially before us. Topham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton—Beau and Lankey, as he nicknamed them—were especial favourites with the sage at this time, and continued so, until death terminated the friendship. He liked them none the less because both were gentlemen of good birth, Beauclerk belonging to the St. Albans family, and one of Langton's ancestors, as Johnson complacently remarked, having received a grant from Edward III. Topham Beauclerk was, even for those days, essentially a 'fast' man, and there was something ludicrous in the close friendship between him and Johnson, respect for whom, however, always kept him on his best behaviour in the great man's presence. "What a coalition!" cried Garrick, on hearing of this close companionship. "I shall have to bail my old friend out of the round-house." In the summer of the year 1752, "one night at three in the morning," as the Irish song has it, there was a great knocking at the door of Johnson's chambers in the Temple. Down sallied the indignant lexicographer, armed with a poker, and found in the disturbers of his peace Messrs. Beauclerk and Langton, who had been supping, probably, "not wisely but too well," at a tavern, and now came to invite the author of the "Rambler" to a ramble. "What is it, you dogs?" cried Johnson, amused at their impudence. "I'll have a frisk with you." So forth they started, and helped the early fruiterers and greengrocers in Covent Garden to arrange their hampers (Johnson's assistance must have been valuable), and repaired to a tavern, where they made a bowl of bishop, and emptied it. Thence they proceeded by boat to Billingsgate market, and Johnson absolutely determined, with Beau, to continue their "frisk" through the day;—scolding Langton, who cried off on the plea of having to breakfast with some young ladies, for "leaving his social friends, to sit with a set of wretched *unideal* girls." "I heard of your frolic t'other night—you'll be in the *Chronicle*," said Garrick to Johnson; whereat the latter observed confidentially to some friends, "He durst not do such a thing; his wife would not let him."

THE DICTIONARY PUBLISHED; LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

At length, after eight years of labour, the Dictionary was ready; and courtly Lord Chesterfield, by whom Johnson at the time of its commencement, had been regaled with "the chameleon's diet—promise-crammed"—took upon himself to write two papers in the *World*,

recommending the work, and assuming the air of a patron. This was too much for Johnson to stand. His honest blood boiled within him at the hollow compliments of the polite worldling; and he sat down and wrote that famous "letter," which, preserved to us by the indefatigable Boswell, remains to show posterity what kind of man was the Right Honourable Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. There is at once dignity and pathos in the reproachful sentence in which the poor man of letters explains how he has been treated. "Seven years, my lord, have now passed," he writes, "since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. . . . Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it."

In some quarters this plain speaking was censured as impertinence. But in those years of toil and drudgery Johnson had suffered much. He had lost the wife he loved, and had endured all the bitterness of hope deferred; and he had a right to speak out. His explanation of his conduct on this occasion has a sturdy English ring about it. "Sir," he said of Chesterfield, "after making great professions, he had for many years taken no notice of me; but when my Dictionary was coming out, he fell a scribbling in the *World* about it. Upon which I wrote to him a letter, expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him." We do not think Johnson lost much by thus silencing Lord Chesterfield.

JOHNSON AND THE BOOKSELLERS; TASK-WORK AND DRUDGERY.

A work so important as the English Dictionary could not fail to raise the author to a position of eminence. The University of Oxford bestowed the degree of Master of Arts upon Johnson. At Oxford, which he visited in 1754, he was received with distinction. Laudatory letters poured in; and Garrick wrote an epigram, in which he dr

clared that the boast that one English soldier could beat ten Frenchmen was now not only justified, but exceeded by the fact; here had a single Englishman beaten the whole French Academy, whose Dictionary was not yet ready.

"For Johnson, well armed, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more!"

wrote the sprightly little actor; and Johnson was better pleased with his old friend's smart lines, than with many a more studied compliment.

But though fame had come, poverty had not yet gone. Johnson had still to earn his bread by task-work, and was not yet, to use his own expression, "set above the necessity of making provision for the day that was passing over him." In 1756 he was even arrested for debt, and bailed by his friend Richardson, the author of "Sir Charles Grandison." We find him accepting a guinea for writing a dedication for a new newspaper, the *Daily Chronicle*, furnishing reviews of books, and essays on various subjects; depending on the booksellers for work, and honestly declaring them to be his best patrons, without whom his Dictionary could never have been produced. Of the remuneration he received for that work he said, "It was very well. The booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men." With the Messrs. Dilly of the Poultry he maintained a cordial friendship to the last; and he had a high opinion of Dodsley and Cave. There were exceptions of course. Some extraordinary agreements exist, showing the degraded position of the Grub Street author, such as that between poor mad Kit Smart and a worthy named Gardner, who went to the unhappy author, then in the depths of poverty, and engaged him to write in a publication called the *Universal Visitor* on the following remarkable conditions, as set forth in a document found among Smart's papers when that most miserable of literates went mad. Poor Kit was to write exclusively for the *Universal Visitor*, a sixpenny monthly magazine. He was to have one-sixth of the profits, and the agreement was to be in force for *ninety-nine years*. In fact, Gardner took a long lease of Kit Smart, but Death came in and broke it. Johnson, in his kindness, had done Smart's work for him on this precious publication, little knowing the true state of the case. "I wrote, sir," he afterwards said, "for some months in the *Universal Visitor* for poor Smart, not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in the *Universal Visitor* no longer."

JOHNSON'S ESSAYS; RASSELAS; CRITICAL OPINIONS; LETTERS.

"The Idler," published in the *Universal Chronicle*, in numbers between April 1758 and 1760, in many respects appears as a continuation of "The Rambler." Some of the papers were written as hastily as an ordinary letter. Boswell speaks of one, on the authority of Langton, as being commenced by the Doctor at Oxford, about half an hour before the post went out for London, and consigned to the mail without even being read through by its author. At the beginning of 1759, his mother, who was ninety years old, fell ill at Lichfield, or rather, began to break up rapidly from mere age. Then the best part of Johnson's character came out, as it always did when the depths of that great nature were stirred. He writes to the aged mother with the affectionate simplicity of a boy, eagerly tells her "you have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world," begs pardon "for all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well," and is full of loving self-reproach, lest he should have failed in his duty to his aged parent; though he had always shown himself a dutiful son, and had to the best of his ability contributed to support the mother he revered and loved in ease and comfort. All the money he could scrape together he sent off to Lichfield. "I shall send a bill of twenty pounds in a few days, which I thought to have brought to my mother; but God suffered it not," he writes regretfully, on hearing of her death. Some few debts and the funeral expenses remained to be paid; and to get the money for this he sat down and wrote his tale, "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia."

Of this work very different opinions have been pronounced by various critics. Boswell, of course, speaks of it in terms of extravagant laudation. Johnson wrote it, and that was enough for him. On the other hand, Hazlitt calls it the most melancholy and debilitating moral speculation that was ever put forth. Sir Walter Scott's description is the best. "The work can scarce be termed a narrative," he says, "being in a great measure void of incident. It is rather a set of dialogues on the various vicissitudes of human life, its follies, its fears, its hopes, its wishes, and the disappointment in which all terminate. The style is in Johnson's best manner, enriched and rendered sonorous by the triads and quaternions which he so much loved." Some critics, on the other hand, maintain that these very triads and quaternions, the tendency to hammer out the

sense into long periods, to repeat it, to balance it altogether needlessly with antithesis, constituted vices in Johnson's style. Wisdom the book certainly contains, and lofty morality and precept; but the characters are no more real than are the stilted and bombastic heroes who utter grand sentiments in the tragedies of Racine and Corneille. But the book has its undoubted value, and Christopher North was quite right when he declared in his "Noctes Ambrosianæ" that never were the expenses of a mother's funeral more gloriously defrayed by a son, than the funeral of Samuel Johnson's mother by the price of "Rasselas."

At this period, and indeed at all times in his long career, Johnson appears to great advantage in his letters. The turn of language, indeed, is artificial here and there; but the writer's good heart is seen throughout. Directly he became known, he received a number of applications requesting his good offices in matters of all kinds; and even where the applicants had the smallest possible claim on his consideration, even where he could not comply, he never forgot to be kind. One of the most remarkable instances of solicitation was on the part of a lady, a stranger, asking him to get the Archbishop of Canterbury's aid in sending her son to the University. This cool request might have put milder men than Johnson out of patience; but he replied in a long letter full of good and kindly feeling; at the same time he does not fail to put the unconscionable application in its true light. "When you made your request to me," he says, "you should have considered, madam, what you were asking. You ask me to solicit a great man, to whom I never spoke, for a young person whom I had never seen, upon a supposition which I had no means of knowing to be true. There is no reason why, amongst all the great, I should choose to supplicate the Archbishop, nor why, among all the possible objects of his bounty, the Archbishop should choose your son." After very kindly setting forth the reasons that would make a request to the Archbishop, on his part, utterly unwarrantable, he concludes with a pleasant sentence to soothe the mother's disappointment. "I have seen your son this morning," he says; "he seems a pretty youth, and will perhaps find some better friend than I can procure him; but though he should at last miss the University, he may still be wise, useful, and happy."

JOHNSON A PENSIONER; SHEBBEARE AND SHERIDAN.

The year 1762 was memorable in the life of

Johnson as the epoch from which was to date for him competence and leisure, a permanent relief from all apprehensions of "toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol." George II. had been utterly regardless of the claims of literary men to a share of the royal favour. Indeed, "*boets* and *bainters*" were his aversion; but with the accession of George III. a better time for literature began. The new king's taste was not irreproachable, nor was his mind very highly cultivated. "A good deal of Shakespeare is sad stuff, but one mustn't say so. Don't you think so? What, what?" was the confidential observation of the royal critic to Miss Burney, the author of "Evelina;" but at least he was English—"a Briton," as he expressed it—by birth and education, and honestly wished to encourage art, science, and literature in his dominions; and recognizing in Johnson the most respectable type of the literary character, bestowed on him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. "It is not given you for anything you are to do, but for what you have done," Lord Bute said to him in reply to Johnson's blunt question, "Pray, my Lord, what am I expected to do for this pension?" for the "Dictionary-maker," as Horace Walpole sarcastically called him, had toiled along a path so entirely unilluminated by Court favour, that he could hardly believe his senses when the sun shone on him at last. The definitions of *pension* and *pensioner* he had given in his Dictionary were also such that he had considerable misgivings as to whether he could, with honour, accept the proffered bounty; but Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose advice he asked, with great good sense urged him to take what had been spontaneously offered; and Johnson, in his letter of thanks to Lord Bute, expresses his sense of the delicate manner in which the gift had been bestowed. "You have conferred your favours," he says, "on a man who has neither alliance nor interest, who has not merited them by services nor courted them by officiousness; you have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense." Some drops of bitterness were mingled in the cup of Johnson's satisfaction on this occasion. Dr. Shebbeare, a violent political scribbler, who had been twice imprisoned, and had once exhibited himself in the pillory for libel, was pensioned by Lord Bute at the same time as the lexicographer. "The king has pensioned a *He-bear* and a *She-bear*," wrote a wicked wag in one of the newspapers. Thomas Sheridan, the elocutionist, whose exertions in tuition Johnson compared to "burning a farthing candle at

Dover to show fight at Calais," afterwards received a similar favour. "What! have they given *him* a pension?" growled the sage. "Then it is time I relinquished mine." This was one of those stones that Johnson was accustomed to throw at random, in the belief that it hurt no man to have harsh things said of him; but it hit Sheridan so hard that he never forgave the insult. Long afterwards Johnson sent a message by Boswell, expressing a desire to see his old acquaintance, and shake him by the hand; but Sheridan did not respond,—and once, when invited to dine at a friend's house, went off in a huff on hearing that the Doctor was an expected guest; though Johnson had added to his splenetic outburst the mollifying words, "However, I am glad that Mr. Sheridan has a pension, for he is a very good man." The wounds of affection are hard to heal; but those of vanity fester longest.

BOSWELL MAKES JOHNSON'S ACQUAINTANCE.

It was when Johnson had arrived at this haven of rest, and had bid adieu once and for all to duns and sordid cares, that he met his fate in the shape of his biographer, Boswell, who was introduced to him by worthy Mr. Thomas Davies, once the actor "who mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone," according to Churchill, the satirist,—afterwards a bookseller at 8, Russell Street, Covent Garden,—ultimately an author, and a very indifferent one. Boswell, who had an inveterate hankering for acquaintance with any celebrity—Paoli, the Corsican, or Jack Wilkes, or Churchill, or Tom Paine, it was all the same to him—had long been pestering Davies to bring about a meeting between himself and one whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent,—and at length, on the memorable 16th of May, 1763, a day to be marked with a white stone in the Boswellian annals, as Boswell was drinking tea in the back parlour of Russell Street, with Davies, the stalwart form of the great lexicographer was seen stalking through the shop towards them. "Look, my lord, it comes!" cried the theatrical Davies, in the words of Horatio in Hamlet. Boswell was in a flutter, and, knowing Johnson's prejudice against North Britons alike in human or in newspaper form, whispered an injunction to Davies to conceal his nationality; whereupon that waggish bibliopole introduced him as Mr. Boswell, from Scotland. Of course, Boswell, better at a blunder than Goldsmith himself, made matters worse by stammering out, "Mr. Johnson, I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." This wise speech brought upon him the retort, "That,

sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help;" which stroke, Boswell assures us, "stunned him a good deal." Altogether, in this first interview, poor Bozzy did not escape being clawed by the he-bear, though he had his own obtrusive toadyism to thank for what he received. Boswell himself relates the circumstances with a serene unconsciousness of the light in which he was exhibiting himself, which is exceedingly amusing. "What do you think of Garrick?" said Johnson, addressing himself to Davies. "He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he *knows* the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." "Eager to take any opportunity to get into conversation with him," writes the obsequious Boswell with refreshing frankness, "I ventured to say, 'O sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.' Now it was one of Johnson's peculiarities that he would allow no one to abuse "his little Davy" but himself, and he was down upon Master Boswell in an instant. "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." "Perhaps I deserved this check," continues Boswell, "for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified." But Boswell stood his ground, nevertheless; and was consoled by Davies's observing, as he let him out at the door, in reply to Bozzy's rueful complaints of the "hard blows" he had received, "Don't be uneasy; I can see he likes you very well."

How Boswell lost no time in improving an acquaintance thus auspiciously begun—how he called upon Johnson in the Temple a few days afterwards, and being asked to stay, modestly said, "Sir, I am afraid that I intrude upon you—it is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you,"—whereat the sage, not impervious to compliment, was evidently pleased, and asked Boswell to come again, which Boswell accordingly did—how Johnson informed his visitor that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom returned till two in the morning (his pension having made him *lazier* than ever)—how the two supped at the *Mitre* in Fleet Street, and the ingenious Boswell proceeded to lay his innermost thoughts open to the sage—whereupon the latter, appreciating the honest admiration in which the confidence arose, suddenly reached across to his delighted companion, and roared out, ("called with-

warmth," Boswell says,) "Give me your hand—I have taken a liking to you;" and how a life-long friendship was thus struck between these two men, so different from each other,—all these things are recorded with loving fidelity in Boswell's inimitable life of his hero. On this particular night the young man fairly boiled over with enthusiasm. "It is very good in you," he said, "to allow me to be with you thus. Had it been foretold to me some years ago, that I should pass an evening with the author of the 'Rambler,' how should I have exulted!" What I then expressed was sincerely from the heart. Johnson was satisfied that it was, and cordially answered, "Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings, and mornings, too, together;" whereupon they finished a couple of bottles of port, and sat till between one and two in the morning.

JOHNSON'S CONVERSATIONS; HIS POLITICAL OPINIONS.

This was only the first of many entertainments at the theatre and elsewhere, at which Boswell was only too glad to pick up and carry home for insertion in his humorous journal every word of wisdom, or sophistry, or petulance, or downright rudeness that fell from the lips of the "great cham." It was enough that Johnson had said a thing, for Boswell to flutter down upon it as a pigeon upon a pea. Even his Scottish patriotism does not prevent him from recording the hard things Johnson said about "Caledonia stern and wild." A Mr. Ogilvie, at one of those Mitre suppers had chosen to launch out in the praises of his native country, its fertility, etc. Driven at last into a corner by the contradiction of Goldsmith, who, having studied at Edinburgh, claimed to know something of the country, he took refuge in the impregnable position that Scotland certainly had a great many noble wild prospects. But the tremendous Johnson came swooping down upon him with his satirical lance in rest. "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England." "An unexpected and pointed sally," Boswell calls it, and rewarded with a roar of applause. It was rather cheap wit, to come from "my illustrious friend."

In politics Johnson was, as has been said, a high Tory, and moreover the highest of high churchmen. But his Jacobitism was of a theoretical and cloudy nature, and for practical

politics he cared very little; his expressed opinion being that he would not give half a guinea to live under one government rather than another. "I cannot now curse the House of Hanover," he said with a smile, after accepting his pension, "nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me the money to pay for. But, sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year." His anger, however, was violently excited, when any one talked of the necessity of standing up for the liberty of the people, or of preserving a balance against the crown. When Sir Adam Ferguson took up this line of argument, Johnson, after rudely denouncing his antagonist as "a vile whig," exclaimed, "Why all this jealousy of the power of the crown? The crown has not power enough." It was a favourite theory of his, that the effects of good or bad government did not penetrate so low down as among the mass of the people. "What Frenchman," he unaccountably exclaimed, "is prevented from living as he pleases?" Yet very little personal observation of the French peasantry and their condition at that time, when the great chaos of the Revolution was at hand, might have convinced him that governments have an influence in making a nation happy or the reverse. He was angry at any assumption by women of public or prominent positions, and highly applauded young Richard Brinsley Sheridan for not allowing his first wife, the beautiful Miss Linley, to display her musical talents in public after their marriage. When Boswell told him how he had heard a woman preach at a quaker's meeting, "Sir," said Johnson, "a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

HIS INTERCOURSE WITH BOSWELL, AND WITH THE THRALES.

That his liking for Boswell, even at an early stage of their acquaintance, was real, he proved by accompanying his worshipper to Harwich, where the young man was to embark for Holland, to pursue his law studies at Utrecht. "I must see thee out of England; I will accompany you as far as Harwich," he cried, to Bozzy's infinite delight; and he was as good as his word, and a very agreeable travelling companion he made, entering freely into conversation with an old lady in the stage-coach, confessing that he had been an idle fellow all his life, and introducing Boswell to her notice as one who rivalled him in

that particular. "On this journey he astonished his fellow-traveller by the "outward and visible signs" by which he evinced his enjoyment of his meals, in spite of the essay he had written in the "Rambler" against "gulosity." "I never knew," says his biographer, "any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, until he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intemperance, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled. . . . Johnson, though he could be rigidly *abstemious*, was not a *temperate* man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately."

The University of Dublin in 1764 sent him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which he acknowledged in a very courtly letter to Dr. Leland. He had by this time quitted the Temple, and was living in a house in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street. To Boswell he has humorously described himself as "Johnson of that ilk."

A source of great social enjoyment to Johnson for many years was his intimacy with the Thrale family. Mr. Thrale was a wealthy brewer, the predecessor of Barclay and Perkins, of Southwark, which borough he represented in Parliament; and both he and the lively agreeable half-learned lady, his wife, made the sage quite at home in their house at Southwark and at Streatham Park, where a room was always kept in readiness for him. This pleasant family intercourse was the more desirable for him, as his constitutional melancholy returned at times with such force as to drive him almost to despair. One occasion in particular is recorded, when worthy Mr. Thrale, coming by chance to visit Johnson in London, found him upon his knees in an agony of despairing supplication, accusing himself of such things that the kindly visitor put his hand in horror over the poor hypochondriac's mouth, and insisted on carrying him off, there and then, to the healthier atmosphere of Streatham. For fifteen years did the pleasant friendship continue, without interruption. Then Thrale died, and it was found that he had named Johnson as one of his executors. The brewery was sold for a hundred and thirteen thousand pounds. Mrs. Thrale afterwards married Signor Piozzi, an Italian musician, to the somewhat comical horror of her friends, especially of Miss Fanny Burney, whose edifying expressions of disgust at Mrs. Thrale's throwing herself away on a

member of the musical profession are somewhat ludicrous, from the fact that her own father was maintaining his family by hard work as a teacher of music—Signor Piozzi's profession. Mrs. Piozzi, after Johnson's death, published an amusing little book of "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson," for which Boswell, who considered this as poaching on his domain, fell foul of her, and wicked Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar) made fun of them both in a poem entitled "Bozzy and Piozzi."

THE EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE; HIS REPARTEE.

Some years previously Johnson had undertaken to bring out an edition of Shakespeare's works, with notes, and a biography. The task was not in all respects a congenial one to him, and his constitutional indolence delayed its completion year after year, and a good deal of money had been paid in the form of subscriptions, Johnson having promised that the book should be published before Christmas, 1757.

"He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes your cash, but where's the book?"

wrote malignant Churchill; and at last, *nine years* after the time first arranged, the book made its appearance. To a bookseller's assistant who, on paying him some subscriptions for this work, ventured to express surprise that Dr. Johnson did not make a memorandum for a list of subscribers, he replied "that he should not print a list of subscribers, for two reasons—the first, that he had lost all the names; and the second, that he had spent all the money." Of the readiness of his repartee, in which, however, he did not always consider the feelings of his interlocutors, the following is a good instance: "You know, sir," said an advocate for the wine cup to him, "drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink for that reason?" "Yes, sir," replied Johnson, "if he sat next you." He could, indeed, seldom resist the opportunity of saying a smart thing, especially by way of reply; and Boswell, in his literal obtuseness, often chronicles as the doctor's deliberate opinions, what may probably have been only thrown out for the sake of saying a good thing. Thus Master Bozzy, who himself seldom contributed anything to the conversation, but an echo of the sayings of others, of Johnson in particular, on one occasion chose to lament "that Goldsmith would, upon every occasion, endeavour to shine, by which he often exposed himself." Langton mentioned Addison's reply to a lady who rallied him on his taciturnity: "Madam,

I have but ninepence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds." "I observed," says self-complacent Boswell, that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet; but not content with that, was always taking out his purse." "Yes, sir," said Johnson, "and that so often an empty purse." Now, though Johnson loved a joke at Goldy's expense, this could never have been his deliberate opinion of his friend's conversation. He knew the author of the "Traveller" better than that. Boswell once rallied him on being hard on a certain political lady writer. "I have not been severe upon her," said Johnson. "Yes, sir," persisted Boswell, "you have made her ridiculous." "That was already done, sir," cried Johnson. "To endeavour to make her ridiculous is like blacking a chimney."

THE JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES.

Johnson was essentially a London man. As he himself expressed it, "the high tide of life was found at Charing Cross." A walk down Fleet Street had greater charms for him than a ramble through the most magnificent scenery; though he described the exhilaration of fast travelling in a post-chaise as realizing his most complete idea of happiness. But Boswell managed to inflame him with a desire to visit not only the Highlands of Scotland, but the remote Hebrides. For some years the project remained unfulfilled; but Boswell was a persevering man. "I knew that if he were once launched from the metropolis, he would go forward very well," he sagely remarked, "and I got our common friends there to assist in setting him afloat." In 1773 the vision of Boswell was realized, and he was in the seventh heaven of exultation when his ponderous idol actually arrived in Edinburgh. He bore him off to his own house, and Mrs. Boswell sedulously prepared the tea-board in readiness for the distinguished visitor, who in a critique on a work by Jonas Hanway, the despiser of tea, had declared himself "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for twenty years diluted his meals with the infusion of this fascinating plant."

Here it was that Boswell declared his little four months' old baby Veronica should have five hundred pounds of additional fortune because Johnson was pleased with her, and "she would be held close to him: which was a proof from single nature, that his figure was not horrid." On this journey Johnson, on the whole, behaved very well. He was much flattered by the respect shown to him by such men as Robertson, the historian, and Adam Smith, the author of the

"Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," and Adam Ferguson. He was much impressed with the novelty of the scenes through which he travelled, and put up good-humouredly enough with the inconveniences of the journey. Of course he could not give up the sport of teasing Boswell about Scotland; that would have been too much to ask; but he kept criticism within the bounds of good-humour. "I told him," says Boswell, who had been pointing out the beauties of the Firth of Forth, "that the port here was the mouth of the river or water of Leith." "Not *Lethe*," said Mr. Naime. "Why, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "when a Scotchman sets out from this port for England, he forgets his native country." Naime—"I hope, sir, you will forget England here." Johnson—"Then it will be still more *Lethe*."

During this memorable journey Boswell had an opportunity, dear to his ravenous vanity, of shining with a kind of reflected lustre, caught from the "great lexicographer," and sometimes he rather overdid it, to his own grievous discomfiture and perturbation. If Boswell was on many occasions too anxious to trot out his "illustrious friend," and to exhibit Johnson to an admiring company much as a self-satisfied showman might exhibit the tricks of a dancing bear, he had himself to thank for the fact that his bear did not always, like the Bruin mentioned in Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," dance to the genteelst of tunes, "but sometimes gave the showman a moral flap with his paw, or a hug that astonished him." Witness that memorable day when, the sage's digestion being probably out of order, poor Boswell had been even more inquisitive than usual, with the view of extracting information from the great lexicographer. A Roman spectator in a circus would undoubtedly have cried "habet" to see the punishment the unhappy victim of the "disease of admiration" received on that occasion. "Sir," roared Johnson, "I will not be put to the question! Do you not consider, sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with 'what' and 'why?' What is this? What is that? Why is a cow's tail long? Why is a fox's tail bushy?" "Why, sir, you are so good, that I venture to trouble you," urged Boswell. "Sir, my being so good is no reason why you should be so ill," was the retort of the unmollified Johnson. "Sit down, sir," was his gruff injunction on another occasion, when Boswell had come behind his chair at dinner, to catch the words of wisdom. "Running about at meals!"

EFFECTS OF TRAVEL ON HIS OPINIONS; HIS TIMIDITY AWAY FROM HOME.

During this memorable tour, however, Johnson learnt much; and, indeed, became possessed of an uneasy, but by no means an unwholesome feeling, that he had been all his life inclined to judge things by too narrow a standard, and that it would have advantaged him had he been, to use a learned expression of his own, more *peregrinate*, and less governed by stay-at-home prejudices. Still he now and then did battle for his beloved metropolis, though he did not fail to note in others the deficiency of which he was but half conscious in himself. When told that Mrs. Macsweyn, the obliging landlady of the island of Col, had never been on the mainland, he remarked, "This is being rather behindhand with life. I would at least go and see Glenelg." But when Boswell reminded him that he himself had never seen anything beyond his native island, the sage replied, "But, sir, by seeing London, I have seen as much of life as the world can show." He evidently became aware, however, of the numerous things, no farther off than the Hebrides, not included in his philosophy. When Boswell, according to his custom, bustled about in his fussy manner, on their preparing to cross to Mull, Johnson very promptly rebuked him for rushing to and fro in his usual purposeless fashion. "It does not hasten us a bit," growled the sage. "It is getting on horseback in a ship. All boys do it; and you are longer a boy than others." He would not by any means relinquish his privilege of quizzing Bozzy's country and countrymen. When he was in the mood, he would jeer at the Scots, until even Boswell's patience was tried. One of these fits of railing came upon him on the passage in Ulinish's boat to Talisker. He declared of the Scots that "they had hardly any trade, any money, or any elegance, before the Union," until which time he declared they had been like savages, who had not yet come into contact with a civilized people. "We have taught you," said he, "and we'll do the same in time to all barbarous nations; to the Cherokees, and at last to the Ouran-outangs," and he laughed as gleefully as if Lord Monboddo, he of the "tailed-men" theory, had been by to hear. Poor Boswell was obliged to take very low ground, in the effort to defend his countrymen; but Johnson, in his contradictory mood, would admit nothing, not even that the Scots had the means of fuddling themselves, until the union with England in 1707 admitted them to that privilege. "We had wine before the union,"

urged poor Boswell. "No, sir," cried Johnson, "you had some weak stuff, the refuse of France, which would not make you drunk." "I assure you, sir," persisted the patriotic heir of Auchinlech "there was a great deal of drunkenness" (which, by the way, was not likely to become extinct so long as Boswell himself lived). "No, sir," roared the incorrigible contradictor, "there were people, who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk."

It was strange to see how timid the untravelled man was amid new and strange scenes, and how he clung to Boswell, on whom he now depended, even while he patronised him. At Glenelg, when they were proceeding towards the inn, at evening, Boswell thought of riding forward to have everything ready for the great man, who was jogging meditatively onward, with three men in attendance upon him. "I thought," writes Boswell, "there could be no harm in leaving him for a little while. He called me with a tremendous shout, and was really in a passion with me for leaving him. I told him my intentions, but he was not satisfied, and said, 'Do you know I should as soon have thought of picking a pocket as doing so?' 'I am diverted with you, sir,' cried Boswell. 'Sir, I could never be diverted with incivility,' was the sage's retort; 'doing such a thing makes one lose confidence in the man who has done it, as one cannot tell what he may do next.'" And poor Boswell, who had simply intended to see to his illustrious friend's accommodation, when he tried once more to defend himself, had to swallow the following additional piece of civility:—"Sir, had you gone on, I was thinking that I should have returned with you to Edinburgh, and then have parted from you, and never spoken to you more." The "I should have returned with you to Edinburgh" before the final parting is delicious. But persevering Bozzy made his peace; and the sage condescended to say, "Let's think no more on't," and to own that he had spoken in a passion. He was not very gentle to those who, like Sir Allan Maclean, tried to vaunt the grand rocks and lakes of the "land of the mountain and the flood," as a compensation for the paucity of fertile soil. "Your country consists of two things," he said, "stone and water. There is, indeed, a little earth above the stone in some places, but a very little; and the stone is always appearing. It is like a man in rags; the naked skin is always peeping out."

His Jacobitism, which, though softened by lapse of time, was always an ardent feeling with him, was gratified by an introduction to

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

the celebrated Flora Macdonald, who aided so materially in the escape of the young chevalier, Charles Edward, after the fatal day of Culloden. She was "a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred," according to Boswell's account; and Johnson, with considerable satisfaction, occupied the very bed in which the unfortunate grandson of James II. had slept in 1746, when a reward of thirty thousand pounds had been offered for his capture.

Boswell chronicled every event of this famous tour in a journal which he published a year or two afterwards. Writing to his friend and future biographer, Johnson says in 1775: "Mrs. Thrale was so entertained with your journal (which Boswell had sent to her in manuscript), that she almost read herself blind." He had somewhat discomposed Mrs. Boswell, during his Scottish visit, with his uncouth ways, and had a lurking idea, none the less real, because he made it the subject of jest, that he did not stand very high in that lady's good graces. "Of Mrs. Boswell," he writes, "though she knows in her heart she does not love me, I am always glad to hear any good, and hope that she and the dear little ladies will have neither sickness nor any other affliction. But she knows that she does not care what becomes of me, and for that she may be sure that I think her very much to blame."

JOHNSON'S LOVE OF PRAISE; THE AMBASSADOR.

That the great Johnson was not indifferent to praise, though he professed himself impenetrable to censure, is shown by many passages in Boswell's book. Very characteristic is the anecdote respecting the foreign translation of the "Rambler." It shows, in an amusing way, a harmless weakness of the sage, and is told in the author's best style of narration, with an utter unconsciousness that he is exhibiting his hero in a ludicrous light. "A foreign minister," says Boswell, "of no very high talents, who had been in the company for a considerable time, quite overlooked, happened luckily to mention that he had read some of his 'Rambler' in Italian, and admired it much. This pleased Johnson greatly. He observed that the title had been translated 'Il Genio Errante,' though I have been told it was rendered, more ludicrously, 'Il Vagabundo;' and finding that this minister gave such a proof of his taste, he was all attention to him, and on the first remark which he made, however simple, exclaimed, 'The ambassador says well; his Excellency observes—' and then he expanded and enriched the little that had been said in so strong

a manner that it appeared something of consequence. This was exceedingly entertaining to the company who were present, and many a time afterwards it furnished a pleasant topic of merriment. 'The ambassador says well,' became a laughable term of applause, when no weighty matter had been expressed."

THE BOLT COURT HOUSE AND ITS INMATES.

Not long after the tour to the Hebrides we find Johnson installed in his house in Bolt Court, which he continued to inhabit to the day of his death. He was thus faithful to the last to his beloved Fleet Street; and, as in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," the migrations of the Primrose family seldom extended beyond a change from the blue room to the brown, so were those of Johnson confined to a move from the south side of Fleet Street to the north, or from one court "of that ilk" to another. A good man he certainly was, kindly affectionate towards the weak and dependent, and willing to bear on those broad sturdy shoulders of his the burdens of the weak. Thus, in his house in Bolt Court he had quite an assemblage of pensioners, whose only claim upon him was one of old acquaintance, with perhaps the added fact that no one but he would put up with them. There was blind Mrs. Williams, who wrote verses after a fashion, and insisted on publishing them in a miscellany, and who must have sorely tired his patience. "For several years," says polite Boswell, "her temper had not been complacent." But Johnson had nothing but kindness for her while she lived, and kindly regret when she died. "Thou thy weary task hast done," he writes; "home-art gone to take thy wages." There was old Mr. Levett, the broken-down surgeon, who must also on many accounts have been a tiresome inmate; but Johnson saw the good that was in this uncouth, taciturn, illiterate Robert Levett. "He was an old and a faithful friend," he wrote in his diary; "a few days after Levett had died suddenly in the Bolt Court house that had been his asylum for many years. 'I have known him from about '46. *Commendavi.* May God have mercy on him. May He have mercy on me.' And in some simple verses he composed on his humble friend's death, the old sage pays a noble tribute to Levett's memory. He tells of the humble apothecary, the *poor man's doctor*, who had done what he could:

"His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure, the eternal Master found
His single talent well employed."

Then, among those who experienced his active benevolence must not be forgotten his black servant, Frank—*Mr. Francis Barber*, as Boswell ceremoniously calls him. For many years this Frank was treated by his master rather as a humble friend than as a menial. When Master Frank, who once took it into his head to go off to sea, had found out that there was more rope's-ending than glory to be got by a common sailor on one of His Majesty's ships of war, and was heartily tired of his bargain, Johnson interested himself to get the discharge of the poor credulous negro; and he received Frank back into his service when that gentleman, a free man once more, through his old master's humane intervention, came back to him, grinning rucfully; and he sent black Frank to school; and he left the bulk of the little property he possessed to the same "Frank," who was thereby made independent for life. Any one who would understand how kind a heart beat in the bosom of this rough, dictatorial, overbearing man, has only to read the letters he wrote to "My dear Frank," while that sable worthy was at school—how kindly he advises him as to his studies and conduct, with a whimsically paternal benevolence, as if he were writing to a schoolboy of twelve or thirteen. Then there was Mrs. Desmoulins, without any claim upon him but that of old acquaintance and "the days of lang syne." Her father, Dr. Swinfer, had been Johnson's godfather. Not only did Johnson allot to her and to her daughter a room in that wonderful Bolt Court house, but allowed her a little pension of half a guinea a week besides. When the old servant who had been with his mother for many years in the old home at Lichfield, lay dying, Johnson went down to see her, knelt by her bedside, and lifted up his great, simple, faithful heart in fervent prayer for the dying woman, who blessed him with her last breath; and when, on one memorable night, he found a wretched girl in almost the last stage of want and misery, fainting on the stones in Fleet Street, he thought no shame bodily to carry the poor forsaken creature into that queer refuge for the destitute of his in Bolt Court; and he laid her in his own bed, and, like the Good Samaritan, provided tendance for her, and comfort in her deep distress; and then, mindful of the Shakespearian aphorism, "'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, but to support him after," he procured for this desolate one the means of earning a honest livelihood. But even a four-footed denizen of Bolt Court was included in the scheme of his benevolence. "I never shall forget," says Boswell, "the indulgence with

which he treated Hodge, his cat, for whom he used himself to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature." And thereupon garrulous Boswell continues, always ready to tell the reader something about his noble self, "I am unluckily one of those who have an antipathy to a cat, so that I am uneasy when in the room with one; and I own I frequently suffered a good deal from the presence of the same Hodge. I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend, smiling, and half whistling, rubbed down his back, and pulled him by the tail; and when I observed he was a fine cat, saying, 'Why, yes, sir; but I have had cats whom I liked better than this;' and then, as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, 'But he is a very fine cat—a very fine cat indeed.' This reminds me of a ludicrous account he gave Mr. Langton, of the despicable state of a young gentleman of good family. 'Sir, when I heard of him last, he was running about town shooting cats.' And then, in a sort of kindly reverie, he bethought himself of his own favourite cat, and said, 'But Hodge shan't be shot; no, no, Hodge shall not be shot.'" Boswell certainly noted down very trivial circumstances and sayings, when Johnson was his theme; but who would like him to have omitted them?

WOLCOT'S PICTURE OF JOHNSON; LIVES OF POETS; JOHNSON'S LAST DAYS.

A characteristic sketch from a very different pen displays the doctor in a ludicrous but not an unkindly aspect. The whimsical satirist, Dr. Wolcot, who, under the assumed name of Peter Pindar, made himself formidable to the court, and especially the royal family, by his poetical strictures on their manners and actions, gives a humorous picture of Johnson's appearance in his later days. This is what the satirist has to say of the sage:

"Methinks I view his full plain suit of brown,—
The large grey bushy wig that graced his crown,
Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
And shirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
I mark the brown great coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold!)
Would fairly both his dictionaries hold."

Of his later works, by far the most important was the series of short biographies, known as the "Lives of the Poets." Here, as elsewhere, we wonder that a man who could do such great

things, should occasionally stoop to such little ones. Sir Walter Scott talks of this work as "executed with a degree of critical force and talent which has seldom been concentrated;" and, indeed, it may be safely said that these lines will amply repay attentive and careful reading. But it must not be forgotten that Johnson sometimes let his prejudices run away with him. The criticism of the high churchman and Jacobite upon the puritan and republican Milton is ludicrously unjust; nor can the man who considered Gray 'a barren-spirited fellow,' and who dismisses Collins with a few words of very faint praise, be considered an altogether safe guide in the discrimination of excellence. "His life of Milton," says Prescott, the American author, "is a humiliating testimony of the power of political and religious prejudice, to warp a great and good mind from the standard of truth."

Sir Egerton Brydges has left a valuable piece of criticism concerning Johnson's merits as a judge of poets and poetry: "Wherever understanding alone is sufficient for poetical criticism," he says, "the decisions of Johnson are generally right. But the beauties of poetry must be felt before their causes are investigated. There is a poetical sensibility, which in the progress of the mind becomes as distinct a power as a musical ear or a picturesque eye. Without a considerable degree of this sensibility, it is as vain for a man of the greatest understanding to speak of the higher beauties of poetry, as it is for a blind man to speak of colours. To adopt the warmest sentiments of poetry, to realize its boldest imagery, to yield to every impulse of enthusiasm, to submit to the illusions of fancy, to retire with the poet into his ideal worlds, were dispositions wholly foreign from the worldly sagacity and stern shrewdness of Johnson."

The last scene of all, that ended the strange and not uneventful history of a life prolonged five years beyond the allotted threescore and ten, was certainly not the second childishness and mere oblivion that fell upon the gigantic intellect of Swift. Among the characteristics of Johnson had been a dark and ever-haunting dread of death, and a tendency to cling to life even amid circumstances of pain and sorrow. As the great change approached, however, his mind became clear and calm, and the mist of doubt and apprehension rolled away, leaving an

evening sunlight of peace around the good man's dying bed. Boswell was away in Scotland, and strangely enough, Johnson does not seem to have mentioned him in his last illness; but the numerous friends who were in town were assiduous in attendance, and the dying man received their visits with evident pleasure. The statesman Wyndham, Hoole, the translator of Tasso, kind, affectionate Bennet Langton, sat by him; but the visits he most valued were those of Edmund Burke. "I am afraid, sir, such a number of us may be oppressive to you," Burke observed. "No, sir," replied Johnson, "it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state indeed, when your company would not be a delight to me." "My dear sir," said the orator, with tears in his eyes, and in his trembling voice, "you have always been too good to me." Bishop Horne has well remarked that though consciousness of superiority might sometimes induce him to carry it high with man,—but even this was much abated during the latter part of his life,—his devotions showed how humbly at all times he walked with his God. When, in reply to his urgent request for a "direct answer" as to whether he could recover, his physician, Dr. Brocklesby, informed him that the end was near: "Then," he replied, "I will take no more physic, not even my opiates, for I have prayed, that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." "Full of resignation, strengthened in faith, and joyful in hope," is the account written by one of his friends to another, telling of Johnson's last hours. "Attend, Francis, to the salvation of your soul, which is the object of greatest importance," was his admonition to his faithful servant—and an emphatic "God bless you, my dear," in reply to a young lady, an intimate friend, who begged the good man's blessing, were the last words he uttered in this world, before passing into the presence of the Master—so peacefully, that those who watched in that quiet room knew not the moment when the quiet slumber became the sleep of death.

"He has made," wrote Gerard Hamilton, who had known him intimately for thirty years, "a chasm which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead. Let us go on to the next best—there is nobody; no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson."

H. W. D.



DANTE,

THE FIRST AND GREATEST OF ITALIAN POETS.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY way of introduction to this sketch of the life of the author of the *Divine Comedy* we cannot do better than quote the following lines from Carlyle's "Lectures on Heroes":—

"In this Dante, the silent centuries, in a very

strange way, found a voice. The *Divina Commedia* is of Dante's writing, yet, in truth, it belongs to ten Christian centuries; only the finishing of it is Dante's. . . . Dante is the spokesman of the middle ages; the thought they lived by stands here in everlasting music. These sublime

ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian meditation of all the good men who had gone before him. Precious they; but also is not *he* precious? Much, had not he spoken, would have been dumb; not dead, yet living voiceless.

"Dante speaks to the noble, the pure, and the great in all times and places. He burns as a pure star, fixed there in the firmament, at which the great and the high of all ages kindle themselves: he is the possession of all the chosen of the world for uncounted time."

Of all poets who have ever lived, Dante is one of the few about whose eminence there is no dispute. His life, too, is more picturesque than that of almost any other. Where can we find such another colossal solitary figure? and what match have we in the shape of deep affection for his life-long worship of Beatrice?

THE POET'S BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

Dante, or Durante Alighieri, was born at Florence, in May, 1265. By a familiar contraction of his Christian name, Durante, he was called Dante, by which name he has become generally known.

His family was noble; he was a great grandson of Cacciaquida Elisci, who married a lady of the family of Alighieri of Ferrara, and whose children assumed the arms and the name of their mother. Cacciaquida accompanied the Emperor Conrad III. in his crusade, was made a knight, and died in battle in 1147. In the *Divina Commedia*, Cacciaquida is made to relate to Dante his adventures, together with an interesting account of the state of Florence, and the primitive manners of its citizens in his time, before the breaking out of the great feud between the Guelphs and the Guibelines.

Dante's father died while he was but a child. By the advice, however, of his surviving relations, and with the assistance of an able preceptor, Brunetto Latini, he applied himself closely to polite literature and other liberal studies, at the same time that he omitted no pursuit necessary for the accomplishment of a manly character, and mixed with the youth of his age in all honourable and noble exercises.

"His education," says Mr. Carlyle, "was the best then going: much school divinity, Aristotelian logic, some Latin classics, no inconsiderable insight into certain provinces of things; and Dante, with his earnest, intelligent nature, learned better than most all that was learnable. He had a clear, cultivated understanding, and of great subtlety; this best fruit of education he had

contrived to realize from these scholastic. He knows accurately and well what lies close to him; but, in such a time, without printed books or free intercourse, he could not well know what was distant; the small, clear light, most luminous for what is near, breaks itself into singular *chiaroscuro* striking on what is far off. This was Dante's learning from the schools."

It is asserted by some that Dante studied at Bologna, though this is not clearly ascertained; it is, however, evident from his works that he had deeply read and was imbued with all the learning of his age.

THE ROMANCE OF BEATRICE.

The first remarkable event of the poet's life, and one which served to colour the whole of his future existence, was his falling in love with Beatrice Portinari, of an illustrious family of Florence. This attachment served to purify his sentiments; the lady herself died about 1290, when Dante was about twenty-five years of age, but he continued to cherish her memory, if we are to judge from his poems, to the latest period of his life. It must have been about or a little before the time of Beatrice's death that he wrote his *Vita Nuova*, which is a series of canzoni intermixed with prose, in which he speaks of his love in a spiritual and platonic strain, and of the change it produced in him, which was the beginning of his "new life."

Dante first met Beatrice Portinari at the house of her father, Folco, on May-day of 1274, when the poet was nine years old. To quote his own words, as translated by Mr. Browning, "Already nine times after my birth the heaven of light had returned as it were to the same point, when there appeared to my eyes the glorious lady of my mind, who was by many called Beatrice, who knew not what to call her. She had already been so long in this life, that already in its time the starry heaven had moved towards the east the twelfth part of a degree; so that she appeared to me about the beginning of her ninth year, and I saw her about the end of my ninth year. Her dress on that day was of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her tender age. At that moment I saw most truly that the spirit of life which bath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith, and in trembling it said these words: 'Ecce dius fortior me qui veniens dominabitur mihi!'"

The poet saw Beatrice but seldom, and she

probably knew little of him. She married Simoni de' Bardi. But the adoration of her lover was more intense for the remoteness of its object.

"There is not one word," remarks Mrs. Oliphant, "to imply that Dante ever had the courage to speak of love to Beatrice herself, or to aspire to any return of it from one whom he felt to be far above him. She knew it, as women still, in less romantic days, know now and then of the silent devotion of some man, too young, or too poor, or too humble, even to approach them more nearly. The sentiment is not obsolete, though it has never produced another *Vita Nuova*. It is love in its highest and most beautiful sense, but it is incompatible with any idea of marrying or asking in marriage; and even the pang with which the lover sees his lady another man's bride is rather a wounded sense of some lessening of her perfection thereby, than the ordinary pangs of jealousy. This is, of course, a sentiment incomprehensible to many minds, but it is not the less a real one on that account."

THE FACTIONS OF FLORENCE.

The party of the Guelphs was, in the early part of Dante's life, predominant at Florence, having some years before driven away the Guibelines, with the assistance of the pope and of Charles of Anjou, king of Naples. But in the neighbouring city of Arezzo the contrary had occurred; the Guibelines, with the bishop at their head, being the stronger party, had turned the Guelphs out of the town.

It may be observed that the names of these two rival factions, which in their origin designated the respective partisans of the emperors and popes, lost much of their primitive meaning as the quarrel between the church and the empire subsided by the extinction of the house of Suabia. The rivalry, however, between the leading families of each party continued, mutual offences were remembered, and the remembrance was bequeathed from father to son; so that Guelphs and Guibelines were ever ready to fight in every part of Italy, not for the supremacy of church or empire, but for their own municipal superiority in their respective communities; and such was the ambition of domineering that prevailed among the wealthier families, that after the Guelphs had driven the Guibelines out of town, or *vice versa*, the leaders of the party that remained in possession of the place began to quarrel among themselves, and it not unfrequently happened that some of them courted the

assistance of the emigrant rival faction against their own colleagues. This occurred among other instances at Florence in 1280, when Bonaccorso degli Adimari, one of the Guelph leaders, connected himself by marriage with the Guibeline count, Guido Novello, which led to a temporary truce between the two parties.

But the Guelphs soon after began to persecute the Guibelines again. The usual fate of the losing party in such cases was exile, with confiscation of property, and in case of armed opposition to or contravention of this sentence, torture and death were freely awarded, and the houses of the obnoxious individuals were not unfrequently set on fire or razed to the ground. The Guelphs of Arezzo being driven out of their town applied to those of Florence for assistance. This led to a war between Florence and Arezzo, in which the Guibelines of the latter place were defeated at Campoldino in June, 1289, when their bishop was killed.

Dante was present at this engagement, and soon after his return to Florence he married Gemma Donati, of a powerful Guelph family. The violence of her temper, however, proved a source of the bitterest suffering to him, and in the *Inferno*, where he makes one of the characters say—

"Me my wife,
Of savage temper more than ought beside,
Hath to this evil brought,"

no doubt his own conjugal unhappiness was forcibly present to his mind. It has been suggested, however, that political animosity might have had some share in his domestic quarrels; for his wife was a kinswoman of Corso Donati, one of the most formidable as he was one of the most inveterate of his opponents.

TAKING PART IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

He now became a candidate for civic honours and offices. The citizens of Florence were classed into three ranks:—1st, *grandi*, or old families, formerly feudal nobles, many of whom had still feudal estates in various parts of the country, though in the town they enjoyed by law no exclusive privilege; 2nd, *popolani grassi*, or substantial citizens, men who had risen by trade, and many of whom were wealthier than the nobles; 3rd, *piccioli*, or inferior tradespeople, artisans, etc. The last two classes, weary of disturbances created by faction, and being directed by some well-meaning men, among whom was Dino Compagni the chronicler, who is the safest guide through this part of Florentine his

tory, had made a law in 1282, by which the citizens, being classed according to their trades—the higher trades, “*arti maggiori*”—chose six priors, or aldermen, one for each district of the city, who were called also “*i signori*,” and constituted the executive. They were renewed every two months. No one could aspire to office who had not his name inscribed on the register of one of the trades. Dante enrolled his name on the register of physicians and apothecaries, though he never exercised that profession.

The institution of the priors did not prevent the town being distracted by factions as before, as those magistrates often availed themselves of their brief term of office to favour their friends and court favour with the wealthier citizens. To remedy this, the popular party, led by Giano della Bella in 1293, elected a new officer, called *Gonfaloniere di Giustizia*, who was to enforce order and justice, and gave him a guard of 1000 soldiers; they also excluded for ever thirty-three families of the *grandi*, or nobles, from political office. But a conspiracy of the wealthy families drove away Giano della Bella and his adherents in 1294, and the town again fell a prey to factions.

Two powerful families, the Donati and the Cerchi, were at the head of the contending parties, and affrays between their respective partisans occurred repeatedly in the streets of Florence. Both were Guelphs, but the Cerchi were suspected of a bias in favour of the Guibelines, because they were less rigorous in enforcing the penal laws against the latter; and they had also for them the friends of the unjustly expelled Giano della Bella. The Pope, Boniface VIII., favoured the Donati as being zealous Guelphs. About this time the town of Pistoia was likewise divided between two factions, called Bianchi and Neri, which originated with two branches of the family of Cancellieri. The Florentines being applied to as arbitrators, several of the more violent partisans were exiled from Pistoia, and came to Florence, where the Bianchi became connected with the Cerchi, and the Neri with the Donati, and from these connections the two Florentine parties assumed the respective names of Bianchi and Neri. Both, as we have said above, were branches of the great Guelph party then predominant at Florence; but afterwards the Bianchi in their reverses joined the Guibelines, with whom they have been often confounded by subsequent writers.

It is necessary to bear these things in mind, in order to understand the history and the political sentiments of Dante. Dante was a Guelph, and

connected in marriage with the Donati, the leaders of the Neri. But he was also connected by personal friendship, and perhaps also by a feeling of equity, with the Bianchi, who appear to have shown themselves from the first less overbearing and violent than their antagonists, and to have been in fact the injured party.

TROUBLOUS TIMES.

Dante being made one of the priors in June of the year 1300, from this exaltation our poet dated the cause of all his subsequent misfortunes in life. Dante now proposed and carried a law by which the chiefs of both parties were exiled for a time out of the territory of the republic. The Bianchi were sent to Sarzana, and the Neri to Castel della Pieve. Some of the Bianchi, however, soon after returned to Florence, and Dante was accused of having connived at it, chiefly out of friendship for Guido Cavalcanti, who had suffered from the unwholesome climate of Sarzana, and died soon after his return. The Neri, by their agents at Rome, represented to Boniface VIII. that the Bianchi kept up a communication with the Guibelines of Arezzo, Pisa, and other places, and that if they obtained the preponderance in Florence, they would make common cause with the Colonna, the pope's personal enemies.

Through these suggestions, aided by bribes distributed by the Neri at the Roman court, as Dino says, Boniface was induced to give his support to the Neri, and he sent them Charles de Valois, brother of Philippe le Bel, under the plausible title of peace-maker. Charles entered Florence in November, 1301, followed by 1,200 armed men. Affecting impartiality at first, he let all the Neri return to Florence, followed by the armed peasantry; new priors were made, all favourable to the Neri, and the Bianchi began to be openly attacked in the streets. The Medici, who were already an influential family among the people, killed one of the Bianchi, and no notice was taken of the murder.

A general proscription of the Bianchi now began, connived at by the peace-maker, Charles de Valois. “People were murdered in the street; others were dragged into the houses of their enemies where they were put to the torture in order to extort money from them, their houses were plundered and burnt, their daughters were carried away by force; and when some large house was seen in flames, Charles used to ask, ‘What fire is that?’ and those around him answered him that it was some wretched hovel, whilst in reality it was a rich palace.” The

house of Dante was one of those that were plundered. Dante was at the time at Rome, whither he had been sent by the Bianchi to counteract, if possible, the suggestions of their antagonists.

On hearing the news of the proscription, he hastily left Rome, and joined his fugitive friends at Arezzo. In January, 1302, a sentence was passed condemning him to two years' exile, and a fine of 8000 florins, and in case of non-payment his property to be sequestered. By a second sentence, dated March of the same year, he and others were condemned as *barattieri*, or guilty of malversation, peculation, and usury, to be burnt alive. The sentence was grounded merely on the public report of his guilt, "*fama publica*," which in this case meant the report of his enemies. This curious document was found in the archives of Florence in the last century, and has been transcribed by Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura*, tom. v., part 2, cap. 2.

AN EXILE FROM HOME.

Dante now begins his wanderings, renouncing his Guelf connexions, and intent upon exciting the Guibelines of Italy against his enemies and the oppressors of his country. He appears to have repaired first to Verona, which was then ruled by the family of La Scala, powerful leaders among the Guibelines. But he soon after returned to Tuscany, where the Bianchi and Guibelines now united were gathering their strength in the neighbourhood of Arezzo.

The death of Boniface VIII., in September, 1303, inspired them with fresh hopes. Benedict XI., the new pope, a man of a mild and conciliatory spirit, sent Cardinal de Prato to endeavour to restore peace in Tuscany, but the cardinal was opposed by the ruling faction at Florence, who frightened him out of the town.

Florence was left a prey to anarchy, during which a fire broke out which destroyed 1900 houses, in June, 1304. The Bianchi and Guibelines thought of availing themselves of the confusion to surprise the town; and some of them actually entered one of the gates, but they were badly supported by those outside, and the attempt totally failed. Dante (*Purgatorio* xvii.) censures the want of prudence and concord in the leaders on that occasion. He seems soon after to have left them in disgust, determined to regulate himself in future according to his own judgment. He says himself that "it was difficult to say which of the two contending parties was most in the wrong." (*Paradiso* vi. 102.)

Dante appears to have been at Padua about

1306, and in the following year with the Malaspina, the lords of Lunigiana; he was also at times in the valleys of Casentino, and in the mountains near Arezzo; some say he went afterwards to Paris, and remained there some years; others believe that he did not go to France until after the death of Henry VII., in 1313. But his visit to Paris is very doubtful; though in canto x. of the *Paradiso* he speaks of a certain Sigieri, professor of that university, and designates the street in which he lived.

The poet made an attempt to obtain the revocation of his sentence by writing to his countrymen a pathetic letter beginning with the words, "*Popule mee, quid feci tibi?*" but all to no purpose. The family of Adimari, who had taken possession of his property, opposed his return. Accordingly, in canto xvi. of the *Paradiso*, he has launched a violent invective against them.

The mortification which he underwent during his wanderings will be best described in his own words. In his *Convito*, he speaks of his banishment, and the poverty and distress which attended it, in very touching terms. "Alas!" he says, "had it pleased the Dispenser of the universe that the occasion of this excuse had never existed; that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly—suffered, I say, the punishment of exile and poverty; since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment even to the ripeness of my age; and in which, with her good-will, I desire with all my heart to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth. Wandering over almost every part to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant; showing, against my will, the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving on whom it is inflicted. I have indeed been a vessel without sail and without steorage, carried about to divers ports and roads and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty; and have appeared before the eyes of many, who perhaps from some report that had reached them, had imagined me of a different form, in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well already performed as those which yet remained for me to attempt."

HOPES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

The election of Henry of Luxemburg, or

Henry VII., to the crown of Germany, revived the hopes of Dante, as Henry was preparing to come to Italy in order to assert the long-neglected rights of his predecessors as kings of the Romans. The Guibeline leaders were ready to support his claims as imperial vicars, and the Guibeline cities, such as Pisa, were likewise in his favour. In order to strengthen their zeal, Dante, about 1310, addressed a circular letter "to the kings, dukes, marquises, counts, the senators of Rome, and all the people of Italy, congratulating them on the prospect of happiness for Italy through the ministers of the pious Henry, who will punish the felons who opposed him, and bestow mercy on the repentant," etc.

It was about this time that he wrote his book "De Monarchia," which may be considered as a profession of Guibeline political faith: it asserts the rights of the emperors, as successors of the Cæsars, to the supreme temporal power, entirely independent of the popes, who are the spiritual heads of the Church. This creed was in opposition to the assumed rights of Gregory VII., Innocent III., and other pontiffs, who pretended to be above all crowned heads, and to have the disposal of thrones and principalities, an assumption which the Guelphs favoured in Italy, in order to keep themselves free of the imperial authority. Both parties in fact acknowledged an external superior, although both wished to rule in their respective communities with as little subserviency as possible to the nominal supremacy of either pope or emperor. But there was this difference, that the imperial or Guibeline party was mostly supported by the nobles, especially of North Italy, who styled themselves vicars of the emperor, and was therefore more aristocratic in its spirit, while the Guelphs of Tuscany looked upon the pope chiefly as an auxiliary in time of need, whose temporal interference was less direct, and could be more easily evaded than that of the emperor, so as to admit of a more popular or democratic spirit in their institutions.

Such at least was the theory of the two parties; for in reality the Guelph or popular families formed an aristocracy of wealth as much as the Guibelines were an aristocracy of birth and rank. Dante, in his book, "De Monarchia," is no servile advocate for despotism, for he maintains that sovereigns are made to promote the good of their subjects, and not subjects to serve the ambitious pleasure of their sovereigns. The latter are to rule so as to soothe the wayward passions of men, in order that all may live in peace and brotherly feeling. But still he derives

their authority from God, and he quotes in support of his system, Aristotle, the Scriptures, and the Roman History, agreeably to the scholastic logic of his times. This book, "De Monarchia," was burnt at Bologna, by order of the papal legate, after Dante's death.

Henry VII. came to Italy in 1310, was crowned at Milan as king of Lombardy, and the following year he besieged Cremona, Brescia, and other places. It was about this time that Dante, impatient to see the emperor come into Tuscany to put down the Guelphs, addressed to him an epistle which begins thus: "Sanctissimo triumphatori et domino singulari, domino Henrico, divina Providentia Romanorum regi, semper Augusto, devotissimi sui Dantes Alighierius Florentinus et exul immeritus, ac universaliter omnes Tusci qui pacem desiderant terræ, osculantur pedes." He then entreats the emperor not to tarry any longer on the banks of the Po, but to advance south of the Apennines and put down the spirit of Guelph sedition at Florence, against which he inveighs in no moderate terms, and which, he says, strives to predispose against him the mind of the sovereign pontiff. He speaks of Florence as revolting unnaturally against her parent Rome, for Dante always affects to consider Rome as still the seat of the empire, and Rome and the empire are often employed by him as synonyms. This remarkable epistle, of which we had only an Italian version until the Latin text was discovered in the library of St. Mark, is dated from Tuscia, near the founts of Arno, April, 1311. (*Dantis Alighierii Epistola quæ cecant, cum notis Caroli Witte, Padua, 1827.*)

EXTINGUISHED HOPES; PATRONS AND PROTECTORS.

Henry came into Tuscany, threatened Florence, but without effect, was crowned at Rome, and on his return died suddenly at Buonconvento, near Siena, in August, 1313. This was a terrible blow to the hopes of the Guibelines, and of Dante especially. He now took refuge at Verona, at the court of Cane della Scala, where he appears to have been before, between 1308 and 1310. Cane was hospitable and generous to the Guibeline emigrants, but Dante, with his proud spirit and temper soured by adversity, could ill accommodate himself to the flattery of courts and the flippancy of courtiers, and he is said to have had some unpleasant bickerings with the people about Cane.

With Cane himself, however, he seems to have continued on good terms; he speaks very highly of his hospitality in a passage in his

writings, and there is a cordial letter from him to Cane, written probably in the latter years of his life, in which he dedicates to him his *Paradiso*, the latter part of his great poem, and explains the object of it. He says that he styled it a comedy, because, contrary to the style of tragedy, it begins with sorrow and ends with joy; he distinguishes between the literal and the allegorical sense of his verses, and observes that his poem may be called *polysensuum*, having many meanings. He tells Cane the title of his work: "Incipit Comœdia Dantis Alligherii, Florentini natione non moribus." But the title of the part which he sends to him with the letter is "Incipit Cantica tertia Comœdiæ Dantis quæ dicitur Paradisus." It is evident, from this and other circumstances, that Cane had not seen the rest of the poem; indeed, it is not likely that Dante ever communicated the whole of it to any one during his lifetime, as it would have made it impossible for him to have found refuge anywhere.

After the death of the emperor in 1315, several of Dante's biographers affirm that he made a second journey to Paris, where Boccaccio adds that he held a public disputation on various questions of theology. To what other places he might have roamed during his banishment is very uncertain. We are told that he was at Casentino, with the Comte Guido Salvatico, at one time, and at another in the mountains near Urbino, with Signori della Faggiola. At the monastery of Santa Croce di Fonte Avellana, a wild and solitary retreat in the territory of Gubbio, is to be seen a chamber, in which, as a Latin inscription declared, it was believed that he composed no small portion of his divine work. A tower belonging to the Conti Falcucci, in Gubbio, claims for itself a similar honour. In the castle of Colnollaro, near the river Saonda, and about six miles from the same city, he was courteously entertained by Rusone da Gubbio, whom he had formerly met at Arezzo.

There are some traces of his having made a temporary stay at Udine, and particularly of his having been in the Friuli with Pagano della Torre, the patriarch of Aquileia, at the castle of Tolmino, where he is also said to have employed himself on the *Divina Commedia*, and where a rock was at one time pointed out that was called the seat of Dante.

What is known with greater certainty is that he at last found a refuge at Ravenna, with Guido Novello da Polenta, a splendid protector of learning, himself a poet, and the kinsman of the unfortunate Francesca, whose story has been told by Dante with such unrivalled pathos.

About the year 1316 he had still a chance of his recall to Florence. It was suggested to him by a friend whom Dante in his reply calls father, probably because he was a clergyman, that he might return, provided he acknowledged his guilt, and asked absolution. His answer was characteristic of his mind: "No, father, this is not the way that shall lead me back to my country. But I shall return with hasty steps, if you or any other can open me a way that shall not derogate from the fame and honour of Dante; but if by no such way Florence can be entered, then to Florence I shall never return. Shall I not everywhere enjoy the sight of the sun and stars? May I not seek and contemplate truth anywhere under heaven, without rendering myself inglorious, nay, infamous, to the people and commonwealth of Florence? Bread I hope will not fail me."

It may perhaps, it has been suggested, be in reference to this proposal that he promises himself he shall one day return in other guise,

"and standing up
At his baptismal font shall claim the wreath
Due to the poet's temples." (*Purgatorio*, xxv.)

Such indeed was the glory which his compositions in his native tongue had now gained him, that he declares in the treatise, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, it had to a certain extent reconciled him even to his banishment.

THE POET'S DEATH.

In 1317-18, Dante appears to have been still wandering about Italy. In 1319, he repaired again to Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, by whom he was hospitably received, and with whom he appears to have remained till his death.

In the service of this last patron, in whom he seems to have met with a more congenial mind than in any of the former, his talents were gratefully excited, and his affections interested but too deeply; for by being sent by Guido on an embassy to the Venetians, and not being able even to obtain an audience on account of the rancorous animosity with which they regarded that prince, Dante returned to Ravenna so overwhelmed with disappointment and grief, that he was seized by an illness which terminated fatally either in July or September, 1321.

MIND AND MANNERS.

Dante was at all times extremely absent and distracted, and appears to have indulged too much in a disposition to sarcasm. At the table of Can Grande, when the company was amused

by the conversation and tricks of a buffoon, he was asked by his patron, why Can Grande himself, and the guests who were then present, failed of receiving as much pleasure from the exertion of his talents as this man had been able to give them. "Because all creatures delight in their own resemblance," said Dante.

In other respects his manners are said to have been dignified and polite. He was particularly careful not to make any approaches to flattery, a vice which he justly held in the utmost abhorrence. He spoke seldom: but what he said derived authority from the subtleness of his observations.

"He was," says Boccaccio, "a most excellent man, and most resolute in adversity. It was only on one subject that he showed himself, I do not know whether I ought to call it impatient or spirited—it was regarding everything relating to party: since in his exile he was more violent in this respect than suited his circumstances, and more than he was willing that others should believe. . . . That which I feel most ashamed at for the sake of his memory is that it was a well-known thing in Romagna, that if any boy or girl, talking to him on party matters, condemned the Guibeline side, he would become frantic, so that if they did not be silent he would be induced to throw stones at them, and with this violence of party feeling he lived until his death. I am certainly ashamed to tarnish with any fault the fame of such a man; but the order of my subject in some degree demands it, because if I were silent in those things in which he was to blame, I should not be believed in those things I have already related in his praise. Therefore I excuse myself to himself, who perhaps looks down with a disdainful eye on me writing."

DANTE'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

In his "Life of Dante," the same writer, the earliest of the biographers of the poet, thus describes him: "Our poet was of middle height, and after reaching mature years he went somewhat stooping. His gait was grave and sedate. Always clothed in most becoming garments, his dress was suited to the ripeness of his years. His face was long, his nose aquiline, his eyes rather large than small, his jaw heavy, and his under lip prominent. His complexion was dark, and his hair and beard thick, black, and crisp, and his countenance was always sad and thoughtful. . . . His manners, whether in public or at home, were wonderfully composed and restrained, and

in all his ways he was more courteous and civil than any one else."

Such was Dante as he appeared in his later years to those from whose recollections of him Boccaccio drew this description.

But Boccaccio, had he chosen so to do, might have drawn another portrait of Dante, not the author of the *Divine Comedy*, but the author of the *New Life*. The likeness of the youthful Dante was familiar to those Florentines who had never looked on the living presence of their greatest citizen.

On the altar wall of the chapel of the Palace of the Podestà (now the Bargello), Giotto had painted a grand religious composition, in which, after the fashion of the time, he exalted the glory of Florence by the introduction of some of the most famous citizens into the assembly of the blessed in Paradise. The head of Christ, full of dignity, appears above, and lower down the escutcheon of Florence, supported by angels, with two rows of saints, male and female, attendant to the right and left, in front of whom stand a company of the magnates of the city, headed by two crowned personages, close to one of whom, to the right, stands Dante, a pomegranate in his hand, and wearing the graceful falling cap of those days. The date when this picture was painted is uncertain, but Giotto represents his friend in it as a youth, such as he may have been in the first flush of early fame, at the season of the beginning of their memorable friendship.

Of all the portraits of the revival of art, there is none comparable in interest to this likeness of the supreme poet by the supreme artist of mediæval Europe. It was due to no accident of fortune that these men were contemporaries and of the same country, but it was a fortunate and delightful incident that they were so brought together by sympathy of genius, and by favouring circumstances, as to become friends, to love and honour each other in life, and to celebrate each other through all time in their respective works. The story of their friendship is known only in its outline, but that it began when they were young is certain, and that it lasted till death divided them is a tradition which finds ready acceptance.

As Giotto painted him, he is the lover of Beatrice, the gay companion of princes, the friend of poets, and himself already the most famous writer of love verses in Italy. There is an almost feminine softness in the lines of the face, with a sweet and serious tenderness well befitting the lover and the author of the sonnet and canzoni which were in a few years to be

gathered into the incomparable record of his *New Life*.

When years of persecution and exile had added to the natural sternness of his countenance the deep lines left by grief and the brooding spirit of vengeance, he happened to be at Verona, where, since the publication of the *Inferno*, he was well known. Passing one day by a portico where several women were seated, one of them whispered with a look of awe, "Do you see that man? That is he who goes down to hell whenever he pleases, and brings us back tidings of the sinners below." "Ay, indeed," replied her companion, "very likely; see how his face is scarred with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair and beard have been singed and curled in the flames."

As nothing that related to such a man was thought unworthy of notice, one of his biographers who had seen his handwriting has recorded that it was of a long and delicate character, and remarkable for neatness and accuracy.

THE POET'S FRIENDS AND FAMILY CIRCLE.

Dante was connected in habits of intimacy and friendship with the most ingenious men of his time. Amongst these were Guido Cavalcanti, Buonaggrin da Lucca, Forese Donati, Cinoda Pistoia, and Giotto the celebrated painter, of whom we have spoken above. Besides these, his acquaintance extended to some others, whose names illustrate the first dawn of Italian literature.

The children of the poet consisted of one daughter and five sons. Two of the sons, Pietro and Jacopo, inherited some portion of their father's talents, which they employed chiefly in the pious task of illustrating his *Divina Commedia*. The former of these possessed acquirements of a more profitable kind, and obtained considerable wealth at Verona, where he was settled, by the exercise of the legal profession. He was honoured with the friendship of Petrarch, by whom some verses were addressed to him at Irevigi, in 1361.

Dante's daughter Beatrice—it is said that she was so called after the daughter of Folco Portinari—became a nun in the convent of S. Stefano dell' Uliva, at Ravenna.

It is but doing justice to the wife of Dante to mention that after the banishment of her husband she secured some share of his property from the popular fury; that out of this she managed to support their little family with praiseworthy discretion, and that she even removed from them the pressure of poverty by such industrious efforts

as in her former affluence she had never been called on to exert. Who does not regret that with qualities so estimable, she wanted the sweetness of temper necessary for riveting the affections of the poet?

THE VITA NUOVA.

In the *Vita Nuova*, Dante gives an account of his youthful attachment to Beatrice. "It is," says Mr. Carey, "according to the taste of these times, somewhat mystical; yet there are some particulars in it which have not at all the air of a fiction, such as the death of Beatrice's father, Folco Portinari; her relation to the friend whom he esteemed next after Guido Cavalcanti; his own attempt to conceal his passion by a pretended attachment to another lady, and the anguish he felt at the death of his mistress. He tells us, too, that at the time of her decease, he chanced to be composing a canzone in her praise, and that he was interrupted by that event at the conclusion of the first stanza; a circumstance which we can hardly suppose to have been a mere invention."

Here is a very striking and often quoted scene from this work, showing the hush and stillness of contemplative grief after its edge had been blunted:—

"On that day which fulfilled the year since my lady had been made of the citizens of eternal life, remembering me of her as I sat alone, I betook myself to draw the resemblance of an angel on certain tablets. And while I did this, chancing to turn my head, I perceived that some were beside me, to whom I should have given courteous welcome, and that they were observing what I did: also I learned afterwards that they had been there awhile before I perceived them. Seeing whom, I arose and said, 'Another was with me.'

"Afterwards, when they had left me, I set myself again to my occupation, to wit, to drawing figures of angels; in doing which I conceived to write this matter in rhyme as for her anniversary, and to addressing verses unto those who had just left me."

The last chapter of the *Vita Nuova* relates how, after the expiration of a year, "it was given me to behold a wonderful vision, wherein I saw things which determined me that I would say nothing further of this blessed one until such time as I could discourse more worthily concerning her. And to this end I labour all I can, as she in truth knoweth. Therefore if it be His pleasure, through whom is the life of all things, that my life continue with me a few years, it is

Two episodes in the *Inferno* have fixed the admiration of mankind. One is the touching picture of the unhappy Francesca di Rimini, in the fifth canto. Here the melodious Tuscan of Dante flows in almost perfect harmony. At the sound of his voice the lost spirits float toward him like doves hastening to their nest :—

"Quali colombe dal disio chiamate
Colli' all'alzate e ferme, al dolce nido
Vengon per aere."

Francesca di Rimini had sacrificed her soul for love, and now in endless torture laments to Dante her hopeless fate, and tells him the story of her fall.

The second remarkable episode is that of Count Ugolino. The poet discovers one of the lost in the region of ice, gnawing, as if from hunger or rage, the body of his enemy and destroyer, Ubaldini. Dante asks him the cause of his terrible enmity, when Ugolino relates the story of his death. Ubaldini and the Pisans had shut up the count, together with his three sons, in a tower, walled up the entrance, and there left them to starve. Ugolino describes to Dante the slow course of starvation, and the terrible pangs that had torn his breast as he saw his sons sink down and die before him, calling upon him for help :—

"Speechless
I looked upon the faces of my sons;
I wept not, for all stone I felt within.
They wept; and one, my little Anselm, cried,
'Thou lookest so! Father, what grieves thee?'
Yet I need no tear."

The children now die of hunger :—

"When we came
To the fourth day, my Gaddo at my feet
Outstretched did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
For me, my father?' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall, one by one, between the fifth day and sixth;
Then fasting gained the mastery of grief."

THE PURGATORIO.

The *Purgatorio*, which follows the *Inferno*, is less vigorous, but still wonderfully poetical. Dante escapes through a passage that leads from the lowest sphere into Purgatory. As the *Inferno* was represented as a conical pit penetrating into the centre of the earth, Purgatory is painted as a tall mountain whose top ascends towards heaven. Its interior is divided into many spheres, and as the period of purgation passes, the spirits of the elect rise upward, and are led by angels to the celestial world above. When it is announced by the angels that a soul has escaped to heaven, all

Purgatory rings with exclamations of joy. The characteristic trait of hell was despair, that of Purgatory is hope. The torments of Purgatory resemble those of the *Inferno*, but they are borne with patience, because they lead to eternal bliss. Angelic resignation sits on every countenance, and a throng of elect, slowly purging their sins away in the ages of contrition, meets the poet's eye as he ascends from sphere to sphere.

THE PARADISO.

At last the prospect of heaven opens upon him. Led by Beatrice, he views the thrones of the immortals and the seats of perpetual bliss. Paradise, too, has its ascending spheres, rising from the moon to the limits of the stars and the centre of the universe. Dante rises upward amidst the songs of rejoicing spirits and scenes of endless joy. There he sees the martyred saints who have suffered on earth, now clad in their robes of triumph; there are meek women and lowly men, who on earth were forgotten, now raised above kings and princes; there are holy anchorites and faithful monks, who on earth fed on herbs and roots, and were clothed in coarse attire, now radiant with the gems of Paradise; there are St. Mark, St. Peter, St. John, and all the holy band of the apostles, who by serving the Master so faithfully on earth have become the princes and rulers of heaven. And there at length, in the highest sphere, Dante is permitted to gaze upon the Almighty Creator, the source of love and purity, the mind by which all things are moved, the radiant centre of light, the ineffable Divine, the ruler of the heart, the victor of the skies, whose fallen foe the poet had not long ago beheld flapping his vulture wings in the icy fetters of the *Inferno*.

To this short summary we may add the following sketch of the contents of the *Paradiso*, by J. C. L. Sismondi :—

"After having traversed the seven circles of Purgatory, Dante, in his twenty-eighth canto, reaches the terrestrial Paradise, situated on the summit of the mountain. His description of this place is full of beauty, and all that can be objected to it is that he has too frequently digressed into scholastic dissertations. In this earthly paradise, Beatrice, the object of his earliest affection, descends from heaven to meet him. She appears as the minister of grace, and the organ of divine wisdom; and the passion which he entertains for her exists only in the noblest sentiments and in the most elevated feelings. It is only as a manifestation of the goodness of

God that she presents herself to his thoughts after her translation to the skies. In this view she occupies the first place in his poem. From her Virgil received his orders to escort the bard on his journey; by her influence the gates of Hell were opened before him; her care removed every obstacle which opposed his progress; and her mandates are implicitly obeyed throughout the three kingdoms of the dead. Such is the glory with which her lover surrounds her, that we are sometimes inclined to suspect that she is merely an allegorical character, and that the individual object of his affections is lost in a personification of theology. Whilst she is advancing towards him, and whilst, even before he has recognized her, he already trembles in her presence, from the power of his first love, Virgil, who had hitherto accompanied him, disappears. Beatrice reproves the early errors of the poet, and attempts to purify his heart; but her discourse is, perhaps, not altogether equal to the situation. As Dante approaches near to Heaven, he aims at something beyond the ordinary language of the world; and in this attempt he frequently becomes so obscure, that it is difficult to detect the beauties which still remain. To give us an idea of the language of Heaven, he borrows that of the Church; and he intersperses such a number of Latin verses and hymns in his poetry that the difference between the prosody, sound, and turn of expression of the two languages, arrests at every moment the attention of the reader.

"In ascending into Heaven, Dante no longer avails himself of human machinery or human power; and he is, therefore, transported thither by the mere vehemence of his spiritual aspirations. It is here difficult to understand him; and whilst we are endeavouring to discover the meaning of his enigmatical words, we cease to sympathise with his feelings and to accompany him on his way. In his account of the infernal world, there is nothing supernatural, which is not in strict accordance with his own nature. He only exaggerates these forces and those evils of which we have real experience. When he issues from Purgatory and enters into Heaven, he presents us, on the contrary, with supernatural appearances like those of our wildest dreams. He supposes the existence of faculties with which we have no acquaintance. He neither awakens our associations nor revises our habits. We never thoroughly understand him; and the perpetual state of astonishment in which we are placed tends only to fatigue us.

"The first abode of the blessed is the Heaven of

the Moon, which revolves with the most tardy motion, and at the greatest distance from the glory of the Most High. Here inhabit the souls of such as, after having pronounced the vows of celibacy and religious seclusion, have been compelled to renounce them. But although Dante distributes the beatified souls into distinct classes, their bliss, which is entirely of a contemplative nature, seems not to be susceptible of such a division.

"He represents one of those spirits as thus expressing himself:—

"Brother! our will
Is, in composure, settled by the power
Of charity, who makes us will alone
What we possess, and nought beyond desire;
If we should wish to be exalted more,
Then must our wishes jar with the high will
Of Him who placed us here."

PARNAD., *Canto III.*, v. 70.

This may be very true, but the stake of indifference in which these souls exist, throws an air of coldness on the remainder of the poem, the interest of which is still further impaired by frequent theological disquisitions.

"All the doubts of Dante on the union of the body and the soul, on the nature of vows, on free will, and on other intricate points, are readily solved by Beatrice; but it is not easy to satisfy the minds of his readers on these obscure topics. The most philosophical prose is not always successful on these subjects, and we cannot therefore be surprised if the poetical form of Dante's arguments and the authority of Beatrice, to whose divine mission we are not always disposed to give implicit faith, throw still greater obscurity over questions which are beyond all human comprehension.

"We find very few descriptions in the *Paradise* of Dante. The great artist whose sketches of the infernal realms possess such appalling sublimity, has not attempted to delineate the scenery of the skies. We leave the Heaven of the Moon with a very imperfect knowledge of its nature; and our visit to that of Mercury is no less unsatisfactory. In each successive kingdom, however, the poet excites our curiosity by assigning a prominent station to some character of distinguished celebrity. In the sixth canto, and in the second heaven, he is accosted by the Emperor Justinian, who is represented in a light as favourable as that in which the civilians have always delighted to view the great father of their science, and very different from that in which he is exhibited, with all his frailties and his vices, in the '*Secret History* of Procopius.'

"In the third heaven, which is that of the planet Venus, Dante meets with Cunissa, the sister of Azzolino da Romano, who forewarns him of the revolutions of the Marca Trivigiana. S. Thomas Aquinas and S. Bonaventura are found in the fourth heaven, which is placed in the Sun; and they narrate the glorified actions of S. Dominick and S. Francis. The souls of those who have combated for the true faith are rewarded in the heaven of Mars. Amongst these, he observes his ancestor, Cacciaguida d' Elisei, who perished in the Crusades, and from whom he receives an account of the early greatness of his own family. Cacciaguida proceeds to describe the ancient severity of manners maintained in Florence in the time of Conrad the Third, and gives a catalogue, with a few characteristic remarks, of the noble houses which then flourished; of those which had, in later days, fallen into decay; and of those which had more recently risen to distinction. He then predicts to Dante his approaching exile:—

"Thou shalt leave each thing
Below'd most dearly: this is the first shift
Shot from the bow of exile. Thou shalt prove
How salt the savour is of others' bread:
How hard the passage, to descend and climb
By others' stairs. But that shall gull the most
Will be the worthless and vile company
With whom thou must be thrown into these straits."
—*PARAD.*, Dante XVII. v. 55.

Cacciaguida encourages Dante to disclose to the world all that he has witnessed in the realm of shadows, and to elevate his mind above the unworthy apprehension of giving offence to those who might deem themselves disgraced by his narrations.

"The sixth heaven is that of Jupiter, in which those who have administered justice with impartiality receive their reward. The seventh is in Saturn, and contains such as devoted themselves to a life of contemplation or seclusion. In the eighth heaven Dante beholds the triumph of Christ, which is attended by a host of beatified souls, and by the Blessed Virgin herself. He is then examined by S. Peter in point of faith, by S. James in hope, and by St. John in charity, from all of whom he obtains honourable testimonials of their approbation. Adam, also, here informs him what language was spoken in the terrestrial paradise.

"The poet then ascends into the ninth sphere, where he is favoured with a manifestation of the Divine Essence, which is, however, veiled by three hierarchies of surrounding angels. The

Virgin Mary and the saints of the Old and New Testaments are also visible to him in the tenth heaven. All his doubts are finally resolved by the saints or by the Deity Himself; and this great work concludes with a contemplation of the union of the two natures in the Divine Being."

Such are the three divisions of Dante's poem; they represent, in fact, three phases of intellectual life. Despair, hope, and a perfect fruition are the germs of his unrivalled pictures.

DATE OF COMPOSITION; TRANSLATORS AND TRANSLATIONS.

We may add a few remarks as to the date of the composition of the *Divina Commedia*. The time of the action of the poem is strictly confined to the end of March and the beginning of April, 1300. It is likely that it was begun shortly after this date. In the *Inferno*, xix. 79, allusion is made to the decease of Pope Clement V., an event which happened in 1314. This probably marks the date of the completion of this cantica. The *Purgatorio* was finished before 1318, at which date the *Paradiso* had yet to be written. The last cantos of the *Paradiso* were probably not completed till just before the poet's death.

There are numerous translations in English of the *Divine Comedy*. Perhaps the best known, and the one which has most steadily held its ground, is that of Carey, which, though somewhat turgid in its long strain of blank verse, and giving no idea of the triple rhyme of the original, is in the main good and faithful. Other translations, each with its excellent points, have been made by Messrs. Wright, Cayley, Rossetti, and recently by Mr. Longfellow and Mrs. Ramsay. Most striking of all is the literal prose translation of Dr. Carlyle, who unfortunately did not get beyond the *Inferno*.

The *Vita Nuova* has been admirably translated by Mr. Theodore Martin and Mr. Dante Rossetti.

THE CHARACTER OF DANTE'S GENIUS.

The character of Dante's genius has been well described by Mr. Oscar Browning, in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." "Dante," says Mr. Browning, "may be said to have concentrated in himself the spirit of the middle ages. Whatever there was of piety, of philosophy, of poetry, of love of nature, and of love of knowledge in those times is drawn to a focus in his writings. He is the first great name in literature after the night of the dark ages.

"The Italian language, in all its purity and sweetness, in its aptness for the tenderness of love and the violence of passion, or the clearness

of philosophical arguments, sprang fully grown and fully armed from his brain. The *Vita Nuova* is still the best introduction to the study of the Tuscan tongue; the astronomy and science of the *Divine Comedy* are obscure only in a translation.

"The *Divine Comedy* is indeed as true an epic as the *Æneid*, and Dante is as real a classic as Virgil. His metre is as pliable and flexible to every mood of emotion; his diction as plaintive and as sonorous. Like him, he can immortalize, by a simple expression, a person, a place, or a phase of nature. Dante is even truer in description than Virgil, whether he paints the snow falling in the Alps, or the homeward flight of birds, or the swelling of an angry torrent. But under this gorgeous pageantry of poetry there lies a unity of conception, a power of philosophic grasp and earnestness of religion which to the Roman poet were entirely unknown.

"Still more striking is the similarity between Dante and Milton. This may be said to lie rather in the kindred nature of their subjects, and in the parallel development of their minds, than in any mere external resemblance. In both the man was greater than the poet, the souls of both were 'like a star and dwelt apart.' Both were academically trained in the deepest studies of their age; the labour which made Dante lean made Milton blind. The 'Dorick sweetness' of the English poet is not absent from the tender pages of the *Vita Nuova*. The middle life of each was spent in active controversy: each lent his services to the state; each felt the quarrels of his age to be the 'business of posterity,' and left his warnings to ring in the ears of a later time. The lives of both were failures. 'On evil days, though fallen, and evil tongues,' they gathered the concentrated experience of their lives into one immortal work, the quintessence of their hopes, their knowledge, and their sufferings. But Dante is something more than this. Milton's voice is grown faint to us; we have passed into other modes of expression and of thought.

"But if we had to select two names in literature who are still exercising their full influence on mankind, and whose teaching is still developing new sides to the coming generations, we should choose the names of Dante and Goethe. Goethe preached a new gospel to the world, the pagan virtue of self-culture, a sympathy which almost passed into indifference. There is no department of modern literature or thought which does not bear upon it the traces of the age of Weimer. But if we rebel against this

teaching, and yearn once more for the ardour of belief, the fervour of self-sacrifice, the scorn of scorn and the hate of hate, which is the mood of the coward and the traitor, where shall we find them but in the pages of the Florentine? The religion of the future, if it be founded upon faith, will demand that faith be reconciled with all that the mind can apprehend of knowledge, or the heart experience of emotion. The saint of those days will be trained, not so much on ascetic counsels of imitation, or in thoughts which base man's greatness on the consciousness of his fall, as on the verse of the poet, theologian, and philosopher, who stands with equal right in the conclave of the doctors, and on the slopes of Parnassus, and in whom the ardour of study is one with the love of Beatrice, and both are made subservient to lift the soul from the abyss of hell, along the terraces of purgatory to the sphere of Paradise, till it gazes on the ineffable revelation of the existence of God Himself, which can only be apprehended by the eye of faith."

A REAL TRIUMPH.

Looked at outwardly, the life of Dante seems to have been an utter and disastrous failure. What its inward satisfaction must have been, we, with *Paradiso* open before us, can form some conception. To him, longing with an intensity which only the word *dantesque* will express, to realize an ideal upon earth, and continually baffled and misunderstood, the far greater part of his mature life must have been labour and sorrow. We can see how essential all that sad experience was to him, can understand how all the fairy stories hide the luck in the ugly black casket; but to him, then and there, how seemed it?

"Thou wilt relinquish everything of these
Beloved most dearly; this that arrow is
Shot from the bow of exile first of all;
And thou shalt prove how salt a savour hath,
The bread of others, and how hard a path
To climb and to descend the stranger's stairs!"

Paradiso xvii.

Come sa di sàll! Who never wet his bread with tears, says Goethe, know ye not, ye heavenly powers!

Our nineteenth century made an idol of the noble lord who broke his heart in verse once every six months, but the fourteenth was lucky enough to produce and not to make an idol of that rarest earthly phenomenon, a man of genius who could hold heart-break at bay for twenty years, and would not let himself die till he had finished his task. At the end of the *Vita Nuova*,

his first work, Dante wrote down that remarkable aspiration, which we have already quoted, that God would take him to Himself after he had written of Beatrice such things as were never yet written of women. It was literally fulfilled when the *Commedia* was finished, twenty-five years later.

TARDY JUSTICE.

Scarce was Dante at rest in his grave when Italy felt instinctively that this was her great man. Boccaccio tells us that in 1329 Cardinal Poggietto (du Poiet) caused Dante's treatise *De Monarchiâ* to be publicly burned at Bologna, and proposed further to dig up and burn the bones of the poet at Ravenna, as having been a heretic, but so much opposition was roused, that he thought better of it. Yet this was during the pontificate of the Frenchman John XXII., the reproach of whose simony Dante puts in the mouth of St. Peter, who declares his seat vacant (*Parad.* xxvii.), whose damnation the poet himself seems to prophesy, against whose election he had endeavoured to persuade the cardinals in a vehement letter.

In 1350, the republic of Florence voted the sum of ten golden florins to be paid by the hands of Messrs. Giovanni Boccaccio to Dante's daughter Beatrice, a nun in the convent of Santa Chiara at Ravenna.

In 1396, Florence voted a monument, and begged in vain for the metaphorical ashes of the man of whom she had threatened to make literal cinders if she could catch him alive. In 1429, she begged again, but Ravenna, a dead city, was tenacious of the dead poet. In 1519, Michael Angelo would have built the monument, but Leo X. refused to allow the sacred dust to be removed.

Finally, in 1829, five hundred and eight years after the death of Dante, Florence got a cenotaph fairly built in Santa Croce (by Ricci), ugly even beyond the usual lot of such, with three colossal figures on it, Dante in the middle, with Italy on one side, and Poesy on the other.

The tomb at Ravenna, built originally in 1483, was restored in 1692, and finally rebuilt in its present form in 1780. It is a little shrine, covered with a dome, not unlike the tomb of a Mohammedan saint, and is now the chief magnet which draws foreigners and their gold to Ravenna. The *ralet de place* says that Dante is not buried under it, but beneath the pavement of the street in front of it.

In 1373 (Aug. 9), Florence instituted a chair of the *Divina Commedia*, and Boccaccio was named first professor. He accordingly began his lectures on Sunday, October 3, but his comment was broken off abruptly at the seventeenth verse of the seventeenth canto of the *Inferno*, by the illness which ended in his death, Dec. 21, 1375. Among his successors were Filippo Vallani and Filelfo. Bologna was the first to follow the example of Florence, and chairs were established at Pisa, Venice, Piacenza, and Milan, before the close of the century. The lectures were delivered in the churches and on feast days, which shows their popular character.

Balbo reckons (but this is guess-work) that the manuscript copies of the *Divina Commedia*, made during the fourteenth century, and now existing in the libraries of Europe, are more numerous than those of all other works, ancient and modern, made during the same period. Between the invention of printing and the year 1500, more than twenty editions were published in Italy, the earliest in 1272. During the sixteenth century there were forty editions; during the seventeenth, a period, for Italy, of sceptical dilettantism, only three; during the eighteenth, thirty-four; and during the first half of the nineteenth, at least eighty.

The first translation was into Spanish, in 1428. The first French translation was that of Grangin, in 1596; but the study of Dante struck no root in France till the present century. Rivarol, who translated the *Inferno* in 1783, was the first Frenchman who divined the wonderful force and vitality of the *Divina Commedia*. The expressions of Voltaire represent very well the average opinions of cultivated persons in respect to Dante in the middle of the eighteenth century. He says, "The Italians call him divine, but it is a hidden divinity; few people understand his oracles. He has commentators, which, perhaps, is another reason for his not being understood. His reputation will go on increasing, because scarce anybody reads him." To Father Bettinelli he writes, "I estimate highly the courage with which you have dared to say that Dante was a madman, and his work a monster." But he adds, what shows that the poet had his admirers even in that flippant century, "There are found among us, and in the eighteenth century, people who strive to admire imaginations so stupidly extravagant and barbarous."

S. I. A.



CHARLES DICKENS.

"Comes with the pomp of memories in his train,
Pathos and wit—sweet pleasure and sweet pain—
Comes with familiar smile and cordial tone,
Our hearths' wise cheerer!"—*Edward Bulwer Lytton.*

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WISE RESOLVE; A SUCCESSFUL MAN'S
SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"**W**HATEVER I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to

anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules." Thus, speaking in the person of genial David Copperfield, in whose "personal history and experience" much is contained that happened,

to the author himself, does the most popular writer of fiction of the present or perhaps any century sum up the product of his experience, concentrating into a few words the lesson of his life. With the name of Charles Dickens we are accustomed so intimately to associate the idea of triumphant and complete success, the place he won for himself in literature and in the hearts of his readers was so great and lofty, that it is good and encouraging to remember how much of this result was due to the marvellous energy, industry, and perseverance with which he threw himself into everything he attempted,—conquering fate quite as much by his indomitable courage as by his wonderful and pre-eminent genius. It is a wholesome provision of nature, that a physical faculty strengthens and develops in proportion as it is put to use; in the life of Dickens we have the no less wholesome spectacle of the rarest mental faculties made to fulfil their office, and achieve great ends, by continual and strenuous exertion. Great success in itself is wont to arouse admiration, not unmingled with envy; it is well that the means should also be made known by which such success is attained, that it may be understood how persistently and regularly the man, even gifted with genius, must work, if he would produce what is valuable and lasting. "Still achieving, still pursuing," was the motto of Charles Dickens, from that first delicious moment of triumph when, with the number of the *Old Monthly Magazine* in his hand, containing his earliest printed sketch, he paced up and down Westminster Hall, till his eyes, half blinded by proud, happy tears, should be "fit to appear in the streets," until that sad day, thirty-five years later, when he laid down the pen that had been a source of delight and instruction to millions in every part of the world, and came forth from his writing-room to die. Never was there an author whose heart was more entirely in his work, or one who spared himself less. Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did with his might; and, respecting himself, and honouring his vocation, he worthily won the esteem and admiration of his century.

**BIRTH OF CHARLES DICKENS; HIS FATHER,
DRAWN BY HIS PEN.**

It was at Landport in Portsea, by Portsmouth, that Charles Dickens was born, on the 7th of February, 1812. The great struggle against Napoleon was at its height; and Dickens's birth-place was then one of the most important towns in the kingdom; for the British navy alone had until then been able to boast of definitely curb-

ing the power of the French Empire, while on land Napoleon's eagle still soared triumphant, though the winter of the year was to bring "the beginning of the end" in the tremendous disasters of the retreat from Russia. John Dickens, the father of Charles, was a clerk in the Navy Pay-Office. In the letters of Charles Dickens to his good and trusty friend and judicious literary adviser John Forster, we have sufficient of the character of the elder Dickens laid bare to show us what manner of man he was; and some of his traits were avowedly reproduced in the inimitable "Wilkins Micawber" of "David Copperfield." A kindly, good-hearted man, with the gift that Goldsmith called "a knack of hoping," and which his son aptly characterised as a tendency to "wait for something to turn up;" easy in temper, somewhat grandiloquent in language, rejoicing in high-sounding phrases, and cheerfully, if not very judiciously, drifting onward through difficulties and straitened means, without the power of raising himself out of the slough of despond into which his affairs were gradually sinking. "I know my father to be as kindhearted and generous a man as ever lived in the world," is Dickens's emphatic testimony to his worth. "Everything I can remember of his conduct to his wife or children, or friends, in sickness or affliction, is beyond all praise. By me, as a sick child, he has watched night and day unweariedly. He never undertook any business, charge, or trust that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, honourably discharge." And yet this good, kindly man was Wilkins Micawber, unable to keep his family together, unable to see the paramount importance of giving his son an education, and gravitating towards the debtor's prison.

**CHILDHOOD OF DICKENS; SELF-EDUCATION:
"THE SMALL, QUEER BOY."**

Charles was the second of John Dickens's children, and the eldest son. The little household incumbrances came rapidly around the hearth of the poor Navy pay-clerk, who ultimately became the father of a family of eight. When Charles was only two years old, John Dickens was removed to London, whence, after another couple of years, in 1816, he was again moved to Chatham dockyard; and at Chatham the childhood of Charles Dickens was passed; for the family remained there between four and five years. In so ne admirable papers written for *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* many years afterwards, we have various incidents of Charles Dickens's early days, told as only he could relate them. It is of himself he is speaking when

he tells us of the small, queer boy, weak in health but strong in observation and marvelously retentive of memory, who, too feeble to join in rough, boyish games, sits reading odd volumes of the "British classics," a treasure-house of learning to him, that he has discovered in an unused room; taking to his very heart of hearts those doubtful and somewhat ruffianly heroes, Tom Jones and Roderick Random, that most exquisite of rascals Ferdinand Count Fathom—and filling his imagination with the adventures of Don Quixote; sympathizing with the joys and sorrows of the good Vicar of Wakefield; and accepting with unhesitating belief the marvels in the "Tales of the Genii" and "The Arabian Nights;"—a quick child, too, able to recite poetry and prose for the delectation of visitors, and making his good-natured father not a little proud of his comic singing; though afterwards he humorously professed to shudder at the recollection of "what a little nuisance he must have been to his father's friends, and declaring that these exhibitions were always forced upon him against his will. "When I think of it," he says, "the picture always rises in my mind of a summer evening, the boys at play in the churchyard, and I on my bed reading as if for life." Another remarkable picture we have, related by himself, of that early time—remarkable as showing the effect of a few chance words on the mind of a sensitive, impressionable child. His father occasionally took him for a walk to the top of a hill near Chatham, where, "as a treat," he used to be allowed to look at a house which had aroused his infantile admiration; and he was told that "if he were to be very persevering, and were to work hard, he might some day come to live in it." That hill was Gadshill, near Rochester, and the house was Gadshill House, which he bought in 1857, and where he died in 1870. In the *All the Year Round* articles, we are also told by him how he remembered going to a little day-school in those Chatham times, and being frightened by a hateful pug-dog, with a moist muzzle, a tightly rolled-up tail, and an inveterate tendency to fly at small boys' legs—a pug who is mysteriously associated in his mind with the idea of a fiddle; from which he conjectures the creature's name to have been Fidèle. He also tells with exquisite humour, as a recollection of these Chatham days, how he heard from the son of a Government *employé* of the existence of "a terrible banditti called the *Radicals*, whose principles were that the Prince Regent wore stays; that nobody had a right to any salary; and that the Army and Navy ought to be put down;"

whereupon he indulged in devout aspirations that the *Radicals* might be speedily taken and hanged. Several of the "reprinted pieces" are composed of similar reminiscences.

DEBT AND DIFFICULTY; YOUTHFUL EXPERIENCES; THE MARSHALSEA PRISON.

A very dreary chapter now commences in the life of the boy,—a time of which in later days he only spoke with reluctance and reticence to his best friend Mr. Forster, although he has described its features in some of the earlier chapters of his "David Copperfield," whose experiences in many particulars were those of Dickens himself; indeed, the author of "Copperfield" was startled when his friend and subsequent biographer pointed out to him that the initials of his hero, "D. C.," were those of his own name, "C. D.," reversed. All that little David Copperfield endured at Murdstone and Grinby's, and in the squalid domicile of the magniloquent and elastic Micawber, was undergone by little Charles Dickens when the family again came to London; at which time he was about nine years old. They lived first in Bayham Street, Camden Town, and subsequently in George Street, Hampstead Road; and that irrepressible wolf who so persistently presents himself at the threshold of struggling households, was hardly to be kept from the door. The eldest sister obtained a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, and afterwards gained some distinction there; the mother endeavoured to establish a school in George Street, but no pupils came; and at last poor Mr. John Dickens's affairs having come to a crisis, he was arrested and lodged in the Marshalsea Prison, while his family still remained for a time encamped in a kind of gipsy fashion in the George Street house. Little Charles had frequently to go to the prison to see his father; and his early faculty of close observation is displayed in the marvellously vivid descriptions given in several of his books of the squalid, shiftless life of the denizens of that wretched place.

THE LAMERTS AND THE BLACKING FACTORY; A FALSE START IN LIFE.

In due course the unfortunate head of the family obtained his release, and the family *Lares* and *Penates* were once more set up, though on a sadly narrow scale. Charles Dickens describes himself as degenerating at this unhappy time into a little household drudge, receiving no education, but employed in such small domestic offices as cleaning the paternal boots, running errands, and "minding" his younger brothers and

sisters. But a harder trial was in store for the quiet, sensitive boy, a trial that he described long afterwards, not without bitter recollections, as going far towards breaking his spirit, and rendering him unfit for a higher vocation in life. Two cousins of the family named Lamert (one member of that family, by the way, was afterwards immortalized as Dr. Slammer, in "Pickwick"), had at this time set up a blacking warehouse as an opposition to the famous Mr. Warren's, near Hungerford Market, hard by Charing Cross. It was while John Dickens's pecuniary difficulties were at their worst, that an offer of employment in this warehouse for Charles was made and accepted; and accordingly the little lad used to trudge down every morning to this warehouse, to be employed in pasting labels and fastening string on pots of blacking,—much as little David Copperfield was made to drudge among the wine bottles at Mudstone and Grinby's,—with a feeling of shame and humiliation at his heart, as he felt himself sinking into a little hewer of wood and drawer of water. He told his friend, in later years, of the bitter and passionate tears he shed in secret, when, on the occasion of his sister's gaining a prize at the examination of the Academy pupils, he reflected how he was shut out by his dreary occupation from the chance of any such distinction; and, conscious of the power within him, felt himself sinking into the condition of a little working hi.¹.

RELEASE FROM DRUDGERY; WELLINGTON HOUSE ACADEMY; CHARLES DICKENS AS A SCHOOLBOY.

A fortunate quarrel between the cousin proprietor and John Dickens, having reference, it is supposed, to the exhibition of the little lad *in the shop window* 'tying up pots of blacking, released Charles Dickens from the ignoble task; for though a reconciliation was effected through his mother's intervention, the father declared that the boy should not return, but should go to school. How deep the impression made by these days on the proud spirit of the child was never known until long afterwards. For a quarter of a century Charles Dickens kept silence on the matter, even to his wife, so painful was the recollection to him. "Until old Hungerford Market was pulled down, until old Hungerford stairs were destroyed," he wrote, "and the very nature of the ground changed, I never had the courage to go back to the place where my servitude began;" and again, "I do not write resentfully or angrily, for I knew how all these things

have worked together to make me what I am; but I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back."

Sent back, however, he was not; for his father had evidently at length become conscious that his eldest son might have a prescriptive right to some sort of education; and accordingly sent him as a day-scholar to a classical and commercial academy, Wellington House, near Mornington Crescent, kept by a Mr. Jones, a Welshman. This worthy was remembered by Dickens as an ignorant and somewhat brutal pedagogue, far more at home at caning and "ruling" his pupils than at teaching them; the general impression among the boys being that one of the ushers knew everything, and the master knew nothing,—an opinion which Charles Dickens himself never saw cause in after life to alter or modify. He has himself given an admirable account of the humours of Wellington House and its inmates in the paper in *Household Words* entitled "Our School;" telling how the boys kept white mice in their desks, and trained these diminutive quadrupeds to draw triumphal chariots; and how the most sagacious and learned of the chargers fell into an inkstand, on a progress to the Capitol, and was dyed black and drowned. Traditions among his school-fellows represent him as a merry, brisk boy, full of fun, and marching along with his head well thrown back, and ready to join in any scheme of schoolboy frolic and mischief. They acted plays at Wellington House Academy, *The Miller and his Men*, and *Cherry and Foir Star*, being represented "with much solemnity in the presence of the boys and ushers," with scenery painted by Master Beverley, who, in later years, was to display his abilities in that direction on a far larger stage. A tendency towards the realistic caused them, on one occasion, to represent the blowing up of the mill of the felonious Grindoff with such exuberant and startling effects in the way of fireworks, that the police knocked vehemently at the door, under the impression that the place was on fire. The schoolroom of Wellington House was in after years sliced away bodily at the construction of the Birmingham Railway.

A SCANTY EDUCATION; A LAWYER'S OFFICE; NEWSPAPER REPORTING.

He was only two years, from the age of twelve to fourteen, at Wellington House, and thus got but a meagre education. He used afterwards good-humouredly to imitate his father's grandiloquent style in replying to the natural ques-

tion: "Pray, Mr. Dickens, where was your son educated?" "Why, indeed, sir—ha! ha!—he may be said to have educated himself." And there was more truth in the answer than good John Dickens suspected. The process of self-education was continually going on, unheeded and unsuspected, in that keen, observant mind; and even the youthful trials and troubles of the blacking warehouse days contributed to it in no small measure, by awakening a warm and vivid sympathy for all the poor and oppressed, all the toilers and strugglers under disadvantage on the world's field of battle, which in subsequent years bore noble fruit of remonstrance against injustice, and sturdy vindication of the rights of toiling millions.

A junior—a very junior—clerkship in an attorney's office, at thirteen shillings and sixpence a week, though entirely short of the dignity of "articles," was, at any rate, very different from his first employment. In a couple of years we find him aspiring to something higher: like David Copperfield, he is striving to master the terrible mysteries of stenography; qualifying himself by intense application to earn his living as a newspaper reporter. True to his maxim of never doing things by halves, and of being satisfied with nothing short of thorough and practical efficiency, he became one of the quickest and most accurate and reliable of shorthand writers; and was employed successively on *The True Son*, *The Mirror*, and the *Morning Chronicle*. The last-named paper was then under the able management of Mr. Black, the leading organ of the Whigs; and in those days of the first Reform agitation there was plenty of movement and excitement for the reporting staff. Dickens describes himself on one occasion as taking notes frantically of the speeches at a public meeting, with the rain pouring down upon him, and a handkerchief stretched out by way of shelter, and held up over his note-book by two good-natured spectators; on another, as writing out his notes by the light of a wax candle that guttered plentifully over his clothes, as he was whisked along, through the night at full speed in a post-chaise, in imminent danger of overturns and damage of various kinds. The Office, however, was liberal, and readily responded to charges for spoilt clothes, smashed hats, and anything short of broken heads. Speaking of those days, long afterwards, at a public dinner on behalf of the Newspaper Press Fund, he jocosely mentioned how he had worn his knees by writing on them in the old back row of the old gallery of the

old House of Commons. "I do verily believe," he continued, "I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country. I have been, in my time, belated on miry bye-roads, towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheelless carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken post-boys, and have got back in time for publication, to be received with never-forgotten compliments by the late Mr. Black, coming in the broadest of Scotch from the broadest of hearts I ever knew." For general ability, accuracy, and quickness as a reporter he soon gained the very highest character in the Reporters' Gallery. It was his pursuit for the time; and it was a point of honour with him to be second to none in his work.

FIRST ATTEMPT AT AUTHORSHIP; THE SKETCHES BY BOZ; DICKENS'S OBLIGATIONS TO MR. BLACK.

This was also the time at which he made his first attempt in authorship. The first sketch, dropped with many hopes and fears into the editor's box of the *Monthly Magazine*, having found favour in the eyes of the Editor, was followed by nine others; and now the pseudonym "Boz"—a corruption and abbreviation of "Moses" (pronounced through the nose Boses, Boz), originally bestowed on a younger brother, in consequence of a fancied resemblance to the son of the Vicar of Wakefield of green spectacle memory—began to be appended to these short articles, and to excite inquiry as to the author. Through the intervention of Mr. George Hogarth, the musical critic of the *Chronicle*, Dickens procured an engagement to write a number of these amusing pictures of London Life for the evening edition of the paper, with an addition to his salary of a couple of guineas a week; the Editor, Mr. Black—"dear old Black, my first hearty, out-and-out appreciator," as Dickens long afterwards gratefully called him—being quick to discern their merit, and to start their author on his new career.

FORMATION OF LITERARY STYLE; INFLUENCE OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS.

And here we may note the advantage the writer derived from his early study of the best English authors. Addison's "Spectator," Goldsmith's "Essays" and "Citizen of the World," and in no small measure Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," had each an influence on the sketches that formed Dickens's first book; in which the humour and

pathos, the keen observation and power of description afterwards developed in their author, were all discernible, and in no stinted measure.

A young publisher named Macrone now purchased the copyright of the first and second series of the sketches for the sum of £250, a sum at that time of considerable importance to the young author. A couple of years afterwards, when the fame of his next work had made the name of Dickens a tower of strength in the publishing market, the author was obliged to repurchase the copyright from Macrone (to prevent the re-issue of the sketches in monthly parts) at the price of £2,000, for Macrone would take nothing less;—a strictly commercial though hardly a liberal transaction on the part of Charles Dickens's first publisher, who nevertheless died insolvent within two years afterwards; whereupon Dickens strenuously exerted himself for the relief of the widow and children, for whose benefit the "Picknic Papers," edited by "Boz," consisting of a number of short stories by various hands, led off by "The Lamplighter," written by the Editor, were published; and the sale realized a sum which lifted the widow and children above want.

THE "PICKWICK PAPERS;" ORIGINAL DESIGN; GREAT AND BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

The work that first made the name of Dickens famous throughout England was started in the same year, 1836, that saw the publication of his sketches. It originated in the following manner: A Mr. Seymour, an artist of considerable comic talent, had made a name chiefly by the issue of a series of humorous sketches, representing the adventures of cockney amateurs with rod and gun. He proposed to the London publishing firm of Chapman and Hall to start a comic publication, describing the mishaps and trials of the Nimrod Club. Dickens, on being applied to to furnish the text, judiciously objected to the scheme as too narrow, and lacking in novelty; but suggested a wider idea, describing English scenes and characters, and in which the cuts should arise naturally out of the text. Thus arose the "Pickwick Papers," the character of Mr. Winkle being introduced to represent the sporting element. Before the first number was published, Mr. Seymour died in a very mournful way; and Mr. Hablot Browne, who for many subsequent years continued to illustrate Dickens's works, was chosen to succeed him. The name of Pickwick was taken from that of a stage-coach proprietor at Bath; the portrait from a somewhat eccentric black-gaiter wearing gentleman at

Richmond. Readers of the work will remember Sam Weller's indignation when that faithful servitor found emblazoned on the back of a Bath coach "the magic name of Pickwick."

Of the success of the work it is enough to say that the binder's order for No. 1 was for 400, and, for No. 15, for 40,000. There was a general shout of enjoyment over the book; and old and young, high and low, were ready to join in the chorus of good-humoured laughter. The freshness and originality of the book, the close and accurate observation, the power of depicting scenes of the most various kinds displayed therein, the number of new characters, each with an individuality of its own, and not one appearing out of place, or interfering with the rest, and, above all, the hearty sense of hilarity pervading the whole, came upon readers like a joyful surprise. That "Pickwick" can compete with the author's later books as a work of art no one will assert; as well might we compare Schiller's *Robbers* to his *Wallenstein*, or Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* to his *Merchant of Venice*. Some of the characters are crudely sketched; others, like Pott and Slurk, the rival newspaper editors of Eatanswill, are violent caricatures; but Mr. Pickwick and his friends will live in English literature for all time. And even amid the wildest fun, and the most rollicking humour and extravagance of the scenes, there is displayed clearly and unmistakably that higher and deeper purpose which gave to the works of Dickens their special value, and set a fashion which found many worthy imitators—the resolve to make fiction a vehicle for exposing the abuses of the time, for unmasking tyranny, selfishness, and wrong, and for setting up before the eyes of men examples of things to be followed, and things to be avoided. The scenes in the Fleet Prison, for instance, are admirable; the exposure of the unequal working of the laws of imprisonment for debt, ineffectual to punish the dissolute and unprincipled spendthrift, but falling with terrible harshness on the struggling tradesman and petty debtor, and condemning the unhappy chancery prisoner to lifelong duration. We have here the foreshadowing of the task the author put before himself as the work of his life,—the plain setting forth, namely, of the evils of the time in their naked deformity, compelling men to look upon them as they were; and then the question, "Are these things to go on?"

LITERARY ENGAGEMENTS; "BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY;" PUBLICATION OF "OLIVER TWIST."

The renown of "Pickwick" brought the author's

name very prominently before the public ; and for some time he was overwhelmed with work, arising from compacts with publishers, too hastily made, without sufficient consideration of the amount of exertion their fulfilment involved. By this time, too, he was a husband and a father, having married the eldest daughter of Mr. Hogarth in 1836 ; and on "twelfth day" in 1837, his son Charles, the first of a numerous family, had been born. Under these circumstances, he became naturally anxious to increase his income ; and this feeling, no doubt, had much to do with the kind of bondage into which he virtually sold himself for the next year or two. While "Pickwick" was still going on, he had already begun his second story, to be published in monthly portions, in a magazine published by Mr. Bentley of Burlington Street, and called *Bentley's Miscellany* ; and had, moreover, engaged himself to write another story to follow "Oliver Twist" upon its completion. He had also engaged to produce a new book for Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to take the place of "Pickwick," on the completion of that work. No wonder, therefore, that he sometimes stood aghast at the prospect before him, and declared that his responsibilities arose to confront him like "a hideous nightmare."

"Oliver Twist" marks a decided onward step in Dickens's career. The purpose is more definite than in "Pickwick ;" the characters are more consistently worked out, and the reality of the whole more vivid and consistent. The interest in the "Parish Boy's Progress" never flags from beginning to end. Wretched waif and stray of humanity as he is ; oppressed and down-trodden, despised and buffeted even by ill-conditioned, cringing Noah Claypole the charity boy, this poor Oliver comes scatheless through the ordeal of evil. The evils of the mismanagement prevalent in parochial workhouses when the new Poor Law was first introduced are laid bare with wonderful power and skill ; and the types of character, Mr. Bumble the beadle, and Bill Sikes the burglar, and Fagin the rascally "fence," are so true, that they have become accepted types. One great and valuable point in the book is, in fact, that here, as everywhere in his works, vice is exhibited as mean, slinking, and miserable in its very nature. There are no dashing highwaymen, in gold lace and faultlessly fitting boots, to be found here. The wretched thieves are painted as they really are, in their skulking, restless, miserable distrust of all around and of one another, their frowsy, unwholesome spells of festivity in success, their miserable, hurking lives :

"the wages of sin is death" is the moral plainly and wholesomely put forward throughout the whole work, which thus stands out in noble contrast to the books of the "Jack Sheppard" and "Paul Clifford" and "Rookwood" type, where, especially in the first-named, the career of a vulgar thief is surrounded with a false and meretricious interest. Nobody is likely to be lured from the ways of honesty by anything attractive in the career of Bill Sikes, or flash Toby Crackit, the Artful Dodger or Charley Bates. The shadow of the hulks and of the gallows is over every one of the thieves in "Oliver Twist."

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND "OLIVER TWIST ;" THE "AUTHOR AND ARTIST" CONTROVERSY.

Speaking of this book it is impossible to avoid mentioning the strange rumour, put about by an American author, and still more strangely endorsed in his last declining years by brave old George Cruikshank, who furnished the illustrations for the work. It was a craze of the veteran artist in his latter days to imagine that he had furnished the main idea and the incidents of the works he illustrated, and that the authors "wrote up" to his pictures. This assertion he made, or at any rate endorsed, with regard to "Oliver Twist," maintaining that a portfolio of sketches in which were included a series illustrating the career of a London thief, and which Dickens accidentally looked through, gave the idea of "Oliver Twist," and that especially, after seeing the picture of the Jew in the condemned cell," Dickens declared his intention of altering the whole plan of his book, and bringing his hero to London. Mr. Forster, in his "Life of Dickens," demolishes this very remarkable story by printing in facsimile a letter of the author, written hurriedly to the artist within a few days of the publication of the last number of the book, in which appears the cut of "Fagin," and also the last plate of all, "Rose Maylie and Oliver," to the execution of which Dickens (not unnaturally) objected. "I returned suddenly to town yesterday afternoon," he writes, "to look at the latter pages of 'Oliver Twist' before it was delivered to the booksellers, when I saw the majority of the plates in the last volume for the first time." So much for the portfolio, and the writer as an illustrator of the artist's story. An appeal to Mr. Bentley from the harassed and wearied author at length led, after long delay, to the withdrawal of the claim for a work to succeed "Oliver Twist," and Dickens handed over the editorship of the *Miscellany* to his friend Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and felt himself at liberty to throw all his energies into his

next long story which was to consist of twenty numbers, like "Pickwick." The new book was completed and published in 1838 and 1839.

"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY;" CHEERFUL AND HEALTHY TONE OF THE WORK; YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS AND THEIR INIQUITIES.

Its title was "Nicholas Nickleby." The number of copies sold soon reached 50,000, an unprecedented success in those days. The book, besides being full of character,—Mrs. Nickleby, with her profound knowledge of the world and sage aphorisms, is inimitable,—goes straight to the reader's heart, in its cheerful toleration of small faults and eccentricities, and its manly avowal of detestation for meanness and fraud. Especially charming is the chapter that tells how the sunshine of home is once more diffused round the poor family, who have tasted the bitterness of poverty and dependence among strangers, when they are installed in the modest little cottage at Bow, "all the peace and cheerfulness of home restored, with such new zest imparted to every frugal pleasure, and such delight to every hour of meeting, as misfortune and separation alone could give;" and "the poor Nicklebys were social and happy, while the rich Nickleby was alone and miserable." In this book, too, the special purpose Dickens loved to associate with each of his works vividly appeared, in the masterly exposure of the infamous Yorkshire school system, then flourishing greatly, and to which the work dealt a fatal blow. Many a Mr. Wackford Squeers had reason, in diminished profits and a woeful falling off of clients, to curse the energetic young novelist, who travelled down into Yorkshire armed with an introduction to a local worthy, the John Browdie of the story, that he might himself see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, the truth concerning those precious establishments. "We have been very friendly like," said Dickens's interlocutor, when reluctantly brought to speak upon the subject; and proceeded to show his friendliness by entreating his visitor never to send a boy to a Yorkshire school while there was a horse to hold or a crossing to sweep in London.

FAMILY ARRANGEMENTS; "MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK;" "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

An expedition into Devonshire at this time made a break in the young author's regular work. His father had become superannuated, and had given up the reporting work in which he had

been for some years engaged. Dickens went down to the west, and secured a cheerful cottage, a short distance from Exeter, for the old people and his youngest brother. In a humorous and kindly letter he tells Forster of the long and complicated negotiations necessary to secure the cottage from a landlady suffering from an attack of the nerves, which has nevertheless left her "in her debilitated state something sharper than the finest lancet;" and of his "coming over the upholsterer's daughter with many virtuous endearments, to propitiate the establishment, and reduce the bill." "I am sure they may be happy there," he heartily says, "for if I were older, and my course of activity were run, I am sure I could, with God's blessing, for many and many a year."

The continual activity of Dickens, and the astonishing amount of energy and vitality he infused into each new undertaking, his way of identifying himself with his characters until they seemed to become living beings in whose fortunes he was personally concerned, was doubtless one great cause of the intense interest they excited in his readers. His versatility was now shown in an entirely new direction, in the composition of the work ultimately published, with the strengthening element of the illustrations of Cattermole, added to those of Hablot Browne, under the title of "Master Humphrey's Clock." That he had some difficulty at first in settling upon the plan of the book is evident by the various starts he made in the earlier numbers,—some of them evidently false starts,—and the doubtful expedient of reintroducing Mr. Pickwick and the two Wellers; but all uncertainty vanished when once the "Old Curiosity Shop" was fairly started; and the whole nation was interested in the sorrows, wanderings, and heroic endurance of little Nell. Here, again, we are struck by the marvellous originality and truth of the characters and the wealth of fancy and imagination in the various scenes. Dick Swiveller and the marchioness, Kit Nubbles and Mr. Chuckster, tigerish Quilp and crawling Sampson Brass, Mrs. Jarley of the waxworks, and the partners in the Punch theatre, Codlin and Short, are as real as anything he had produced; while in little Nell, moving in the purity of her innocence and the strength of her childish heroism like a being from a better world amid the sordid surroundings that are unable to cast even the shadow of evil upon her life, we have a conception far beyond any of his former creations. It was this character that especially won him a host of admirers in America.

"BARNABY RUDGE;" GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE GORDON RIOTS; GRIP.

In "Barnaby Rudge," on the other hand, we have an entirely different tale; and here the author appears at his best in the portraiture of the scenes of terror and confusion in the famous riots of 1780. Here again the healthy hatred of wrong and injustice appears, in the indignant exposure of the horrible recklessness with which, in "the good old times" a hundred years ago, the punishment of death was inflicted alike on the murderer and the pilferer, the slayer of a whole family and the passer of a bad coin. The lesson that cruel and savage punishments tend to brutalize a nation, rather than restrain crime, is admirably put forward; and in Dennis the hangman, the most degraded villain of the whole Gordon mob, we have a graphic picture of the result and outcome of the hanging system. It was a bold experiment to choose an imbecile for the hero of the book; but there is nothing repulsive in the weakness of poor light-hearted Barnaby; while the author has here again vindicated his theory of "good in everything,"—the existence of "a soul of goodness in things evil, if men observingly distil it out." Barnaby's weakness of mind does not prevent him from being happy in his own way. The existence of good in a latent or undeveloped state is also graphically shown in the poor savage ostler, Maypole Hugh, utterly reckless and without care as to his own fate, but with a kindly pity and regret for the imbecile lad who loves him, and whom he has involved in his own doom of death; clinging with "faith and strong belief" to the idea that Barnaby's life will be spared, even while he ferociously exults over the abject, condemned, miserable hangman, whining out his wretched terror, and clutching frantically at the lessening chance of reprieve as the hour for execution approaches. There is deep pathos, too, in Hugh's endeavour at the last moment to find an owner for his dog, "but not unless he intends to use him well;" the dumb creature being the only living thing that has shown affection for him. The minor character of Grip the raven was taken from the life; for the original Grip was an inmate of his household, much valued by his master for his cleverness and oddity, but looked upon with terror by the children, whose ankles he was always menacing with his iron beak. The bird died in 1841, during the time "Barnaby" was appearing. Dickens, in a letter to Forster, from Devonshire Terrace, New (now Marylebone) Road, where he was

then residing, describes the circumstances of the bird's decease. "I am not wholly free from suspicions of poison." He adds: "A malicious butcher has been heard to say that he would 'do for him;' his plea was that he would not be molested in taking orders down the mews by any bird that wore a tail. Other persons have also been heard to threaten; among others, Charles Knight, who has just started a weekly publication, price threepence; 'Barnaby' being, as you know, fourpence." Grip was stuffed, and ultimately fetched £80 at the sale of Dickens's effects at Gadshill, many years afterwards.

VISIT TO AMERICA IN 1842; "AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION."

Free from the literary engagements and contracts that had harassed him for years, Dickens now resolved to give his mind a rest, and procure an entire change by a visit to America. This intention he carried out in 1842, starting from Liverpool in the steamer *Britannia* at the beginning of the year. His wife accompanied him. In the United States he was received with enthusiasm, and with only too eager hospitality. But the visit was not in every respect a success. He felt strongly on the subject of the law, or rather the absence of law, respecting British copyright in America; and felt aggrieved that his books should be reprinted and circulated throughout the States by any publisher who chose to lay hands upon them. Accordingly, in the cause of his English literary brethren as well as his own, he spoke strongly on the subject, perhaps in season and out of season; and no little irritation was produced. The time, too, to which he had to restrict himself in his visit was also manifestly too short for a fair examination of America and its institutions; and thus, in many instances, he saw only the surface features of the things he described and generalised on insufficient data. The result of the tour he gave in a book called "American Notes for General Circulation." It could not be other than lively and amusing; but here and there it is open to the charge of flippancy; and the blemish of overhaste appears throughout. The best parts are the very practical and useful chapters on the solitary system of imprisonment, which he saw in full work in Philadelphia and elsewhere, and which, on apparently sufficient grounds, he condemns as cruel in practice, and deplorable in its results on the prisoner; and the remarks on emigrant ships and emigration, pointing out the necessity of regulations and measures of protection for helpless and ignorant emigrants, which were after-

wards adopted. The strictures on some American institutions caused great offence in certain transatlantic circles. On the question of slavery and its abominations he spoke out nobly, strengthening his arguments by extracts from advertisements, etc., in United States newspapers.

"MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT;" HOSTILITY IN AMERICA; "PICTURES FROM ITALY."

The feeling that he had been hard in his judgment upon a people who had welcomed him with enthusiasm, was increased by the chapters in his next work, "Martin Chuzzlewit," in which America and its institutions are described. The Kijah Pograms, Hannibal Chollops, Colonel Divers, and Scadgers, the poisonous fungi of transatlantic civilization, with their libellous papers, fraudulent land companies, and bowie-knife swagger, though admitted to be correct portraits of existing types, were vehemently repudiated as giving altogether an unjust idea of the bulk of American society; and it was many years before the soreness thus engendered entirely passed away. The humour and pungency of the satire increased the indignation with which it was regarded; though at last our transatlantic cousins became conscious how much of it was to be taken "in a Pickwickian sense;" rather as an outbreak of exuberant fun, than as a seriously intended criticism on a great nation. In the end the reconciliation was complete, as was proved by the welcome extended to Dickens on his later visit to the United States many years afterwards. As a work, "Martin Chuzzlewit" is more complete in design than its predecessors; and the design of the author is more thoroughly seen throughout. Selfishness is here the vice that is exposed; with the greed of gain, and the abuse of the forms of outward piety and morality for mean and sordid ends, as seen in the arch-hypocrite Pecksniff. The reformation of the selfish hero Martin, by means of suffering in the dreary swamp of Eden, and the various phases of the vice of selfishness in the Chuzzlewit family, each of whom is conscious of it in the rest, but has no idea of his own shortcomings, is capital. Sarah Gamp and Betsy Prig, types of a race now happily almost extinct, and merry Mark Tapley, jolly "under creditable circumstances," are also famous. That the book introduced the author to a new and even more appreciative because a more discerning, class of readers than had laughed and wept over his previous works, there is no doubt; but as a pecuniary success, there was a considerable falling off. The number of copies disposed of was far short of the sale of "Nickleby;" and

the author, with a growing family and increasing responsibilities round him, was alarmed at the prospect of an insufficiency of income. Accordingly he resolved to remove to the continent for a time; and for the next two years we find him residing with his wife and children at Genoa. His Italian experiences furnished the materia for his "Pictures from Italy," a pleasant and instructive book, in which much information and many useful reflections are given in unconventional, friendly style, the author entirely avoiding, as he justly observes, the guide-book manner.

THE "CHRISTMAS CAROL," ITS GENIAL TONE; "THE CHIMES," A SECOND CHRISTMAS BOOK.

Before his departure from England, he had written the glorious "Christmas Carol," which was received, as it deserved to be, with acclamation: for "peace and good will" is the key-note of the work; and the manner in which the reader's sympathies are enlisted for the Cratchet family—from poor homely, simple Bob the clerk, "carrying home on Saturdays only fifteen copies of his Christian name, to the crippled child, Tiny Tim, thinking in church on Christmas morning of that unchanging Friend of the poor, who made lame men to walk, and blind men to see—is admirable throughout. The profit, however, on the book disappointed him entirely. The work had been too expensively got up for the price at which it was to sell; and this helped in determining him to carry out his scheme of foreign residence. It was at this time that Messrs. Bradbury and Evans became his publishers.

At Genoa he wrote the second of his Christmas books, "The Chimes." In this his expressed intention was not only to advocate the cause of the poor and needy in general, but of that serf and pariah of forty years ago, the agricultural labourer. It was a time of windy oratory; and absurd remedies were proposed for great social wants and evils. A Duke had recently made the remarkable discovery that a pinch of curry powder in a labourer's soup would answer all the purposes of solid food; and a portentously stupid alderman was boasting from the bench that he had "put down suicide." "The Chimes," therefore, though far inferior to the "Christmas Carol" as a literary production, came in good time to ring in the new year with renewed hope for the poor man, by setting before the world his claims for more generous and kindly consideration at the season when all hearts are supposed to be most open to kindly influences. The author made a flying visit to England, staying in London only a few days, that he might have the pleasure

of reading the proof sheets of the completed book to a small circle of literary and artistic friends.

A LITERARY AND ARTISTIC GATHERING;
RENEWED VIGOUR FROM CHANGE OF SCENE;
"DOMBEY AND SON."

They were a remarkable company who assembled in Mr. Forster's chambers, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the 2nd of December 1841, to hear "The Chimes" read by its author. Besides Dickens's friend and biographer, there were present Douglas Jerrold, Layman Blanchard, Carlyle, Fox, Dyce the Shakspearian scholar, Harness, Maclise and Stanfield the famous painters, and the author's brother Frederick. Writing in 1871, Forster observed how of all that friendly gathering, only Carlyle and himself remained alive. A few years afterwards they too were gone. Changes of scene and change of climate, with the brain rest consequent on a withdrawal from the whirl of London, had the best effect on Dickens's health. There had long been rumours in general circulation, to the effect that the great novelist's power was exhausted; "he had written himself out," was the favourite phrase; and certain papers gravely advised him to take to the stage for a career, as his talents as an actor were well-known. This idea of Dickens's genius as a worked-out mine was brilliantly disproved by the appearance of his next work, "Dombey and Son," with an entirely new set of characters, as sharply drawn and as typical as any of his earlier efforts.—Captain Cuttle, and his friend Joe Bunsby, the philosophic commander of the cautious Clara; Mrs. Pipchin, in whom a real personage of the dreary Bayham Street days may be recognized; and the lachrymose Wickham and the beaming Polly Toodles, Susan Nipper and Toots, heavy Doctor Blimber with his wife and daughter, always digging away at the dead languages "like ghouls;" poor, pretty little Paul, and his sweet, unselfish sister Florence, and sullen and frowning amid them all, in his blind, stiff-necked pride and arrogance, the hero of the story himself,—all are admirable, and not one of them is in the way. The curse of pride is here exposed as that of selfishness was in "Martin Chuzzlewit." The author's design was at first to have made Walter Gay a good-natured, easy-going youth, gradually going astray from want of self-sustaining power; but he subsequently changed his mind, and bestowed a better fate on the instrument-maker's nephew.

CONTINUATION OF THE CHRISTMAS BOOK SERIES; "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH;" "THE BATTLE OF LIFE;" "THE HAUNTED MAN;" DICKENS'S RETURN TO LONDON.

The series of Christmas books, commenced so auspiciously with the glorious "Carol," was continued for some years. After the "Chimes," appeared successively the "Cricket on the Hearth," "The Battle of Life," and "The Haunted Man." Of these, the first-mentioned had a brilliant success, the sale at first starting doubling that of the "Christmas Carol." Like "The Chimes" and some of the larger books of the author, it was dramatized, and had a good run on the London stage; but though little Dot is delightful, there was a general impression that John Peerybingle was too etherealised a carrier to pass muster among low-life personages; while in "The Battle of Life" and "The Haunted Man" there is at times a painful appearance of effort in the humorous parts, the fun being somewhat forced. Indeed, these last two Christmas books are about the only works of Dickens which contain no characters that have become famous, and have remained proverbial in the mouths of men.

After some years of residence in Italy and Switzerland, with a shorter stay in France, the effect of all of which was destined to appear with advantage in his latter works, we find Charles Dickens once more established in London. The later period of his activity may be said to commence with the book which has generally been considered as the best of his novels, the "History of David Copperfield."

"THE HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD;"
PERSONAL INTEREST OF THE AUTHOR IN HIS
HERO; THE CHARACTERS.

It has already been mentioned that much of the author's life is interwoven in the experiences of the hero of this book; and hence, probably, the lifelike reality of the descriptions. In poor little neglected David, trudging through the streets in shabby clothes from his mean lodging to his sordid and uncongenial employment, his heart sore and heavy with the knowledge that his work can lead to nothing in the future but nameless drudgery, his own experiences and feelings in the days of the blacking shop employment are portrayed; as are the outlines of a later time in the description of David's employment as a reporter, and his efforts and successes in literature. Here again we have a number of personages who have become familiar to all, and hold their own in virtue of their reality: brave,

simple-hearted old Peggotty and his nephew Ham; the "lone and lorn" Mrs. Gummidge; the fawning scoundrel Uriah Heep, the natural outcome of the detestable cant of "false humility," the "very 'umble" formula continually in his mouth, and craft and meanness and hatred of his superiors rankling at his heart; then that awkward, kindly Traddles, with his irrepressible hair and his inexhaustible good nature; the inimitable Micawbers; good, angular, short-mannered and golden-hearted Miss Betsey, with her perennial feud against the donkey-drivers; stolid Mr. Barkis and his excellent wife, the good and faithful servant; savage Mr. Creakle the schoolmaster, whom the little oppressed boy knows in his heart of hearts to be an incapable brute, utterly incompetent to fulfil the duties he has undertaken, but mellowing down in his old age into the fussy magistrate, petting and coddling interesting criminals; then Agnes and Dora, so different from each other, and yet both so lovable; those grim, hard Murdstones, with their hard and hateful "firmness" and gloomy tyranny, their cant of "duty" as detestable in its way as Uriah Heep's humility, meaning that everybody and everything is to yield to them; James Steerforth, brilliant, talented, and fascinating, but a villain at heart, selfish and unscrupulous; Mr. Mell, shabby of attire, and deplorable as to his boots, but a gentleman notwithstanding; Mrs. Crupp, with her house-keeping book and her spasms, a relative evidently of Sarah Gamp, or perhaps of Betsy Prig; little Emily and poor Martha, and proud, passionate Mrs. Steerforth, and fiery Rosa Dartle,—what a number and what a variety of personages are drawn here together within the compass of one book, each helping to work out a part of the story! In the narrative, too, there is a great improvement on the former works of the author—more unity of design, a clearer working out of a leading idea from the beginning; nor could a healthier or a more useful moral be displayed than is shown in the wasted career of the gifted villain, whose life is violently ended amid the wreck of the home he has laid desolate; while the "unfortunate" boy of the school, without influential friends or special talent or any stroke of luck, works his way, in the person of Traddles, to honour and happiness by the sheer force of perseverance, honesty, and truth. It is this continual recognition of what is really high and noble and worthy of effort in life, that gives their chief value to Dickens's works; and nowhere is the lesson of manliness, self-reliance, and honest

effort more clearly set forth than in "David Copperfield."

It is impossible to read this—and, indeed, any of the books of Dickens—without seeing how fully he carried out in his own works his idea of strenuousness and exertion. Nothing is partly or incompletely done; every personage, every incident, is the result of deep thought and carefully elaborated design. Indeed, he himself said that he could hear his characters speak to him, and so thoroughly realized them in his mind that to him they became realities, from whom it grieved him to part when the work was concluded. His energy was enormous. Never was there so persistent an opponent, both in preaching and practice, of the detestable doctrine of laziness that advocates letting things alone, with the idea that they will manage themselves and "come right." They will not come right, he persisted; they must be pulled right, brought right, hammered right. When a wrong, or an injustice, or error came under his notice, his first question always seems to have been, "How came it there?" his second, "How was it to be removed?" The reply to the first question often led to a solution of the second.

At this time the prosperity of his life was interrupted by two misfortunes that came upon him within a few weeks of each other,—the death of his father, to whom he was tenderly attached, and that of his youngest daughter Dora, which took place very suddenly.

"BLEAK HOUSE;" EXPOSURE OF CHANCERY DELAYS; PORTRAITS FROM THE LIFE.

In "Bleak House," his next novel, the reputation gained by "Copperfield" was not altogether sustained. Esther's diary, and Esther herself, are not quite natural; and the miserable Smallweed family, from Grandfather Smallweed downwards, are eminently disagreeable. But the book did yeoman's service in putting forward, in the most telling way, the shameful practices and condition of that great manufactory of misery and wretchedness, that impersonation of the law's delay, "the Court of Chancery." The evidence against that remarkable institution had been got up with singular care and completeness. Gridley, with his wrongs, poor little Miss Flite with her madness, are not imaginary; both had a real existence; and the latter personage especially is remembered by many frequenters of the Court in Lincoln's Inn. Harold Skimpole, the "child" who knows nothing of money matters, and yet so shrewdly manages to evade his responsibilities, and get others to take them

up, was taken from that genial man of letters, Leigh Hunt; and it may be questioned whether the preceding in thus giving his portrait was quite fair. Dickens himself had misgivings on the subject, and changed the name, which was at first to have been *Leonard Skimpole*, to Harold, to prevent identification; but the sketch was too like the original for any doubt. Laurence Boythorn, with his tremendous discharges of blank cartridge denunciations, and his homeric bursts of laughter, is Walter Savage Landor. In the wretched career of Richard Carstone, Dickens carried out the idea he had originally intended to associate with Walter Gay in "*Dombey*."

JOURNALISTIC WORK; "THE DAILY NEWS;" "HOUSEHOLD WORDS;" "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

By this time Charles Dickens had associated himself with another branch of literary activity. Already in 1846, when the *Daily News* was started as a morning journal, in a most complete and costly style, he had for a time undertaken the editorship; but the duties were irksome and uncongenial to him, and interfered with his regular pursuits, and he soon gave up the post. In 1850, however, he started a weekly periodical on his own account, with his friends and publishers Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Under the title *Household Words*, his journal became exceedingly popular; and in it, and its successor *All the Year Round*, some of his later works made their first appearance; besides a number of detached articles, and a series, "The Uncommercial Traveller," containing some of the very best and most amusing descriptive sketches he ever wrote. The most important of these form the "*Reprinted Pieces*" included in his works.

Of the books published in his periodical, the first was "*Hard Times*," intended as a protest against the system of education that admits no play of fancy or imagination, but would "teach these children nothing but facts." Mr. Mac Choakumchild the schoolmaster, and Mr. Gradgrind, the matter-of-fact M.P. and magnate of Coketown, are the apostles of this creed; while in the blatant humbug Josiah Bounderby, with his braggart egotism and laudation of himself as a "self-made man," and his wholesale denunciations of the class from which he has risen, we have a graphic, if somewhat exaggerated, picture of a phase of real life. A far more important work, and one that called into play some of the highest qualities of the author, appeared in the same journal under the title "*A Tale of Two Cities*,"—the cities being London and Paris, and

the period that preceding and comprising the great French Revolution. Not since he painted the Gordon riots in "*Barnaby Rudge*," had Dickens had such an opportunity of describing a great popular tumult; and the descriptive scenes, taken apart from the story, are enough to stamp the book as a work of the highest class of merit. Carlyle himself did not paint more vividly the fever heat of 1789, or the fall of the Bastille. The picture of London, too, and the two trials of Charles Darnay in the two cities, are among the author's masterpieces; while the characters of Sydney Carton and Jarvis Lorry are two excellent pieces of painting. In the graphic delineation of the Bastille prisoner, we recognize some of the effects of solitary confinement, as detailed in the "*American Notes*" from the writer's personal observation many years before.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

But of the works of Dickens published in his periodical, the most powerful was certainly "*Great Expectations*." Here we have the author, in many respects, at his best. The wholesome lesson, not obtruded upon the reader, but present, nevertheless, from first to last, is inculcated, that before condemning the black sheep of this world, it behoves us to consider how many of them have had a reasonable chance of remaining white. "What's done we partly may compute; but know not what's resisted." From first to last we are never without sympathy and pity for poor Provis the convict, fierce and dangerous ruffian though we know him to be; when he describes himself to his protégé Pip as "a warmint, dear boy," giving that singular designation "as if it were a kind of trade;" when he tells how he first "remembers himself thieving turnips for a living;" and how, when he was locked up as a little pilferer and vagabond he was exhibited to visitors by the turnkeys as a "regular bad 'un," until it became accepted as an indisputable fact that his destiny in life was to be a thief, and to run through the appointed series of punishments by statutes in such cases made and provided,—to wear out his appointed quantity of key-metal, and at last to make his exit in the regulation way, through the trap beneath the gallows,—we are seized with a very wholesome doubt whether the fault is entirely his, or whether a part of the blame does not lie with those pastors and masters, temporal and spiritual, who allowed him to grow up like a young wolf, and then hunted him for being wolfish. Pip, too, is admirable, with his quick observation, his ability, his ambition, and his uneasy sense of inferiority

from his birth and position; loving and honouring brave, manly Joe Gargery the blacksmith in his heart, and yet weakly and caddishly ashamed of the poor good fellow's uncouthness before his friend Herbert; learning to estimate things at their true value in the hard school of life, and recognizing at last that "tis only noble to be good." "God mend all," says good Queen Catherine in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*, when the offences of Buckingham are harshly dwelt upon by the vindictive cardinal. And that is the feeling awakened in the reader by the book. Here are a number of human beings, weak, selfish, erring, sinful; but in nearly every instance with a capacity within them for better things—each with a human heart, if only one had skill to touch it. Wemmick, the clerk of the Old Bailey lawyer, living in a kind of perpetual haze and fog of crime, cultivates kindly affections, and tends an "aged parent" at Walworth. Provis the convict determines to make a gentleman of the little lad who has fed him when he was starving; even uncle Pumblechook, humbug and impostor though he is, has a furtive satisfaction in the success of Pip, for which he takes credit, though having nothing on earth to do with it; and Mr. Jaggers the criminal lawyer, who has lived and breathed and had his being year after year among the worst of thieves and murderers,—people "with whom trouble meant *Newgate*," still has not had the belief in humanity entirely knocked out of him. And here again we wonder at the entirely new set of personages with whom we are brought in contact. They are real men and women; we are interested in them at once; and yet they are utterly apart and distinct from any the author has presented to us before.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO FELLOW-WORKERS.

One of the best traits in the character of Charles Dickens was shown in the hearty and genial encouragement he was always ready to give to any of his literary brethren and sisters, by the expression of cordial approval of their efforts, wherever that approval could be conscientiously given. Many a young author was able to look with pride and satisfaction on words written by him, that cheered him at the beginning of the arduous and exhausting struggle for success. A letter to Miss Harriet Parr, who, writing under the pseudonym of "Holme Lee," had sent him a tale, "Gilbert Massinger," for *Household Words*, may be adduced as an instance. He writes from Folkestone on August 14th, 1855: "I read your tale with the strongest emotion, and with a very exalted admiration of

the great power displayed in it. Both in severity and tenderness I thought it masterly. It moved me more than I can express to you. I wrote to Mr. Wills" (his friend and coadjutor in *Household Words*) "that it had completely unsettled me for the day, and that by whomsoever it was written, I felt the highest respect for the mind that had produced it. It so happened that I had been for some days at work upon a character externally like the aunt. And it was very strange that the two people seemed to be near to one another at first, and then turned off on their own ways so wide asunder. . . . Experience shows that a story in four portions is best suited to the peculiar requirements of such a journal (as *Household Words*), and I assure you it will be an uncommon satisfaction to me if this correspondence should lead to your enrolment amongst its contributors. But my strong and sincere conviction of the vigour and pathos of this beautiful tale, is quite apart from, and not to be influenced by any ulterior results. You had no existence to me when I read it. The actions and sufferings of the characters affected me by their own force and truth, and left a few sound impressions on me." With regard to other stories by young authors he expressed himself with equal warmth and kindness. Thus he says: "If you will read 'Kissing the Rod,' a book I have read to-day, you will not find it hard to take an interest in the author of such a book."

DOMESTIC TROUBLES; A "DISMAL FAILURE;" AN ILL-ADVISED PUBLICATION.

But while he was delighting thousands with his genius, and every succeeding year brought an increase to his popularity and fame, he had to write to his friend Forster of "a dismal failure" in his life; a failure in which the man who admired him and loved him above all the world was compelled sorrowfully, yet deliberately and emphatically, to pronounce him in fault. Grave unhappiness had invaded the precincts of his home; and between himself and the lady who had been his wife for twenty years there was disunion, ending at last in separation. "It is not with me a matter of will, or trial, or sufferance, or good humour, or making the best of it, or making the worst of it any longer," he writes; "it is all despairingly over. Have no lingering hope of or for me, in this association: a dismal failure has to be borne, and there an end." Some false reports that were spread relative to the reasons for the separation so stung him, that most unfortunately he caused a statement, headed "Personal," to be inserted in *Household Words*.

in which, with a lamentable indiscretion quite at variance with his usual strong sense, he made his most private affairs public property. His biographer mournfully records these unhappy facts, adding with equal justice and good taste, "Such illustrations of grave defects in Dickens's character as the passage in his life affords, I have not shrunk from placing side by side with such excuses in regard to it as he had unquestionable right to claim should be put forward also."

The publication of the article in *Household Words* led to a dispute with its publishers, resulting in his purchasing their share, and stopping the publication, substituting for it *All the Year Round*, a publication of a similar character. The refusal by his old friend Mr. Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*, to permit a personal statement in that periodical, led to a break in the long and intimate friendship.

DICKENS AT GADSHILL; "LITTLE DORRIT;" "OUR MUTUAL FRIEND."

By this time Dickens had purchased Gadshill House, near Rochester, the object of the childish dreams of many years before; and here he principally dwelt until the end of his life. His mind had often been occupied with a scheme by which he confidently hoped to gain much money; and the idea of providing liberally for his numerous family was always present in his mind. He now carried that scheme into effect. It was to give public readings from his works, "Pickwick," the "Christmas Carol," scenes from "Dombey," and some of his shorter pieces (generally from the Christmas numbers of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*), in London and the provinces. One of his favourite selections was "The Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," in which the romantic loves of two children are related with infinite sympathy and humour. These readings he began in 1858, and continued at intervals until the last year of his life. They were an amazing success, both in themselves and financially; but apart from the fortune they brought him, it is a question whether they were not a mistake. The time necessary for preparation was considerable; for here, as in everything he undertook, Dickens threw himself thoroughly into the affair, learning the whole chapters he was to read by heart, and practising the emphasis, intonation, and delivery of each sentence over and over again; and the readings themselves, with the journeys they involved, were a source of such exertion and fatigue, that they must have seriously weakened him, both physically and in the freshness and vigour of his

mind; in truth, he at last broke down under the strain. In England, Scotland, and Ireland he was received with equal enthusiasm; indeed, the very warmth of the greetings, and the eagerness of his audiences to welcome him, caused him to persevere when he should have paused, and frequently to tax himself quite beyond his strength.

Two more books, in the form that had long been a favourite one with him, that of twenty shilling numbers, require a few words of notice, that of "Little Dorrit" and "Our Mutual Friend." The former of these portrays the devotion of a dutiful, unselfish daughter for a foolish, self-indulgent, and dreadfully weak and helpless father. It is, moreover, remarkable for the capital satire on the manner in which the science "How not to do it" was successfully cultivated in the public service of England. The Circumlocution Office and the aristocratic families of the Barnacles and Stiltsalkings, are among the best things Dickens produced; and many of the characters are drawn with great power and humour. The chief personage, however, Arthur Clennam, was certainly not one of the author's successes; and here and there the humour appears somewhat forced. The second, "Our Mutual Friend," undoubtedly shows a great falling off; the situations are unnatural; and even to the most persistently optimist view, the vision of gentle Lizzie Hexam must appear as an impossible outcome of the surroundings of "waterside characters," and rillers of drowned men. The characters also are, in most instances, either strangely exaggerated or very unsympathetic, and the fame of the author will certainly not be increased by "Our Mutual Friend." The only personage likely to live and to become proverbial, as so many of the author's characters have done, is the purse-proud, self-sufficient Mr. Podsnap, persuaded that everything goes well because he is prosperous, and "waving off" all unpleasant subjects.

DICKENS AS A PUBLIC READER; SECOND. VISIT TO AMERICA; RETURN TO GADSHILL; HIS DEATH.

In 1867, he was tempted by a number of pressing invitations to cross the Atlantic once more, for the purpose of giving a number of readings in the principal towns of the United States. Before his departure he was entertained at a banquet at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street. Almost every literary celebrity in London was present, and Dickens delighted his hearers by delivering one of those happy, half biographical speeches, brightened up by touches of humour, in which he had no rival. It may be said that

he was probably by far the best chairman that ever presided at a public festival. Several times he took the chair at the annual dinners of benevolent associations connected with the press, and his speeches were admirable, in matter and delivery; and he presided at the dinner given to his friend and rival in popularity, Thackeray, previous to the latter's visit to the United States. It may be mentioned, too, that so great was his dramatic talent, exhibited in many amateur performances, that there can be no doubt he would have achieved eminence on the stage.

There had been some doubt in his mind as to his reception beyond the Atlantic; for the "American Notes" and the "Chuzzlewit" of many years before had made an uncomfortable impression. But he had no cause for apprehension. The greeting that awaited him was tumultuous in its heartiness. "Even in England, Dickens is less known than here," said a New York Journal; "and of the millions here who treasure every word he has written, there are tens of thousands who would make a large sacrifice to see and hear the man who has made happy so many hours. Whatever sensitiveness there once was to adverse or sneering criticism, the lapse of a quarter of a century, and the significance of a great war, have modified or removed." The visit was a triumph; but most of the friends who had held out the hand of good fellowship to him at his first visit twenty-five years before had passed away. In speaking of "America revisited," he professed his surprise at the astonishing progress and improvement in every particular since 1842.

After his return to England, he again undertook a series of readings, though his health had suffered so severely by his exertions in America that he could only go through his work with the greatest difficulty, and was at one time compelled, by peremptory medical order, to suspend the series for a time. He had definitely relinquished reading as a source of income; "from these garish lumps I vanish from evermore," he said to his audience on the last night of his public appearance, and had settled down to a new work, which promised to equal his earlier efforts in interest. His friends looked forward to a long continuance of activity for him; but the end had come. On the 8th of June, 1870, he had been at work on "Edwin Drood" (of which only three parts were completed) all day in a little chalet sent him in pieces from Paris by his friend Mr. Fechter, and set up in his shrubbery at Gadshill, where he often used it as a study. At dinner that day a strange expression of pain came over his face,

and he said that for an hour he had felt very ill. Suddenly he attempted to rise from his seat; and sank down in an apoplectic fit. He never regained consciousness; and after twenty-four hours he died, at six o'clock on the evening of the 9th of June.

BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY; CONCLUSION.

The event was so sudden, that when the placards of the London papers came out with the fatal words, "Death of Charles Dickens," in large capitals, startled men, pausing to read, could hardly believe their eyes, or realise the fact that the hand that had for so many years toiled indefatigably, was cold and powerless, and that the great writer whose very life had been in his vocation, and whom hundreds of thousands who had never seen his face still looked on as a friend, had spoken the last word he was to utter on earth. A sentiment of grief as at a near and personal loss pervaded every class of society, from the Queen, who telegraphed her regrets from Balmoral, to the artisan who remembered how nobly the great author had always stood up in defence and vindication of the toilers in the land. Dickens himself held very decided ideas concerning the futility of any funeral honours, and detested the idea of an epitaph, but it was felt that Westminster Abbey was the fitting resting-place for one who had a right to be received among the great literary Worthies of that temple of silence, reconciliation, and grateful memory. "Westminster Abbey," says a writer in the *Times*, a few days after Dickens's death, "is the peculiar resting-place of English literary genius: and among all those whose sacred dust lies there, or whose names are recorded on the walls, very few are more worthy than Charles Dickens of such a home. Fewer still, we believe, will be regarded with more honour as time passes and his greatness grows upon us."

In America, the feeling was wide-spread and deep. Bret Harte, whose genius Dickens admired and appreciated, led the way in some noble lines of simple and touching verse. Many others followed; indeed, the face of the great writer had been so recently seen among them, that to the Americans hardly less than to the English, his death brought the impression of one taken suddenly from their midst; and nothing could be more thoroughly expressive of the national sorrow than the "spray of Western pine," laid metaphorically on the coffin of Charles Dickens by him, who told how the turmoil and riot of "Roaring Camp" had been hushed, while the rugged miners sat listening as one of them read to the rest the story of "Little Nell." H. W. P.



GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

"That thee is sent receive in burdomness;
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness;
Forth, pilgrim, forth, O best out of thy stall!
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all."

Last verses of Chaucer.

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THE FATHER OF ENGLISH POETRY.

MANY a title of honour, and not a few of shame, have been attached to the names of historic characters, on slender and insufficient

grounds; and in some cases, indeed, the title of honour has become, from its incongruity, a reproach clinging with bitter irony to the memory of a pinchbeck hero; while the epithet of traitor

has been hallowed when cast by envy and malice at the fame of a patriot strong in determination and earnest in the desire for good. What a depth of satire is there in the title "The well-beloved," applied to the worthless Louis XV. of France!—what a commentary in the footsteps of the courtiers sounding like thunder along the gallery at Versailles, as they hurried to offer their congratulations to the successor of the miserable sensualist lying dead of a loathsome disease, "with not a friend to close his eyes." On the other hand, has not the perhaps ill-considered line of a poet in search of an antithesis, for more than two centuries done wrong to the memory of the great chancellor, libelled as the wisest, greatest, *meanest* of mankind?—But no shadow of doubt or uncertainty rests upon the right of Geoffrey Chaucer to bear the title of the Father of English poetry. At a time when Latin was the language of the learned, and when even Dante had hesitated whether he should write his great work in Latin, and at length reluctantly determined to clothe it in the Tuscan, which has prevented it from being consigned to the oblivion in which mediæval Latin poetry was destined to moulder, Chaucer, a man of learning, a "clerke," and doubtless a member of one university, perhaps of two, found in the language of the English people enough of beauty and strength to render it a worthy vehicle for the highest flights of verse. Well may old Occleve, in his work, "De Regimine Principum," call Chaucer "the honour of English tonge," "the first finder of our faire language," the "flower of cloquence," and "universal fadir in science." Spenser, who was born a century and a half after Chaucer's death, calls him "a well of English undefiled." The "inventive Skelton," tutor to Henry VIII., in his garland of laurelle, gives due honour to—

"Maister Chaucer, that nobly enterprysed,
How that our Englysshe might freschly be enued;"

and Samuel Daniel, the old Elizabethan metrical chronicler, speaks in his "Musiphilus" of the merits of Chaucer, as having rescued his own period from oblivion, and held it up to the contemplation and study of posterity. "Yet what a time hath he wrested from time," says the old historian, "And won upon the mighty waste of daies, Unto the immortal honour of our clime, That by his means came first adorned with bayes;" and rightly does the old sixteenth century worthy acknowledge the obligation of England to Chaucer, declaring that we are still bound "in seal to offer praise" to the sacred relics of the

rhyme of the first poet who raised the English to the dignity of a literary language. And as in the days of Elizabeth, so in our own, the works of Geoffrey Chaucer have been most prized by those best qualified to judge of literary merit. "Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety." "I take unceasing delight in Chaucer," wrote Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is! yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping!"

THE TIMES OF CHAUCER.

The career of Geoffrey Chaucer commenced just after a new and remarkable page had been opened in the history of his country. In the year 1328, the date usually accepted for his birth, the long and important reign of Edward III. had just commenced; and the life of the father of English poetry was prolonged through the reign of the victor of Crécy and that of his weak and unhappy grandson. It was the first period that can be called emphatically English; for until then the distinction between Norman and Saxon had been maintained in the country; and the animosities inseparable from difference of race, embittered by many a remembrance of oppression and endurance, had kept up the distinction between the conquerors and the conquered for centuries after the fight of Hastings.

At first, and indeed for a considerable period, the proud Normans held it a point of honour to keep aloof from the nation they had subdued. The scornful question, "Do you take me for an Englishman?" was among them equivalent to "Do you suppose I am a slave?" And, in truth, there were in the Saxon character defects that gave only too many opportunities for Norman satire; for gluttony, drunkenness, and sloth formed a wretched set-off against the acknowledged Saxon virtues—stubborn bravery, loyalty, and truthfulness. Where the Saxon had been contented with rough plenty, the more fastidious Norman required elegance. He derided as clownish and rude the feasts at which there was abundance of food displayed, but scant skill in cookery. The national garb of the Saxons, their architecture, their method of fighting, all excited in him a contemptuous surprise; and their language, especially, seemed to the ear of the Norman harsh and untunable, while of their literature he neither understood nor desired to understand anything. French was the language of the court, and in French the king's justice was dispensed. The Norman and the earlier Plan-

tagenet kings did not even understand the speech of the nation they governed. Robert of Gloucester, the rhyming chronicler, writing in the west-country English, so late as the reign of Edward I., bears testimony to the slight esteem in which the native language was held. In his reproduction of the "History of Geoffrey of Monmouth," he says—

"Vor bote a man conthe French, me tolth of him well
lute,
As lowe men holdeth to Englyas, and to her kunde
speche sute;"

which in modern English signifies, "For unless a man know French, one talketh of him little; but low men hold to English, and to their natural speech yet."

This state of things continued so long as the Norman and Plantagenet kings held sway in France as well as in England, and regarded the former country as their natural home, and the latter as a conquered province. Not more than a tenth part of the decade to which his reign extended was spent by Richard I. in England; and the splendid appanage brought by Eleanor of Guyenne to his father, Henry II., must have caused that astute monarch to bestow his cares upon his French territory at least as much as upon his English possessions.

But this divided sway had its inconveniences for the rulers, and as the event proved, great advantages for the governed. The title of the Norman kings was weak, and their great vassals were turbulent. Sons of kings who rebelled against their fathers in those days never lacked followers to share their fortunes, in the hope of reward if the revolt proved successful; as William the Norman and Henry II. found to their cost. Moreover, it was difficult to keep a numerous and valiant people permanently in a state of slavery; and thus as early as the reign of Henry I. we find the usurping king seeking to gain the suffrage of his Saxon subjects, by extolling his own virtues, and depreciating his brother Robert, whom he malignantly describes as a hard and cruel tyrant, while for his own part, as a proof of his benevolent intentions towards the nation for whose allegiance he is bidding, he offers to restore the laws of the good King Edward the Confessor, and grants various charters to towns, the precursors of that great charter of John's reign, which in itself includes all the essentials of a constitutional government. The loss of the French provinces under the wicked and incapable John, detached England from continental interests, and did much to-

wards making Englishmen of the descendants of these Norman barons who fought at Hastings. In the long reign of the weak Henry III. the Parliament was set up, wherein the people of England beheld with pride something akin to the Witenagemote of the good old days; for were not burgesses called to serve, and knights of the shire, in addition to the nobles and high clerical dignitaries who had formed the great council of the feudal kings from William the Conqueror downwards?

REVIVAL OF THE ENGLISH INFLUENCE.

Thus gradually the Anglo-Saxon triumphed over the Norman element in England. When Henry I., with a view of conciliating his Saxon subjects, married the good Princess Matilda of Scotland, the niece of Edgar Atheling, the Norman nobles were full of bitter jests at the union of a Norman king with a Saxon maiden, though of the royal house of Alfred. They seem to have thought that Henry should first have asked, like Cloten in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, "Is there no derogation in't?" and scornfully nicknamed the royal pair, Godric and Godiva, as though a Saxon appellation were in itself a disgrace. But the Plantagenets were sufficiently wise in their generation to understand that their power could be firmly built up only on the suffrage of the stubborn unconquerable English people, in whom the instinct of freedom seemed not only ineradicable, but manifestly grew and increased the faster for every attempt made to repress it; and by the time the young Prince Edward, by consigning the "gentle Mortimer" to a richly deserved doom of death, and by the incarceration of the wicked Isabella of France in the fortress of Castle Rising, had asserted his right to be king of England in fact as well as in name, three separate and solemn confirmations of the Great Charter had emphasized the right of the English people to invoke against tyranny the protection of the law.

A thoroughly English king, perhaps the first of his line, who could rightly be called English as distinct from Norman, was Edward III.—essentially a strong man, with just those qualities that would endear him to a rough and turbulent but loyal-hearted people. The armies he led into France were very different from the motley crowd, of various nations and languages, that thronged after the feudal banners of France with "Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle shield." There was a feeling of nationality and fellowship among the archers and billmen of Edward, who fought for a common

cause and a common country, with the additional enthusiasm inspired by devotion to a great leader. Old Froissart, the chronicler, stared and marvelled at the prowess and pertinacity, the sedate valour and imperturbable perseverance of these men fighting shoulder to shoulder against fearful odds. He seems hardly to have realized what an increase of power had resulted from the merging of Saxon and Norman into the common nationality of Englishmen, or to have understood how men could be at once so loyal and so independent. *Le peuple le plus orgueilleux et le plus outrecoquant*, the proudest and most arrogantly self-asserting of nations, is the character he gives to the English people; for in the eyes of the worthy Fleming the assertion of popular rights and liberties by the commonalty must have appeared as savouring of insolence towards the knights and seigneurs whose deeds of valour he extols so highly. Edward III. understood the English well, and was content, while gaining fame and honour in the battle-field, to allow to the Commons of England that right of the purse which they in later times so pertinaciously defended. In religious matters, also, England stood in a position differing from that of continental Europe. The papal power never established itself in this country, with the complete ascendancy over the minds of men which it acquired throughout Europe generally. A far greater freedom of thought and speech, and a more extended power of the king as compared with that of the Church, had long been the characteristic of England in matters ecclesiastical; and in the reign of Edward I. arose the dauntless Wycliffe, to denounce to a nation ready and willing to hear him, the abuses and errors of the priesthood, and point out, with honest indignation, the glaring contrast between principle and practice in many of the religious orders.

THE AGE OF EDWARD III.

It was an exceptionally outspoken age; and satire, with tongue and pen, strove boldly against imposture. Thus honest Robert Langlande, in his Vision of Piers Plowman, complains loudly of the degeneracy of the ecclesiastics, their luxury and pride, and their forgetfulness of their holy calling. He says in outspoken fashion, and not without a touch of humour:—

"And now is religion a rider, a romer by the streets,
A leader of love-deyes, and a loud beggar,
A pricker on a palfrey, from manor to manor,
An bespe of boundes at his 'back' as he a lord were.
And if but his knave knele, that shall his cope bring
He lowred on hym, and asked who taught hym courtesye."

King Edward himself was most tolerant and liberal in matters of faith, and favoured Wycliffe as a man who worked in a good cause; and not the least among the merits of this renowned king must be ranked the enlightened policy that extended the royal protection to the first great apostle of the Reformation, the morning star that heralded the brighter day soon to scatter the darkness of the mediæval world.

The long reign of this remarkable monarch, comprising half a century full of activity and movement, and largely filled with pomp and circumstance of glorious war, had just begun when Chaucer was born; and the poet could say with the hero of the Trojan war, "*Quorum pars magna fui*," in reference to the stirring events of his time. For though a scholar and a man of undoubted literary genius, Geoffrey Chaucer was no recluse, no bookworm poring over musty tomes in cloistered solitude. He was a man of the world, a poet whose mind had been enlarged and imagination quickened by foreign travel and the society and converse of great and distinguished men. In the glories of the struggle against France he had his share, and also came in for one of the least agreeable of the chances of war, being taken prisoner by the enemy. High in honour with kings, and connected by marriage with "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," he was familiar with the ways and manners of courts, and was more than once employed on state business of importance. Nor was the other side of the picture unfamiliar to him. For he took part in the great religious controversy of the time, as a Wycliffite and a partisan of John of Gaunt; and suffered exile and imprisonment; to be afterwards restored to his former honours, and invested with new ones, in the green old age in which the grand old poet's genius shone brighter than ever.

CHAUCER AND SHAKESPEARE.

In some points Chaucer strongly resembled Shakespeare. We have the same wonderful power of description, the same exquisite insight into character, the same power of indicating by a few masterly touches the whole character of the man; like Shakespeare also, Chaucer was eminently a large-hearted man, tolerant of the failings of his fellow-men, ready to find good in everything, and with an intense appreciation of the beautiful in nature. He revels, as it were, in the sunshine of spring, "When that April with his showers soft, The drought of March hath pierced to the root," as he tells us in his Canterbury Tales, or, when, as he writes in "The Flowe"

and the Leaf," "Every plaine was clothed faire, with new green, and maketh small flowers to spring here and there in field and in mead;" and in the same poem he paints his delight at the sight of the forest, the "okes great, streight as a line" with the new leaves bursting out, bright green and red in the merry month of May; when "Eke the birdes song for to hear, Would have rejoiced any earthly wight." To Shakspeare he may be likened, moreover, in the sturdy manliness of his religious belief—his honest reverence for all things truly sacred and holy, with an outspoken contempt for counterfeits and hypocrisy. And to sum up his resemblance to the greatest of English poets, it may be said that while he at times displays infinite pathos and tenderness, he is never more thoroughly at home than when delineating with the richest comic humour some whimsical scene of cross purposes, or painting the portrait of some eccentric character of his own day.

BIRTH; YOUTH AND COLLEGE DAYS.

Though there has been much controversy regarding the exact time of Chaucer's birth, the year 1328 is the generally accepted date. Leland the antiquarian, writing about a century after the poet's death, represents Chaucer as a member of a noble family. Pitts declares him to be the son of a knight, and other authorities state him to have been a merchant's son. Regarding the place of his birth there is no such uncertainty. In one of his later works, Chaucer speaks of "the citey of London, that is to me so dere and swete, in which I was forth growen;" and he goes on to observe that every man has a natural liking for his birthplace, and wishes it to prosper, "as every kindly creature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly engendure, and to wilne reste and pece in that stede to abide" (Testament of Love, Book i., section 5).

Of the earlier youth of Chaucer we have absolutely no particulars. There was a contemporary poet who might, it is supposed, have furnished some records, old John Gower, somewhat Chaucer's senior, and certainly during some period his friend, and claiming to be his teacher; for did not Gower write in the "Confessio Amantis"—

"And greets wel Chaucer when ye mete
As my dysciple and my poete"?

But whether from subsequent cooling of the friendship, or whatever other reason, the author of the "Confessio Amantis" left us no record of his more illustrious brother.

That Chaucer visited one of the two great

English universities is more than probable; and, perhaps to solve the difficulty of assigning to either of these seats of learning the honour of producing the first English poet, Godwin, in his life of Chaucer, has ingeniously supposed him to have visited both universities. For his residence at Cambridge the only authority is the signature, "Philogenet of Cambridge, clerk," to a poem; his dedication of "Troilus and Creseide" to Gower and Strode, two Oxford men, is the principal fact relied on in support of the theory that pronounced him an Oxonian; and certainly it seems that the delineator of the "Clerke of Oxenford" was speaking with personal local knowledge. On the other hand, the local touches in the tale of the miller of Trompington point to a knowledge of Cambridge.

THE COURT OF LOVE; TROILUS AND CRESEIDE, ETC.

But soon after his college days, wherever they may have been passed, were ended, Chaucer appears as a not unimportant actor on the grand warlike stage of the reign of Edward III. In his college days he already produced his poem, "The Court of Love," the work in which he describes himself as "Philogenet of Cambridge." The work represents the poet as visiting the Mount of Cithere, or Citheron, where Citherea, "goddess and queen," is enthroned in a splendid castle, with her son Cupid. Here the poet meets a lovely lady, his superior in birth, and at first inclined to treat him with disdain; but, overcome by his importunity, she accepts his admiration; whether this lady Rosial was an entirely imaginary being, or a real personage who excited the youthful admiration of the poet, is a questionable point. The poem is in some respects an imitation of Ovid's "Art of Love," and in others is framed on a work by William de Lorris. The plot is meagre, and the descriptions are in many respects faulty; while the manifest indelicacy of many of the verses makes us marvel at the state of manners in an age that could tolerate such expressions in the domain of art. But there is enough of merit in the production to give a very decided impression as to the poetical power of the writer, especially as regards the flow of the verse and pleasant and humorous delineation of character and habits. These points, which afterwards became paramount in the later writings of the poet, are here already seen to advantage. The stanza, too, the verse of seven lines of ten syllables each, is happily turned to account. It is said to have originated with Chaucer, and was adopted by various later poets

of distinction. Spenser, for instance, wrote his two hymns of Love and Beauty in this verse, which was long known as the "rhythm royal." Among the statutes of love on which the poet is sworn, one especially enjoins the fairest construction of his lady's conduct under all possible circumstances:—

"But thinke that she so boniteous and faire
Coud not be false; imagine this algate,
And think that tonges wicked would her appaire,
Slandering her name and worshipful estate,
And lovers true to setten at debate;
And though thou seest a faute, right at thine iye,
Excuse it blive, and glose it pretilye."

Whether, as has been asserted, Chaucer left Cambridge to sojourn for a time at the sister university of Oxford, is open to doubt; at least, there is nothing improbable in the supposition, many scholars of distinction having not only studied at the two great English seats of learning, but supplemented their academical course by a visit to the no less famed university of Paris. Godwin, in his exhaustive and erudite life of the poet, confidently asserts that it was at Oxford Chaucer wrote his juvenile poem, "Troilus and Creseide." This poem is a translation, the author states, from a Latin author, whom he calls Lollius; but the learned Tyrwhit conjectures the poem to have been taken from an Italian source, namely, the "Philostrato dell' amorose fatiche de Troilo per Gio Boccaccio." It is the same story, in the main points, that Shakespeare dramatised two centuries and a half later; though Chaucer idealizes the character of the faithless maiden, and does not, like Shakespeare, represent her as untrue to Troilus almost without excuse for what old Urry calls "her great untruth in giving herself to Diomedes." Like the "Court of Love," Troilus and Creseide is written in the stanza of seven lines. In many respects it stands higher than its predecessor. In this "litell tragedie," as its author or adapter calls it, we have many touches of true pathos, and some exquisite pieces of description of character. The idea of good coming after evil is well put forth in the following stanza, by the association of contrasts:—

"For thilke ground that beareth the weedes wick,
Bear'th eke these wholesome herbes as full oft,
And next to the foul nettle rough and thick
The rose ywaxeth sote (sweet), and smooth, and soft,
And next the valley is the hill aloft,
And next the darké night is the glad morrow,
And also joy is next the fine of sorrow."

The natural tendency to humour in Chaucer's genius is seen in the following lines. Pandarus

has been pressing the lovelorn Troilus to disclose the name of his goddess, promising to do his best to serve him.

"Were it eke for my sister all thy sorrow,
By my good will she should be thine to-morrow,"

says this zealous gentleman, and he continues his exhortation thus:

"Look up, I say, and tell me what she is,
Anon, that I may go about my need.
Know I her aught? For my love tell me this,
Then would I hope the rather for to speed.
Then 'gan the vein of Troilus to bleed,
For he was hit, and waxed all red for shame—
Aha! (*quoth Pandare*) *here beginneth game.*"

The author dismisses his "little book" with a pious aspiration that whereas "there is so great diversity in English, and writing of our tongue," none may miswrite or mismetre (wrongly scan) it "for default of tongue," but that it may be understood wheresoever it comes to be read "or ellés sung."

CHAUCER RISES TO EMINENCE.

Chaucer next appears as a law student of the Middle Temple in London; and there is a tradition mentioned by Speght, that he was amerced in the sum of five shillings for assault and battery on the person of a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street. Before this he had already travelled in France and Flanders; and we afterwards find him in the honourable position of a page to Edward III. himself; a brilliant start in life, and one that would introduce him to scenes which could not fail to draw forth to the utmost the poetic powers of which he had already given brilliant evidence. The king's poetical page soon receives important promotion; he becomes a gentleman of the king's privy chamber, and afterwards shieldbearer, an office of high trust and dignity. Nor are these honours unaccompanied by substantial benefits; for liberal gratuities are bestowed upon the poet, who is evidently a favourite with the illustrious master, with whom he is destined to take part in stirring and important scenes.

The chief foundation of the poet's prosperity, however, seems to have been his connection with John of Gaunt, the son of Edward III., the "time-honoured Lancaster" of Shakespeare's Richard II. The third wife of John of Gaunt was Catherine Swinford, daughter of a Flemish noble, and widow of an English knight, Sir John Swinford. A sister of this Catherine Swinford, Philippa Pickard, a maid of honour to the English queen, became the wife of Chaucer, who

thus became connected with the royal family by no remote tie ; and either in consequence of the connection, or from respect for the poet's character, the powerful duke accorded to Chaucer his constant and cordial protection. The acquaintance of the poet with court life and manners, the habit of conversing with the great men of the time, and the wider views of the world he obtained in comparison with the clerical and monastic writers who preceded him, gave to Chaucer's writings an infinite freshness and vitality. His descriptions of pageants, spectacles, and feastings, especially in his later works, have the reality and distinctness to be found only in the works of one who portrays what he has himself seen ; and we cannot doubt that Chaucer's noble knights and ladies were in many instances portraits drawn from the life.

Foreign travel also contributed in no small measure to enlarge the scope of the usefulness of our "Father of English poetry." That he was high in favour at the court of Edward III. is proved by the most substantial of tests—gifts of money from the royal hand, bestowed on him in recognition of his merit. In 1367, Geoffrey Chaucer was made the recipient of a pension of two hundred marks, worth about £240 of our present money. In the patent by which this annuity is secured to the poet, "the services he had performed to the crown" are stated as the reason for the grant ; and that these services must have been considerable, the amount of the benefaction appears to indicate. In 1373 we find Chaucer chosen as one of three envoys on a highly important mission to the then powerful Duchy of Genoa. The object was partly diplomatic, partly commercial, having chiefly reference to the establishment of a factory for the Genoese merchants in England ; John de Muri, a citizen of Genoa, and Sir James Pronan, a vice-admiral and knight, were his coadjutors ; the rank of the latter of these is a sufficiently significant proof of the position of both the men associated with him in the mission. That Chaucer, after concluding his diplomatic task, made a tour throughout northern Italy, is more than probable. The beautiful story of "Patient Griselde," originally written in Latin by Boccaccio, had just at that period been translated into Italian by the veteran Petrarch, then concluding at Padua his eventful and chequered career. Warton, in his history of English poetry, asserts that Chaucer was introduced to the venerable poet at the wedding of Violante, daughter of Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, and adds, "It is not improbable that Boccaccio was of the party"—adducing the authority of

Paulus Jovius for the anecdote. He certainly speaks of such a meeting in the prologue to the story of Griselde, told in the *Canterbury Tales* by the Clerke of Oxenforde, who says :

"I wol you tell a tale, which that I
Learned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
As preved by his werdes and his werk ;
Fraunceis Petrarch, the laureate poete,
Highte this clerk whos rhetorike swete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie,
As Lynyan did of philosophie."

And as the genial clerke of Oxenford exhibited some of the characteristics of Chaucer himself, we are warranted in believing that the meeting with "Fraunceis Petrarch" had its origin in fact.

More important than the question of the actual meeting between the poets is certainly the fact that Chaucer studied with great advantage the literature of Italy, then already enriched with masterpieces far transcending anything that had been produced since the classic days of Greece and Rome. Dante had given to the world his matchless "Divina Commedia." Boccaccio had written his "Decamerone," and Petrarch, in another field, had set up a model for the nations to imitate. Like all true men of genius, Chaucer was no servile imitator. He did not copy these great Italian writers. He caught their spirit, and infused it into his own works. If we would estimate the extent to which he profited by the models thus brought under his cognizance, we have only to compare his earlier poems, written before the visit to Italy, with his later productions.

THE "ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE," "HOUSE OF FAME," ETC.

The earlier works of Chaucer, though they have been eclipsed by the glory of his immortal "Canterbury Tales," contain many remarkable passages, and are well worthy the attentive perusal of the student. We see in them how the poet built up his earlier works on the rigid lines of the old romances. He at first appears merely as a translator, and, indeed, as a literal one. But gradually he seems to feel his own power, and to break away from his fetters ; indulging himself, especially in the comic portions of his works, with flights of fancy and imagination. His native humour and his good-natured irony show themselves more and more plainly. One of his earlier works, composed during the time when he was actively engaged in public duties, was the "Romaunt of the Rose," a translation, with alterations and improvements, of the allegorical

French poem, the first part written by William de Lorris, who died in 1260; and the latter, and by far the longer portion, by John of Meun, near Orleans, early in the fourteenth century. The story, as taken literally, tells the adventures of a lover in his endeavours to obtain a rose growing in an inaccessible garden. Various explanations have been given of the allegorical meaning; one interpretation representing the allegory as religious—the rose signifying a state of grace, and the efforts of the lover the striving of man after holiness; the chemical interpretation declares the rose to figure the philosopher's stone. Of the two original authors of the "Romaunt of the Rose," Lorris was far superior to John of Meun. Chaucer seems to have made a just estimate of the comparative merits of the writers, for he has translated the whole of Lorris, and but a portion of John of Meun.

On the embattled walls of the garden wherein grew the mystic rose are painted a number of allegorical figures, recalling to the reader's mind Gray's "Fury Passions," with "Envy, War, and faded Care, grim-visaged, comfortless Despair," and the rest as described in the famous "Eton College" ode. In the "Romaunt of the Rose," Envy is pictured graphically enough as yellow with spite. "Her seemed to have the jaundice." Hate stands "grinning with despicable rage." Within the garden, where Idleness acts as portress, dwells the God of Love, leading by the hand Beauty; "Ne was she darke ne browne, but bright and clere as is the mone light," and "her chere was simple as birde in bowre;" while "Richesse" flaunted in a robe of purple, the like of which was not to be found in the world. In the palace of Old Age dwell Sickness, Pain, and Melancholy, ever reminding their entertainer "that Deth standith armid at her gate." Here we have again a reminiscence of Gray's poem, where, "in the vale of years," the "painful family of Death" are depicted, the various forms of sickness that rack the joints or fire the veins, or "in the deeper vitals rage," with Poverty and slow-consuming age to fill up their number. The style of the "Romaunt of the Rose" has much of the stiffness of the old romancers, but here and there we have the striking power of personification and description in which Chaucer afterwards excelled, and which, early in his career, made the original poem a favourite with him.

A fine original poem belonging to this period of Chaucer's activity is his "House of Fame." Warton is of opinion that the idea was suggested by a Provençal composition. The poet is supposed to be caught up by an eagle, who carries him to

the House of Fame, a grand gothic temple reared in mid air. It is vast beyond all conception, this grand hall, and is filled with a gallant company of famous authors of all ages, with magicians, sorcerers, harpers and minstrels, and a motley assemblage, including many heralds, with the armorial bearings of renowned champions blazoned on their coats. At the upper end of the hall Fame sits enthroned, with Alexander and Hercules as supporters. Josephus, Homer, Livy, Ovid, Lucan, Claudian appear among the company; while Cæolus is summoned from his cave in Thrace, and ordered to bring with him his two clarions, Slander and Praise. In this work Chaucer uses the octosyllabic verse; the chief characteristics of the poem are exuberance of imagery, and a wonderful fertility of description. There is a considerable amount of humour in various passages; and in the description of the house, or rather the cage, of Rumour, where pilgrims, pardoners, and sailors are continually employed in disseminating reports, the majority of them false, the poet seems to revel in a task peculiarly congenial to him. The value placed upon classical writers in the fourteenth century can be pretty accurately estimated from this poem. The idea was modernised by Pope in his "Temple of Fame," but various writers have thought the little bard of Twickenham ill-advised in his endeavour to make Chaucer speak "by measure and by rule;" and prefer the freedom of the old poet, though he draws for a large sum upon our powers of credulity, when he bids us imagine a house sixty miles in length. Warton declares that Pope, while displaying his skill and elegance in the diction and versification of his "House of Fame," has spoilt it and marred its character. "An attempt to unite order and exactness of imagery with a subject formed on principles so professedly romantic and anomalous," he says, "is like giving Corinthian pillars to a Gothic palace. When I read Pope's elegant imitation of this piece, I think I am walking among the modern monuments unsuitably placed in Westminster Abbey."

"THE LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN," "THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF."

The "Legend of Good Women" contains the histories and misfortunes of heroines of various times. The female character is here placed in a most favourable light. The work is in the form of a dream, or vision, experienced by the poet. Chaucer sees Cupid, the god of love, coming towards him, in his vision, with Alcestis as his queen. Reproached by Cupid for having calum-

niated women in his "Romaunt of the Rose," and in "Troilus and Creside," the poet is defended by Alcestis, who makes excuses for him, and mentions other of his works, such as "Palamon and Arcite" and the "House of Fame," in which he has done justice to the feminine character. It is decided that Chaucer shall atone for his offences against the sex by writing a poem in praise "Of Gode Women, both maidens and eke wives, that weren trewe in loving all their lives." Thisbe, Dido, and Ariadne are among the heroines, the list being closed by the story of Alcestis herself. The perjuries and treasons of "false men," on the other hand, are to be set forth in the poem in their native turpitude; and there seems a touch of irony in the exaggerated manner in which this part of the task is carried out.

Another of Chaucer's works, and one in which instruction is conveyed under the form of allegory, is "The Flower and the Leaf." Here again we see Chaucer's love of the country and the woodland minstrelsy of the birds. It is early morning, in the month of May, the poet's favourite season; and Chaucer represents himself as going forth into a pleasant grove to listen to the songs of spring. The goldfinch and the nightingale carolling from a medlar tree and a laurel first attract his attention; but speedily he sees a noble company of ladies richly attired, decked with jewels, and wearing chaplets of laurel and other green leaves on their heads; they are speedily joined by a troop of men-at-arms, likewise wearing leafy coronets, and numbering among them the paladins of Charlemagne, the knights of Arthur's Round Table, and doughty champions of Chaucer's own time. These all, by dance and song, do honour to a fair laurel tree. And now, from the opposite side, advances a procession of knights and ladies, bravely clad, and wearing coronets; but these are not of leaves, but of flowers. They pay their homage, not to the laurel tree, but to a flowery plot, singing a song in praise of the daisy—"Si douce est la Marguerite."

But presently a storm comes on; and the grassy plot offers no shelter like that afforded by the spreading laurel, nor can the flowers themselves long endure the pelting rain and hail, but are speedily withered up and destroyed. Then the flower worshippers are compassionated and succoured by the party of the laurel, and the lady of the leaf rides away at the head of the whole company, to entertain them, the nightingale perching on her hand. The allegory represents the triumph of perseverance as

symbolized in the leaf, "whose lusty grene may not appaired be, but keepeth her beauty," over idleness, as shown in the flower which

"Within a litel space
Wollen be lost; so simple of nature
It be, that it no grievance may endure,
And every storme wol blow it sone away."

Among Chaucer's works are "The Complaint of the Black Knight," the subject being founded on the misfortunes and troubles of John of Gaunt; "The Book of the Duchess," written on the occasion of the death of Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster, and in which John of Gaunt is introduced in the character of a mourning knight, who, clad in black armour, bewails the loss of his consort; "Chaucer's Dream," on the marriage of John of Gaunt with the Princess Blanche; "The Parliament of Birds," also called "The Assembly of Fowls," written to commemorate the courtship of John of Gaunt and Blanche; and "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," in which the poet's love of nature and of the beauties of woodland scenery is admirably displayed. The poet is at Woodstock, his favourite residence, and a place with which memories of his name are indissolubly interwoven. He thinks, as he lies wakeful on his couch, that he would love to hear the nightingale sing, and he rises early in the morning and walks forth to fulfil that purpose; for, like all true admirers of nature, Chaucer loves to go forth when the day is yet young, and the freshness of morn is not yet sullied by the burning rays of the noonday sun. The description of the scene is full of enjoyment of woodland sights and sounds.

The prosperity of Chaucer at court did not end with the reign of Edward III. The new king, Richard II., was only eleven years old at his accession; and the influence of John of Gaunt, Chaucer's great patron, was paramount in the state. The poet's emoluments under Edward III.'s rule had been considerable. Besides the pension of twenty marks, the chivalric king had bestowed upon Chaucer, whom he designated "our beloved squire" (*delectus armiger noster*), a daily pitcher of wine from the royal table: and had appointed him to the office of comptroller of the customs for wool and hides. Moreover Chaucer was made guardian of the young son of Sir Edmond Staplegate, of Kent, a minor; and in those days the custody of the lands and person of an heir was always a lucrative source of profit to the guardian. Chaucer received a hundred and four pounds in virtue of this office; and thus he appears at the commencement of

the reign of Richard II., when he was confirmed in the possession of all these advantages, as a wealthy, honoured, and fortunate man.

Indeed, new offices were added to those he already held; for soon after this time, according to Warton, we find him "appointed clerk of the king's works, in the palace of Westminster, in the royal manors of Shene, Kensington, Byfleet, and Clapton, and in the mews at Charing. Again, in 1380, of the works of St. George's chapel at Windsor, then ruinous."

MISFORTUNE AND EXILE.

But the fair day of Chaucer's life was to be overshadowed by misfortune as its evening approached. John of Gaunt, his friend and patron, was a man of great, even inordinate ambition; and after the death of his brothers, the Black Prince and Lionel of Clarence, he even hoped to gain the crown of England. Failing this, he had sought in other quarters to increase his influence, and to open a prospect of a regal title in the future; as is seen in his alliance with Peter the Cruel of Castile, and his marriage with the daughter of that worthless prince. In England he had always looked upon the clergy, who were zealous for hereditary succession, and who probably regarded with complacency the prospect of a long minority of the crown, as tending to increase their own power, as his especial enemies; and this may probably have been one, if not the chief, motive of the constant support and protection he afforded to Wycliffe and those bold advocates of religious reform, afterwards known by the nickname of Lollards. When the undaunted parson of Lutterworth was summoned to London by haughty Bishop Courtenay, to answer an accusation of heresy, in 1377, it was the support of the powerful Duke of Lancaster, in conjunction with the assistance of Lord Percy, that saved him certainly from a dungeon, probably from the stake; and again, when summoned to Lambeth Palace in the following year, the popularity of the Reformer among the citizens, and the weakness of the papacy, whose power was seriously damaged by the schism of the west, would have been insufficient to carry him through the danger, but that the powerful arm of Gaunt was again stretched forth to protect him. Whatever may have been the Duke of Lancaster's reasons for professing Wycliffite opinions, it is certain that in those opinions Chaucer cordially concurred. Even in his earlier works we may see occasional and unmistakable indications of zeal for the Reformer, and of indignation, gene-

rally expressed in satire, concerning the abuses of the Church and the arrogance of the clergy. Their method of engrossing the great offices in the state, in itself formed a sufficient cause of popular discontent, and even excited the secret anger of kings and princes against them. Urry points out how, at the time of which we are writing, almost all the places of trust and honour were held by ecclesiastics; the Archbishop of Canterbury being Lord Chancellor; the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Lord Treasurer; the Archdeacon of Lincoln, Privy Seal; while the offices of chancellor of the exchequer, privy purse, master of the rolls, master of the jewel house, treasurer of Ireland, and a host of other appointments, were all held by priests. "If," says Froude, "the Black Prince had lived, or if Richard II. had inherited the temper of the Plantagenets, the ecclesiastical system would have been spared the misfortune of a longer reprieve."

At length the popular discontent culminated in the rebellion of Wat Tyler. The anger of the people against the churchmen is significantly shown in the excesses committed during that ill-starred enterprise—the murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the slaying of a number of clerks, the burning of books. That neither Chaucer nor his patron had any share in this movement may be inferred from the fact that the rebels, in their impartial hatred of all dignities, sacked the Savoy Palace, the residence of the Duke of Lancaster. Like the revolt of the peasants in the German "Bauernkrieg," early in the sixteenth century, and the "Jacquerie" in France, this desperate effort of ignorant and headstrong men labouring under a passionate sense of injury had its source in tyranny long endured, and at length grown insupportable; nor was there in the demands they made in the first instance anything but what the common sense of justice would acknowledge as fitting and right. The violence and crime which stained their cause, however, gave a convenient reason for revoking the concessions made to the insurgents by the Government in the moment of danger.

The power of the great Duke of Lancaster had for some time been waning. The king hated and feared him, and his enemies were not slow to take advantage of the tide that had now set in strongly against him. An accusation was brought forward against the Duke by one Latimer, a friar, who declared he had conspired to kill the king. The death of the accuser, who was himself assassinated before the affair could be investigated, did not stop the proceedings against the Duke, whom

Richard resolved to bring to trial. But John of Gaunt, too wary to trust himself in his enemies' hands, fortified himself in Pomfret Castle, and the proceedings against him were dropped. His influence, however, was gone, although few believed there was any truth in Latimer's accusation. The Duke quitted England; and when his powerful countenance was withdrawn, his party felt the full weight of the vengeance of its foes. The opposing factions ran high in the city of London, and, naturally enough, broke out into open violence on the question of the election to the mayoralty. A certain John Combermere, better known as John of Northampton, a Wycliffite and a Lancastrian, had been once mayor of London, and strove to secure re-election by promising to reform the various abuses in municipal government. This was "the way to kindle, not to quench." Accordingly a riot broke out, in which the party of John of Northampton was defeated. One of the leaders of the tumult was beheaded, and John himself was imprisoned. The partisans of the fallen candidate took flight in dismay, and among them was Chaucer. He first passed over to Hainault and France, and thence, deeming himself not safe from pursuit, proceeded to Zeeland. Of this part of his life, with its trials and sufferings, we have some indications in his "Testament of Love," written during a woful imprisonment; for while the poet, the whole tenor, of whose life speaks him a warm-hearted, liberal man, was, out of his own straitened means, ministering to the necessities of his poorer fellow-exiles, there was evil work going on against him in England. His enemies, backed, there is reason to believe, by those who had been his friends and the partakers of his prosperity, did their best to ruin him. "Les absents ont toujours tort," says the French proverb, and many of the partisans of Chaucer made their own peace with the Government by throwing all the blame of the late transactions on him. His supplies were stopped; the rents due to him not being remitted to his place of refuge. His wife and sons, as well as himself, were threatened with ruin; and he was compelled, as the lesser evil, to risk all and return home, in the hope, probably, that the affair of John of Northampton had been partly forgotten, and that a voluntary act of submission might build up his fortunes anew.

CHAUCER'S IMPRISONMENT AND RELEASE.

He returned, but it was to be arrested and shut up in a prison fortress, in all probability the Tower of London, where he endured a capti-

vity that seems to have extended over three years. "It was behind the bars of a gloomy window in the Tower," says the author of the "Amenities," "where every hour appeared to be a hundred winters," that Chaucer, recent from exile, and sore from persecution, was reminded of a work popular in those days, and that had been composed in a dungeon, "The Consolations of Philosophy," by Boethius, and which he himself had formerly translated. He composed his "Testament of Love," substituting for the severity of an abstract being the more genial inspiration of love itself. But the fiction was a reality, and the griefs were deeper than the fancies. In this chronicle of the heart the poet mourns over "the delicious hours he was wont to enjoy," of his "richesse," and now of his destitution, the vain regret of his abused confidence, the treachery of all that "summer brood" who never approach the lost friend in "the winter hour" of an iron solitude. But he at length yielded to necessity, and made some sort of submission, accompanied by a confession which is said to have incriminated certain of his former friends, and the poet complained that he was exposed to much malevolence, and suffered the extremity of all that slander could inflict, on this occasion. He himself acknowledges having made certain "disclosures for the peace of the kingdom," but what these disclosures were, and how far Chaucer implicated those who may be said by their ingratitude to him to have shut themselves out from every claim to his consideration, can never be more than mere matter of conjecture. Chateaubriand, without supporting his assertions by a scrap of evidence, puts down Chaucer as "Courtier, Lancastrian, Wycliffite, unfaithful to his convictions, a traitor to his party, at one time banished, at another a traveller, now in favour, presently in disgrace." Isaac D'Israeli, on the other hand, with far better judgment, refuses to accept these unsupported assertions for more than they are worth. "No! thou eloquent Gaul!" he heartily exclaims, "Chaucer was never out of favour, however he may have been more than once dismissed from his office;" nor can we know whether the poet was ever "infidèle à ses convictions." It must also be remembered that, during the whole time of Chaucer's self-exile, his duties were fulfilled by deputy, a fact that gives colour to the conjecture that he may have left England partly to avoid giving evidence against those partisans who acted so treacherously by him; and, indeed, he himself speaks of having "concealed their privities longer than he should;" and it was

Thomas of Woodstock, for some time paramount in England, after the fall of John of Gaunt, and the bitter enemy of the king, who at last dismissed the poet from his employments. That he had been a member of some "conjunction" is certain; and it is equally undeniable that he made certain disclosures, and at the price of these procured his liberty. But in the obscurity in which the whole affair is involved, it is impossible to decide upon the nature or the extent of these revelations, or to judge in how far they were justified by the treachery and ingratitude of former partisans and associates. The accusations against the poet would have been forgotten in the course of time, but for his own laboured apology for his conduct, and passionate vindication of his motives in the "Testament of Love." The very anxiety of the writer of that remarkable work to stand well with his countrymen and with posterity argued the righteous ambition of a lofty mind. Where circumstances are dark and doubtful, a man has a right to be judged according to the general tenor of his life; and in Chaucer's case, where the whole direction is towards honour, benevolence, and truthfulness, there is the less reason for putting the worst construction upon what may have come about in a very natural manner. After five years of adversity and misfortune a man can hardly be accused of tergiversation or instability for trying, by any reasonable concession, to relieve himself from intolerable misery and persecution.

That Chaucer, though involved for a time in the downfall of his party, never entirely lost the favour of the king, is shown by the fact that soon after his liberation he was appointed clerk of the works to the king, through the intervention, Mr. Godwin says, of Richard's queen, Anne of Bohemia, at whose command Chaucer had written his "Legend of Good Women," and who had always been a generous and consistent friend to the poet. This was in 1389; and from this time till his death the days of Chaucer were prosperous and happy. Especially after the return to England of his patron, John of Gaunt, —who, though he did not succeed in establishing himself as king of Castile, saw his two daughters seated on the thrones of Castile and Portugal respectively—the fortunes of Chaucer rose rapidly; and how little the gallant spirit of the man had been crushed by the evil chances, or puffed up by the good hap that had befallen him, is shown in that wonderful work in which, at the age of nearly sixty years, he shows the vigour, the freshness, and the versatility of youth. It was in his favourite house at Woodstock, a place rendered

illustrious by his residence for nearly thirty years, that he sat down to give to the world that marvellous fruit of his ripe genius and varied experience, that has become famous throughout the world under the title of "The Canterbury Tales."

CHAUCER'S "CANTEBURY TALES."

This work, apart from its great poetical merits, forms a most interesting and valuable historical record of the manners, customs, dress, and mode of speech of the people of various classes in England, in the reign of Richard II.; all the more valuable, indeed, because it deals with those matters of detail, and with those personages, generally considered to be below the dignity of history. Chaucer gives us each of the characters "in his habit as he lived." A wonderful series of pictures is placed before us, of a company comprising members of almost every class, the highest and the lowest, nobles and serfs, being the only ranks unrepresented; and in his cheery gossiping way the author points to some peculiarity, some personal trait in each of his characters, which stamps an individuality upon it in a manner at once quaint and witty. It is a bit of fourteenth century life, exquisitely natural and unaffected in description, telling us in a plain, outspoken way, what kind of folks they were who made up the English community in the days of the third Edward.

The idea of the work is taken from Boccaccio in so far as regards the machinery employed for bringing in the story. Chaucer had read the Decameron, wherein a number of Florentines are represented as taking refuge in a villa, to escape the pestilence that rages in the city; and for ten nights they beguile the time by relating stories. Afterwards these were reproduced in various languages and in different forms, and in spite of the glaring licentiousness of many of them, became highly valued under such names as "Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles," the hundred merry tales, etc., in the various countries of Europe; and were even considered good reading for ladies. Thus saucy Beatrice in "Much Ado about Nothing" is highly incensed against the disguised slanderer who has audaciously asserted that she gets her good wit out of the hundred merry tales. But Chaucer is no servile imitator of Boccaccio. He has adopted the idea of the Italian, as Shakspeare took the material for his dramas wherever he found it; but like Shakspeare he has by his original method of treatment made the subject his own.

The description with which the poem opens is

eminently picturesque. April has come with its soft showers to pierce to the root the "drouth" of March, and the earth bursts forth into renewed verdure and freshness. The small birds "sleepen alle night with open eye, so pricketh nature them in their courages;" and now is the time for the fulfilment of vows of pilgrimage, made when, on the bed of sickness, the intercession of the saints had been invoked, according to the custom of the times.

Thus in the great common room or kitchen of the Tabard Inn, situate in Southwark, on the Surrey side of London Bridge, a goodly company of nine-and-twenty pilgrims are one evening assembled, the author being one of the number. They are all bound to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, and intend to ride on the morrow along the old Roman road leading from London to Dover. Very various ranks and both sexes are represented in this goodly gathering. Chivalry is there in the person of the knight, who is looked up to with considerable respect by all the rest, and in that of his son the gallant squire; landed property by the jovial Franklin of Kent; learning by the "clerke of Oxenford," the poor scholar; commerce appears in the persons of the merchant and the shipman, the master of the good ship *Magdalen*; trade, handicraft, and agriculture send to the company the haberdasher, the carpenter, the weaver, the dyer, the tapissier or upholsterer, with the miller, the ploughman, and others; while the doctor of physic, the sergeant of the law, the reeve or steward, the cook, the manciple, or caterer, for the commissariat of an inn of court, with various others, swell the number assembled to do justice to the substantial supper served upon pewter platters and wooden trenchers by mine host, to be washed down with good old Saxon drinks, ale and mead, and pigment, and even with claret and strong wines. For the journey before them is long and toilsome; and with the "devout courage" which inspires the pilgrims to wend to Canterbury is mingled not a little of the spirit that prompts men to enjoy the good things of this life upon occasion. The Church is very fully represented, both the regular and secular clergy having contributed members to the gathering, in the person of a monk, a friar, an abbess with her attendant nuns, a parson of a parish, a pardoner or seller of indulgences, and various others.

THE COMPANY AT THE TABARD INN.

Chaucer introduces his company, in the prologue, with some amount of elaboration; a few

most characteristic lines being devoted to the description of each personage. In the portraiture of the knight we recognize the respect paid to chivalry in the age that witnessed the institution of the order of the garter, and a reign when a king considered it right and fitting that his son should "win his spurs." The "very parfit gentle knight," to whom all the rest look up, has fought in the Holy Land, has been in many battles, and has everywhere borne himself like a very Bayard. It is pleasant to see how his presence acts as a kindly restraint on the rest, who are naturally impressed with the sedate bearing of the famous warrior, who for all his fame and renown is yet modest and quiet, "in his port as meek as a maid," and who never in his life said "no villainy" "unto no manner wight," and who while his horse was good was above the cockcombr of fine clothes, wearing a "gipon" or short cassock of fustian, soiled and stained with travel.

His son the young squire, is a strong gallant of twenty years, not above the little vanities of the time, gaily attired in an embroidered coat, and with curled locks; a poet and musician too, able to turn a love-song, and anxious to distinguish himself in the athletic sports and knightly pastimes of the day, "in hope to standen in his lady's grace;" a good carver, "courteous, lowly, and serviceable."

In the Kentish Franklin we have a portraiture of the Saxon character admirably given, with a few graphic touches. "Saint Julian he was in his countree"—the saint especially associated with hospitality and the entertainment of strangers. The table always covered with good fare, with a hearty welcome to all comers, in the house where "it snewen," or snowed meat and drink—the interest taken by the worthy man in all that appertained to his dinner—his hearty John Bull-like enjoyment of the good things of this life, and the important position he occupied in his county, being chosen "knight of the shire," and thus taking rank among the gentry—all these points are touched with the hand of a master. Again, in the sturdy yeoman, the only attendant the knight considers necessary on his pilgrimage, we have another most interesting historical sketch. With his bullet-head and sun-embrowned face, sturdy and strong, half-huntsman, half-soldier, the latter profession indicated by his sword, dagger, and buckler—the former by his green coat and hood, the sheaf of peacock arrows in his belt, and the mighty bow grasped in his stalwart fist, his horn, and the Christopher badge on his breast, this good fellow

is the type of the sturdy men who formed the chief strength of the armies at Crécy and Poitiers, and later at Agincourt. Of the same breed is that stout churl the miller in his white coat, with a blue hood; furnished like the yeoman with a serviceable sword and buckler—a formidable champion at wrestling matches, where he had often won the ram, the usual prize on such occasions; and he could burst open a door by the heroic method of running at it with his head, bull-fashion. Much given to steal corn, and to take toll three times over, was the worthy miller; a jangler and a reveller, moreover, with an abnormally wide mouth; rude in his speech, and under scant restraint of modesty and delicacy; a performer on the bagpipe, with one of which earsplitting instruments he is furnished, and with the melodious strains whereof he plays the company out of the town.

In the description of the clerical part of the company, the Wycliffite propensities of the poet, and his wonderful gift of covert satire, are happily shown. The Church had gained greatly in wealth during the century preceding Chaucer's time; but this dubious advantage had been more than counteracted by loss of respect. The monastic orders were in many points in glaring need of reform. Idle and luxurious, in some cases addicted to fopperies and extravagance in dress, very inconsistent with their vows of poverty, in many cases stained with the vices of the debauchee, and given up to feasting, hunting, and other pursuits very detrimental to their clerical pretensions, they had to a great extent forfeited the influence their predecessors had wielded over the community in days when a Henry II. had found it necessary to submit to scourging at their hands, preferring humiliation to probable dethronement. The strong English common sense of the poet rises in revolt against the false pretences, the venal compromise with evil, "the curse that money may buy out," the whole elaborate fabric of false pretence in a system of lip-service. But he is careful to point out where may be found the Abdiels of the priesthood, those "among the faithless faithful only found;" and where he has to write of faults and evils, he works for reform rather by playful irony and satire than by fierce denunciations. What a picture of the self-indulgent worldling in clerical garb is presented to us in the hunting monk "to been an abbot able"—an abbot after the fashion of Scott's Prior Aymer de Valence in "Ivanhoe"—the man vowed to poverty, but who has many a dainty horse in stable—who fastens his fine fur-embroidered gown with a brooch of

massive gold—who understands far more of woodcraft than of church-lore, and scoffs at the strict rule of St. Maure and St. Benedict, and smiles scornfully at the notion that he should "swinke" or drudge and labour with his hands, and pore upon a book in his cloister, because St. Augustine has declared that it should be so. "Let Austen have his swink to him reserved." Let Austen work, and study, and drudge, if it seemeth good to him; this monk "let olde thinges pass"—he let the old maxims and rules go by as obsolete, and was a "prickasour" or hard rider, keeping greyhounds, and hunting the hare—vowed to religion, and living a life of self-enjoyment.

In the friar we see portrayed the same contradiction between profession and practice—"a full solemne man," who is at the same time "wanton and merry;" a notable character is Hubert the friar, one who squares his precepts and penances according to the purses of his hearers, always ready to grant absolution and to take repentance for granted when he was well paid.

"He was an easy man to give penance
There where he wist to have a good pittance."

Very popular was he among the women, to whom he made little presents; a merry man withal, and able to sing a good song to the rote or psalter. The best beggar in all his house was he, very deft at opening the purse-strings of the rich Franklins and their wives, among whom he had an extensive acquaintance, and not scorning the hostlers and gay tapsters, but suanning the sick and the needy as below the notice of so dainty a man as himself. He lisped, to make his English sweet upon his tongue. His chief doctrine, continually impressed upon his flock, was embodied in the very unmistakable precept that the Church's benefits must be paid for. Therefore, "instead of weeping and prayers, Men must give silver to the poore friars."

Madam Eglantine the prioress is described with subtle irony, in the terms of praise beneath which censure lies hidden. Her smiling "full simple and coy"—her talent in singing "the service divine, Entuned in her nose full sweetely"—her exaggerated sensibility gushing forth over the captive mouse or the dead puppy dog—her outward reluctance to receive homage and respect, all give the impression of one playing a part to gain popularity. The sumptuous, or summoner of offenders before the ecclesiastical courts, is painted in coarser colours. A fiery-faced angry man is this, the terror of children wherever he

shows his pimply face, with its black brows and "knobbes" sitting on his cheeks, and the few words of parrot-Latin, continually reiterated, that compose his stock of learning. A great tippler of fiery wines is he, and for all his fierceness not inaccessible to bribes, if these take the form of strong drink. The pardoner or seller of indulgences, his friend and companion, is represented as a rank impostor, carrying counterfeit relics, and selling out of a wallet he carries before him indulgences or pardons "come from Rome all hot"—very skilful, like his compeer the sumpnour, at gaining money. From Berwick to Ware there was not so skilful a pardoner to be found as he, while "with piqued flattering and gapes, He made the parson and the people his apes."

But not all the ministers of religion were thus self-seeking and venal. There were yet true shepherds in the fold, men who did their duty vigilantly, not fleeing as hirelings who care not for the sheep, nor given, like the false shepherds pictured in Milton's "Lycidas," to tug and scramble at the shearer's feast; but good servants of their Master, ready to work at all seasons, and with zeal and wisdom to turn many to righteousness. Such a character is portrayed in the poor parson, in whom Chaucer depicts those qualities which have been similarly portrayed by subsequent poets in picturing a zealous, truthful clergyman; for Cowper, Goldsmith, and Wordsworth seem alike to have drawn their descriptions from Chaucer.

The model pastor's life is given to his work. He teaches gospel truth; and his preaching and his practice are in accordance with each other. The presentment of the good parson is perhaps the best of all these mediæval character pictures; but other members of the company all are sketched with almost equal felicity. There is the merchant, a substantial man and a worshipful, somewhat touched with purse-pride, solemn and impressive of speech, and fond of discoursing of the profits he made, "Sounding away the increase of his winning;" the Oxford scholar or Clerke of Oxenford, thoughtful, reticent of speech, threadbare in garb, riding a horse lean as a rake; for those were the days when colleges were really charitable foundations, and the student depended on the contributions of the rich and benevolent for the means to study or "scholaye;" the reeve or bailiff, a thin, anxious-looking man, much feared for his keenness by his lord's tenants; a cook, who could make "blanc manger" with the best; a sergeant of the law, "wary and wise;" and various others; a

motley crew, but all joined together for the time in the fellowship of a common purpose.

The host, who acts as a kind of chorus in the work, proposes that the company shall keep together on their way to Canterbury, and on the homeward road, for mutual solace and protection. Each is to tell two stories, one on the road to Canterbury, and one on the return journey; the traveller who is considered to have told the best tale is to be entertained at the expense of the rest, and the host himself is to be the umpire and general manager on the journey; any man who disobeys his behests being subject to a fine. When they quit the inn on the following morning, although it was first proposed that they should draw lots to decide who should tell the first tale, the priority is given naturally enough to the knight, as the chief in the company, to whom the jovial host and all the other travellers pay especial respect. The knight thereupon tells the story of Palemon and Arcite, the subject of which is to be found in the "Teseide" of Boccaccio. So well does the "parfit gentle knight" acquit himself, telling his story with a kind of courtly eloquence thoroughly in keeping with his character, that the host is delighted with this favourable commencement of their entertainment. "This goeth aright," he exclaims; "unbocked is the mail," and all the company applaud the tale and the narrator. The regular order of proceeding is now interrupted by that lawless and bibulous rascal the miller, who, regardless of the curt rebuke of the host, roars out that "he can tell a noble tale." He has been drinking hard overnight, the graceless knave, and has renewed his homage to god Bacchus in the morning; and a notable affair his "noble tale" proves to be, spiced with wit of the broadest and coarsest kind. What must that exquisite lady, Madam Eglantine, have thought of it? But as a literary device, this rough bit of buffoonery of the unlettered churl, following on the courtly refinement of the knight, produces a happy and dramatic effect by its contrast; it is like those familiar passages of citizens and clowns interspersed here and there as a foil to the lofty scenes in Shakespeare's tragedies. For all his ribaldry and want of manners, the jovial miller is as pleasant a character in his way as the decorous folks with whom chance has thrown him together. And so, the ball once set rolling, the stories succeed one another in amusing variety. The miller finds his match in the reeve, who tells a tale, "The Miller of Trompington," in which one of that profession is held up to ridicule. The merchant gives the story of January and May,

which Pope has modernised. A well-told incident is the overtaking of the procession on the road to Canterbury by a canon and his yeoman, the latter of whom contributes a tale in which alchemy is ridiculed. The number of the stories altogether is twenty-four, two of them being in prose. The squire relates the legend of the "Tartar King Cambuscan and his fair daughter Canace."

The wife of Bath, a very self-asserting dame, who has in her time married "five husbands" at the church door, and whose method of riding is indicated by her riding boots being furnished with a pair of sharp spurs, tells a tale which has also been related but in a different form by Gower, who places the scene of the action in Sicily, while Chaucer anglicises the story by transferring it to Cornwall and the court of King Arthur.

The good parson is the last of the travellers whose voice we hear; and most graphically and appropriately has Chaucer placed in the mouth of this his best drawn character, a pious rebuke of the levity of many of the other stories. He discourses to them earnestly and boldly of high and holy things; and with simple and truthful piety expresses a hope that he may be enabled to point out to his fellow-travellers the safe but narrow path on the journey of life that leads to a better hereafter.

"To knitte up all this, feste, and make amendo;
And Jesu for his grace wit me sende
To shewen you the way in this viage
Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage,
That hight Jerusalem celestial."

THE CLOSE OF CHAUCER'S LIFE.

Chaucer retained to the last the favour he had won, or rather regained, at the court of Richard II. In February, 1394, an additional £20 yearly was awarded to him by the crown. It has been conjectured, not without probability, that this additional benefaction was obtained for him by the good Queen Ann, who died a few months afterwards. In 1396, the connection between the poet and the patron became closer than ever; for in that year the duke married Catherine Swinford, the sister of Chaucer's wife. A grant made in the next year of a pipe of wine annually also attests the favour of Chaucer with the government. Donnington Castle and park, a princely gift from John of Gaunt, was also bestowed on him in 1397; and here Chaucer passed much of his time during the closing years of his long life. The name "Chaucer's oak" long distinguished a great tree under which some of

the last poems of the author of the "Canterbury Tales" are said to have been written. "In this pleasant retreat, wandering and musing under the oak trees at Donnington, the evening of that eventful life passed quietly on." Chaucer is described as going down towards the grave "living in honour, and esteemed by all,—famous for his learning, not only in England, but in foreign countries." The death of John of Gaunt, in 1399, must have been a severe blow to the old man; and in the same year the deposition of the unfortunate Richard of Bordeaux and the accession of Henry Bolingbroke threatened to deprive him of his emoluments and pensions; for all the grants made by Richard during the last two years of his reign were rescinded by the new king.

But the son of John of Gaunt was not likely to let Geoffrey Chaucer suffer by the event whereby he himself was lifted to the summit of his ambition. Within three weeks of his accession, Henry IV. had not only confirmed the poet in the possession of all his emoluments, but had added a benefaction in the shape of an additional pension. About a year afterwards, on the 25th October, 1400, having emerged once more from his rural retirement, and come to Westminster, where he had a house in Palace Yard, after a short illness he died, having passed by two years the allotted threescore and ten. His mind must have remained clear, while his body was failing; for he was on his deathbed that he wrote those noble verses in which, apostrophising himself, he sums up at the supreme moment the sources whence spring the consolations of the Christian, exhorting to humility and thankfulness and hope. "Weivé (forsake) thy lasts, and let thy ghost (spirit) thee lead," says the dying poet, "and trouthe thee shall deliver, it is no drede."

Chaucer had two sons, who both survived him. Of the fate of the younger, Lewis, nothing is known. The elder, Thomas Chaucer, held various high offices, and became sheriff of Oxfordshire, and ultimately speaker of the House of Commons. Thomas's daughter, Alice Chaucer, made a splendid marriage, becoming the wife of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk.

The durability of Chaucer's work has been well judged by Campbell, who remarks of him that "after four (now nearly five) hundred years have closed over the mirthful features which formed the living originals of the poet's descriptions, his pages impress the fancy with the momentary credence that they are still alive."

H. W. D.



JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN DE MOLIERE.

"Contre la medisance il n'est point de rempart,
A tous les sots caquets n'ayons donc nul égard ;
Efforçons nous de vivre avec toute innocence,
Et laissons aux causeurs une pleine licence."—*Le Tartuffe*, Act i., sc. 1.

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A WRITER OF COMEDIES.

"I PERHAPS ask you to come to me too often ;
I interfere with your writing ; but I shall
hope that whenever you have a leisure hour you
will come to me of your own accord. Tell one of

my people to let me know you are arrived, and I
shall leave all other engagements to be with you."

These words were spoken by no less important
a personage than Armand de Bourbon, Prince de
Conti, brother of the distinguished soldier who,

under the title "*le Grand Condé*," figures as one of the chief heroes surrounding that most magnificent and unscrupulous of despots, Louis XIV. of France. And the person thus pointed out as the object of the particular regard of one of the proudest among the French nobility, the man for the sake of whose society a prince expressed himself ready to "leave all other engagements," was not a minister of state, or an ambassador, but simply Jean Baptiste Poquelin, known to the metropolis and in the provinces of France by his assumed name of Molière, as one of the wittiest and most intellectual men in Paris, and destined to take high rank among the literary worthies of a period illustrious by letters.

Remarkable as one whose position and career were full of whimsical contrasts was this Jean Baptiste de Molière. A man of letters, and an erudite one, he still knew the Court and fashionable society thoroughly—one of the most illustrious ornaments of his century, he still was obliged to depend on patronage for subsistence—one of the most keen and subtle of philosophers, he had to get his living by writing and acting comedies.

HOW TO RIDICULE FOLLY.

Of all the writers of Louis the Fourteenth's time, the theologians, historians, philosophers, poets, and dramatists, who contributed to render the French model and the French taste predominant in the European literature of the close of the seventeenth and the greater portion of the eighteenth century, none can be compared to Molière in the influence he exerted alike in his own country and abroad. It is not too much to say that he was the creator of the French comedy; and of French comedy, moreover, in its highest sense,—the didactic form, whose object is to teach as well as to amuse, and which, far from aiming at merely exciting laughter, aspires to "show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image," to "hold the mirror up to nature" in such fashion as to expose to merited ridicule the jargon of the pedant, the snobishness of the wealthy vulgarian, and the arrogance of pretentious ignorance; and to paint in their true colours the horror and turpitude of vices like avarice, that reckons all other things as nought as compared with the possession of all-conquering gold; and hypocrisy, working with holy implements for base and infamous ends. At a time when the artificial in style and idea reigned supreme, Molière made a vigorous stand for the natural in dramatic art. Racine and Corneille, and even Boileau, gave their readers and hearers plenty of stilted heroics and fine sentiments, dealt out with tolerable impartiality among their characters, each of whom had

something grand put into his mouth. Corneille painted men "not as they are, but as they ought to be," said Napoleon, unconsciously using the words Goldsmith had applied, thirty years before, to Cumberland, the writer of "genteel" comedies. Incident and situation were the chief points attended to in comedy, or rather, in the farcical buffooneries that preceded Molière's time; and in tragedy, heroic sentiment, however incongruous with the character in whose mouth it was placed, was the one thing considered indispensable. Quoting the words of his own "*Mock Doctor*," Molière might have said with truth, "*Nous avons changé tout cela*." He chose for the feature of each of his principal plays the delineation of some folly or vice; and by the development of character in a natural way, he kept up the interest of his audiences, and enforced the lesson it was his object to teach. "*Bravo, Molière!* that is the true vein of comedy writing," exclaimed a judicious old gentleman in the pit, at the close of the representation of "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," the first piece in which he had, with exquisite wit, held up the conventional affectations of fashionable exquisites to the laughter of his audience.

VICE EXPOSED IN MOLIÈRE'S PLAYS.

But to raise laughter at fashionable folly was only one part, and the smallest part, of Molière's object. He made satirical war upon vices as well as weaknesses. In his "*Avare*," the sordid wretch, Harpagon, who would sacrifice the happiness of his daughter rather than open his purse, and who forfeits the esteem and respect of his children by clearly showing that he prizes money more than them, teaches a lesson in such fashion that he who runs may read; and in "*Tartuffe*," the impostor, was held up such a picture of the abominable, but by no means unfashionable, hypocrisy of the day, such an exposure of the Jesuitical casuistry that confused the limits of right and wrong, that many a sermon might convey the lesson with less force and directness. No stronger proof could be given of the importance of Molière's work than is found in the malignant fury with which the *Tartuffes* of his time, mostly clerical, attacked him. They strove vehemently to "burke" his pieces, and prevent their representation; they circulated horrible and utterly baseless scandals concerning his private life; they strove to prejudice against him the king himself, who, to his honour be it spoken, had sense enough to perceive Molière's merit, as rough Henry the Eighth appreciated Holbein's, when he declared he could make six noblemen out of six carters, but not one Holbein out of six noblemen. To Louis XIV. the persecuted poet

had to appeal on several occasions. Among his works are printed the "Placets," or memorials addressed to the king, appealing to his Majesty's protection. Some of these were sent to Louis when engaged in his campaigns; but the prayer of the poet, which was generally for the removal of a veto on a play, was always promptly and readily granted. They contrived, however, the aggrieved Tartuffes, to embitter Molière's life; and when he died, the Archbishop of Paris, the most hypocritical among them, refused to his remains the rites of Christian burial.

In his own department of the drama Molière was unsurpassed, and even unapproached. Boileau, the critic, who, caustic and severe as he was, could yet pay honour where it was due, gave emphatic testimony to our author's merits. Louis XIV. asked him one day who was the greatest writer of his century. "Sire," replied the satirist, "it is Molière." "I did not think so," rejoined Louis, who, indeed, was not the most competent of literary judges, "but you know more about it than I do." Indeed, Boileau prided himself greatly on his critical acumen; and on one occasion did not scruple to tell the king that his Majesty knew nothing of poetry, and was in the habit of praising abominably bad verses.

INJUDICIOUS FRIENDS.

But some of the French writers, with indiscreet zeal, have claimed for Molière a place beside our own Shakespeare, and have even asserted that Molière could do some things that Shakespeare could not. Molière himself would have been the first to laugh at the absurdity of a comparison between himself and the greatest dramatic genius the world has ever seen. He would never have undertaken such tasks as were achieved by the magnificent powers of the son of the Warwickshire yeoman. A Hamlet, a Macbeth, or a Lear were not dreamt of in his philosophy; but he truly and faithfully, and with infinite humour and wit, and an abundance of healthy genial satire, depicted the world such as he saw it around him, with its virtues and its follies, especially the latter, and tried to make it better by pointing out the foolishness of brainless pretension and the emptiness of unideal wealth; to show "how vain, how little are the proud, how indigent the great." But his satire had in it none of the withering scorn or burning hatred of Swift or Churchill. Sharp-sighted enough to see with those bright eyes of his the faults of his time, he was tolerant of the weaknesses of society; and ready to give a generous recognition to its good points; conscious, perhaps, that a humorous exposure of a fault, by making it ridiculous, will

often go further towards effecting a cure than a fiery denunciation. He could say with good-natured Philinte in his own comedy, "*Le Misanthrope*," "*Je prends tout doucement les hommes comme ils sont*;" and while quietly taking men as they were, he was always ready to pursue the same Philinte's recommendation, "*Faisons un peu grâce à la nature humaine*;" to look upon human nature as one who was to its virtues very kind, and to its faults a little blind. He has his lesson to teach; and he inculcates it, often impressively, and always plainly and agreeably.

MOLIÈRE'S FAMILY; HIS YOUTH.

The family of the Poquelins has been represented as occupying a very humble position in Paris, and by more than one writer, notably by Voltaire, Jean Poquelin, the father of the poet, is described as a "fripier," or dealer in clothes. This is a mistake. Jean Poquelin was an upholsterer and dealer in tapestry; and the latest biographer of Molière has well observed that it is only necessary to examine some of the fragments of the furniture of that period, and of the hangings which decorated the walls and the beds, to understand that an upholsterer followed no mean or ignoble trade in the seventeenth century. In his father's house in the Rue St. Honoré, Jean Baptiste, the future dramatist, was born on the 15th of January, 1622. His mother, Marie Cressé, who had been married to his father nine years, belonged to the same rank in life. Jean Baptiste was the eldest of a family of six. Some years afterwards, Jean Poquelin received a piece of Court patronage, in the shape of an appointment as upholsterer-valet to the king, Louis XIII., with the reversion of the post to his son; and accordingly, in 1637, young Poquelin, being then fifteen years of age, was nominated as the successor of his father in the king's service. This office involved the duty of accompanying the king on his progresses through the country; and there is a tradition to the effect that young Jean Baptiste, in 1641, accompanied the king, as the deputy of his father, who was ill, on that memorable journey that witnessed the vengeance of the implacable Cardinal Richelieu on the conspirators, Cinq Mars and De Thou, ending in the execution of the unhappy culprits. The later biographers of Molière, however, have not failed to point out that this supposed journey rests upon tradition alone; and that the general reason put forward for the substitution of the youth for his father as the king's "tapissier," namely, the great age and infirmity of his father, is utterly untenable; for Jean Poquelin was only forty-six years old in 1642, and continued to exercise his

JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN DE MOLIÈRE.

functions in the king's service for more than twenty years after. His death did not happen till 1669.

Though Molière was not born until some years after Shakespeare's death, the records of his youthful days are almost as meagre and unauthenticated as the events recorded of the great English poet. The popular account, spread abroad by Voltaire and others, records that the father of the future dramatist was vehemently opposed to giving his son anything beyond a "reading, writing, and arithmetic" education; but that a grandfather, who better estimated the genius and promise of the ardent boy, insisted on his receiving more than mere elementary instruction; that this relative, who had a fancy to his grandson, sometimes took the boy to see the representations at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where some very extravagant, but no doubt laughable, farces were acted by men of undoubted ability, for the delectation of laughter-loving audiences. The Gros Guillemes, Gautier Gargonilles, and Turlupins then constituted the great attraction. That the boy was charmed by these performances is more than likely; but it can hardly be believed that in those early days, already, as some of his biographers assert, he had seriously made up his mind to effect a thorough reform in the French drama, and to found a school, equally removed from the buffoon drolleries of farce, and the stilted tragic absurdity of Seuderi. Unwillingly or not, it is certain that Jean Poquelin sent his son to the Jesuits' College, where he was taught "the humanities," and became a classical scholar. It was there, no doubt, that he read in the original those Roman comedies which he turned to such excellent account when he became an author.

Long after Molière had made himself famous as a dramatist and actor, when his successes had been sufficiently decided to set the dogs of envy and calumny at his heels, a comedy of extraordinary dulness appeared, written by a certain Le Boulanger de Chalussay, long since gone down to oblivion among the ineptitudes. This wretched production was entitled "*Elonire Hypochondre, ou les Médecins Vengés*." The name *Elonire* is an anagram, the letters that form "*Molière*" being transposed; and "*the avenged doctors*" points to the rough treatment the medical faculty had received at the hands of the dramatist. The work, a coarse satire upon our art, is nevertheless of value as giving a few particulars, by a contemporary, of the earlier and obscure part of his career. It appears that Molière, on leaving the college, took to the study of the law; whether he was actually admitted as an advocate, is doubtful. Certain it is, however that at the age of twenty

three years he became an actor, from inclination, and not from necessity. A contemporary writer describes him as devoting himself to a player's life, though he might very well have done without that occupation, having property enough to live respectably in the world. This property had no doubt been bequeathed to him by his mother, who died in 1632.

BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER.

Thus in 1645 young Poquelin began his dramatic career by getting together, with some friends, a company who acted in the Faubourg St. Germain, their establishment taking the somewhat unpromising title of the "*Illustrious Theatre*." It was at this time that he adopted the pseudonym of Molière, partly, it is said, in deference to the feelings of his family, who were scandalized that one of the Poquelins should appear on a public stage, partly in accordance with a custom among the actors of that time to adopt some euphonious or "taking" name, likely to gain the public favour. Why the name of Molière was chosen, except that, as one of the biographers observes, it sounded well and was easily remembered, does not appear. The bearer himself seems to have been at various times questioned on the subject, and always refused to explain his reasons, if he had any, for the adoption. Various villages in France are so called, and a *Sieur de Molière* had not many years before acquired some fame as the author of two romances, entitled respectively "*Polixène*" and "*La Semaine Amoureuse*."

Several writers have expressed a considerable amount of indignation at what they term the fatuity of the young actor's family, in insisting, as they are said to have done, upon this change of name. "Who knows or cares anything about the Poquelins now," is their argument, "while the name of Molière, assumed to save the immaculate Poquelins from a discreditable association, is famous throughout the world?" All this is very true; and yet the view taken by the family was perfectly rational, and in accordance with plain common sense. The life of an actor was in those days that of a wanderer, dependent on the caprices of patrons for the means of subsistence,—now caressed, now scouted, his life often made up of alternate profusion and misery, his calling stigmatized as fraught with profligacy and irreligion; nor can it be denied that the vagabond nature of the actor's life, his continual dependence on a fickle audience, the hand-to-mouth nature of his existence, and the paramount necessity of "pleasing that he might live," rendered this the most dangerous of professions. It must be remembered,

moreover, that there was as yet no national drama in France, and that the actors, consequently, were mere *farceurs*. How were the respectable Poquelins to know that this young scion of their family, apparently born "his father's soul to cross," or to "strut and hector," when he should engross, would one day produce works destined to become classics in French literature? The creation of these works was yet in the far future, and nothing had been seen that gave any indication of their coming.

REALITIES OF AN ACTOR'S LIFE.

And here, let us allow Molière himself to speak in his own plain, straightforward way on the subject. Years afterwards, when his adventures as a stroller were over, and he was the favourite of the "Great Monarch," and praised and applauded by a magnificent court, he gave emphatic testimony as to the difference between appearances and reality in an actor's life. A young man came to him one day, with the usual story of an uncontrollable predilection for the stage, and a petition for an opportunity to carry his aspirations into effect. Nor was this a case of a mere stage-struck youth. The young aspirant astonished Molière by the talent and grace exhibited in his recitations, and had evidently worked with earnestness and intelligence to qualify himself for his intended career. Highly commending his performance, Molière asked him if he had any fortune. "My father is a well-to-do advocate," was the reply. "Then," rejoined Molière earnestly, "I advise you to adopt his profession; ours will not suit you; it's the last resource of those who can do no better, or of good-for-nothings who want to escape from work. Besides, it's striking a dagger in your relatives' hearts, going on the stage; and you know why. I have always reproached myself for giving this annoyance to my family; and I confess to you, that if it were to do again, I should never choose that profession. You think perhaps," he added, "that it has its charms; you are mistaken. It is true that the great seigneurs appear to seek us out; but they make us minister to their pleasure, and it's the most miserable of all positions, to be the slaves of their whims. The rest of the world looks upon us as lost men, and despises us accordingly. Therefore, sir, abandon a design contrary alike to your honour and to your peace of mind. If you were in want, I could be of service to you; but as it is, I don't deny that I would rather hinder than assist you. Picture to yourself the difficulties we have to encounter. Whether it be convenient or not, we have to be ready to march at the first order, and to give

pleasure to others, when we may be often full of sorrow; to bear the boorishness of the majority of the people with whom we are obliged to associate, and to win the good graces of a public who have the right to browbeat us, because they have paid us money. No, sir, believe me, once more, don't persevere in the design you have taken up."

Here we have an insight into the real feelings of the successful author-actor, such as is seldom obtained through the glare of dazzling success. For at the time when Molière gave this staid, sensible counsel, which, it is pleasant to record, was successful in inducing the young aspirant to abandon his hazardous design, he himself had thoroughly made his name and position, and enjoyed the all-powerful patronage of the king; and yet he felt the unreality of stage triumphs, and the very vivid reality of the humiliations and trials that underlie the tinsel glories of the actor's life. In those days the bitterness of dependence was largely mingled in the actor's cup. Like the literary man, he depended on the patron as much as on the public, and was bound to please "Monsieur" at all hazards; and in the year 1646, when Molière had just begun his dramatic career, the Duc de Guise was made the subject of poetic laudation for "les présents qu'il avait faits de ses habits aux comédiens de toutes les troupes." He had caused a distribution to be made of his cast-off wardrobe, among the different companies of actors in Paris, who were too happy to "strut and fret" in borrowed ducal plumes.

Molière and his company for a series of years led a kind of romantic life in the provinces, giving representations with more or less success, but gaining an immense amount of experience, which he afterwards turned to good account. The wonderful skill he frequently showed in delineating for the stage the characters of society as it existed in his day must have been owing in no small degree to the stores of observation laid up during these vagabond years, when the provincial noble, the wealthy but ignorant citizen, the pedantic medico, and the sturdy peasant, the supple valet, and the macaroni marquis passed in motley review before him.

COMMENCEMENT OF AUTHORSHIP.

The year 1653 is remarkable in Molière's life as the epoch in which he added the more durable profession of dramatic author to the somewhat precarious occupation of manager of a troop of strolling players. In that year he brought out his first comedy, "*L'Étourdi; ou, les Contretemps*;" which so rendered into English would be represented by "*The Scatterbrain; or, Cross Accidents*."

It is supposed, and with good reason, that this first dramatic work of the actor-author was performed before his old patron and schoolfellow, the Prince de Conti, who, after a somewhat troubled youth, including a participation in the "fronde" riots, and consequent imprisonment, had married a niece of the cardinal against whom he had taken up arms, and was now in Languedoc, holding a commission from the king to preside over the session of the estates to be opened at Montpellier. He was thus in the south at the time Molière's company was travelling through that region; and the two friends can hardly have failed to have met; nor would the prince, a sincere admirer of Molière's genius, have allowed the first representation of his friend's initial effort, at Lyons, to pass ungraced by his presence.

"L'Etourdi," like the generality of "first pieces," is to some extent an adaptation; the plot and the situations, on which latter the play chiefly depends for success, being taken from the Italian. The story turns on the embarrassments and cross-purposes consequent on the ill-fortune of the hero, an unlucky blunderer, who always manages most ingeniously to baffle all the efforts of his clever valet, Mascarille, to aid him in obtaining the mistress he worships. It is a lively, merry work, with abundance of incidents, and many startling and even extravagant situations. The best character, that of the clever Mascarille, was played by Molière himself; and the work had a complete success, alike in Lyons, where it was first produced, and in Paris, where it was played some years later, before a more polite audience, and in the presence of critics far more difficult to please. It laid the foundation of Molière's fame as an author.

Of these strolling days there exists one curious relic in the shape of an antique armchair, at Pezenas, where Molière and his company established their head-quarters for some time. This antique piece of furniture, to which the name Molière's armchair has been given, and which is looked upon with unquestioning faith and reverence by its proprietors, is said to have stood, in the poet's time, in the corner of a barber's shop; and in this armchair, tradition says, did Molière ensconce himself on a Saturday, market day, to observe and make notes upon the busy throng of customers who resorted to the barber for tonsorial purposes; and many a trait of manners and character must the quiet, indefatigable observer have there picked up.

The next play of Molière's, "*Le Dépit Amoureux*," or the Love-tiff, produced in 1654, is a great improvement on "*L'Etourdi*." Here the author begins to find where his strength lies, in the development of character: and he has given then,

two sets of lovers, master and man, and mistress and maid, a capital picture of the pretty follies that lovers commit. The best part of the play is that where the young ardent lover and his faithful valet valiantly make up their minds to utterly discard and cast off their mistresses, whose coquetry and fickleness they will endure no longer. Friend Grosréné, the valet, is much stronger on the point than even his master; for his indignation extends to the whole of what the laird of Monkbarns calls "femininity," and he will have nothing to do with women; and as for the general conduct of love-sick swains, he would "reform it altogether." So he puts before his master, in the strongest terms, the necessity of firmness and resolution, and the duty of opposing an unshaken front to the blandishments of the fickle fair one, in the final interview, in which these intentions are to be announced. Marinette, the waiting-woman, and sweetheart of the thorough-going Grosréné, has meanwhile been impressing the same lesson upon her mistress, whose courage she imagines she has screwed to the sticking-point, when the fateful interview takes place. But what a falling off is there! "*Aman-tium ire amoris redintegratio*." The lovers' quarrel but leads to the renewing of love; and after mutual recriminations, gradually softening down into tender reproach, and ending with reconciliation, the lady and gentleman find they are better friends than ever, and that the summer storm has but cleared the air, and made the day more charming to them. Grosréné grows his disgust, as his master walks off with his fair betrothed. "*O la lâche personne!*" exclaims Marinette, when she finds how ignobly her mistress has surrendered; and Grosréné begins his interview with the saucy Marinette by giving her to understand that she must not expect to find him forgiving and compliant, like his weak master. Marinette retorts with an expression of pert contempt for Grosréné; and the pair proceed to return the love-tokens each had received from the other, the only part of this proceeding that forces a sigh from Grosréné being the necessity of giving back a piece of exquisite cheese that the false fair one had bestowed upon him, as a fragrant token of affection. But when it comes to the final act, and the two are about to break a straw between them, in sign that their compact has ceased and determined, both hesitate, just as their betters had done; and in the end, love is lord of all, and Marinette the wayward and the determined Grosréné walk off as thoroughly pleased with each other, as if they had never meditated such a thing as parting or separation. The play does not pretend to any depth of feeling or grandeur of language. It has been well

called by a critic, "an intellectual bottle of champagne," and it certainly has enough of sparkle and spirit about it to justify the designation.

MOLIERE ESTABLISHED IN PARIS.

The ambition of a provincial manager naturally points towards the capital as the ultimate goal to be reached; and Molière, after eight years of strolling, succeeded in obtaining the patronage of the young King Louis XIV., and permission to establish his company in Paris in 1658. He was by this time thirty-six years of age, and had worked hard and persistently for the position he had at last gained. His "*Dépit Amoureux*" and "*Etourdi*," played for the first time before an audience composed of royalty, nobility, and the first critics of the age, had a greater success than ever; and the actor-author, now permanently established in Paris, was encouraged and confirmed in his resolution to produce "things unattempted yet" in the dramatic literature of France.

His early comedies had been adaptations—clever and judicious, it is true, but yet adaptations—from the Latin, Spanish, and Italian drama. Henceforth he was to study in the school of life, and to find in the society of his own times the subjects and the characters on which his fame should rest. In 1659, on the 18th of November, he produced, before a laughing, wondering, admiring Parisian audience, "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*."

In this capital bit of comedy-satire, Molière levelled the shafts of his wit at a fashionable Parisian folly of his own day. At the Hôtel Rambouillet a most exquisite company was accustomed to meet, representing the very *élite* of the Parisian *haute volée* in literature, fashion, science, and dilettantism. There were to be seen Vaugelas the grammarian, the acute Bussy-Rabutin, Cottin, the most aggressive of society poets, Balzac *savant en beaux mots*, with Ménage, and many others; for the fair Marquise de Rambouillet wished to raise in her home an altar to the Muses. The fashionable airs and graces with which literature and art were surrounded in this blue-stocking coterie, the grave extravagance of expression which veiled natural and honest thought in far-fetched and ambiguous phrases, the exaggerated refinement, degenerating into puerility and feebleness, rendered this society a legitimate subject for the ridicule of all sensible critics. "Not long since," said La Bruyère, "we have seen a society of persons of both sexes, united together by conversation and by interchange of ideas. They used to leave to the vulgar the art of speaking in an intelligible way. By dint of what they called delicacy, sentiment, and fineness of expression, they had succeeded at last in being no longer under-

stood, and in ceasing to understand one another. Neither good sense nor memory, nor the slightest capacity, was necessary for these conversations; wit alone was wanted, not of the best kind, but that which is false, and for the most part imaginary." The ladies were accustomed to address each other as "*ma chère*" and "*ma précieuse*," and talked affected jargon in the prettiest way. The country naturally took its tone from the capital, and provincial "*précieuses*" soon appeared, exaggerating the follies and affectations of their Parisian models.

It is a pair of these village blue-stockings that Molière exhibits with a grave drollery that is inimitable. Madelon and Cathos, the country ladies in question, are fooled to the top of their bent by a rascally lackey from the metropolis, whom they take for a marquis, and whose coxcombries serve to call forth their affectation and their pretended raptures and ecstasies of admiration. Mascarille's modesty certainly does not stand in the way of his preferment. He has written, according to his own account "two hundred ballads, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals, besides enigmas and rebuses,"—and is indeed at work upon a version of the whole of the Roman history rendered into madrigals. Whereupon Madelon declares herself to be "furiously charmed" with rebuses, which she considers "gal-lant and intellectual." Mascarille also volunteers to read an impromptu that he made the day before at the house of an acquaintance of his, a duchess. Cathos pronounces an impromptu the true touchstone of genius. Whereupon Master Mascarille regales the ladies with the following exquisite effusion :—

"Oh, oh, I was taken, my guard I forsook,—
I dreamt of no danger, and risked but a look,—
Your roguish bright eye stole my heart, to my grief;
Ah, stop thief! ah, stop thief! ah, stop thief! ah, stop thief!"

The epigram of Sir Benjamin Backbite on the "beautiful ponies that were macaronies" as compared with other cattle, was not received with warmer applause in Mrs. Candour's drawing-rooms than these previous lines obtained from the fair Cathos and Madelon. Indeed, Molière's satire was as complete as it was delicate. He professed to ridicule not the *précieuses*, but their imitators; but the meaning was too well expressed to escape the cultivated audience. "We shall have to burn what we have adored, and adore what we have burned," was the witty remark of one of the frequenters of Rambouillet, in happy paraphrase of Bishop Remigius' words to the heathen Clovis. And the first performance of the piece gave a death-blow to the superfine ultra-gentilities of the Hôtel de

Rambouillet, and the name "précieuse" became henceforth vested with a new and satirical meaning.

TWO EXCEPTIONAL FAILURES.

Some amount of feeling against the "Précieuses Ridicules," chiefly, we may suppose, set on foot by galled jades, whose withers were not unwrung by the witty allusions of that satirical comedy, had been increased by the tone of the next of Molière's productions, "Sganarelle," a piece in which the author seems inclined to fall back upon farce; and for the first and only time in Paris a play by Molière was hissed, not entirely without reason, it would seem; for Molière had made a double mistake, in the style of the piece, for which his genius was unfitted, and in playing the chief character, that was not at all in his line. The serious comedy, that encountered so serious a mishap, and soon disappeared from the list of Molière's acting pieces, was entitled "Don Garcia of Navarre, or the Jealous Husband," and represents, not without considerable power, the ill plight of a man devoured by the "green-eyed monster."

A MAGNIFICENT MINISTER ; SUCCESS.

The partial failure of "Don Garcia" was followed by a complete and most brilliant success, in the next piece written by Molière; and this success is associated with the name of one who might have stood side by side with Wolsey in Johnson's poem, as an example of the vanity of human wishes, the finance minister Fouquet. That ambitious, magnificent, and most unfortunate man had been relieved from a formidable rival by the recent death of Mazarin, that strange mixture of astute cunning and worldly frivolity, who had departed from the stage of life just when his influence had begun to wane. Fouquet, rapacious and profuse, like Mazarin, had not the caution of the wily cardinal; nor did he discern in the superb young monarch whom he thought to hoodwink a tyrant determined to engross in himself all power and authority—to be himself "the state," and to be his own prime minister. A magnificent fête given by Fouquet to Louis XIV. was, according to an eminent French writer, the proximate cause of the disgrace of the aspiring minister. Like the jealous Henry VIII. in Shakespeare's play, the young king may have thought, on seeing the unbounded profusion, the splendid luxury of his host—

"What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, in the name of Thrift,
Does he rake this together?"

But a deeper cause of anger was found, in the

apartment of the luckless dependant on royal favour, in the shape of a portrait of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, whom the king had already distinguished with his particular regard; and so angry was the jealous tyrant at the rivalry of his subject, that he would have had him arrested there and then, but for the forcible remonstrance of the queen-mother: "Quoi! au milieu d'une fête qu'il vous donne!" The necessity of maintaining appearances towards his host restrained the vindictive rage of Louis for the moment; but Fouquet was a doomed man. He was presently flung into the Bastille, accused of malversation and embezzlement of public money, and after a lengthy process condemned to banishment for life, a sentence which the sinister mercy of Louis commuted to perpetual imprisonment; and at Pignerol, nearly twenty years after his first arrest, the unhappy Fouquet was released by death from a rigorous and cruel captivity.

At the magnificent but ill-omened fête given to the king and the court by Fouquet, at his splendid estate of Vaux, was represented an admirable play of Molière's that had already won the suffrage of the Parisian public: "L'Ecole des Maris," the School for Husbands. In this play the higher aim of Molière, his intention to convey useful lessons of life by means of the stage, is followed up with admirable art. Two brothers, Aristo and Sganarelle, represent two classes of husbands. The former is wise, moderate, and just, an admirable character, consistently carried through to the end. Sganarelle, on the other hand, narrow-minded, obstinate and dictatorial, is just the man who would put even duty in so disagreeable a light as to render it utterly distasteful. Each of the brothers has a young ward, and in the end the concealed pragmatical Sganarelle is grievously outwitted by his charge, Isabella, whom he tries to rule by menaces and harshness; while Leonor, the ward of Aristo, cheerfully acknowledges and duly appreciates the kindly and judicious guidance of her guardian and friend.

LES FÂCHEUX; MOLIÈRE'S MARRIAGE.

Another comedy, noticeable as having been written for a fête given by Fouquet to the king, was entitled "Les Fâcheux," the bores, and gives some portraits of that Protean class of humanity. La Fontaine, the fabulist, in a poetical epistle, describes this production wittily enough, as giving the go-by to Terence and Plautus, and marking the commencement of an epoch when it will not be allowed to deviate a foot's breadth from nature. If "Les Fâcheux" had no other merit, it would be valuable for having given a rebuke to the absurd practice

of fighting duels for trivial causes. A man of honour and of approved bravery is represented as showing that higher and more difficult form of courage that consists in refusing the hasty challenge of a hot-headed opponent. Edicts of successive kings had failed to check this sanguinary folly, and a choleric word or a caustic jest was still enough to set nobles and gentlemen cutting each other's throats; but when the practice was turned into ridicule, it fell into disfavour, and the number of foolish duels was considerably lessened.

Strange it was that this man, whose calm clear eyes were so quick to see, and whose ready pen would chronicle with such graphic power, the weaknesses of the brilliant society around him, should himself have been a "warning example" of one of the most deplorable forms of weakness—a living illustration of Portia's "wise saw," that it is easier to teach twenty (in Molière's case we might read thousands) what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow his own teaching. If there was one thing Molière must be supposed to have known thoroughly, it was the character of women, whom he could sound from the lowest note to the top of their compass; for not a phase of the feminine heart and mind is unrepresented in his comedies. And yet, like his own Alceste in the "Misanthrope," he was led to and fro, and made to suffer tortures at the hands of a woman altogether unable to understand his devotion to her, and utterly unworthy of him. "C'est pour mes péchés que je vous aime ainsi," cries poor, bewildered, honest-hearted Alceste to that imperturbable and irresistible flirt, Célimène; and certainly Molière might well have employed the same language towards the fascinating but light-minded and frivolous actress of his troupe, Armande Gresinde Béjart, whom he followed with a doting attachment and devotion for which he scorned himself, and whom in an evil hour he made his wife.

Mademoiselle Molière, as she continued to be called,—for the title "Madame" was then only accorded to ladies of high degree, and its assumption by the wives of citizens had caused no little sneering among the well-born,—Mademoiselle Molière caused her husband many a sleepless night, and by her incurable frivolity and ravenous appetite for admiration, gave her husband the gravest reasons for dissatisfaction. At times, driven almost to desperation by her ill conduct, he thought of adopting rigorous measures, such as shutting up his recalcitrant wife until she should learn to behave herself; but his feelings were too violent for his reason. "Her presence makes me forget all my resolutions," he said to his friend

Chapelle, who had been remonstrating with him on his infatuation: "the very first word she says to me in her own defence leaves me so convinced my suspicions were unfounded, that I ask her pardon for having been so credulous. . . . If you knew what I suffer, you would pity me. My passion has reached such a point, that it actually takes her part against myself." Truly it may be said of Molière, that he loved "not wisely, but too well."

It was on the 20th of February, 1662, that the marriage took place, from which he hoped for a life's happiness; and never was an affectionate, warm-hearted man more cruelly deceived in his expectations; for his wife, Armande Béjart, was a thorn in his side to the end of his days.

MOLIÈRE AT COURT.

A new era now begins in the life of the author and actor; a brilliant period during which triumphs followed each other quickly, and works destined to be looked on as masterpieces of comedy were produced with marvellous rapidity. Besides the King, the Dowager-Queen Henrietta Maria of England, the Duke of Orleans, brother to the King, and his charming young English wife, Henrietta, the daughter of Charles I., had been present at the famous representation of the "Ecole des Maris" at Vaux; and Louis, though Boileau afterwards told him that he did not understand poetry, had yet sufficient discernment to see the deeper meaning in Molière's work, was delighted with the play, suggested a new character for the "Fâcheux," in the person of the hunting bore, and from that time took the poet under his especial protection. The office of valet-upholsterer to the king, which we have seen was to a certain extent hereditary in the Poquelin family, now fell to the poet, by the death of his brother, Jean Poquelin, who had held it for some years. Molière dropped the tapisserie, and was called "Valet de Chambre du Roi"—an office, it would appear, somewhat analogous to that which at a later period Miss Burney held with worthy snuff-taking Queen Charlotte. One of Molière's duties was to help in making the king's bed. By virtue of his office Molière had a place at the table of the king's gentlemen-in-waiting. They, however, thought their dignity compromised in sitting down with a play-actor; whereupon their master, the king, gave them a practical lesson, which showed that he could do a sensible thing in a gracious manner. On rising one morning, Louis summoned Molière, ordered that the "en cas de nuit," a collation always kept ready in case his Majesty were hungry in the night-time, should be served up,

sat down to table with the poet, and helping him to a chicken's wing, took another for himself. Then, the doors were thrown open, and the privileged courtiers admitted to the "petit lever," saw with astonishment the spectacle of the king sitting at breakfast with the actor. "You see me occupied in making Molière eat," said Louis. "My officers don't think him good company enough for them." This was quite enough; from that time forth Molière was overwhelmed with invitations, and had no need to come to the mess-table of his colleagues, who were above writing or acting comedies.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

The next dramatic work of the poet, "*L'Ecole des Femmes*," the School for Wives, is in many respects an advance on the School for Husbands. The piece is a satire on the folly of keeping women in ignorance, and depriving them of education, and of social intercourse, under the idea that ignorance and innocence are synonymous, and that Satan will not enter the chamber of the mind that he finds swept and garnished and empty. "Epouser une sotte est pour n'être point sot," "To marry a fool is the way not to be made a fool of," is the maxim of Arnolphe, who, like Sganarelle of the School for Husbands, in the general features of his character, is drawn with a much finer pencil. He fancies that he makes himself safe by surrounding himself with stupid servants; and that by bringing up his ward, Agnes, whom he intends to make his wife, in utter ignorance, he will attach her wholly and solely to himself, and be her lord and master in the fullest sense of the term. But he is sorely deceived. The womanly instinct of Agnes tells her that Arnolphe is a noodle, and will probably be a tyrant. Her natural good sense and healthy impulses to a certain extent supply the place of the training that has been denied her; and with consummate skill the writer has developed the character. The apparently inane and silly Agnes of the first act, bound to her guardian by a sort of mechanical attachment, looking out for him when he is expected home, and as the servant Georgette declares, fancying that every horse, mule, or ass that appears in sight must be he, gradually changes as she becomes conscious of her position, and understands the feeling that makes her draw a comparison, or rather a contrast, between Arnolphe and her admirer Horace; and Arnolphe himself, at first a mere dictatorial crochety noodle, is roused first into admiration, and finally to a sense of mortification and rage, as he sees the character of Agnes asserting itself with her

womanhood, in spite of his narrow precautions and mean devices. The obvious and healthy moral of the piece is a protest against the fashionable "inferior animal" theory with regard to women. Nor was it inappropriate in a time like that of Louis XIV., when marriages were "arranged" with such sublime indifference to the feelings of one of the parties chiefly interested, that the anecdote recorded of a fashionable lady of the period is scarcely an exaggeration. "Mademoiselle," said this affectionate parent to her daughter, an *ingenue* fresh from a convent-school, "you are to be married next week." "O Madame, if I might venture to ask, to whom?" wistfully observes the young lady. "Comment, Mademoiselle, est-ce que cela vous regarde?" "Pray Miss, is that any business of yours?" is the rejoinder.

The "*Ecole des Femmes*" was too new and original to escape comment; and too many felt themselves unpleasantly touched to permit the comment to be entirely laudatory. A strong clique was formed against Molière, and the cry of undue licence was raised. His work was declared to have offended against the proprieties, and his portraits were said to be far too much like certain originals. But Molière did not lack defenders. "Let the envious growl," wrote De la Croix, in some spirited verses in praise of the "School for Wives;" "let them snarl everywhere that your lines only charm the vulgar, and are destitute of wit. If you had pleased others a little less, you would not have displeased them so much." The author himself defended his work with exquisite skill and commendable good temper in the "*Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*," a charming little one-act piece, in which the "School for Wives" is analysed by a fashionable company. Three detractors appear to pull the play to pieces; they are the fashionable poet Lysidas, a very proper lady indeed, Climène, and a very fop of a marquis, all embroidery and affectation. On the other hand, a sensible man, Dorante, and two ladies, Uranie and Elise, judiciously defend the piece. The marquis, the beribanded and belaced coxcomb, whose dignity has been ruffled by the crowd that flocked to see this piece, declares it "Detestable, to the last degree detestable—what you call perfectly detestable;" and on being asked his reason, sapiently declares, "Oh, it's detestable, simply because it is detestable." Lysidas, the poetaster, has some pedantic jargon about the "rules" which he declares to have been disregarded in the "School for Wives." "When the protasis," he says, "the epitasis and the peripeteia——" but Dorante interrupts him, protesting against being drowned in this flood of learning. "Don't you think," he somewhat sar-

castically observes, "it be quite as well to say 'the development of the subject' as the 'protasis'—the 'progress of the plot' as the 'epitasis,'—and the 'crowning incident' as the 'peripateia'?" The wit, judgment, and good sense displayed in this unpretending little protest against hypercriticism are excellent.

A muddle-brained nobleman, the Duc de la Feuillade, conceiving himself caricatured in the fopling marquis, was coarse enough to attempt personal violence on the offending poet; for which, it is said, the king rated him soundly, promising Molière a continuance of his royal protection, and encouraging him to gibbet foplings and pedants to his heart's content. It was at the especial desire of the king that Molière, finding envious tongues not silenced by the "Critique," wrote a second piece in the same vein. It was called "L'Impromptu de Versailles," and represented a rehearsal at which Molière and his company discuss various points of dramatic writing and acting. "The abuse of fools is a pill one can swallow," observed Molière, sententiously; "but one can't chew it without pulling a wry face." The rival company of actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne joined their "most sweet voices" to the outcry against the innovator; but a general shout of ridicule put them to silence.

FAVOUR OF LOUIS XIV.

The position Molière had achieved in the regard and consideration of the king is proved by the fact that Louis himself did not disdain to be godfather to the poet's eldest child; and the Duchess of Orleans was godmother. This was in 1664, to which year belong two of the minor pieces of Molière, written to order, for representation at royal fêtes, interspersed with ballet scenes or divertissements, introduced by royal command, and which must have sorely tried the patience of the dramatist. The king himself did not disdain to take the part of one of the dancers: but was led to discontinue the somewhat derogatory amusement by a not unapt allusion in the "Britannicus" of Racine, where the great tragic poet censures a Roman Emperor, who, forgetting the dignity of his high office, exhibits himself in ignoble guise to his subjects in the public arena. The two pieces in question are "Le Mariage Forcé," or marriage on compulsion, a humorous farce; and "La Princesse d'Élide," a graceful comedy, adapted from the Spanish, in which the disdain of a haughty princess, the heroine, is overcome by the stratagem of feigning indifference; by which the proud beauty is piqued first into interest, then into an assertion of her power, and finally into hearty affection. The Spanish original has also been

made the subject of a German play, entitled "Donna Diana." A capital character is that of the Fool, who prefers the practical to the ideal in life; and, like the boy in Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth, would give any amount of warlike glory that may be coming to him, for "a pot of ale and safety." "For my part," says this matter-of-fact gentleman, "I would rather live two days in the world, than a thousand years in history." To those who twit him with the exceeding speed wherewith he effected his retreat from a wild boar, this philosopher coolly replies, "It might not be heroic to run, but it was perfection of good sense."

MOLIÈRE'S MASTERPIECE, LE TARTUFFE.

Majora canamus. This same year is associated with the beginning of the work always considered the masterpiece of Molière, the immortal "Tartuffe." In this play the author had undertaken a very difficult and delicate task; that of exposing the hypocrisy of those dangerous impostors who would make use of the outward forms of piety and religion to advance their fortunes in the world,—whose vindictive malice is the more to be feared in that they fight with weapons which in themselves command respect. Of such men there were but too many at the court of Louis XIV.; and the time was to come when the king himself would give ear to the false teachers on whose tongues the words "les intérêts du ciel" were a formula under which they worked out their own evil designs of bigotry, intolerance, and pride. "Estimer le fantôme autant que la personne, et la fausse monnaie à l'égal de la bonne"—the confounding of appearance with reality, the circulation of the false coinage of cant, for the true metal of honest striving after virtue in life and action—fanaticism and hypocrisy quoting Scripture for a purpose, and pursuing vile and selfish ends under the cloak of holiness—such was the vice that Molière dared to drag into the daylight in this his greatest work.

The first three acts were written early in 1664, and first played in May of that year; and so startling was the effect, and so many were the remonstrances addressed to the king himself, on what was considered by the Tartuffes of the day the unwarrantable licence of the writer, that Louis thought it best to avoid scandal by prohibiting the piece, which was accordingly "shelved" for a time. In another piece, "Le Festin de Pierre," the plot of which was afterwards used for the book of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Molière takes occasion to speak his mind against the hypocrites who moved heaven and earth to prevent the theatrical exposure they feared. "At the present

day," says Don Juan, the cynical vicious hero of the "*Festin de Pierre*," "the profession of a hypocrite has marvellous advantages. It is an art whose imposture is always respected; and though it may be found out, no one dares say anything against it. All other vices of mankind are exposed to censure, and every one has full licence to attack them boldly; but hypocrisy is a privileged vice, whose hand shuts every one's mouth, and which therefore enjoys a sovereign impunity." But in the same year the piece was privately played before the king and several of the royal family at the Prince de Condé's. Louis had far too much discernment not to see through the selfishness that animated the violent faction against the piece and its author. Gradually the interdiction was removed, after several appeals by the author to the prince, and the opponents of the piece had the mortification to find, when the "*Tartuffe*" was at length represented in public, in 1667, that the delay, and the difficulties they had thrown in the way, had only made the Parisians more eager than ever to see it. "*Tartuffe*," or the "Impostor," brings before us a group of thoroughly lifelike personages. There is the cheat himself, supple, wary, and sanctimonious; sour and starched of aspect towards the dependants such as Dorine, on whom he thinks he can easily make an impression; but assuming an appearance of pious resignation and unmerited suffering in the presence of his patron, Orgon, whom he dupes most egregiously. "*Il faudra donc que je me mortifie*," is his pious ejaculation, when he is called upon to accept the nomination as heir to all his patron's property; the son of Orgon, Damis, having been disinherited through his means. To Elmire, the cool-headed and sensible wife of Orgon, he appears in a different character. Here he seems to know that all his art will be required to "make the worse appear the better reason," and pours his poisoned sophistries into her ear with the subtlety of Belial himself. "All was false and hollow, for his thoughts were low." And when his disguise will avail him no longer, but he stands detested for what he is, he flings it off as a man would drop a cloak, and stands forth in his true colours, brazen, vindictive, and a reprobate. Then at the very last, when justice has overtaken him, and he is to be carried off to prison, he accepts his fate without a word, like the astute rascal he is. He has played his miserable game to the end, has lost it, and has doubtless too often contemplated the penalty, to be surprised into outcry when it comes.

The other characters are drawn with wonderful skill and truth. There is *Madalie Pernelle*, the old mother of Orgon, opinionated and obstinate,

a thick-and-thin supporter of Tartuffe, her partisanship sharpened by the difficulty she finds in replying to the scornful remonstrances with which her injudicious praise of her hero is met by those about her. There is Orgon, the dupe, so infatuated with the shameless impostor, who speaks of him in private as "*un homme à mener par le nez*," a man to be led by the nose, that the coarsest imposture of Tartuffe is received by him with admiring and unquestioning belief; this same Orgon, too, most characteristically declaring, when at last he has been convinced of his error by the evidence of his own eyes and ears, that he will henceforth and for ever be the implacable foe of "*tous les gens de bien*"—thus falling, as such unreasoning people always do, from one extreme into the other. Then there are Elmire, the sensible wife of Orgon, quiet, self-possessed, with woman's wit sufficiently sharp to cut through the meshes of Tartuffe's net of falsehood, without any unnecessary excitement or demonstration of anger; Damis, the son of Orgon, rash and impetuous, proposing to counteract Tartuffe's schemes of vengeance by cutting off that astute gentleman's ears; Valère and Marianne, the two lovers, who quarrel and make friends as lovers always have done and always will do; Dorine, the sharp, loquacious attendant, who, hating and despising Tartuffe, takes a pleasure in shocking the oily knave's sensibilities; and last, not least, Cléante, Orgon's brother-in-law, with his honest, manly good sense, and his quick but eloquent protest against the shallow pretenders who would build up a reputation and a fortune for themselves on a foundation of vain words. No wonder the hypocrites fought tooth and nail against the representation of the play. Never had the mirror been held up to nature with better effect; never had scorn beheld her own image more completely.

THE MISANTHROPE.

Before this play had been permitted to rouse the laughter and admiration of the capital, Molière's reputation had been increased by other works, and his influence established by new tokens of the king's favour. Molière's company was now called the "*troupe du roi*," and the poet and his chief actors were pensioned. It was also understood that whoever showed any superciliousness or scorn with regard to Molière stood a good chance of incurring the displeasure of his master; and the court of Louis XIV. was not so unlike other courts of all times and countries as to fail in courtesy and offers of service to one whom the monarch had distinguished by his special notice. It was under very favourable circumstances that "*Le*

Misanthrope," Molière's chief work in 1665, was produced early in the next year.

In this admirable comedy the author gives us, in the chief character, a man who, thoroughly honest and straightforward, incapable of subterfuge or deceit, falls into the error of expecting too much from poor human nature. Though he might in one sense say with Timon, "I am misanthropos, and hate mankind," and indeed announces his intention "de fuir, dans un désert, l'approche des humains," Alceste, the hero, is a man-hater of the most polished type—a finished gentleman; indeed, like all the chief characters in the play, he is to a certain extent drawn from the life. He is in a continual state of disgust and anger at the duplicity and false-heartedness of the fine gentlemen and ladies who surround him; and with the petulance of an angry man sets up an impossible ideal, insisting that a man of honour ought, on each and every occasion, to say exactly what he means, and lay bare his innermost thoughts; that the conventional language of compliment prevalent in polite society is so much deception and fraud, against which every honest man should steadily set his face. He has a lawsuit pending, but will take no steps to procure a favourable verdict. No—his cause is good, and should therefore recommend itself to every just judge, without external aid; if judgment goes against him, so much the worse for those degraded beings who fail to see that his opponents are rogues. His friend Philinte laughingly suggests that it may be sometimes highly inconvenient to speak out one's thoughts without reserve; but Alceste will not allow a cruse for reticence anywhere. "Would you tell old Emilie that she's too old to play the pretty girl, and that she paints her face till she makes herself ridiculous?" "Yes." "Would you tell Dorilas that he's a bore, and tires everybody with his long stories about the glory of his ancestors?" "Decidedly." But, alas for human virtue and determination! Alceste, the frigid stickler for frankness and sincerity, is fascinated by the beauty and grace of Célimène, a young widow who has the very faults against which he is most bitter. She is a coquette, extravagantly fond of admiration, quite unworthy of the honest gentleman whom she has entangled—she must have been very like Armande Béjart, the poet's young wife; but Alceste cannot escape from her influence. "C'est pour mes péchés que je vous aime ainsi," he angrily exclaims, chafing at his own weakness; but she makes him do as she likes. He declares he will have an explanation with her, and she laughs at him; he threatens to leave her, and she commands him to stay where he is; he

persists, and she tells him he may go; whereupon he stops. Philinte, the good-natured philosopher, is a capital foil to Alceste, with whom he expostulates with admirable patience. "*Je prends tout doucement les hommes comme ils sont*," is his very sensible motto. He is exceedingly tolerant, and considers it just as natural that men should be selfish and unjust, as that apes should be mischievous, vultures hungry, and wolves savage and wild. Sometimes, certainly, he goes too far in his spirit of toleration, as, for instance, where he compliments the conceited Oronte upon a sonnet which Alceste, whose opinion is asked by the self-sufficient author, feels compelled to pronounce trashy and bad. This Oronte is another capital character; a man of the world and a courtier, profuse of words that mean nothing, greedy of praise, and unable to endure the frankness of a man whom he has himself exhorted to speak out. Two coxcombs of marquises—Molière was somewhat given to poke fun at the marquises—help to carry off the dialogue, which is sparkling and brilliant throughout; and not the least successful among the character sketches is that of Arsinoë, the prude, who comes to Célimène with a budget of good advice and a heart full of envy and spite, and is utterly routed and put to confusion by that saucy beauty. The reading of a letter in which the satirical Célimène has turned her various admirers severally into ridicule in a manner which causes her to lose them all, appropriately concludes the play.

Molière considered "*Le Misanthrope*" as one of his best productions, and refused to alter a passage even at the suggestion of a royal princess. His dedications to the king and his other lofty patrons were sometimes obsequious, according to the fashion of the time; but his work was more to him than even the royal favour, and where he felt he was right he maintained his opinion valiantly.

NEW WORKS ; SUCCESSES.

Almost at the same time with this play appeared "*Le Médecin Malgré lui*." A translation, or rather an adaptation, has appeared in English, under the title of "*The Mock Doctor*." It might better be called "*The Doctor on Compulsion*." The work is a merry laughter-moving farce, turning on a little piece of feminine vengeance. The wife of a faggot maker, who has been chastised by her lord and master, retaliates by persuading two clowns, who are in search of a physician, that the man whom they will find chopping wood in the neighbouring thicket is a famous physician, but so eccentric that nothing short of a beating will induce him to avow his true character. The hint is acted upon,

and the woodcutter becomes a doctor in spite of himself, being beaten into acquiescence by the clowns, who insist upon carrying him off to their master as a practitioner of rare skill, who will be sure to cure their patron's daughter; the young lady having been seized with dumbness from the moment when a distasteful marriage was proposed to her. The doctor on compulsion gives himself marvellous airs of learning and wisdom, only wondering that any one should wish to cure a woman of dumbness, and devoutly wishing that his wife had the disease. Like Launce, in the "Gentlemen of Verona," he evidently thinks that being "slow in words" should be set down as a woman's chief virtue. The young lady finds her tongue, and begins using it to such good purpose, that her father would fain have her made dumb again. This Master Sganarelle, the woodcutter-doctor, professes himself unable to do; but proposes to make the father deaf, which will answer the same purpose. The whole work is full of clever satire against the physicians, who were indeed, in Molière's time, a pedantic, ignorant set of *Sanguados*. "It's the best trade out," says Sganarelle, triumphantly; "whether we succeed or whether we fail, we get paid. Now, if a shoe-maker, when he makes a shoe, spoils a piece of leather, he has to pay for his clumsiness; but if we spoil a man, it costs nothing. Mistakes don't count with us; it's always the fault of the person who dies."

Molière himself never looked upon this clever play as anything more than a farcical trifle; but it set the whole town laughing, with the exception of the physicians; and Subligny, the author of the "Muse Dauphine," wittily observed that what Molière called a mere trifle was serious enough to make all Paris ill, since it set every one running to see "the Doctor."

In the works of every great writer there are some which stand out prominently, while others fill up the background; meritorious in themselves, they are lost in the splendour of the greater efforts. To this second class belong several of Molière's works that followed "*Le Misanthrope*" and "*Le Médecin Malgré lui*," such as "*Mélicerte*" and "*Amphitryon*," in the latter of which the poet has adapted a classic story, ill fitted in some of its details for modern representation. In another play of this period, "*George Dandin*," the woes of a wretched roturier or upstart are depicted with the quaintest humour, and in a manner that is not without its moral. George Dandin has had the vanity to court the alliance of a family of supercilious nobles, who rejoice in the appropriate name of De Sotenville. In bestowing their daughter upon this low-born

citizen, the parental De Sotenvilles consider they have conferred such honour upon George Dandin, that such ordinary and commonplace things as duty, obedience and respect from his wife, together with any consideration for his wishes, "he must not look to have." He finds his helpmate speculating on the chances of his speedy decease, and arranging matters with a view to a second marriage; and when he appeals to his parents-in-law, this unhappy George Dandin meets with nothing but snubs and insolence; until, fairly bewildered and talked down, he promises amendment for his wife's shortcomings, and expresses contrition because she has egregiously befooled him. "Tu l'as voulu Georges Dandin." "You've brought it on yourself," is the poor dupe's mental comment. The moral of the play is "Marry in your own degree," a maxim that has not lost its force even at the present day.

L'AVARE; M. DE POURCEAUGNAC; THE CITIZEN NOBLEMAN, ETC.

A piece of a very different kind is "*L'Avare*." In this play we have the highest comedy, rising occasionally to tragic power, as in the scene where the miser, bereft of the money which he values above all things else on earth, home, children, or reputation, invokes heaven and earth to aid him in his vengeance on the thief. Harpagon, the avaricious noble, with his mean trickery and his despicable shifts his groundless suspicions and petty precautions—his repetition of the words "*sans dot*," as the answer to every argument against his sacrificing his daughter by compelling her to marry an old man who will take her without a marriage portion—his fussy interference with small household details, with the one governing idea of his life, to save or accumulate money, produces the effect of exhibiting avarice in the most odious light. The idea, too, of the miser's hatred of the word "give," rising to such a pitch that he never "gives," but always "*lends*" his friends good day; his restless distrust, that causes him to betray the hiding-place of his money-box, by his continual visits to see that it is safe; the ruling passion for saving, that makes him promptly extinguish one of the two candles lighted for the signing of his daughter's marriage contract—all these are touches of true comedy. Like the *Tartuffe* which was produced, in a mutilated form in English, under the title of the "*Hypocrite*," with Dr. Cantwell, the man who "likes to be despised," for its hero, *L'Avare* was put into an English dress by Shadwell; but much of the charm of the original is lost in the transfer.

The year that added this to the other triumphs

of the author, 1668, marks the commencement of the calamity by which the last years of Molière were darkened—chronic ill-health. A nervous cough, resulting from weakness of the chest, began to trouble him; and he even introduces this cough as part of the "business" of L'Avare, as if to accustom the audience to it. "You cough gracefully," says the flattering old woman Frosine, complimenting her patron, Harpagon, upon his good looks. This infirmity increased rapidly upon him; and it was only his determination of spirit that enabled him to battle against physical weakness, and continue at work till the end.

"Monsieur de Pourceaugnac," which name may be translated Monsieur de Porkington, is another of Molière's farces. The hero, a country booby, is befooled in a ludicrous fashion, and the author's old enemies, the doctors, come in for more satirical handling. Poor Mr. Porkington is delivered over to two of them, who elaborately explain to him that the good appetite and the health and strength he enjoys are in themselves most dangerous symptoms, and require to be dealt with according to the best rules of the medical art, with a view to their removal. In the next year a similar idea was worked out to far better purpose in the wonderful piece of satire on the absurdities committed by purse-proud ambition, that lives in the literature of the drama under the title of "*Le Bourgeois gentilhomme*."

The chief character in this play is Monsieur Jourdain, who represents wealth, vulgarity, and ambition. Having plenty of money, and having bought a title, he cannot see why he should not find a royal road to all that distinguishes a gentleman. The *bourgeois* has no idea that there is anything in the *gentilhomme* beyond the power of his gold to purchase. A gentleman should possess some literary acquirements—accordingly he takes lessons in grammar and in polite literature, and is astounded to find that he has been talking prose all his life without being aware of it. A gentleman ought to know how to fence—so he takes lessons, and practises with his maid-servant, who insists on thrusting at him contrary to the rules of art. He must be taught something of music and dancing, too, and makes arrangements for improving his taste by a concert, taking care to call for his fine velvet gown *pour mieux entendre la musique*. Never was a better satire written on the absurdities of upstart vanity; and the effect is enhanced by the introduction of a noble, a count, who looks down with an air of amused scorn upon poor Monsieur Jourdain, while that unlucky pretender vainly endeavours to be made a gentleman by paying for it.

Again there was an interval, in which Molière produced some works, of minor merit as compared with his masterpieces, and yet of great value in themselves. He toiled indefatigably with his pen during the latter years of his life, as though with a presentiment that he had but little time before him for work. "*Les Fourberies de Scapin*" is an amusing piece of fooling, exhibiting in a comic light the triumph of witty, tricky knavery, as shown in some of the old Roman plays of Plautus and Terence. "*Psyche*," a classic tale in a dramatised form, was "written to order," at the desire of the king; and "*La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*" reminds us in some degree of "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*."

In many of Molière's plays the reader is struck with the apparent incongruity produced by the introduction of interludes of music and dancing. To our modern ideas these ballet interludes seem entirely out of place; and we may be sure that to the correct taste of Molière, an author who emphatically condemns artificial affectation in the line, "*Ce n'est point ainsi que parle la nature*," would have guarded him against this mingling of styles, had he been entirely a free agent. But he and his colleagues were the king's players; and Louis, their master, whom they were bound to please, was extravagantly fond of the ballet, and thought little of incongruities; a Roman warrior, with a flowing periwig, or the famous picture painted for Dr. Primrose, would in no wise have shocked his Majesty's idea of the fitness of things. He insisted on these ridiculous ballet scenes; all that Molière could do was to keep them out of the comedy, and insert them between the acts, where Signor Baptista Lulli, the chief of the king's orchestra, and the royal ballet-master, were told to arrange them as best they could.

THE "LEARNED WOMEN."

The Hôtel de Rambouillet could not forgive the author of the "*Précieuses Ridicules*." The satire had been too keenly enjoyed by the public, and was too true, to be readily forgotten. Title-tattling Madame de Sevigné, pompous Bussy-Rabutin, and all their clique, had moreover been further exasperated by the production of "*Le Misanthrope*," for more than one Oronte was to be found in the gilded saloons of Rambouillet. There were two versifiers especially, "*de leurs vers fatigans lecteurs infatigables*," who had raised against Molière the old accusations of impertinence, profanity, and vulgarity. These were Ménage and the Abbé Cottin. Molière took his revenge upon them by getting them the same unenviable immortality bestowed by Pope on the characters of the Dunciad. He brought out a comedy, "*Les Femmes Savantes*,"

the Learned Women, in which the two pedants are introduced: Ménage as Vadius, and Cottin as Trissotin. The name, at first Tricotin, was subsequently altered, as pointing too directly to the original.

It happened that Ménage, to whom a sonnet of Trissotin's had been shown, had given a very severe opinion regarding its demerits, in ignorance of the fact that Cottin was the author. The exasperated wit took the first opportunity of retaliating, and an edifying quarrel in public between Ménage and Cottin furnished gossip and laughter for several days in the *salons* of Paris. The incident was adapted with such skill by Molière, the two vainglorious pedants were rendered so exquisitely ridiculous, that all Paris was delighted, and ran to see the sport. Ménage judiciously refrained from complaint, declared the "*Femmes Savantes*" an excellent piece, and declined to see his own portrait in Vadius. But Cottin had less self-command, and could not conceal his mortification. His reputation as a wit was destroyed, and he fell into complete disrepute. When, ten years afterwards, he died, almost forgotten, a clever little verse formed almost his sole epitaph. It was hardly complimentary, and ran thus:—

"Knowest thou wherein Cottin
Differeth from Trissotin?
'Tis that Cottin's days are o'er,
While Trissotin lives evermore."

In the "*Femmes Savantes*" we have a most judicious satire upon those would-be learned people, who, on the strength of a mere smattering of a subject affect airs of criticism, and talk a jargon which they themselves would find it difficult to explain. Philaminte, the imperious wife, Bélise, the sister, and Armande, the elder daughter of the rich citizen Chrysale, make that unhappy man's life a burden to him with their learned airs and assumption of superiority to the ordinary cares and duties of domestic life. Inasmuch as the body is the mere envelope or husk wherein the soul is confined, these high-flying ladies consider any trouble taken for bodily comfort as sordid and low, a perversion of the faculties given for sublime uses; and the unfortunate Chrysale finds himself surrounded by female relatives who disdain to minister to his home wants, while the servants dutifully imitate their superiors, to his manifest injury, for he can get no service out of them.

The success of the "*Femmes Savantes*" caused Molière's friends to renew endeavours they had already made to cause him to give up acting, and to get him to devote himself entirely to author-

ship; a post being offered him at the same time by the renowned Academy. Boileau urged the change upon him with zealous warmth, but Molière shook his head with a sigh. "It's the point of honour," he replied sadly. More than a hundred people attached to the theatre were dependent upon his managership for their daily bread, and would have been ruined if he left them; and so with failing health and aching heart he toiled on, standing to his duty as manfully as ever a sailor stood to his gun in the heat of battle.

MOLIÈRE'S LAST EFFORT; HIS DEATH.

One more effort he made, before the stage of his life was darkened, and the curtain descended upon that brave last act of courage and endurance. On the 10th of February, 1673, was represented the last of his comedies, "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," as full of wit and humour as any preceding work—a splendid piece of satire on the ignorance and pomposity of the physicians of that time. Molière himself played the part of Argan the hypochondriac, who fancies himself ill, and swallows doctors' stuff by the gallon, and pills by the dozen. The house was in a roar from beginning to end; the piece was to be repeated every night; and for several evenings crowded houses bore witness to its growing popularity.

But the chief actor was making sport for the delighted spectators while death was at his heart. On the evening fixed for the fourth representation he felt worse than usual. He was urged to put off the performance; but again the point of honour, consideration for those who would suffer, deterred him. The numerous people attached to the theatre would lose a day's pay if the theatre were closed, and many of them were poor. So he made a last effort, got through his part, was carried to his house in the Rue Richelieu, and died surrounded by his friends and two poor sisters of charity, to whom he had always been liberal and kind. Two priests of Saint Eustache, summoned to the bed of the dying man, refused to come. He was a play-actor, and thus excommunicate; he had written a *Tartuffe*, which in the eyes of the priests was enough to bring down the curse, "Let him be anathema."

They refused to bury him like a Christian; but his wife petitioned the king, and the personal intervention and command of Louis XIV. procured some "maimed rites" for the funeral of the greatest comic poet and the wisest social philosopher France had ever been able to number among her worthies.

H. W. D.



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

"Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey."—LONGFELLOW.

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A SOBER VIEW OF LIFE ; HARD EXPERIENCES.

"WE talked about the different courses through which life ran. She said in

her own composed manner, as if she had accepted the theory as a fact, that she believed some were appointed beforehand to sorrow and much dis-

appointment; that it did not fall to the lot of all—as Scripture told us—to have their lines fall in pleasant places; that it was well for those who had rougher paths, to perceive that such was God's will concerning them, and try to moderate their expectations, leaving hope to those of a different doom, and seeking patience and resignation as the virtues they were to cultivate." Such is the deliberate opinion, the result of a very painful personal experience, given by one of the most gifted Englishwomen of the present century; one in whose life of noble self-denial and helpfulness, of filial and sisterly affection, the truth is strongly exemplified, that the ways of Providence are not as the ways of man, and that for reasons too deep for our human understanding to fathom, earthly happiness is frequently denied to those who seem best calculated to enjoy, and appear by their conduct most fully to deserve it.

GENIUS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The history of Charlotte Brontë, her sisters, her strange, eccentric father, and her gifted, erring, and most unhappy brother, forms one of those tragedies of domestic life of which many are being continually enacted in our midst, and which seem all the deeper because the sufferings they entail, protracted through the monotonous pain of years, and excite so little attention and sympathy. All "the sickness of heart, and the restless, unsatisfied longing" attendant upon a life passed amid sordid cares and the anxious strivings rendered necessary by narrow circumstances, while the consciousness of genius fretted the spirit emulous of higher achievement and of loftier tasks than those whose fulfilment the exigencies of narrow means imperatively demanded;—thankless, unappreciated service among strangers unable to recognise or appreciate the value of the intellect, they were unconsciously crushing in ignoble servitude;—all the depression arising from ill-health and miserable physical depression and weakness, while oft the daily task had to be accomplished in spite of the yearning of the body, soul, and spirit for respite and repose; all this, with the deeper anguish arising from the loss of those nearest and dearest to her whom she saw fading away day by day, and who were successively snatched from her by the destroyer's hand, until she was left the last survivor of a household of seven children, who had been united by bonds of affection of no common strength, did Charlotte Brontë endure, with a quiet, patient constancy that had in it the highest heroism.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LIFE; COMPENSATION.

Those who argue that in this earthly life the doctrine of compensation is far more fully carried out than would appear on a superficial glance, may from one point of view draw a strong argument from the history of this heroine of private life. The active and sometimes even morbid sensibility that is frequently found as a concomitant of talent, the disposition whose excessive shyness made the very contact with strangers in itself painful and distressing, the tenderness of heart and craving after kindness that render a harsh word or a thoughtless slight a source of real suffering, must be taken as very real and serious drawbacks in estimating the advantages of the possession of the gift called genius; and if, on the one hand, that possession brings occasional moments, or even hours, irradiated by the brightness of triumph, on the other hand, "the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to."—"the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumacy,"—all the spurs that patient merit of the unworthy takes, "are far more keenly felt than by those less sensitively constituted beings cast in a more ordinary and a coarser mould, who go placidly through existence, not greatly affected or moved by the joys or sorrows of life. "Wo viel Licht, ist starker Schatten," says brave Godfrey of Berlichingen in Goethe's play. There are deep shadows to be set against the sunlight of genius; and with the higher aptitude for enjoyment comes also the greater capacity for suffering. The sensitive nature of the genius is equally ready to thrill with pleasure or with pain. Young Keats breaking his heart, though not over a review of his poems churlishly indited by a bookworm of malignant temper; Chatterton, the marvellous boy-poet, with rage and despair in his heart, tearing up and burning the manuscripts in which he depended for fame and fortune, before making an end of it with the dose of poison in the squalid Holborn Street; Cowper enduring exquisite misery at Westminster School under the rough jests and fagging inflicted on him by his more robust schoolfellows, —these are but instances that might be multiplied indefinitely, to show how the keen susceptibilities of genius are smitten by the blows that fall comparatively harmlessly on the more sluggish natures of ordinary men and women. An average boy in Cowper's position would have paid off his oppressors in their own coin so far as his physical strength and skill would allow, while

he suffered the balance of the debt to accumulate to be paid off at a future and more convenient season;—in Keats' position, he would have seen through the motives of the ill-natured reviewer, at whose malignity he could afford to smile;—and in the place of Chatterton, he would have earned food and shelter and raiment by manual labour, if better might not be, and the gate of literary fame remained shut to him. But where we find all the nervous irritability of an imaginative and poetic nature joined to stoical patience, unflinching fortitude, and a beautiful faith and trust that looks steadily to the end, when all around is darkest, and the path of life must be trodden by bleeding feet, such a life is indeed worthy of all honour and reverence; and such a life of patient endurance and warm affection, hopeful, untiring in activity, and sometimes heroic in its self-abnegation, is presented to us in the career of Charlotte Brontë; and in a less degree in that of her sisters Emily and Anne. We have now to trace the outline of this career, in so far as our limits will enable us; for the record of courage and endurance, steadfastness and rectitude, cannot fail to give encouragement to many who, sorely oppressed with the burden and heat of the day, will see how suffering nobly borne will end in triumph, and how toil is followed by rest and peace.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE BRONTËS; HAWORTH AND ITS CHURCH.

About four miles from the town of Keighley in Yorkshire, on an ascending road passing through a bleak and somewhat hungry-looking country, with stone dykes in place of hedges, bushes and shrubs instead of trees, and patches of pale-looking, grey-green oats instead of wheat-fields, lies the village of Haworth, pronounced North by the dwellers in the region round about Haworth church, one of the oldest in that part of the country, a little aside from the main road. The village itself is situated on the side of a steep hill with a background of dun and purple moors rising and sweeping away yet higher than the church, which is built at the very summit of the long, narrow street. All round the horizon there is the same line of sinuous, wavelike hills, the scoops into which they fall only revealing other hills beyond, of similar colour and shape, crowned with wild, bleak moors—grand from the ideas of solitude and loneliness which they suggest, or oppressive from the feelings which they give of being pent up by some monotonous and illimitable barrier,

according to the mood in which the spectator may be. "On one side of the churchyard, which is crowded with gravestones, stands a plain, solid-looking house, one story in height, with narrow windows and a heavy, strong roof, the door surmounted by a little porch, and with a small garden in front enclosed by a low stone wall. The house looked warm and comfortable enough, but there was no feature of the picturesque about it."

A WORTHY BUT ECCENTRIC CLERGYMAN.

In this plain abode there lived and toiled faithfully for many years an Irishman, as incumbent of Haworth, the Reverend Patrick Brontë. He was a man of some talent, great energy, and high principle; had made his own way and studied at Cambridge under circumstances of no little pecuniary difficulty and disadvantage; and had won his position by the strength of his own merit. On the other hand, he had in his character some of the impetuosity with which his countrymen are generally credited; cherished somewhat Spartan notions as to the bringing up of a family, and was especially severe in his ideas of simplicity in dress. Thus we hear of him on one occasion cutting up into shreds a silk dress of his wife's which offended him by an appearance of smartness. When greatly angered, he relieved his mind by firing pistols up the chimney or out at the back door, and once by thrusting a rug on the fire, enduring the risk of its combustion until half stifled. Charlotte Brontë declared with affectionate earnestness that he never gave her an angry word; all the more creditable to him when we consider the fiery elements always at work within him. He had married a lady of the name of Branwell, from Penzance, in Cornwall; and from this union—a happy one in spite of various drawbacks—were born six children—five daughters and an only son, to whom was given the name of his mother's family. At first the pride and favourite of the household, Branwell Brontë came to be its shame. In the order of their birth, the daughters were Maria and Elizabeth, who died in childhood, and Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, who all, though in different degrees, earned merited fame in literature.

A FAMILY OF ORPHAN CHILDREN; EVIDENCES OF EARLY ABILITY.

It was the misfortune of the little flock to be early deprived of the mother's affection and care. Mrs. Brontë died of cancer in 1821, in the thirty-

ninth year of her age. During her long illness the children were left much to themselves, and would go wandering hand-in-hand over the moors, the quietest, quaintest company of little people imaginable; Maria, the eldest, a staid little woman of eight years old, watching like a mother over the tinier mites under her charge. "Such still, noiseless, good little creatures," is the emphatic verdict given of them by an old servant, Tabby, who was in the house at the birth of them all, and lived in the family till all, with the exception of Charlotte, had been laid in their graves. They led a peculiarly solitary existence, seeing very few people, and thrown upon their own resources for instruction and amusement to an unusual extent. Not that their father did not feel a real interest in their welfare; but the duties of his parish took up much of his time; and a peculiarity in his health necessitated his dining alone. He had, indeed, a high appreciation of the unusual abilities and precocious intellect of these extraordinary little ones, and has left on record an account of their early achievements and promise. "When mere children," he said, "as soon as they could read and write, Charlotte and her brother used to invent and act little plays of their own, in which the Duke of Wellington, my daughter Charlotte's hero, was sure to come off conqueror; when a dispute would not unfrequently arise among them regarding the comparative merits of him, Bonaparte, Hannibal, and Cæsar. When the argument got warm, and rose to its height, as their mother was then dead, I had sometimes to come in as arbitrator, and settle the dispute to the best of my judgment. Generally, in the management of these concerns, I frequently thought that I saw signs of rising talent, which I had seldom or never before seen in any of their age." It must have been a curious spectacle, these quiet little pale children, sitting in their "study" with the rough, faithful, Yorkshire servant, Tabby, watching over them, and discussing the characters of heroes past and present, making up from their imaginations an ideal world, and thus escaping from the monotony of their colourless daily existence. An aunt, however, arrived after a time at the parsonage, a Miss Branwell, who loved the little orphans in her way, but hated Yorkshire; indeed, the bleak surroundings of Haworth must have presented a dreary change to her from the soft climate, the abundant vegetation, and the garden flowers of Penzance, whence she came. Her nieces were never quite at home with her; nor was she able, it appears, to teach them much except needlework.

THE CLERGY DAUGHTER'S SCHOOL AT COWAN'S BRIDGE.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Brontë gladly availed himself of an opportunity that presently offered for the education of his daughters. A wealthy and energetic clergyman, the Rev. Carus Wilson, had exerted himself to establish at Cowan's Bridge, between Leeds and Kendal, a school for the daughters of that numerous class of clergyman whose means were insufficient for the education of their children. To this establishment Mr. Brontë brought his daughters Maria and Elizabeth, and soon after Charlotte was sent there too; and from Cowan's Bridge were Maria and Elizabeth, but a short time afterwards, brought home to die of rapid consumption, the one in her thirteenth, the other in her twelfth year. In after years, Charlotte, in her novel "*Jane Eyre*," exposed the abuses of the Cowan's Bridge institution in words of scathing indignation, attributing to the reverend projector the chief blame for bad management, food defective in quantity, and so execrably cooked that even the hearty appetites of children, sharpened by the keen air leached it, and for the general harshness of a system calculated to crush and sadden young hearts rather than to strengthen and lift them up. To her friend Mrs. Gaskell Charlotte, in after years, related with indignant tears, how one teacher, whom she has pilloried in her book under the name of Miss Scatterd, one day fell upon poor Maria, suffering from illness and from the effects of a blister applied to her side, and dragged the dying child from her bed into the middle of the dormitory, rating her for laziness; and, indeed, the damp situation of the house, and the defective arrangements, resulted in a fever among the pupils, forty of whom fell ill at the same time. Afterwards the school was removed to a more suitable locality, and under better auspices and management became a useful and valuable institution; but in the days when the little Brontës were pupils there, the detestable *hardening* system was rife, which imposed upon the children a kind of ascetic self-mortification, and inculcated humility of the kind developed in the estimable Uriah Heep. Upon children of delicate constitutions like the little Brontës, who, though accustomed to the plainest food at home, had been used also to have their meals of potatoes or porridge served up with the scrupulous cleanliness and neatness that characterized all the arrangements at Haworth parsonage, the untidy, slovenly cookery, and the repulsive food served up at the school was a source of real

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

danger to health, and may be said to have hastened, if it did not bring on, the disease of which they died.

CHARACTER OF "HELEN BURNS;" FIRST EFFORTS AT AUTHORSHIP.

In the beautiful character of Helen Burns, in "*Jane Eyre*," Charlotte has given a sketch of her eldest sister Maria. Certain it is that Mr. Brontë's eldest daughter possessed qualities and talents of an extraordinary kind; he himself speaks of her as being competent, at the age of eleven, to converse with the gravity and sense of a grown up person. By the death of Maria and Elizabeth, the office of eldest sister among the little motherless family devolved upon Charlotte; and we now have a picture of the four survivors—the three sisters and their brother Branwell once more occupying the "children's study" at the parsonage, under the care of the sturdy and faithful Tabby. "Making up stories," or evolving the plots of romances from their busy little brains, and then filling in the incidents, formed the chief amusement of these precocious and strangely imaginative children. It is recorded how, especially after dusk in the evening, they used to pace to and fro in their little room, their arms entwined round each other, and employed in weaving their romances and narratives; of child's play, in its more usual and boisterous sense, they seem to have had no notion. At this time little Charlotte began to exercise herself in written composition. Many years afterwards, her biographer Mrs. Gaskell came into possession of a number of volumes of manuscript, written in a singularly neat and minute character, and bearing testimony alike to the talent and the indefatigable industry of the future authoress.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË AT FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.

In outward appearance she was in her early girlhood what she continued to the end of her life to be, a quiet-looking, staid little personage, with no pretensions to beauty or even to what are called "good looks," but with unmistakable tokens about her of ladylike refinement and culture. Though small, she was too well-proportioned to suggest the idea of deformity, though she used to describe herself as stunted. Her eyes were fine and expressive, shining with a peculiar lustre whenever her attention and interest were excited. The other features are described as somewhat plain, large, and ill-set; but "unless you began to catalogue them," says her biogra-

pher, "you were scarcely aware of the fact; for the eyes and the fervour of the countenance overpowered every physical defect; the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract. Remarkably small hands and feet, a wonderfully neat personal appearance, a staid, subdued, reflective air, enhanced, no doubt, if not altogether occasioned by a sense of her responsibilities and duties as eldest sister,—these, with a general expression of excessive shyness endeavouring to conceal itself under grave composure, make up the outward presentment of Charlotte Brontë, just entered into her teens;—a "little set, antiquated girl, very quiet in manners, and very quaint in dress," is the summing up of her portrait at the age of fifteen.

MISS WOOLER'S SCHOOL AT ROE HEAD; ASSOCIATIONS OF THE LOCALITY.

As it was more than probable that the sisters would have to get their bread as governesses, Charlotte was sent to school again, this time to a Miss Wooler's, at Roe Head, near the "bonny Kirkstrees," the traditional burialplace of bold Robin Hood. A very different place this, with its charming glades and haunted wells, from bleak, bare Haworth; one of those fertile spots the monks of old were accustomed to choose for their abodes, with abundance of pasture, huge forest trees, and a wealth of clear, flowing brooks.

At Miss Wooler's, Charlotte Brontë remained two years. At her first arrival she astonished her schoolfellows—more than one of whom have left records of her—by the wonderful amount of her reading, and her ignorance of such subjects as grammar and geography. She was excessively shortsighted, inasmuch that when her companions admitted her provisionally to share in some ball play that was going on, they found that she could not see the ball; "and so," says one of them, "we put her out." In fact she soon told them she had never learned to play, and did not know how to set about it. But she soon won love and respect, and became famous as the best narrator, or rather the one great narrator, in the school; for in this art no one could approach her; and she could at any time frighten the other girls half out of their wits by stories of ghosts and goblins. A placid air of resignation seems to have been her general manner; the little excitements and debates of the schoolroom were of small interest to her. Already at that

time a weakness of constitution was manifested in the feebleness of her appetite; for she could eat no animal food. A dreamy habit of abstraction from outward events and interests, something of the disposition she ascribes to Helen Burns in "*Jane Eyre*," marked her own conduct at this period. She became after a time the acknowledged authority, to whom all referred on any question of a literary and even of a political nature; for she had followed the history and fortunes of the Reform Bill, then passing through Parliament; and being an enthusiastic admirer of the Duke of Wellington, expressed great pleasure when the Bill was thrown out in the House of Lords. She objected to Sir Robert Peel for what she thought his tergiversation, considering that he acted not from principle but from expediency. Two of her companions, especially one, whom she afterwards immortalised in the character of "Shirley," remained her constant friends for the rest of her life. So popular did the little quiet, undemonstrative girl become, through the sheer force of her uprightness, kindness of heart, and undeviating principle, that on the solitary occasion of her receiving a bad mark for an imperfect lesson, the quantity set her as a task having been absurdly excessive, her companions took up the matter so warmly that Miss Wooler expunged the bad mark forthwith, to the general satisfaction of the appellants. On the whole, these schooldays at Miss Wooler's may be considered among the few glimpses of sunshine that fitfully illumined this portion of her shadowy life. In that little world her intellectual and moral qualities had been acknowledged and appreciated, and she was beloved and respected by all.

BRANWELL BRONTË; ARTISTIC SCHEMES.

On her return from Miss Wooler's, Charlotte Brontë lived for some time at home, imparting to her sisters the instruction she had herself acquired during her two years' stay. Branwell, her brother, had, among his other talents, a decided turn for drawing and painting; and he and Charlotte took lessons of a local teacher in the hope of some day becoming artists. Indeed it was time that something definite should be done in choosing a profession for Branwell, who was now almost eighteen years old, and had shown himself possessed of undoubted ability and even genius. Unfortunately he became a kind of tavern oracle in the village; and the landlord of the Black Bull would inquire of a chance visitor who seemed dull or solitary if he wanted any one to help him discuss his bottle. "If you do," the obliging Boniface would say: "I'll send

up for Patrick." And the said Patrick Branwell would appear accordingly,—and quite unknown to his father, whose health and duties kept him much out of the way, was laying the foundation of those habits of intemperance which combined with other follies to make his life a dismal wreck. It was purposed that he should go to London as a student of the Royal Academy; but the project could not be carried out. He afterwards obtained a tutorship, and had an intention of reading for college, but became entangled in a wretched affair which proved his ruin, and returned home a disgraced man. To drown regret and remorse he took to drink harder than ever; and the bottle killed him.

Abandoning her artistic schemes and hopes, Charlotte Brontë, in 1835, returned to Miss Wooler's as a teacher. Her younger sister Emily accompanied her as a pupil; but Emily could not exchange the liberty of rambling over the purple moors for the disciplined monotony of a school-room, even under so kind a preceptress as Miss Wooler, without pining for her home with an intensity that made her seriously ill. It was found necessary to recall her to save her life; and ultimately it became a recognised fact that Emily must remain at Haworth when the other sisters went forth to seek their livelihood; and as Tabby was growing old and infirm, Emily bravely undertook many domestic duties to spare the faithful old servant. We have a glimpse of her at a somewhat later period, with a grammar propped up in front of a kneading-trough, making bread and studying German at the same time with indomitable energy.

We can well understand her yearning for home under any conditions. For six months she went to a school at Halifax as a teacher; and, less fortunate than Charlotte, gives the latter an appalling account of her duties. "Hard labour from six in the morning till eleven at night," writes the latter, "with only one half-hour of exercise between. This is slavery. I fear she can never stand it;" and the writer judged correctly.

INVENTING STORIES; LITERARY ASPIRATIONS.

In the holidays, when Charlotte came home and the sisters were together, many consultations were held as to ways and means. Until nine at night they continued assiduously at their sewing; but then Miss Branwell, the aunt, went to bed, and duty was over for the day. We have a graphic picture of their proceedings, when the coveted leisure hour with which the day concluded had come at length. "They put away their work and

began to pace the room backwards and forwards, up and down,—as often with the candle extinguished for economy's sake as not,—their figures glancing into the firelight and out into the shadow perpetually. At this time they talked over past cares and troubles; they planned for the future, and consulted each other as to their plans. In after years this was the time for discussing together the plots of their novels. And again, still later, this was the time for the last surviving sister to walk alone, from old, accustomed habit, round and round the desolate room, thinking sadly upon "the days that were no more." One of the results of these evening consultations was the inditing of a letter to Southey by Charlotte and of an epistle to Wordsworth by Branwell, asking advice on the chances of success in a literary career. Southey's reply, though grave and kind, was not encouraging. Many volumes of poems, he declared, were now published every year without attracting public attention, any one of which, if it had appeared half a century earlier, would have obtained a high reputation for its author; and went on to say that though the writer had made literature his profession, had devoted his life to it, and never for a moment repented of the deliberate choice, he thought himself nevertheless in duty bound to caution every young man who applied to him as an aspirant for encouragement and advice against taking so perilous a course.

SCHOOL-TEACHING AT MISS WOOLER'S; TRIALS OF A GOVERNESS.

The chances of success in literature appearing thus shadowy, there was nothing for it but to continue in the old line of drudgery. "I am again at Dewsbury" (whither Miss Wooler's school had been removed), she writes in 1837, "engaged in the old business—teach, teach, teach;" and at her task she continued until her health gave way. And as her bodily strength failed, black clouds of doubt and anguish for a time swept over her mind; and a belief in a kind of ghastly Calvinism reduced her to a condition of the deepest despondency. "If Christian perfection be necessary to salvation," she writes in a letter to a friend, "I shall never be saved; my heart is a very hotbed for sinful thoughts; and when I decide on an action, I scarcely remember to look to my Redeemer for direction. I know not how to pray; I cannot bend my life to the grand end of doing good. I go on constantly seeking my own pleasure, pursuing the gratification of my own desires. I forget God, and will not God

forget me?" If there ever was a person in this world of selfishness who strove to do her duty; and bravely resisted every temptation of procuring the gratification of a desire at the expense of duty, it was Charlotte Brontë.

The experiences of Charlotte and Anne as governesses were not encouraging. They both met with employers who were selfish and exacting. In the little tale "*Agnes Grey*," Anne Brontë described some of the mortifications and perplexities that attended her efforts to teach the "young idea how to shoot," under difficulties; to control children who were uncontrollable, and whose parents invariably took the side of the darlings against the dependent who had the hardihood to find fault with them. Charlotte's personal experiences were much of the same kind. "The children are constantly with me," she writes. "As for correcting them, I quickly found that was out of the question,—they are to do as they like. A complaint to the mother only brings black looks on myself, and unjust, partial excuses to screen the children. I have tried that plan once, and succeeded so notably that I shall try no more." She nobly set herself to carry out her task of taming and instructing the children without any help from the parents. "I said to myself, 'I have never yet quitted a place without gaining a friend; adversity is a good school; the poor are born to labour, and the dependent to endure. I resolved to be patient, to command my feelings, and to take what came.' And this, indeed, was the principle of her whole life,—patience, self-control, and resignation.

She had sufficient occasion for the exercise of these virtues. One of her sweet pupils replied to a remonstrance against disobedience by wounding her in the head with a stone. She magnanimously forebore to denounce the little culprit when questioned on her bruised appearance. By this and similar evidences of good-heartedness she won the little rebel's respect and esteem. "I love 'oo, Miss Brontë," he once declared, sliding his little fist into her palm. Whereupon the mother exclaimed aloud in wonder before all the children, "Love the governess, my dear!"

No wonder, with such experiences, that Charlotte Brontë rejoiced greatly when the engagement with the uncongenial family, "proud as peacocks and rich as Jews," came to an end, and she was at liberty to return for a short time to the shelter of the dear old home at Haworth. Bleak and cheerless as the prospect from the old grey, close building must have appeared, it was everything to her from association, and she gleefully took a share of the household manage-

ment; earning for herself a scolding from Miss Branwell for burning the family linen the first time she attempted to iron it, the faithful Tabby having left them for a while on account of rheumatic lameness. Charlotte declared that "human feelings were queer things," but for her part she felt much happier blackleading the stoves, making the beds, and sweeping the floors at home, than she would be living like a fine lady elsewhere. But the circumstances of the Brontës were narrow; there were many calls on the poor clergyman's slender income; and though the rest and quietness of spirit to be enjoyed at Haworth were sweet, and Charlotte Brontë frankly confessed she hated governess-ship, duty called, and she obeyed; putting the position to a friendly correspondent in a half-humorous and yet quaintly suggestive manner: "Verily, it is a delightful thing to live here at home," she writes, "at full liberty to do just what one pleases. But I recollect some scrubby old fable about grasshoppers and ants, by a scrubby old knave yeleft *Æsop*; the grasshoppers sang all the summer and starved all the winter." And fortifying herself with this piece of the wisdom of the ancients, she looked about her for means to escape the fate of the improvident insects before mentioned.

THE "PENSIONNAT" AT BRUSSELS.

A project long cherished, that of establishing a school on a very modest scale, or taking pupils in the parsonage itself, was reluctantly abandoned for want of the funds wherewith to make a start; and once more Charlotte Brontë obtained, after a world of trouble in the way of correspondence and interviews—each of which interviews must have been inexpressibly trying to one of her morbidly shy temperament—a position of governess in a family who treated her with something like consideration, and where her salary, after some small deductions, amounted to the magnificent sum of £16 yearly. But she found herself at a great disadvantage for want of knowledge of modern languages; and here, in her second situation as in her first, her employer appears, like worthy John Gilpin's helpmate, to have "had a frugal mind," and to have considered that inasmuch as the pupils declined any but homœopathic doses of learning, the governess should combine with her legitimate functions the duties of needlewoman, and fill up all her leisure time with tasks of needlework.

Accordingly it was determined that she should go, with her younger sister Emily, to a school or Pensionnat at Brussels, kept by a Monsieur and

Madame Héger. Their special object was to learn French and German, especially the former language; and they applied themselves to the task with characteristic energy, and with an amount of intelligence that astonished M. Héger himself, a man of no inconsiderable acquirements and learning, and induced him to adopt a special plan in teaching them, dispensing almost entirely with dictionary and grammar, and giving them "readings" from the best French authors, trusting to their taste to pick out the points for imitation and remembrance. It was a strange experience for the shy, quiet spinster of six-and-twenty to be transformed once more into a school-girl, and set to study instead of to teach.

M. HÉGER AND HIS SYSTEM; MISS BRONTË'S OPINION OF BRUSSELS.

Of the value of M. Héger's intelligent analytical teaching in forming the taste of the two sisters, and opening their eyes to the difference between true eloquence and false and meretricious ornaments of speech, there can be no doubt; as little is it to be questioned that he devoted himself with true kindness and zeal to their comfort and improvement, and was actuated by a real and honest desire to be useful to them, and to advance them in their career. His good feeling is sufficiently shown in his letter to Mr. Brontë, after their first return to England, whither they went back in haste, on the news, first, of the sudden and alarming illness and then of the death of their good aunt Miss Branwell. M. Héger wrote a letter to Mr. Brontë, full of real solicitude for the completion of the process of improvement that had been so well begun in both his gifted pupils. He had seen the undoubted genius possessed by each of them, and also that they had never had any systematic teaching of the higher kind until they came to Brussels. In the most gracefully appreciative manner and with gentleman's tact, he urged the expediency of their returning to Brussels for another year under such conditions as proved the sincerity of his declaration, that this was to him and to Madame Héger not a matter of a pecuniary interest, but affection for the studious, striving, gifted young Englishwomen. Emily, always liable to homesickness when separated from the moorland and the heather-covered hills around Haworth, could not be prevailed upon to leave England again; but Charlotte returned to Brussels, and passed an additional year as English teacher in the Hégers' institution. After her final return home she wrote to M. Héger, expressing in the warmest

terms her sense of the kindness she had received under his roof and of the value of the knowledge she had acquired under his tuition ; and yet in her correspondence with her friends, and afterwards, when the time came for her to write "Villette," she had hardly a good word for the country or the institution, or its inhabitants, old and young, male and female, with the sole exception of "M. Paul Emmanuel," in whom some of the traits of M. Héger are reproduced.

FOREIGN LANDS AND ENGLISH PREJUDICES ;
ESTIMATE OF THE PEASANTRY.

The fact seems to be that she brought to Brussels with her that frame of mind, common enough forty years ago among English people, and not entirely extinct yet, in which everything that clashes with preconceived ideas or long accustomed habits is set down as in itself objectionable—something of the method of thinking of Marryat's sailor in "Poor Jack," who could not conceive how a ship could be worked in "such lingo" as that spoken by the French, and attributed the alleged defective seamanship of that nation to the outlandish name they gave to the foremast. The same feeling of patriotism that induced Charlotte Brontë to consider the Duke of Wellington the greatest hero the world had produced, made her look upon the foreigner, generally, as a kind of inferior animal. Dickens admirably describes the denizens of Bleeding-heart Yard, in "Little Dorrit," as patronizing brisk Jean Baptiste Cavaletto with a kind of contemptuous pity, having a notion that it was a sort of Divine visitation upon a foreigner that he was not an Englishman, and that all kinds of calamities happened to his country because it did things that England did not, and did not do things that England did. Such, making all due allowance for the immense difference between a woman of genius and the ignorant "Bleeding-heart," was the spirit in which Charlotte Brontë judged the Belgians and their institutions. "Singularly cold, selfish, animal, and inferior," is her verdict on her schoolfellows ; "very mutinous and difficult for the teachers to manage ; and their principles rotten to the core." And here it may at once be said was the fault that appears in all her works, and occasionally in her admirable letters, full as they are of affection and duty and high, unselfish principle ; she had an inveterate habit of generalising and judging large questions by observations confined to a narrow basis. Thus she sees, even in an exaggerated form, the evils in the system of the Roman

Catholic Church, and describes them with a bitterness of sarcasm worthy of Thackeray ; but she is quite unable to discern the other side of the question,—to appreciate the humanising influences spread around him, and the persistent work accomplished by many a country curé. To her the gorgeous ceremonial of Romanist worship was all "mummery ;" and in like manner she seems to think it a duty to stand up for her own countrymen and countrywomen against the foreigner, even in cases where she could certainly not speak of her own knowledge. Thus in "Jane Eyre," speaking in the person of the heroine, she puts forth the following astounding statement :—"After all, the British peasantry are the *best taught*, best mannered, most self-respecting of any in Europe : since those days I have seen Paysannes and Bäuerinnen ; and the best of them seemed to me ignorant, coarse, and besotted, compared to my Morton girls." And at that very time Charles Kingsley was telling in "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," from his own experience, the real story of the British peasantry, in their hopeless, dreary, bovine ignorance, sottishness, and degradation, in the days when, to fill the labourer with bacon and beer was considered the best thing to be done for him, and his highest happiness was sought in the carouse that gave him temporary oblivion of his serfdom. And as Charlotte Brontë was never in her life in France or Germany, while her Belgian experience was confined to the precincts of a half-conventual "Pensionnat," it is difficult to imagine where the Bäuerinnen and Paysannes can have come within her ken. She was simply talking about what she did not understand.

THE SCHOOL PROJECT RENEWED ; A SKELETON
IN THE HOUSE AT HAWORTH PARSONAGE.

By the end of 1843 she was back with her sisters Emily and Anne in the old parsonage at Haworth ; and now again the question arose, what they were to do to earn money ; for Mr. Brontë's income was small, and the calls upon his slender purse were many. "I no longer regard myself as young," wrote Miss Brontë to a friend ; "indeed, I shall soon be twenty-eight, and it seems as if I ought to be working and braving the rough realities of the world, as other people do." The plan discussed among them over and over again was that of keeping a school ; and that their plan was not a very ambitious one is shown by the proposal of Charlotte to fix the charge for board and English education at £25 per annum. But though everyone wished them

well, no pupils came, and the scheme was perforce given up. Indeed it could hardly have been carried out successfully in the locality proposed, for Haworth parsonage soon became the scene of a dark and heavy trouble, such as made it an abode of unhappiness to all its inmates, and hardly the place to which children could have been sent with advantage. Branwell Brontë, the only brother of the family, upon whose varied and brilliant talents so many hopes had been built, had, after following various employments, obtained a position as tutor in a family where he became only too great a favourite. He formed an unhappy and illicit attachment, which while it at times overwhelmed him with remorse and self-upbraiding, he had not the strength to shake off. The sisters, and especially Charlotte, were terrified with vague presentiments of approaching evil, when he would come home for his holidays in wretched spirits, vaguely accusing himself of nameless treachery and wickedness, and haunted by thoughts which he endeavoured to stifle by resorting inordinately to the use of stimulants.

At length the whole mystery was divulged, and in a manner terribly shocking to the quiet family at the Parsonage, very ill, and in strange agitation. He had been dismissed at a moment's notice with disgrace by his employer, with an injunction, under penalty of exposure, never to hold communication with his family again. From that time the unhappy young man never made an attempt to retrieve his character or position. He was the skeleton in the house at Haworth parsonage. He became an habitual drunkard. He kept his anxious sisters and his father—upon whom at this time the misfortune of blindness had fallen, though he afterwards partially recovered his sight—in a continual state of nervous trepidation lest, in his fits of temporary delirium, he should commit some frenzied act of self-destruction. During the day he slept much, or lounged about in a listless, purposeless way; but at night he was very restless, and sometimes had fits of *delirium tremens*. He would come whimpering out of his father's bedroom in the morning, and declare: "We have had a terrible night of it, the poor old man and I—he does his best, the poor old man; but it's all *her* fault—her fault!" He lived for some time afterwards, but never took one upward step. Occasionally he would receive money from some mysterious source; his father and sisters dared not confess to each other their suspicions as to whence it came; and then he would indulge in a lamentable debauch till the supply was gone, when he sank

back into his listless, brooding state. Charlotte told an old school friend, who was her constant correspondent, how they were harassed day and night by her unhappy brother's conduct, adding that good situations had been repeatedly offered to him, "but he will do nothing but drink and make us all wretched." Once the family were taken by surprise by the sudden arrival of a sheriff's officer, "with an invitation to Branwell either to pay his debts or to take a trip to York," the debts having to be paid there and then by the family. What with the blindness of the father of the household, the gradual sinking of the brother into an early grave, and their own feeble health, the three brave sisters had more than enough of depressing influences to encounter when they resolved to turn to literature as a means of subsistence; and it is not to be wondered at that the books they produced were tinged with the gloom that surrounded their own lives.

LITERARY PROJECTS RESUMED; THE NOVELS OF CURRIER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL.

Considering that their sex, if known, might place them at a disadvantage in the effort to get their works examined and accepted for publication, the three sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, respectively assumed the pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. Their first literary venture was the publishing, on their own account, of a "Collection of Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," which the critics imagined to have been written by three brothers. Like most poetry by unknown hands, the book excited little attention, and did not pay its expenses. Undiscouraged by this failure, the sisters set to work each upon a prose work of fiction. Emily Brontë produced a strange, weird, powerful tale entitled "Wuthering Heights;" Anne Brontë, a graceful little story, "Agnes Grey;" while Charlotte wrote "The Professor." The different manuscripts were sent to London, where "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey" found a publisher, though on anything but remunerative terms to the writers. "The Professor," on the other hand, met with acceptance nowhere; the MS. came back over and over again; and on the very day when Charlotte was about to accompany her father, who was to undergo the difficult operation of having a cataract removed from his eyes, the unfortunate book came home again, with a curt letter of refusal. But out of failure the light of hope began to dawn. In a brown paper parcel with the names of various houses to which the work had been sent in vain not obliterated, but

merely scored out, the MS. arrived at the offices of Messrs. Smith and Elder, in Cornhill. What befell there may be told in the words published by the anxious author in the character of Currer Bell.

"As a forlorn hope," she writes, "we tried one publishing house more. Ere long, in a much shorter space of time than that on which experience had taught him to calculate, there came a letter, which he opened in the dreary anticipation of finding two hard, hopeless lines intimating that 'Messrs. Smith and Elder were not disposed to publish the MS. ;' and instead, he took out of the envelope a letter of two pages. He read it trembling. It declined, indeed, to publish that tale for business reasons, but it discussed its merits and demerits so courteously, so considerably, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened, that this very refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done. It was added that a work in three volumes would meet with careful attention." Accordingly, Charlotte Brontë laid aside "The Professor," and set to work indefatigably upon a three volume work. That work, destined to found and to assure the fame of its writer, she entitled "Jane Eyre."

When the work was forwarded to Messrs. Smith and Elder for acceptance, the gentleman who had to read it at once perceived its transcendent merit, and expressed himself with a warmth that amused Mr. Smith. "You seem to have been so much enchanted that I do not know how to believe you," was the laughing comment. But a second opinion, coinciding with the first, induced Mr. Smith to read it for himself; and the work was at once accepted and put into the printer's hands without delay. Within two months of its arrival in Cornhill the book was published, in October 1847.

**"JANE EYRE;" SUCCESS OF THE WORK;
STARTLING PASSAGES; THE AUTHOR'S
VINDICATION OF HER BOOK.**

The success of the work was immediate and complete. The originality displayed throughout every chapter, the powerful delineation of human character, motive, and action, the excellence of the style and the skill in the working out of the well-linked incidents, showed that a new light had arisen in the literary world; and all were anxious to know who this Currer Bell, whose name did not even give a clue to the sex of the possessor, could possibly be. On this subject the

publishers knew no more than the public, their communications having been with "Currer Bell, Esq., to the care of Miss Brontë, Haworth." The unknown writer was exceedingly anxious that the anonymity should be preserved; and for a long time the secret was kept. There was "a rush for copies;" and in December a second edition was published, with a preface by the author, thanking the public for its indulgent reception of a plain tale with few pretensions, the Press for the fair field its honest suffrage opened to an obscure aspirant, and the publishers of the work for their liberality to an unknown and unrecommended author. Then the writer entered upon a defence of the book against the strictures of unfriendly critics, and of that section of readers who had been shocked at the outspoken plainness of many of its passages; at the manner in which, for instance, the self-righteous cant of the Reverend Mr. Brocklehurst was held up to odium and ridicule. "Conventionality is not morality," the author says, "self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns." Then with a scriptural reference that smacks of the sturdy old Puritan spirit, the reader is reminded that Ahab did not like Micaiah because he never prophesied good concerning him, but evil; that probably he liked the sycophant son of Chenaanah better; and that yet Ahab might have escaped a bloody death, had he but stopped his ears to flattery, and opened them to faithful counsel. "Appearance should not be mistaken for truth," says the writer; "narrow human doctrines that only tend to elate and magnify a few should not be substituted for the world redeeming creed of Christ." Thus did Charlotte Brontë defend her intention in publishing this remarkable book.

**BLEMISHES IN THE WORK; PRESENCE OF
COARSENESS; EVIL EXAMPLE.**

That a defence was needed there was no doubt, for there is much in the tale to startle the reader, and some things of which the friendliest critic cannot conscientiously approve. The manner in which Mr. Rochester tells Jane Eyre the story of Céline Varens, has at first the appearance of a cool cynicism that, to use Miss Brontë's own expression concerning Balzac's books, "leaves a bad taste in the mouth." Even Mrs. Gaskell, the friend, the admirer, and the loving and

sympathetic biographer of Charlotte Brontë, is reluctantly compelled to admit the existence of coarseness in this and the subsequent works of the authoress, who, in publishing certain passages of the work may be said, as Lord Macaulay said of Clive in his transactions with Meer Jaffier, "to have done that which if not evil in itself was certainly of evil example." For the unqualified success and acceptance of the work among the English readers both in Great Britain and in America, caused a number of imitators of "Jane Eyre" to spring up, with just enough ability to copy with more or less cleverness the points that had "made the judicious grieve," without showing a spark of the genius of the author. Every writer has a responsibility, not alone with regard to what he says himself, but in so far as he may influence the thought and expression of his time, with regard to what he may cause others to say.

UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION OF THACKERAY; DISAGREEABLE CHARACTERS IN "JANE EYRE."

It is a significant fact that this second edition is dedicated to William Makepeace Thackeray, for whom the author had at that time an unbounded admiration, somewhat modified subsequently, it would appear, in the days of her matured and ripened judgment. Something of the tendency to probe with the merciless scalpel of his wit the wounds and sore places of poor humanity, that to a certain extent mars the work of the author of "Vanity Fair," is found in the delineations of character in "Jane Eyre." The whole of the Reed family, nearly the whole company of guests assembled at Thornfield Hall, Mr. Brocklehurst and his belongings, Miss Scatcherd of Lowood, are all disagreeable. In the preface to "Jane Eyre," Thackeray is described as "hurling the Greek fire of his sarcasm and flashing the levin brand of his denunciation;" it is to be lamented that Miss Brontë followed him too closely in this her first book; for at that time he had not yet given to the world his "Colonel Newcome" or "Henry Esmond." Meanwhile "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey," the productions of Ellis and Acton Bell, had been delayed in the hands of the publishers, somewhat to the indignation of Charlotte, who wrote to Mr. Smith asking if this were the usual method adopted by the firm in the management of business, or an exceptional instance. "A different spirit seems to preside at — Street," she writes, "to that which guides the helm at 65, Cornhill . . . my relatives have suffered

from exhausting delay and procrastination, while I have to acknowledge the benefits of a management at once businesslike and gentlemanlike, energetic and considerate." One of the many excellent traits in her character was the warm readiness to acknowledge kindness and courtesy.

BOOKS BY ELLIS AND ACTON BELL; "WUTHERING HEIGHTS;" "STRANGE POWER OF THE WORK;" ORIGINALITY OF THE CHARACTERS.

The success of "Jane Eyre" may have hastened the publication of "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey," which appeared in December of the same year. A second and longer tale, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," by Acton Bell, appeared soon afterwards. In "Wuthering Heights," especially, the genius of the Brontë family was displayed. The reader is, indeed, bewildered by the rough strength of the portraiture, and wonders what strange kind of beings these can be to whom he is introduced, with their fierce passions, their indomitable loves and hatreds, and their cruel crimes. The dark villain Heathcliff, with his fiendish malice and persevering malignity, and yet with a capacity for love as deep and lasting as his vengeance; the wretched Hindley Earnshaw, falling a victim to the hatred of the man he has wronged and oppressed; the puritanical hypocrite old Joseph; the wayward Catharines, mother and daughter; and the weak Edgar and Isabella Linton—are a thoroughly original group of characters, though far from an attractive one. What can have induced the authoress to collect into one volume such a mass of moral hideousness as that which obscures the pages of this wonderful work, must always remain a matter of doubt; but there is a terrible fascination in the book, that carries the reader irresistibly forward from beginning to end. As a first production of an undisciplined pen, it is a wonderful effort; we can only mournfully conjecture what grand work that genius that created "Wuthering Heights" would have produced in its maturity, and echo Charlotte's mournful cry of regret: "If she had only lived!"

ANNE BRONTË'S "TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL;" A PUBLISHER'S MISTAKE.

In Anne Brontë's book, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," on the other hand, the intention is clear enough. It is a book written with an object, the purpose of the writer being obviously to place before the reader as a warning example the picture of a character degraded and brought

to ruin by intemperance. We are told that the task was most uncongenial to the gentle nature of Anne Brontë, but that she forced herself to accomplish it, and to work out all the details, holding it a duty to set up a warning beacon, to show the quicksands on which she had seen a life wrecked. For it was written during the time when the brother's miserable drunkenness and profligacy were destroying the whole happiness of the quiet household at Haworth. The resemblance of the books in style, and the likeness of both of them to "Jane Eyre," induced various critics to express an opinion that Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell were one and the same personage, and that "Wuthering Heights," "Agnes Grey," and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," were earlier and cruder efforts of the hand that had produced "Jane Eyre."

The secret was first revealed by the authors themselves, in vindication of their own good faith. In consequence of the sale of "Jane Eyre" in America, the London publishers had agreed to let a New York firm have early proof sheets of the next new novel by Currer Bell. This gentleman soon afterwards heard that another American house had been promised early sheets of Currer Bell's book, Ellis and Acton Bell's publisher having declared to this second firm that to the best of his belief "Jane Eyre," "Wuthering Heights," and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," were all works by one and the same author.

VISIT OF CHARLOTTE AND ANNE BRONTË TO LONDON; "SHIRLEY" COMMENCED; TROUBLES AT HOME; DEATH OF BRANWELL BRONTË.

The arrival of a letter from Cornhill at Haworth parsonage stating these particulars, so disturbed the inmates there, that Charlotte and Anne determined to start for London that very day, and prove their separate existence by a personal appearance at Messrs. Smith and Elder's offices. Accordingly they packed up a change of dress, walked to Keighley through a thunder-storm, took the night train to the capital, and arrived next morning at the Chapter Coffee House in Paternoster Row, whence they made their way to Cornhill. Mr. Smith could hardly believe his eyes and ears when his own letter written by himself only twenty-four hours before was put into his hands, and he was assured that in the two small, timid-looking ladies before him, he saw the veritable Currer and Acton Bell. He immediately set about making arrangements for showing them some of the sights of London, and introducing them to

his family; and after a few pleasant and very exciting days, the sisters returned to their Yorkshire solitude well pleased with their visit. The new book by Currer Bell, respecting whose proof sheets the misunderstanding had arisen, had begun almost immediately after the completion of "Jane Eyre." It was entitled "Shirley;" and in the character of the heroine, a Yorkshire heiress, various traits of the author's sister Emily were reproduced. It had advanced about two-thirds towards completion, when a series of mournful events came in succession, to turn the quiet parsonage into a house of mourning.

The first blow, one, however, which had been long expected, was the death of Branwell Brontë. That unhappy man, with his constitution undermined by intemperance, had long been gradually sinking into the grave, but the end, when it came, was somewhat sudden. Eccentric to the last, he determined to die standing, having heard that even the moribund body could be forced to obey the dictates of a strong will; and when the last agony came on he insisted on being lifted to an erect position. In a beautiful letter to a friend, Charlotte Brontë describes how all remembrance of his faults seemed to fade away as she gazed on the corpse of him who had once been the pride and hope of the family, the light of his father's and his sisters' eyes; how during the last day or two of his life the young man's hard spirit had seemed to soften, and how they were now content to leave him, after his brief life of sin, remorse, and suffering, in the hands of the Infinite Mercy.

EMILY BRONTË, "ELLIS BELL;" HER CHARACTER; HER ILLNESS AND DEATH.

The grave had scarcely closed over Branwell ere its shadow fell upon another member of the household at Haworth. Emily, whose novel, "Wuthering Heights," gave such promise of future excellence, was the next to be summoned away. Hers was a singular and, to the general observer, not a genial or pleasant nature. Exceedingly reticent and almost exaggeratedly taciturn, she went on her way through life seeking no sympathy, and forming few or no friendships out of her own family circle; but Charlotte and Anne, who knew her best, almost worshipped her. Some traits in her character show a masculine courage and determination; such as her hastening into the kitchen, after being bitten by a mad dog, to which, in ignorance of its condition, she had mercifully tendered a bowl of water, and searing the wound with a red-hot Italian iron; and again, her dragging her

savage bull-dog, Keeper, by the scruff of his neck off a bed on which he had stretched his tawny limbs in luxurious repose, and punishing him vigorously, amid ominous growls from the infuriated brute, whose savage nature had been thoroughly aroused. Her illness was rapid consumption.

Charlotte Brontë, in a preface to a new edition of "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey," published after the death of the authors, gives some particulars of their deaths, telling how, in the very burden and heat of the day, the labourers failed over their work, and how Emily was the first to decline. "Day by day," says the sorrowing sister, "when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have never seen anything like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone." "The awful point was," says Mrs. Gaskell, "that while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hands, the unnerved limbs, the fading eyes, the same service was exacted. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render. In fact, Emily never went out of doors after the Sunday succeeding Branwell's death. She made no complaint, she would not endure questioning, she rejected sympathy and help." On the very day of her death she rose, and with feeble hands dressed herself as usual, and actually tried to set about her household tasks. It was not until within a few hours of the last struggle that she consented to see a doctor. A strong, wild nature, but strangely attractive to the gentler sisters, to Charlotte especially, who appeared to look on the stronger spirit with a yearning admiration.

ANNE BRONTË, "ACTON BELL;" HER LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH; "SHIRLEY" RESUMED IN SOLITUDE BY THE AUTHOR.

Hardly had the remains of Emily Brontë been carried to their rest in Haworth churchyard, when it became manifest that Anne, the youngest sister, must quickly follow. The family disease, consumption, had fastened upon her, and a medical examination revealed to the anxious relatives the mournful fact that both her lungs were affected. Unlike Emily, she eagerly adopted every method suggested for alleviation or cure; and at length, at her own request, was taken as a last hope to Scarborough, only to die four days after her arrival in full and certain hope of a

joyful resurrection. She lies buried at Scarborough. "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage!" were the last words she spoke.

Courage, indeed, the mournful courage of resignation, was sorely needed when the sole survivor of that gifted group re-entered the desolate house, where the old father, now in his seventy-third year, sat bereaved of his children. From that moment the one surviving child devoted herself to the task of cheering and supporting her father; and it is touching to see how in after days, when she became famous under her own name, and the authoress of "Jane Eyre" was pointed out as a celebrity, she still paid a childlike obedience to the advice of the parent she loved, and gave up her own dearest hopes in affectionate obedience to his wishes. The greatest trial of all was the resumption of home occupations and literary industry, once carried on hopefully in common by the sisters with kindly interchange of counsel and encouragement, now to be pursued by the survivor alone and unaided. The sisters had been accustomed to betake themselves, after the tasks of the day were done, to the room once known as "the children's study," and there, in the twilight deepening into darkness, they passed to, and fro, with arms intertwined, discussing the incidents and scenes of their novels, and giving mutual criticism and encouragement; but now, within the space of nine months, the grave had three times closed over a member of the Brontë family; and the tale of "Shirley," begun when there were three sisters alive, was finished with its authoress as the sole survivor. She still retained the habit of walking to and fro in the darkening shadows of twilight in the desolate room, sadly thinking of the days that were no more. Yet there was work to be done, and it was done bravely and well. But we can well agree that "though the work was resumed and continued resignedly, it was dreary to write without anyone to listen to the progress of her tale, to find fault or to sympathize while pacing the length of the parlour in the evenings." Under these circumstances her constitutional timidity revived, and she greatly feared that by her second work she would lose the reputation gained by her first.

"SHIRLEY" ANOTHER TRIUMPH; CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S INTERVIEW WITH THACKERAY.

The apprehension was groundless. "Shirley," though it contained no such powerful characters as Rochester and the heroine in "Jane Eyre," was well received and favourably criticised. The humorous portraits of the three curates,

taken, like the other personages in the book, from originals who had come under the writer's observation, excited much amusement; and the charm of the style was equal to that in the former work. With her publishers her relations were always cordial; with the family of Mr. Smith she was on terms of friendly intimacy, and was at various times tempted to leave the seclusion of Haworth for a short visit to London, residing during her stay with Mr. Smith's family, and making acquaintance with the celebrities of the literary world, who had learnt to admire and appreciate her in her works. Among other literary magnates whom she thus got to know, was the ideal of her former days, Thackeray, her estimate of whom was now less enthusiastic, and perhaps more judicious than when she dedicated "*Jane Eyre*" to him. In London, and afterwards at Manchester, she heard him give one of his famous lectures on the English humorists; and not without reason took exception to the tone of his remarks on the life and character of Fielding, whose vices of intemperance and extravagance she considered treated in altogether too easy a view of toleration. Thackeray, no doubt, had the idea of speaking of the famous novelist of the eighteenth century in the spirit of Fielding's contemporaries, and thus treated the vice of drunkenness as it would have been treated in a time when it was as much the fashion for a gentleman to exceed in wine as to wear ruffles, a sword, and a periwig; but Miss Brontë pertinently asks whether the great novelist would have regarded the matter in the same half-jocose spirit if he had seen a son treading the downward road of intemperance, whose goal is ruin, and what effect the lecturer's remarks were likely to produce on any youth with a turn for dissipation who might be present. That she regarded Thackeray with less awe than in former days is shown in her discussing his faults with him in a confidential conversation; the great writer making a half-amused defence that in many cases puzzled his accuser by aggravating the fault.

LITERARY ACQUAINTANCES AND FRIENDS; OLD SCHOOLFELLOWS AND MISS WOOLER.

Among the acquaintances she made in her flying visits to London, during the concluding years of her life,—acquaintances that generally ripened into friendships, for when her shy reserve was once overcome, she was found to be both warmhearted and genial, are to be recorded those of Mrs. Gaskell her biographer, Miss Martineau whose guest she became at Ambleside, Mr. H. G. Lewes the critic, who once offended

her sorely by what she considered some unkind remarks upon her second book, and Mr. Sydney Dobell, whose poems she greatly admired. With several of her old schoolfellows from Miss Wooler's, and with Miss Wooler herself, she maintained a friendship to the last; and many humbler friends she had also among the village population for three miles round Haworth, in whose joys and sorrows she never failed to sympathize, and with whom Miss Brontë was a general favourite. Various families of the neighbouring gentry were also anxious to have her as a guest in their houses, and made advances accordingly. But she had an invincible dislike to being lionised, and except in the case of Sir James and Lady Kay Shuttleworth, of whose hospitality she availed herself more than once she persistently declined such offers.

SOLITARY LIFE; PUBLICATION OF "*VILLETTE*;" GROUNDLESS APPREHENSIONS.

In spite of the occasional glimpses of change in her visits to London and to friends in Yorkshire, her existence was a very solitary one. Her father was approaching his eightieth year, and passed most of his time alone in his study; and his one surviving child was left to her solitary musings in the deserted house, peopled only with the shadows of the dear ones departed. Haworth, too, was damp and unhealthy, and every winter the health of the inmates of the parsonage was sorely tried. Meanwhile her publishers were anxious for another work from her pen; and in failing health and a mental and physical depression against which she struggled heroically, she sat down to write "*Villette*," a book in which she turned to account her experiences in the institution of Madame Héger, Villette being a pseudonym for the city of Brussels. It was uphill work, writing alone in her wretched state of nervousness and debility. As the book, which under these untoward circumstances lingered long in the writing, approached completion, she became morbidly apprehensive of failure, and dreaded the announcement of the "*new novel by Currer Bell*." "These are the transcendentalisms of a retired wretch," she wrote to her publishers; and soon her fears were quieted by the general welcome with which the book was received. Indeed, in many respects it shows an improvement on her former works, especially in matters of description and style. Had she been able to travel, Miss Brontë would have given us excellent pictures of the cities of the world; and had she visited Brussels later in life, her account of "*Labassecour*" and its inhabitants would

have been less prejudiced. On the whole, the wonder is that she should have made so much of the materials she possessed.

HER MARRIAGE TO MR. NICHOLLS.

This was her last literary work. At the end of her life came a bright gleam of sunshine, alas, only too brief. She had in the course of her life received several offers of marriage, but with excellent good sense had declined to marry where her heart was not engaged, preferring to toil on and preserve her freedom. A proposal from the Rev. Mr. Nicholls, her father's curate, whom she had long known and esteemed, was looked upon favourably by her; but Mr. Brontë objected, and she at once gave up her own wishes in deference to his. Mr. Nicholls, however, was constant, and waited patiently till time did its work in overcoming the old father's somewhat selfish opposition. He gave his consent to the marriage, which took place in June 1854; and Mr. Nicholls became an inmate of the parsonage. The few months of the wedded life of Charlotte Brontë were months of calm and peaceful rest. "We, her loving friends," says her biographer, "standing outside, caught occasional glimpses of brightness, and pleasant, peaceful murmurs of sound, telling of the gladness within, and we looked at each other, and gently said, 'After a hard and long struggle—after many cares and many bitter sorrows, she is tasting happiness now!' . . . And we thought, and we hoped, and we prophesied, in our great love and reverence. But God's ways are not as our ways."

A SHORT PERIOD OF HAPPINESS; THE END.

Happiness and rest came too late to be lasting; or rather, they were soon to be exchanged for the rest that is eternal. The constitution, nervous and delicate, gave way suddenly, as in the case of Emily and Anne. A cold, the consequence of a walk over melted snow, completed the work of years. Fever came on with continual depression and utter inability to take nourishment, the very sight of food bringing on intolerable nausea. She was too well used to suffering to

be easily alarmed; and bore this crisis as she had borne the former burdens laid upon her, with meekness and patience, at times even with cheerfulness, hoping that this attack would pass away like others of the same nature at previous times; but when day succeeded day and no relief came, a dark feeling of dread began to awaken in the hearts of the husband and father to whom she was dearer than anything else on earth, and soon this dread took a more definite and alarming form.

The biographer of Charlotte Brontë graphically portrays the scene beside the dying bed. "Long days and longer nights went by, still the same relentless nausea and faintness, and still borne on in patient trust. About the third week in March there was a change; a low, wandering delirium came on, and in it she begged constantly for food, and even for stimulants. She swallowed eagerly now, but it was too late. Wakening for an instant from this stupor of intelligence, she saw her husband's woe-worn face, and caught the sound of some murmured words of prayer that God would spare her. 'Oh!' she whispered forth. 'I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy!'"

But her course was run. That life of noble self-sacrifice was complete, and her work on earth was finished. The end came; and after nine months of happy wedded life, Charlotte Brontë died on the 31st of March, 1855, in the old parsonage at Haworth, where for years she had toiled in the path of undeviating duty. On the day when her corpse was carried forth from the door of her father's house, there were many who remembered with tears how short a time since she had emerged from that same portal a pale but cheerful bride; still more remembered how abounding her charities had been, and how, not only the toiler in the narrow way, but the erring fellow-creatures, the "unfortunates weary of breath," had found in her a pitying, consistent, and helpful friend. And some few sighed when they thought what that creative genius might still have produced, and how great a literary light was here prematurely extinguished.

H. W. D.



FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

He wears no mask, - he hates all crooked ways -
He is true,
He is so good, so noble.

Piccolomini, Act. ii. Sc. 5.

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THE PERIOD OF SCHILLER'S BIRTH; HIS PARENTAGE.

THE eventful year 1759 found Europe plunged in the very depths of the cruel Seven Years' War. It was the fourth campaign of that terrible

struggle; and besides the principals, Austria and Prussia, who were tearing each other like lion and tiger, the other powers who had been drawn into the fray, England and France, Russia and Sweden, with various smaller principalities

compelled to furnish their contingents to the fray, had cause to lament, in wasted treasure and slaughtered men, the Juno-like vengeance of the Empress-queen who had stirred up this mortal strife, and the invincible pertinacity of the great Frederick, who was evidently determined to fight it out to the bitter end.

Among the armies sent forth by Maria Theresa against the Prussian king, from whom she was determined to win back her forfeited province of Sillesia at any cost, was an auxiliary force of Württembergers; and in this corps, in the regiment "Prince Louis," was to be found a certain Captain Johann Caspar Schiller. A sturdy, honest officer was the captain, and helpful in many ways; for he had been a surgeon; and when an epidemic disorder decimated his corps, he undertook, at a pinch, the multifarious duties of army doctor, in addition to his own regimental work; tending the sick, and watching by them, like the good Samaritan he was, and even officiating as regimental chaplain; reading prayers to the men, like the good Baron of Bradwardine, and even leading the psalms at the Sunday parades. A very pleasant picture to contemplate, in looking back at those troublous times, is that of the little captain, in his big three-cornered hat and trim tight-fitting uniform—ever ready for duty in whatever shape it might come: a man, moreover, eager to acquire knowledge, and possessed, as we find by his journals, of a regretful remembrance of the impediments that had prevented him, in early life, from improving his mind by study; and yet amassing a very respectable stock of learning, especially in scientific agriculture; and at last attracting the attention of the Grand Duke, and promoted to be superior intendant or overseer of the Forest operations in the domain around the beautiful castle of "Solitude," near Stuttgart. He wrote a book on his favourite subject, *Die Baumzucht im Grossen*, tree cultivation on a large scale, and lived and died honoured and respected, as he deserved to be.

SCHILLER'S BIRTH AND EARLIEST YEARS.

While Captain Schiller was doing his duty in camp, moving with his corps from place to place, and seeing the "seamy side" as well as the showier aspect of glorious war, there was a wife, a good gentle-hearted woman, in the little town of Marbach, waiting tearfully and hopefully the day when the cruel war should cease. There was about her, as about her husband, a simple trustful piety that reminds us of the best aspect of the old Puritans; and though of limited edu-

cation, and aspiring to be nothing beyond a good German Hausfrau, her refinement of feeling and poetic elevation of mind had the best effect on the little household she ruled wisely and well, and on the rougher but honest-hearted captain, over whom her influence was unbounded. In 1757, this worthy wife became the mother of a daughter, Christophine; and two years afterwards, at the quaint little peaceful Marbach, on the bright Neckar, there was born to her a son, Johann Christoph Friedrich, destined to reflect lustre on his country, and to give the quiet country town an interest similar to that with which Englishmen regard Stratford-on-Avon.

Captain Schiller managed to hasten from the camp, to gaze on his new son and heir; and that in his natural exultation there mingled a sense of his own deficient education, is shown in an allusion in a manuscript volume of reflections written by him when that son had become great and famous: "And Thou, Being of all beings, I prayed to Thee after the birth of my only son, that Thou wouldst add to his portion, in vigour of mind, what I could not attain for want of instruction, and Thou hast heard me. I thank Thee, most beneficent Being, that Thou hearest the prayer of mortals."

Four years later the war was over, and the captain was restored to his family circle. Soon after, he was sent by the Duke Carl of Württemberg, as recruiting officer, to Schwäbisch Gmünd, an old imperial city; but his place of residence with his family was at Lorch, a beautiful rural spot, with an old cloister, where are the graves of the mighty Hohenstauffen, and the ruins of the old castle, from which the race took its name. Here the Schiller family dwelt very happily for some years, though in narrow circumstances; for Captain Schiller found it a hard matter to get his arrears of pay. The good father was painfully anxious to give his son the education he himself lacked. At six years of age little Fritz found in the kindly clergyman of Lorch, Pastor Moser, a judicious tutor, and began to learn the elements of Latin and Greek, in addition to lessons in reading and writing; while Captain Schiller himself took all possible pains in bringing out the minds of his children, telling them anecdotes of his own career in the wars, or stirring histories connected with the old Hohenstauffen Castle, and its former inhabitants; for there was a certain store of romance hidden away under the stiff military bearing and abrupt soldierly curttness of Captain Schiller.

CHARACTER OF THE CHILD ; POETIC
INFLUENCES.

The childhood of little Fritz was a happy one. The kind-hearted though stern-mannered father was always to be propitiated by an appeal from his gentle wife ; and the children used cunningly to confess their small misdeeds to her, and request to receive the punishment at her hand, before a report was made to the paternal authority. Christophine, who resembled her father in features, worshipped Fritz, who, with his blue eyes and open forehead, was the image of his mother. For this good sister, who lived to be ninety years old, Schiller always cherished a far warmer feeling of love and respect than for the two others who in course of time increased the family circle. Affectionate and grateful by nature, he never forgot that Christophine had been his earliest and most devoted friend.

Plain and economical as was their way of living, the Schiller family were emphatically gentlefolks. Among the honest Captain's best traits was a chivalrous respect and courtesy in his behaviour to his wife and daughters, and a ready deference to the wishes and suggestions of the former. The boy grew up in an atmosphere of honour, simplicity, and courtesy to women. That his mind was unusually impressionable and active, no one could doubt, who listened to his eager questioning, or noted his constant thirst for information ; but there was nothing of morbid precocity about him. Full of fun and frolic, he was always getting into scrapes, requiring the intervention of his mother to save him from paternal chastisement. But there was nothing of meanness or deception about his escapades, which exhibited a singularly fearless and simple-minded nature. Once at supper-time he was missing, and his absence alarmed his parents ; for a violent thunderstorm, with vivid flashes of forked lightning, was raging around Lorch. At last little Fritz was seen perched on the highest bough of a linden tree, evidently enjoying the sight, and very thoroughly wetted by the rain, now pouring down in torrents. To the half-angry, half-terrified questioning as to what he was doing there, he replied that he wanted to see "where all that fire in the sky came from." Another time his father noticed that his shoes were fastened with strings, instead of the buckles that should have adorned them. The child replied that he had given his buckles to a poor boy who had none to wear on Sundays, as he himself had a second pair for those occasions. Of proprietorship, in the ordinary sense, he seemed to have no idea. He would

give away anything, and had to be seriously warned not to include his schoolbooks among his bounties.

EDUCATION ; THE LATIN SCHOOL ; THE
PRINCELY PATRON AND HIS SCHEME.

In 1768, the Schiller family removed to Ludwigsburg, and the boy was sent to the Latin school, where he made good progress. His great wish, much encouraged by his pious mother, and complacently regarded by the Captain, was to become a clergyman. The preliminary steps for the long course of study considered necessary in Germany for the clerical calling had already been taken, when the boy's career was suddenly and unexpectedly altered.

Duke Carl of Württemberg, after a wild and misspent youth, was devoting the latter years of his life to useful works. Among other schemes, he had a project for establishing an educational institute, the "Military Plant School" (*Militärische Pflanzschule*), at the palace of Solitude. This establishment, afterwards removed to Stuttgart, and enlarged under the name of the "Carlschule," was especially intended for the sons of officers. Duke Carl had heard good reports of little Schiller, and accordingly signified to the captain his gracious intention to receive the boy among the pupils. This was equivalent to a command, for the captain was quite dependent on the sovereign's good-will. So after a faint endeavour to decline the honour, which the Duke met by a quiet reiteration of his orders, the parents were compelled, with rueful expressions of thanks, to give up all hope of clerical honours for their son ; and young Schiller entered the school, his father signing a bond on his behalf, setting forth that in consideration of a free education he was to be considered as attached to the service and remaining at the disposal of the Duke. The study to which he was to devote himself was the law. A drearier occupation than that of delving among the dusty preserves of the German Black-stones was surely never imposed upon a quick-witted, ardent youth of highly poetic temperament. No wonder, therefore, that Schiller eagerly seized an opportunity of changing the distasteful pursuit of the law for the more congenial study of medicine.

Even after this change, his position at the Carlschule was very dreary. There was a strong flavour of mingled convent and prison about the whole place. The youths were separated from friends and relatives, only mothers and sisters being allowed to visit sons and

brothers on Sundays. The general supervision was entrusted to a number of drill-sergeants, whose irksome military pedantry fretted the lads to the verge of rebellion. No allowance was made for individuality of character or capacity. What was down in the order-book was to be learnt by all alike. It was education by tap of drum. Still, it must be conceded that the Duke recognized something unusual in the listless young student, the thin, tall, melancholy youth, for whom even Roman law seemed to have so few charms. "Let that one have his way; he will turn out something good," was his sagacious remark to an examiner, who wondered whether Schiller's incorrect answers arose from idleness or stupidity.

GERMAN LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD; NEW LIGHTS.

At that time a revolution was being quietly effected in German literature. The French pseudo-classic school that had been set up for imitation, full of sham shepherds and shepherdesses, and of old-world gods and goddesses, whom nobody cared for, had at length had its day; and works like Klopstock's *Messiah*, Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*, were teaching the German people something better and more life-like than could be learnt from stiff and shallow adaptations of the ancients. A very national book indeed made its way, most probably surreptitiously, into the prosaic and military precincts of the Carlschule. It was by the young poet Goethe, and was entitled *Goetz von Berlichingen*, a drama, setting forth the adventures of a German free knight of the beginning of the sixteenth century, with plenty of incident, combats, and love-scenes, and told throughout with an undoubted air of reality. This work falling into Schiller's hands, impressed him greatly; but he was still more struck with a German translation of Shakespeare, which was lent to him at this period. A book so different from anything he had ever yet seen excited at once his wonder and admiration. For a long time he could not comprehend the daring which united in the same scene the sublime and the grotesque, laughter and tears. Speaking of Shakespeare, he says: "He was the object of my reverence and zealous study for years before I could love himself. I was not yet capable of comprehending nature at first hand; I had learned to admire her image reflected in the understanding, and put in order by rules."

Schiller's debt to Shakespeare was immense. In the arrangement of these historical dramas

on which his fame chiefly rests, in *Wallenstein*, *William Tell*, the *Maid of Orleans*, we are continually reminded of passages from the prince of English poets. Schiller even undertook to translate *Macbeth*, a task which he accomplished with singular success, except in one notable instance, in describing that witch to whom the sailor's wife refused the chestnuts, and who threatened such dire vengeance upon the husband who was "to Aleppo gone, Master o' the Tiger." Schiller strangely enough transforms the hag into a "Nixe," or water-spirit, who lures a fisherman to destruction by the gift of magic gold.

SCHILLER'S FIRST WORK, "THE ROBBERS."

The perusal of these works roused the poetic spirit within him, and awoke his ambition to produce a work of his own. His whole soul was in secret revolt against the hard pedantic military discipline of the place, where entire renunciation of individual action and even opinion was demanded as the price of education at the cost of the state. In secret, amid numberless difficulties and hindrances, he wrote his first tragedy, *The Robbers*. It was in many respects an outpouring of his own pent-up enthusiasm and love of liberty. Carl Moor, the hero, disgusted at the duplicity and treachery he meets with in the world, throws all the restraints of society and law to the winds, and becomes the captain of a band of outlaws proposing to seize from the rich that he may give to the poor, and to right wrong by violence and crime. He fails, of course; and satisfies poetical justice by surrendering to the authorities. The villain of the piece, the treacherous son and brother, Franz Moor, driven mad by the horrors of a guilty conscience, commits suicide. The work, the production of an inspired schoolboy, was naturally full of defects—of unconscious plagiarisms, as shown in the Iago-like soliloquies of the villain Franz—bristling with incongruities and absurdities even; but showing strength, originality, and promise of future excellence in every page. "His sentences, in their rude emphasis," says Carlyle, "come down like the club of Hercules; the stroke is often of a crushing force, but its sweep is irregular and awkward." That the work should have been written at all, is a marvellous triumph of persistency over difficulties; and those who complain of the want of truth to nature, in this the earliest production of Schiller's genius, should bear in mind his own temperate and sensible explanation, written at a later date. "Any disposition to poetry," he says, "did violence to the laws of the institution

where I was educated, and contradicted the plan of its founder. For eight years my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline; but the passion for poetry is vehement and fiery as a first love. What discipline was meant to extinguish, it blew into a flame. To escape from arrangements that tortured me, my heart sought refuge in the world of ideas, when as yet I was unacquainted with the world of realities, from which iron bars excluded me. I was unacquainted with men; for the four hundred that lived with me were but repetitions of the same creature, accurate casts of one single mould, and of that very mould that plastic nature solemnly disclaimed."

DOUBTS AND DIFFICULTIES; FLIGHT TO MANNHEIM.

Schiller was about nineteen years old when he wrote the play, but so long as he remained a student at the Carlschule he was obliged to keep the manuscript to himself. When he had completed his medical studies, however, and had been appointed surgeon to the Würtemberg regiment Augré, he ventured to publish it, and the effect it created throughout Germany was immense. While none could doubt that a great genius had arisen, many were staggered at the extravagances mingled with true touches of sublimity and pathos. Some even saw danger to public morality in the exhibition of a gang of outlaws, for whose leader the author enlists the sympathy of his audience.

The young poet might have looked with indifference on unfounded censure and on exaggerated praise; but now a voice was heard which had a far more material bearing on his well-being, that of the Grand Duke. By the terms of the educational contract entered into for him by his father, Schiller was emphatically the servant of the Grand Duke, whose behests he was bound to obey. That great potentate could find no merit in the *Robbers*, but, on the other hand, he saw much there of a dangerous "liberal" tendency. He therefore called Schiller before him, rebuked him, and dismissed him with an emphatic injunction to write nothing more, except on medical subjects; or, if he produced any poetry, to submit his work to the criticism of His Highness. Schiller was in a painful strait. On the one hand, there was the voice within him urging him to "be up and doing, with a heart for any fate;" conscious of his power and genius, to renounce poetry was to give up all that made life valuable. On the other hand, his father, the sturdy old captain, with his wife and daughters,

was entirely dependent on the favour of the Grand Duke. Meanwhile his play was put on the stage at Mannheim, and was applauded to the echo. The young author came secretly to Mannheim to witness the first representation of the tragedy. A second visit was punished by military arrest, and things began to look very black for the poet. For it must be remembered that Germany had no Habeas Corpus Act. Personal liberty was not guarded as in England, by legal enactment, and the man who offended the authorities might find himself suddenly arrested, and immured in a fortress, without formal accusation, trial, or sentence. Such had been the fate of Daniel Schubart, a poor erratic poet and musician, very thoughtless and eccentric, and much given to convivial excess in the wines of the Rhineland and Franconia, but as harmless as *La Fontaine* or *John Gay*. But Schubart was a newspaper editor, a dangerous calling in a despotic country; and he had offended an Austrian general, the imperial agent at Ulm, by refusing to play on a bad harpsichord, for which that magnanimous officer vowed revenge. Accordingly, when Schubart inserted in his newspaper a report that the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa had been struck by apoplexy, Reid demanded the exemplary punishment of the unlucky poet, who was arrested by a stratagem, conveyed to Hohenasperg, a fortress near Stuttgart, and kept a close prisoner for nine years. The first was passed in confinement in a subterraneous dungeon, under such conditions of cruelty that the captive nearly escaped his tormentors by death. Afterwards some slight alleviation was granted him, and he found a friend in his gaoler, who had himself experienced the tender mercies of the paternal Government of Würtemberg, having been once a prisoner himself. "For four years he had seen no human face; his scanty food had been lowered to him through a trap-door; neither chair nor table was allowed him, his cell was never swept, his beard and nails were left to grow, the humblest conveniences of civilized humanity were denied to him."

Schiller had once seen Schubart in his prison at Hohenasperg, and the probability of a similar fate so haunted him, that at last he made up his mind to seek safety in flight. In September, 1782, there were to be grand doings in the good Residenz-Stadt, Stuttgart. The Grand Duke Paul (afterwards the mad Emperor of Russia) was to be received there, with his bride, a niece of the Duke of Würtemberg. Schiller took advantage of the bustle and confusion attending a grand illumination of the Palace of "Solitude" on the evening of the 17th, and with a faithful friend,

a young musician named Streicher, fled in a post-chaise from Stuttgart.

His immediate destination was Mannheim, where he hoped to establish himself as salaried poet to the theatre, which was under the direction of Baron Dalberg, a man of considerable mental cultivation and great influence. It must be remembered that theatres in the principal towns were then, as they have since continued to be, under state supervision and control, and were looked upon somewhat in the light of public educational institutions. Schiller began by offering Dalberg the manuscript of a second tragedy he had just written, *Fiesco, or the Revolt of Genoa*, concerning which they had already been in correspondence; but the cautious director, knowing the dangerous position of the distressed poet, who was living in doubt and poverty at Mannheim, trembling lest the Duke should demand his extradition, first declared that the piece must be remodelled to make it fit for the stage, and when this had been done, still refused to receive it.

FRIENDS IN NEED; PERSEVERANCE;
DAWNING OF BETTER TIMES.

Fortunately, Schiller had made the acquaintance of a wealthy bookseller, Schwan, who purchased the manuscript of *Fiesco* at the rate of a louis d'or per sheet, about eight pounds sterling for the whole tragedy.

His embarrassments were for a time stopped by the cordial help and friendship of a Frau von Wolzogen, one of the kindest of ladies, the mother of Wilhelm von Wolzogen, a fellow-student of Schiller's at the Carlschule. This good Samaritan now offered the poet an asylum in her country house at Bauerbach, near Meinungen, and here for some time the fugitive remained in retirement, under the name of Dr. Ritter. His time was not wasted. During the eight months of his residence at Bauerbach, he wrote his third tragedy, *Kabale und Liebe* (Intrigue and Love).

"Everything comes at last to him who knows how to wait," says the French proverb. Schiller's horizon was gradually clearing, and signs of better times appeared. The Duke had given no sign of any disposition to pursue the fugitive, whose place as army-surgeon had been quietly filled up; nor had good old Captain Schiller been annoyed in any way. Then cautious Dalberg took courage and re-opened negotiations; and it was arranged that Schiller was to be engaged as theatre-poet at Mannheim for a salary of 500 gulden, or £50 a year. For some time he continued to be worried, not exactly like Hogarth's

distressed poet, by demands for a milk-score, but by debts of various kinds that hung round his neck like a millstone. Sturdy Captain Schiller, whose income did not amount to £50 a year, managed, though not without some natural growling, to give him occasional assistance: a draft of £10, to pay which it was necessary to break into a fund he had saved for his daughter's outfit, seems to have especially annoyed the good old father, who could, moreover, never quite reconcile himself to the idea that his son had run away; and considered that "a theatre-poet in Germany was but a small light."

Indeed, the captain was exceedingly desirous to have the wanderer back again in Würtemberg, and proposed that a petition should be addressed to the Duke on the subject. But here Schiller, in general the most acquiescent of men, gave a very decided negative. If his honour would suffer frightfully, he said, if after his flight, which, with the reasons that prompted it, was known to all Germany, it should now be said of him that he had turned back after having once dared Fortune. He had chosen his own course, and would stand the hazard of the die. He would not consent to appear, like Shakespeare's Bolingbroke —

"Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unmindful outlaw sneaking home."

He would either return, some day, to Würtemberg, as a man who had made his way by his own strength, or he would never see his native state again. And the sturdy old father, while he lamented the enforced separation, in his secret soul admired his son all the more for the young man's readiness to accept the fortune he had chosen.

THE THIRD TRAGEDY, "KABALE UND LIEBE."

The third of Schiller's tragedies, *Kabale und Liebe*, was entirely different in style from its predecessors. "I tell nobody that I possess a copy of thy new tragedy," wrote Captain Schiller, with a kind of suppressed exultation. "I dare not, on account of certain passages, let any one know that it has pleased me." We can well understand what these "certain passages" were. Schiller, in his outspoken hatred of wrong, had denounced the wicked misgovernment and tyranny of the despotic princes of his own time, their practice of selling "teams of men" for the service of foreign states in Armenia and elsewhere. "You may extend your traffic," the great Lord Chatham had cried indignantly, a few years before, to the House of Lords, in reference to the Hessian troops employed in the American war.

"You may extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot." The manly denunciation of these vile practices helped to procure a great success for the piece, which was even acted in Stuttgart; and if Captain Schiller did not go, *incognito*, to see it played, we may be sure it was not for want of inclination. Schiller had never doubted that he should leave his mark on the literature of Germany, but now his success with the public was assured; and with the steady and quiet perseverance that forms one of the truest attributes of genius, he sat down to struggle with his debts and embarrassments, to create for himself a position of modest independence, and to found a home of the plainest kind. Never was a man more moderate in his desires, or more impressed with the fact that "man wants but little here below." For a long time, his ideas of financial success were bounded by the hope of making six or seven hundred florins, sixty or seventy pounds, a year; nor did he ever in later times show any care for money beyond the natural and praiseworthy care to see his wife and children secured from the struggle he had himself gone through. He was plain, unaffected, and eminently "sensible" in manners, dress, and speech, "contemning all things mean, his truth unquestioned, and his soul serene." Never was a man more entirely free from affectation or self-consciousness. With Leigh Hunt's *Abou ben Adhem* also, he might have said, "Write me as one that loved his fellow-men." Depth of feeling, grandeur of expression, vast range of thought, appear in every page of the works that have made his name immortal; and while of the worldly wisdom requisite to pecuniary success, and high social advancement he was entirely destitute, he was, on the other hand, free from that looseness of principle that has wrecked many a career, by allowing to genius an immunity from the ordinary duties and responsibilities of life. To be what he called "an honest man," to pay his way, and be free from the grinding anxieties and pitfalls of debt, was the object for which he strove unweariedly for years; and the wise simplicity and frugality of his arrangements, when he had a household of his own, left his mind clear, once and for all, from such sordid cares and anxieties as have darkened the lives of many men of genius, and that hurried Goldsmith, for example, to an untimely grave.

SUMMONS TO WEIMAR—"DON CARLOS" BEGUN AND COMPLETED.

In 1784, Schiller undertook the editorship of a literary periodical, *The Rhenish Thalia*, devoted

chiefly to dramatic criticism. At this period he removed for a time to Leipsic, where he made the acquaintance of various useful and sympathetic friends, foremost among them being Körner, the father of the poet, whose war songs were destined, in 1813, to exert so great an influence in rousing Germany to resistance against Napoleon. In a quiet little cottage, in the village of Gohlis, a mile or two from Leipsic, Schiller worked diligently at a new drama, which he had undertaken, after considering and rejecting various subjects, such as a second part to *The Robbers*, a tragedy on *Conradin of Swabia*, and a translation of Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*. The subject on which he at last decided was a tragedy on the fate of Don Carlos, the unhappy son of Philip II. of Spain. In the autumn of the same year he removed to Dresden. One of the most important events of his life was his introduction to the Duke of Weimar, Carl August, whose interest in the poet was strongly aroused by hearing Schiller read the first act of *Don Carlos* at the Court of Darmstadt. A long conversation with Schiller, which confirmed his good opinion, led him to bestow on the poet the title of "Hofrath," or Court Counsellor. This gave him what the Germans would call "a new standpoint" with society in general, and the Duke of Würtemberg in particular. He was fulfilling the promise he had made, to carve out a fortune for himself. In 1787 another step was taken, in his removal to Weimar, at that time the Athens of Germany. By this time he had made the acquaintance of the Von Lengefeld family, old friends of his former schoolfellow, Wilhelm von Wolzogen; to one of two sisters, Charlotte von Lengefeld, he became a suitor, and married her on the 20th of February, 1790; for by this time another event had occurred, which filled the heart of old Captain—we beg his pardon, now Major Schiller—with joy and pride. His famous son had been appointed to a professorship of modern history at the University of Jena. Thus what the old man had long and ardently desired for his son, a fixed and honourable position, was definitely won; and soon afterwards came the marriage of the poet to Charlotte von Lengefeld, who proved the best of wives, and thoroughly valued and appreciated her poet husband. Not least among the evidences of Schiller's genuine nature is the affectionate attachment he continued to show towards his parents so long as they lived, and towards his sisters to the last day of his life.

MERITS AND FAULTS OF "DON CARLOS."

The publication and representation of *Don Carlos* was the chief literary event during this period. Here the poet handles his favourite subject, the championship of liberty against tyranny and oppression. The fault in the play is perhaps its undue elaboration; and Schiller himself acknowledged that in the course of the action the attention and sympathy of the audience is too much diverted from the hero, the unfortunate Carlos, to the champion of liberty and toleration, the heroic Marquis Posa. The character of Philip II., the gloomy suspicious tyrant, himself a slave to superstition, is powerfully drawn. We see him in his miserable lonely supremacy, far removed from human sympathy, seeking to crush all freedom of action, with the inquisition and the military cruelty of Alva for his agents. He distrusts his son, the unfortunate Carlos, whom he suspects of designs upon his crown and his life. Won for a moment to better thoughts by the pleading of the heroic Posa, who conjures him to crown the edifice of his power by granting freedom of thought throughout his dominions, and binding his subjects to him by ties of gratitude and affection, he relapses into dark suspicion, and sacrifices the son who loves him, and the wise counsellor who would have led him to better things. The piece is full of lofty thoughts and heroic sentiments, and like the majority of Schiller's works, is an eloquent vindication of right and justice against oppression and wrong. The point that strikes the reader as a fault is the fact that Marquis Posa's philosophy belongs rather to the eighteenth than to the sixteenth century. His plea for "*Gedanken-freiheit*," freedom of thought, especially in religious matters, would have conveyed no definite idea in Spain, except perhaps that the inquisition should lose no time in laying hands on the heretic who dared to propose such a measure.

Another drawback, which indeed attaches to several of Schiller's heroic characters, is that to some extent he, like Cumberland, "paints men as they ought to be, not as they are." His great men are in general abstractions, portraiture of lofty and noble qualities; but they lack that infusion of the dross of human nature, those occasional moments of doubt and weakness which would render them real. Schiller, for instance, could have admirably painted Henry V. encouraging his men with burning words of eloquence on the morning of Agincourt: but he had not the versatility that portrayed the heroic king with a touch of the "Harry Madcap" of old days still lingering about him, good-

humouredly bantering bragging Pistol, as 'Harry Le Roy,' and exchanging challenge-gloves with the bluff soldier, who promises to "take him a box o' the ear." Carlyle, after pointing out some of the imperfections of the work, of which, it may be observed, the author himself was fully conscious, says: "Yet with all this, *Carlos* is a noble tragedy. There is a stately massiveness about the structure of it; the incidents are grand and affecting; the characters powerful, vividly conceived, and impressively, if not completely, delineated." The success of *Carlos*, alike among readers and spectators, far exceeded Schiller's expectations; and with him success was never an excuse for idleness, or even rest; but ever an incentive to new exertion. "Still achieving, still pursuing," was his motto; and he had shown, in full measure, that he had learned "to labour and to wait." No man more earnestly devoted himself to his work. In Weimar he even incurred the imputation of being unsociable, from his reluctance to quit his desk for the pleasures of society. Thus, in one of his letters, he writes: "I am complained of here, because they say I shall injure my health by hard work and by sitting at home. But that's how people are! They can't forgive one for being able to do without them. And how dearly they sell the little pleasure they are able to impart! If the most complete indifference concerning clubs and circles and coffee-parties constitute a misanthrope, I have certainly become one in Rudolstadt."

SCHILLER'S ILLNESS; PRACTICAL SYMPATHY OF UNKNOWN FRIENDS.

The public remonstrance against overwork was not, in his case, without reason. His constitution had never been strong; and in 1791. Schiller was seized with an illness that threatened to put a stop at once to his literary activity and his life. It was an affection of the chest, accompanied by violent spasms; and for a time he was in great danger. His fortitude never left him. "We must submit to the all-governing Providence," he whispered to his weeping wife, and work so long as we have strength. *Es näre, doch schön*," he said with a beaming smile to his Charlotte, when hope of his recovery awoke. "It would be beautiful after all, if we might remain longer together." He recovered sufficiently to return to his work, and to enrich the world for some years longer with the outpourings of a genius that grew brighter as its bodily tenement became more frail; but he was never again in perfect health; and his subsequent

works were written in intervals of bodily weakness and pain, that would have crushed a less determined spirit. "We must work while we have strength," he had said; and it was the strength of the mounting spirit, and of the purified will, that fought against the physical weakness to the last.

Some amount of rest, however, was imperatively necessary; and this rest would be of little avail, unless the poet's mind could be kept free from anxiety for the future; for he was now a husband and a father; and great as was his fame, he had literally still to work for his living. Just at that moment came help in the most acceptable form, and all the sweeter for the poet, inasmuch as it showed how he was appreciated beyond the bounds of Germany. The Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg (the grandfather of the Prince Christian, Queen Victoria's son-in-law), and his friend Count von Schimmelmann, wrote to Schiller, from Denmark, a letter full of warm admiration and delicate sympathy, begging him to accept a pension of a thousand dollars for three years. "We wish to preserve for the human race one of its teachers," wrote the friends; and as though conscious that such an offer from strangers might hurt the susceptibilities of the poet, they earnestly deprecate any imputation of undue interference in his affairs. "Your health," they say, "shattered by too persistent effort and overwork, requires complete rest for a time, if it is to be restored, and the danger which threatens your life averted. But your circumstances prevent you from allowing yourself this rest. Will you allow us the happiness to make this enjoyment easier to you?" . . . The poet accepted the offer with a simple and honest expression of thanks. The Duke wrote back, thanking Schiller for having understood the offer and its motives. "Your conduct in this affair is quite worthy of you," he writes, "and increases the esteem I already entertained for you." Schiller intended to accept the urgent invitation of the Duke to visit him in Copenhagen; but his health was never strong enough to allow him to undertake a northern journey.

A VISIT TO WÜRTTEMBERG.

His parents were rejoiced at this piece of good fortune; and Schiller, in the next year, was able to journey to Württemberg once more, and first at Heilbronn, and afterwards in Ludwigsburg and at Solitude, he visited the proud old father and mother, who could not rejoice sufficiently in his fame. The Grand Duke, to whom he had written, had not the grace to reply

to the former pupil who had quitted his service without leave; but declared publicly that if Schiller came to Stuttgart, he would "ignoriren" or take no notice of him. Duke Carl died in the next year. He is chiefly now remembered as having probably been instrumental, by his opposition, in making Schiller earlier and more completely known in Germany, than if he had never interfered with his literary career.

"There he rests, this man who was once so active," said Schiller, soon after, to a friend, at Duke Carl's tomb. "He had great faults as a ruler, greater faults as a man; but the former were outweighed by his great qualities, and the remembrance of the latter must be buried with the dead. Therefore, I tell thee, if you hear any one talking against him, now he is lying there, trust not that man; he is not a good, certainly not a noble-minded, man." The poet also steadfastly refused to write a congratulatory ode to Duke Carl's successor, on his accession, lest it might seem to convey a reproach on the dead master who had after all, in his way, been kind to him.

Very remarkable was a prophecy he made at that time concerning the newly constructed French republic. "It will end as suddenly as it has appeared," he said. "The republican constitution will degenerate into a condition of anarchy; and sooner or later a strong man of intellect will appear, let him come whence he may, who will make himself lord, not only of France, but perhaps of a great part of Europe." At this time Bonaparte, an unknown man, was serving as a colonel of artillery.

A great solace and assistance to Schiller in his literary career was the friendship of Goethe, with whom he became acquainted about this time. At first Goethe was prepossessed rather against than in favour of the younger poet, whose first works had appeared extravagant and unreal to the man of maturer years and taste. But two such men could not fail, when once brought together, to value and love each other; and a friendship sprang up between Goethe and Schiller, that was never interrupted till death severed it.

Not much longer was the proud old father to rejoice in the fame of his glorious son. On the 6th of September, 1796, his modest, useful life came to an end. He was seventy-two years old, and had worked almost to the last.

REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS; THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

Schiller's work in Jena naturally turned his

attention to history; and the first fruits of his studies in that direction are seen in his *History of the Revolt of the Netherlands against Spain*. The work was never completed; but even as a fragment it contains many valuable passages and very picturesque descriptions of characters and events. It was eclipsed, however, by the far more valuable and complete *History of the Thirty Years' War*. Here he had a splendid subject—a theme that belonged not to one people and country, but to Europe and to humanity. If we compare the animated and picturesque narrative of the poet with the dreary tirades of the Dryasdusts who preceded him, we shall appreciate the lesson he gave his countrymen and foreigners in the manner of writing history. The characters of the chief actors in the great drama are portrayed with much felicity, especially those of the great rivals Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus, the latter of whom he represents as the bright heroic central figure of the picture, the knight without fear and without reproach,—carrying on the combat for the freedom of religious faith,—never swerving from his high purpose, from the time when his stern, determined, disciplined pikemen were disembarked on the island in the Baltic, till that fatal day of dear-bought victory when his corpse was discovered, amid heaps of the common dead, on the plain of Lützen, close by the rocky fragment that has ever since been known as the “Stone of the Swede.” The philosophy may here and there be too speculative and cloudy; and it has been objected that the poet-historian makes too complete a contrast between Wallenstein and the Swedish king, painting the characters rather with dramatic force than with historic accuracy. But in spite of sundry drawbacks the *History of the Thirty Years' War* is a noble work; and would be valued at a higher rate, had its glories not been eclipsed by those of a far loftier production—“the greatest dramatic work,” Carlyle rightly says, “of the seventeenth century,” the noble trilogy *Wallenstein*.

WALLENSTEIN; THE CAMP; THE PICCOLO-MINI; WALLENSTEIN'S DEATH.

This may be considered as the greatest work of the poet's life. It occupied him at intervals during seven years, and was first produced at Weimar, in 1799. The subject is well worthy of Schiller's genius. During the thirty years' war, Albert Wallenstein, a Bohemian noble, was employed by the Emperor Ferdinand II. against the Protestant armies. Wallenstein, a man of

great wealth and of considerable reputation as a soldier, brought together for Ferdinand an army of more than forty thousand men, and was brilliantly successful against the Emperor's enemies. But on the complaint of the German princes, whose territories were plundered ruthlessly by his men, he was dismissed, reluctantly enough, by the Emperor; and lived for some time in ostentatious retirement in his palace at Prague. But a new danger arose. Gustavus Adolphus landed in Germany; and after Tilly, the imperial general, had been twice worsted, and at length mortally wounded, it became necessary to recall Wallenstein at all hazards. That ambitious man would return to the Emperor's service only on condition that the whole management of the war was put into his hands as generalissimo, and he excited the suspicion of the court by negotiations, and secret accommodations with the Saxons and Swedes. His design, probably, was to force the Emperor to a peace, and to claim the sovereignty of Bohemia for himself. After the death of Gustavus, at Lützen, Wallenstein's conduct became still more equivocal. He was evidently allowing loopholes of escape to an enemy he might now have vanquished with ease; and at last found himself in a position of complete antagonism to the Emperor. Trusting in his boundless influence over his own troops, he conceived the treacherous design of leading over the army to the enemy. But his plots were countermined. He was outlawed; and an order went forth that he should be seized and delivered up to the Emperor, dead or alive. At the frontier town of Egra, in Bohemia, while he was waiting the arrival of the Swedish forces whom he was to join, Wallenstein was assassinated by certain of his own officers, in February, 1634. The greater number of his men had already deserted him. Of the rest, some regiments were disbanded, and some were allowed to swear fealty afresh to the Emperor.

This is the foundation of the dramatic work of Schiller. In the first part, entitled *Wallenstein's Camp*, we are introduced to the soldiers of the great adventurer. We learn what kind of men these are whom Wallenstein heads, and how comparatively easy it is to lead astray from their fealty men who care so much for their chief and so little for their nominal master, the Emperor, who is to them a mere abstraction. For this is not a national army, but a mob of men of all nations—Italians, Germans, Walloons from Flanders, Bohemians, Scots, Irishmen,—all who are ready to fight for fray and plunder. There are differences in the various corps. Some,

like the arquebusiers of Tiefenbach, are inclined to be loyal to the Emperor; but the majority are ready to do anything for Wallenstein, whose name, to them, represents fortune and plunder and victory. In the prologue Schiller explains the necessity of regarding this first part as a kind of key to the comprehension of the rest. We see here unlimited power in the hands of a bold, unscrupulous man, smarting under the sense of injury:—

"It was his might that led his heart astray,
His camp alone explains to us his crime."

In the second part, *The Piccolomini*, the plot develops itself naturally and skilfully. The generals and Wallenstein are here introduced; Illo and Terzky, the evil counsellors, who play upon their lord's ambition, and incite him to treason, for their own purposes; Octavio Piccolomini, the old cold-hearted courtier, who keeps up the outward appearance of friendship to his master, while he is planning his destruction, and is the holder of the decree of outlawry that is to ruin Wallenstein; and Max Piccolomini, his son, the impersonation of honesty and heroism—the man who admires and respects Wallenstein from the bottom of his heart, and who, when informed by his father of the general's intended treachery, first refuses to believe it possible, and then declares that he will seek an explanation with the Duke himself, and will never consent to wear a mask, and show a face of friendship while conniving at the secret plots of court intrigue and treachery.

"Thy way is crooked; it is not my way," he says to his father, when that wily politician reckons on his help against Wallenstein, who has been his patron and his friend. He exclaims indignantly,—

"My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart, I may not, cannot be;
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
With such low pleas as these, 'I asked him not;
He did it all at his own hazard, and
My mouth has never lied to him.'"

Octavio piteously pleads the hardships of seeing his "toilsome labours and state policy" rendered useless by his son; but to Max truth and honour stand higher than all else, and must first be satisfied.

Here also the character of the chief who wields so mighty a power is drawn with consummate skill. He is not essentially a man of action, though his ambition is great, and he feels that he should eat his heart in the bitterness of enforced retirement, if for the second time he were dismissed from the kingly position to which the

fortunes of war and the necessities of the state had raised him. Like Macbeth, he "would not play false, and yet would wrongly win." He has not the strength to say to the temptation that besets him, "Avaunt! What have I to do with thee?" He is at last compelled to go forward in the bad path, because he lets the time go by in which he might choose the good. At one time he is almost determined to give up the treasonous enterprise. When he thinks of that kingly Bourbon, "the great constable, the subject of Francis the First, who sold himself to the enemies of his country, and fought against the fatherland he should have protected, bearing the banner of Charles of Germany, he thinks how even a warrior's death became dishonour to the man who made himself his country's foe, and left but the name of a giant traitor behind him. But then the magnitude of the stake for which he fights comes before his mind. In what respect is the action he meditates worse than the deed committed by that mighty Caesar, whose fame has gone forth over all the earth? Did not the great Julius lead against Rome those legions that Rome had entrusted to him for her protection? "Give me his fortune; I will bear the rest," says the proud leader, conscious of the power he wields in the unquestioning attachment of the wild hordes who follow him as Highland clansmen follow their chief. A mystic, dreamy superstition, too, strengthens the hold established on him by his own ambition and the insidious promptings of evil-minded followers. He is a believer in astrology, and believes that "Friedland's star" will shine brightest in the blackest night. This is especially seen when Terzky and Illo, the low-minded, unscrupulous traitors, who tempt him to wrong for their own purposes, are urging him to an overt act of treason against the emperor, and bitterly deprecating the hesitation that is causing him, they think, to miss the opportunity of striking a decisive blow. The passage forms part of the eleventh scene of the first act in the *Piccolomini*.

"Wal. The time is not yet come.

Ter. So you say always,

But when will it be time?

Wal.

When I shall say it.

Illo. You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O, believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you is doubt.

Wal. Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;

Mole-eyed, thou may'st but burrow in the earth
Blind as that subterrestrial, who with wan,
Lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou may'st see,
With servicable cunning knit together
The nearest and the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but what'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

(He walks across the chamber, then returns, and, standing still, proceeds.)

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and night, summer and spring, not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons
Of sowing and harvest.

Human action,
That is the seed too of contingencies,
Strewed on the dark land of futurity,
In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate,
Whence it behests us to seek out the seed-time,
To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
Whether the enemy of growth and thriving
Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
'Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
What I shall do—only, give way I will not.
Depose me too they shall not. On these points
You may rely."

His resolution is at length taken: he will do
this dark deed of treachery, that, like Macbeth's
crime,—

"Shall, to all his days and nights to come,
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom."
He can say with Cæsar, "*Jacta est alea*," the
die is cast.

In the third part of the trilogy, *The Death of Wallenstein*, the end of the tragic history is reached. Around the guilty man, who in his falling seems "a pillar of state, majestic still in ruin," the net of retribution is closing. His steps are dogged by the avenging Nemesis, while he deems that all is going well; the steel is being sharpened that is to put an end at once to his enterprise and his life. The friends whom he has trusted forsake him treacherously, and swell the ranks of his foes; but Max Piccolomini has still maintained his honour. He has boldly and plainly told the great leader that this is an evil thing that Wallenstein purposes doing. If his chief will openly and honestly renounce the Emperor's service, Max will go with him, and still follow him through evil and through good report. But he can take no part in an enterprise of treason; and though his heart is torn by the

consciousness that in renouncing Wallenstein he is destroying his own hopes of happiness, by parting from Thekla, the daughter of his chief, whom he loves with all the chivalrous devotion of his noble soul, he goes forth at the head of his regiment of cuirassiers to find a worthy death in the battle-field, while the guilty leader perishes ignobly by the hand of the assassin. Few passages, even in Schiller's dramatic writings, are more beautifully pathetic than the lines in which the great, noble, guilty Wallenstein, at the moment when he awaits the triumph of his enterprise, thinks mournfully of the gallant young Piccolomini, the tidings of whose heroic death has just reached him:—

"He the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future;
His life is bright—bright without spot it was,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With him! But who knows what the coming hour,
Veil'd in thick darkness, brings for us!"

The whole is a splendid dramatic epic of human greatness, and weakness of love and heroism, of crime and retribution.

DOMESTIC LIFE; SCHILLER AND HIS MOTHER AND SISTERS.

It is pleasant to notice how the poet, occupied with work into which he threw his whole soul, yet had time for affectionate correspondence with his old mother and his three sisters; and how he maintained an active and tender solicitude for all that concerned their happiness. The eldest of the sisters, Christophine, two years older than the poet, and the constant friend and companion of his younger days, was married to Reinwald, the court librarian at Meiningen. She lived to the age of ninety, the last thirty years of her long life being spent in widowhood; and indeed, during her husband's life, her career was one of endurance and hardship in many respects. For Reinwald was a gloomy, bitter-spirited, disappointed man. Hardly treated by fortune, and without the elasticity of mind that enables many to meet the fickle goddess's frowns with a cheerful laugh; a scholar, and a ripe and good one, he had toiled on for years and years at clerkship drudgery, waiting for promotion, which coming at length, was after a short time arbitrarily withdrawn. His health gave way under the strain; and for years the devoted wife was the best of nurses and companions to the poor scholar, who, with the position of sub-librarian and a munificent salary of £15 a year, had to do

the work for a senior librarian, whose office was a sinecure. Ill luck attended him in worldly matters to the last. A most learned translation of the Anglo-Saxon poem "Heliand" (Heiland, Saviour), with glossary, "from a transcript of the Cotton library copy in England," occupied him for years; but no publisher would undertake the printing at his own risk. Poor Reinwald sent his MS. to the Munich library; and his labours were in after years much appreciated by a bookworm, who, finding poor Reinwald's learned work, used the deceased librarian's brains in an edition published for his own glorification. Christophine's letters show her to have been a thoroughly good, gentle, helpful woman; and poor morose Reinwald, captious to others, had a deep affection for his untiring and contented wife. Luise, the second sister, had a far more cheerful fate. She married, at the age of thirty-three, an excellent clergyman named Frankh, and had the happiness of receiving her old mother in the quiet parsonage of Clever-Sulzbach, and of ministering to the last declining days of that good, affectionate soul. Promotion, too, in a modest way, came to Parson Frankh, in the shape of a better living, at Möckmühl; where he died, in 1834, his wife surviving him for about two years. When she died, in September, 1836, she had completed her seventieth year. Nannette, the youngest of the family, was only five years old at the time of her brother's memorable flight from Stuttgart. She seems to have been the darling of the family, and to have had some share of her brother's genius. She was cut off suddenly in her nineteenth year, by a malignant fever, to the great grief of her family, and especially of her old father, who survived her only a few months. In sending little presents to his sisters, in cordial sympathy with their joys and sorrows, and true brotherly affection towards them, Schiller never failed. "Thy dear husband's promotion to Möckmühl," he writes to Luise, "of which I heard a week ago through our sister" (meaning Christophine), "has rejoiced us greatly, not only for the improvement it makes in your position, but because it is such an honourable testimony to my dear brother-in-law's merits. May you be very happy in these new relations, and may you long enjoy them. We, too, shall by this be a few miles nearer to you; and in a future journey to Franconia, which we are meditating every year, we may get over to you more easily." Never was a more simple, single-hearted man than Friedrich Schiller. Not a grief nor a care of his good hard-working sisters in which he did not sympathize; and very pleasant it was to see how with ready

affection he rejoices in everything that can affect them favourably, trying, amid his own hard work and failing health, to throw a ray of cheerfulness over the dark places of their lives.

INCREASED FAME AND PROSPERITY; "MARY STUART."

Schiller's outward circumstances were such as completely to satisfy him. For wealth he cared nothing, for never was there a man of simpler habits; but he desired to see the future subsistence of his children secured; and in this he succeeded, and was content. His salary at Jena was several times increased, and with reason, as advantageous offers were made to him from the Universities of Tübingen and Berlin; and the Duke of Weimar, who behaved like a prince to him, and, unsolicited, bestowed upon him a title of nobility in 1802, though, in truth, the name of Schiller required no prefix to render it illustrious.

The one drawback to this modest prosperity was the unsatisfactory state of his health, which no care perhaps could have permanently re-established, but which certainly suffered from the poet's unremitting industry. Dramatic composition now occupied him more than ever. In conjunction with his friend Goethe, he entertained a scheme for remodelling many of the German plays, and thus establishing a "German theatre." He was obliged to quit Jena, first in the winter, and then permanently, for the air was too keen for his weak lungs. He established himself finally at Weimar; but wherever he might be, or whatever might be his state of health, he seemed always conscious, by a kind of pre-science, that for him the night was coming quickly, in which no man can work; and though his friends begged him to spare himself, he would not rest from his labours, measuring life, indeed, not by length of years, but by achievement of results. He generally worked at night, walking up and down in his room during the winter-time, and in his little garden during the summer, and writing down his thoughts at his desk, when he had formed them into verse. Frequently he continued his labour until four or five in the morning. That these midnight vigils further shattered his already weakened health, there is no doubt.

The next tragedy he produced after *Wallenstein* was *Mary Stuart*. It is better known in England than any of his works, on account, probably, of the nature of the subject; but it does not offer a fair standard by which to judge of the author's powers. The object of Schiller was to show, in the person of the unhappy Queen of Scots, a spirit chastened and subdued by affliction. A prisoner,

surrounded by bitter enemies, she has learned to repent of her crimes; and resentment seems dead in her, and, indeed, all passion, but a weary longing for freedom, for deliverance from her captivity. That deliverance comes at last, but it is through the portals of the grave; by the time the unfortunate Mary Stuart prepares herself, with heroic dignity, for that last dark journey, we have learned to pardon, to pity, to admire her. Elizabeth is represented as the exact contrast of her Scottish rival. She is cold, selfish, and utterly heartless; not at all the hot-headed, lion-hearted, clever shrew who, on the news of the approach of the Spanish Armada, posted down to Tilbury, and roused her troops to fierce enthusiasm by declaring that she had come to live and die among her faithful people, and that she "thought foul scorn" that Spain, or Parma, or any prince in Europe should dare to invade the borders of her realm. Schiller's Elizabeth is certainly not our "Good Queen Bess;" nor is the court he depicts anything at all resembling that concourse of "gorgeous dames, and statesmen old, in bearded majesty," that surrounded the throne of the greatest of the Tudors. Schiller has "evolved" the sixteenth century English court life, as his compatriot did the camel, "out of his inner consciousness."

"THE MAID OF ORLEANS;" BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

Of far higher merit and greater interest is the tragedy with which the next year, 1801, is associated in Schiller's career. In the story of the *Maid of Orleans* the poet found a subject especially suited to his genius, romantic and poetical in its nature, and belonging to a period of history sufficiently remote to be treated in the chivalric style, with a large intermingling of fiction. Schiller has softened the harsher features of that miserable period of pillage, robbery, and murder. He has thrown a new halo round the head of the enthusiastic girl of Domremy, who believed so firmly in her mission, and perished so mournfully after saving a nation that was not worthy of her. The surrounding characters, Dunois the gallant soldier, the stern veteran Talbot, the profligate Isabella of Bavaria, and the gentle Agnes Sorel, are far more vividly delineated than the characters in *Mary Stuart*. The feelings intended to be awakened for the heroine; admiration and pity, are realized in the highest degree; and though opinions may vary as to the judiciousness of altering the catastrophe—for Schiller represents the heroine as dying on the field of battle, instead of on the

scaffold at Rouen—the work, taken as a whole, is a triumph of art. In Germany it was received with a shout of welcome; and it is told how, when the play was first represented at Leipsic, the spectators formed two long lines outside the theatre, after the performance, between which lines the poet walked like a king passing through a crowd of his subjects, every head being uncovered as he went along—while mothers held their little children aloft, and pointed out to them, in the pale, mild-faced stranger, the man whose genius conferred lustre on his country for all time.

Among the poetical works produced by Schiller up to this time, mention must not be omitted of the splendid series of ballads, which, appealing directly to the people, sank deep into the heart of Germany. Some of these are popular versions of classical subjects, like "Die Bürgschaft" (the suretyship), in which the story of Damon and Pythias is told with much graphic power. The idea of haste, as exemplified on the continual reference to the course of the sun, on the homeward journey of the respited criminal, hastening back to save the friend who has suretied him, is finely indicated; and the manner in which the interest is worked up to a climax is beyond all praise. Hardly less popular is *Der Taucher* (the Diver), founded on the story of an Italian of Sicily, who lost his life by overdaring in exhibiting his skill to a noble. A few verses of this poem, in the metre of the original, will give an idea of Schiller's treatment of the subject:—

THE DIVER.

"Be he knight, be he squire, who is here will dare
To dive in the depths below?
A golden goblet I hurl through the air,—
See o'er it already the black waters flow;
And he who will giv't me once more to behold,
Shall have for his guerdon the goblet of gold."

Thus spake the monarch; and forth flung he,
From the cliff whose beetling height
Looks down on the restless heaving sea,
The goblet into the whirlpool's night:
'Now who is the bold one, I ask again,
Who dares to dive in the stormy main?"

The knights and the pages by his side
Hear the words, but silence keep,
And gaze on the boundless rolling tide,
And no one will dare for the goblet the leap;
Till the king for the third time asks again,
'Will none of ye venture to dive in the main?"

But still the warriors silent stand,
Till a page of noble birth
Steps proudly forth from the wavering band,
And flings his girdle and cloak to earth;
And the gallant knights and the ladies fair
At the venturesous youth in wonder stare.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

And as he steps to the mountain's brow,
And gazes the pool upon,
Backward the foaming waters now,
From the dark Charybdis come rushing on;
And with sound like the distant thunder's roar,
Upward they leap to the air once more.

And it boils and it bubbles, and hisses and scethes,
As when water with fire doth vie;
Towards heaven a vapoury column breathes,
And wave on wave rolls eternally;
Exhausted never, and ceasing not,
As though a new sea by the old was begot."

The youth returns in safety from his first attempt; but the king tempts him down once more by offer of greater reward, even the hand of his fair daughter.

"It shoots through his soul like the flashing of light,
And valour beams from his eye;
When blushing he sees that maiden bright
Then pale to the earth sinking helplessly;
That beauteous prize must his efforts crown,—
'For life or for death, then,' he plunges down.

Still heard are the breakers; still come they again
At the voice of the thundering fall;
And fond eyes are gazing, and gazing in vain,—
They're coming, they're coming, the waters all;—
Upward they foam, and downward they roar,
But that gallant youth shall return no more."

In *Die Kränche des Ibycus*, the old Greek idea of the secret vengeance that tracks the footsteps of the murderer is picturesquely illustrated:—

"Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood."

In the ballad a flight of cranes, passing over the theatre just when the people's hearts have been stirred by the woe-denouncing song of the Furies, cause the two "secret men of blood," who have murdered Ibycus the minstrel, to betray their own guilt. *Der Kampf mit dem Drachen* (the Fight with the Dragon), is a chivalrous story of a knight of Rhodes, one of the famous "Order of St. John." Above all the lyric poems towers the glorious *Lied von der Glocke* (Song of the Bell), in which the various events of human life—baptism, marriage, burial, war and peace, conflagration and festivity—are all associated with the sound of the iron monitor, that from its coign of vantage in the belfry tower seems to survey the motley throng of life below.

"THE BRIDE OF MESSINA;" "WILLIAM TELL."

In his next tragedy, *The Bride of Messina*, the poet made an experiment, by introducing the

chorus in the old Greek fashion, but with a difference; for in Schiller's drama there are two choruses, a first and a second, who discuss and illustrate the action of the play. But though the sound of a number of male voices speaking in unison has a fine effect, the device is scarcely suitable to modern drama, and interrupts the story, whose interest flags before the end is reached. Even Spenser could not, in England, revive the age of romantic and allegorical poetry; and Schiller failed when he endeavoured to re-animate the dead dramatic form of ancient days.

The year 1803 brought a new task to Schiller, and one which he fulfilled with complete success. Goethe had made a tour in Switzerland; and while wandering on the beautiful shores of the Lake of Lucerne, or climbing the mountains by which it is surrounded, had often regretted that Schiller was not with him,—for such a landscape would have rejoiced the poet's heart. Then, amid the scenes rendered famous by the struggle of the Swiss for freedom, the idea struck him that the story of that struggle would be an excellent subject for dramatic treatment. He felt also that Schiller was the man to do justice to the theme; but Schiller was at Weimar, a consumptive, weak-chested man, entirely unable to climb Swiss mountains, or even to breathe the keen air of those snow-clad heights. Therefore did Goethe carefully store up in his capacious memory every scene of interest, and every incident and natural feature that could be turned to account in the alchemy of his friend's imagination. And when he returned, he painted to Schiller, in words such as he only had at command, the beauties of that wonderful mountain land. And the imagination of the poet took fire; and he sat down, animated by the exhortation and encouragement of Goethe, to give the world the history of the revolt of the Swiss; to show how the little community of herdsmen and hunters did battle against the chivalry of Austria for freedom; and how, at that famous meeting on the Rütli, they determined that if the Empire denied them justice, they would, among their mountains, fight for their freedom to the last.

William Tell is the last great dramatic work Schiller lived to complete; and it is worthy to close the great series of his historic tragedies. An air of sturdy truth pervades the work throughout. There is nothing bombastic from beginning to end; no frothy sentiment, no vapouring of stage heroes. The persons represented are plain, downright countrymen—shepherds and farm-

labourers and smiths. But they are "Cives Romani" in the best sense of the term—men who know their privileges, and are determined to uphold them manfully. One of the finest touches of nature is the threatened quarrel among the confederates themselves on the "Rütli," and the interposition of the "Landamman," or president, to quiet the excited wealmen. The character of William Tell himself is admirably conceived and carried out. He is a plain, strong, courageous man, full of energy and helpfulness, but the last person in the world to be a professional agitator. He even keeps aloof, at first, from the resistance meditated by his friends. "They will tire of themselves," he says of the oppressors, "if they see that the country remains quiet." But when Gessler puts the life of the brave huntsman's child in jeopardy, it is wounding Achilles in the heel. Tell then has but one idea of the duty incumbent on him. If he does not kill Gessler, that ruthless man will kill his wife and children. It is the true portraiture of a strong, simple nature. It requires much to rouse him to resistance; but once roused, nothing will turn him aside. In this, the last dramatic work Schiller lived to complete, the idea is, like that in *The Robbers*, the vindication of liberty and human rights against tyranny; but between the two pieces there lies the whole of a singularly rich literary life, and all that continual study and striving had given to enrich the mind of a great man. The idea of liberty in *The Robbers* is the expression of a blind outcry against existing institutions, because of their imperfection and inconsistency; in *William Tell*, the liberty advocated is that which keeps strictly within the bounds of order—reforming, not overturning; "broadening down, from precedent to precedent," and uniting individual freedom of action with the subordination necessary for the happiness of all.

LAST WORKS; ILLNESS AND DEATH.

It was in February, 1804, that *William Tell* was played for the first time at Weimar. Madame de Staël, full of enthusiasm, and glowing with ideas of practicable and impracticable freedom, was present, and joined in the general chorus of gratulation at its success. "She had a real idea-hunger," said Schiller quaintly, when the lively Frenchwoman questioned and cross-questioned the good-natured poet respecting his works, with her continual "Quel en est le but?" ("What's the intention of it?") as each in turn became the subject of discussion.

But meanwhile his state of health grew more and more alarming. An ashen hue had gradually fallen over the thoughtful face; constant weakness, only to be overcome by the greatest resolution, tormented him from day to day; and he was himself deeply impressed with the idea that for him the night was quickly coming, in which no man can work. "True human wisdom," he once said, "consists simply in seizing every moment with a man's whole strength, and using it as if it were the only one, the last one, to be granted to him. It is better to do a thing with good-will too quickly, than to remain unemployed." Thus, with failing hand and aching head, immediately after Tell had added another to the list of his triumphs, he began a new dramatic task, the tragedy of *Demetrius*, destined to show, in a few unfinished scenes, what power yet remained in that glorious mind when the body was worn out. *Demetrius*, the hero of the tragedy, was an impostor, who gave himself out as the son of a Russian czar, Ivan Wasilovitch. Those hours in which the dying poet felt too much depressed to attempt original writing he devoted to translating the *Phædra*. The king of Prussia wished to attract him to the University of Berlin, and advantageous offers were made to him. But these he declined; strong local attachment held him fast to Weimar, and presentiments also that the end was near.

It came somewhat suddenly at last. A feverish cold, that would have been of little consequence in a man of ordinary health, was sufficient to exhaust his remnant strength. To the last he was the mild, gentle, self-forgetful, affectionate man he had always been; entirely resigned to the Higher Will, yet acknowledging the sweetness of life; gazing with eyes brightened with hope upon the setting sun, when at his request the curtain had been drawn aside, that the last evening rays might fall upon his brow. The most perfect peace shone in the dead face when all was over and he had sunk to rest, gently as a wearied child. "I think I shall sleep well to-night, if it be God's will," he had said, shortly before he died, to the watchers round his bed.

Only forty-five years, passed in a struggle first against adverse circumstances, and afterwards against ill-health,—and in that space a work achieved of which a veteran might be proud for its beautiful completeness. Wealth and worldly honours far greater than any he gained might have been his; but he had chosen the better part, and had given to humanity a treasure that time cannot take away.

H. W. D.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

THE Scottish capital has the honour of claiming Sir Walter Scott as one of the most illustrious of the many illustrious sons she has reared. He was born in the old town of Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771, in an old

street called the College Wynd, and in a house which soon after his birth was pulled down to make way for the College.

His descent, according to his own showing "was neither distinguished nor sordid, but such as the prejudices of his time justified him in

accounting gentle." He traced his line back on the one side, through a succession of Jacobite gentlemen and moss-troopers, to *Auld Scott of Harden* and his spouse, renowned in Border song as "*The Flower of Yarrow*." His pedigree on the other side connected him with the "*Bauld Rutherfords* that were sac stout; the *Mac-Dougalls of Lorn*, and the *Swintons of Swinton*."

His father was a man of fine presence, who conducted all conventional arrangements with a certain grandeur and dignity of air, and "absolutely loved a funeral." "He used," says Scott, "to preserve the list of a whole bead roll of cousins, merely for the pleasure of being at their funerals, which he was often asked to superintend, and I suspect had sometimes to pay for. He carried me with him as often as he could to these mortuary ceremonies; but feeling I was not, like him, either useful or ornamental, I escaped as often as I could." Mr. Scott was a strict disciplinarian, a precisian in religion, and a legal formalist. He exacted from his children a strict observance of the outward forms of religion, and spared no trouble to imbue their minds with a knowledge of the doctrines of the National Church. He strove to make the actions of his domestic circle as strictly conformable to rules as his causes in the Court of Session.

Scott's mother, who was a Miss Rutherford, the daughter of a physician, had been better educated than most Scotchwomen of her day. She was a motherly, comfortable woman, with much tenderness of heart, and a well-stored, vivid memory. Sir Walter, writing of her after her death, says: "She had a mind peculiarly well stored with much acquired information and natural talent, and as she was very old, and had an excellent memory, she could draw, without the least exaggeration or affectation, the most striking pictures of the past age. If I have been able to do anything in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me. She connected a long period of time with the present generation, for she remembered, and had often spoken with, a person who perfectly recollected the battle of Dunbar and Oliver Cromwell's subsequent entry into Edinburgh."

Scott was the ninth of twelve children, of whom the first six died in early childhood. Of the six later-born children all were boys but one, and the solitary sister was a somewhat querulous invalid, whom Scott seems to have pitied quite as much as he loved.

EARLY BOYHOOD.

The history of his early boyhood is the tale of a naturally strong constitution struggling with disease. He had attained the twenty-second month of his infancy when one morning his right leg was found to be powerless and perfectly cold: hence ensued a lameness "which proved incapable of cure, and which remained with him all his life. Everything that skill and tenderness could devise was tried to remove it, and at last his parents were recommended to see what country air would do; so he was entrusted to the care of his paternal grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, on the Tweed.

Here Scott had the first consciousness of existence, as he tells us; and how deep and indelible the impression was which the scenery of that romantic spot made upon his imagination the readers of "*Marmion*" and the "*Eve of St. John*" do not need to be reminded. Nor was it exclusively from the features of the landscape, including as these did some of the most striking objects on the Scottish border, that early inspiration came. After spending hours in some sheltered nook, where he looked down upon the ewe-milking and listened to the ewe-milker's songs, he would be borne back again and laid upon a couch, beside which his grandmother and aunt took it in turns to sit, and to keep him in the highest state of happy excitement with their border legends.

There were some fine crags in the neighbourhood of Sandy-Knowe, and to these crags the maid sent from Edinburgh to look after him used to carry him, with a design—due of course to incipient insanity—of murdering the child there and burying him in the moss. She confessed her purpose one day to the housekeeper, and was of course at once dismissed.

His health was greatly improved by this stay at Sandy-Knowe, and it was thought that the Bath waters might complete the cure thus apparently begun. But though he spent a whole year at Bath, his aunt making the journey with him, nothing came of it, so far as the lameness was concerned.

At six years of age, Mrs. Cockburn, the accomplished authoress of the "*Flowers of the Forest*," described him as the most astounding genius of a boy she had ever seen. She went to supper one night, she tells us, at Mr. Walter Scott's. The boy "was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on: it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. '*There's the mast gone,*' says he;

'crash it goes; they will all perish.' After his agitation he turns to me, 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' And after the call, he told his aunt he liked Mrs. Cockburn, for "she was a *virtuoso* like himself." "Dear Walter," says Aunt Jenny, "what is a *virtuoso*?" "Don't you know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know everything."

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS.

In 1778, after attending first a little private school, and then a private tutor, Scott was sent with his brothers to the High School of Edinburgh. His school reputation was one of irregular ability: he glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other; and received more praise for his interpretation of the spirit of his authors than for his knowledge of their language. Out of school his fame stood higher. He extemporized innumerable stories, to which his schoolfellows delighted to listen; and was, spite of his lameness, to be found in the thick of every street-fight with the boys of the town. He was also renowned for his boldness in climbing the "kettle nine stanes," which are "projected high in air from the precipitous black granite of the Castle Rock." An interesting glimpse of him at this time is given by Mr. Mitchell, one of his tutors. "I seldom," he says, "had occasion all the time I was in the family to find fault with him, even for trifles, and only once to threaten serious castigation, of which he was no sooner aware, than he suddenly sprang up, threw his arms about my neck, and kissed me." And the quaint old gentleman adds this commentary:—"By such generous and noble conduct my displeasure was in a moment converted into esteem and admiration; my soul melted into tenderness, and I was ready to mingle my tears with his."

The chief enjoyment of Scott's holidays was to go out with a friend who had a taste for tales similar to his own, and the boys would then recite their wild inventions alternately. Arthur's Seat was a favourite spot for those performances, which were kept secret from the profane. The same tale of knight-errantry, or what not, would be continued from day to day.

Five years constituted the regular course of training at the High School, and Scott went through them—not, however, without some interruptions. He outgrew his strength, and in consequence of illness was more than once removed. It was on one of these occasions, while residing with his aunt at Kelso, that he made

the acquaintance of the brothers Ballantyne, with whom in after life his connection became so intimate. It was also here, at the age of thirteen, that he became acquainted with a book destined to lead to much in his own future career—the Percy Ballads. Fascinated by them, he next read the similar collection by Evans, and that of Scottish Ballads by Herd.

From the High School Scott passed to the College. His career in the classes which he attended there resembled in all essential points his career at school. He made no figure either as a classic or as a metaphysician. But he persevered in a practice long ere this begun, and became an eager collector, in a small way, of old ballads and stories.

Towards the close of the year 1784, he had a violent attack of illness, for the only distinct accounts of which we are indebted to himself: "My indisposition arose, in part at least, from my having broken a blood-vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks I was confined strictly to my bed, during which time I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than a counterpane." In May, 1786, he was sufficiently recovered to commence his apprenticeship to his father as writer to the Signet, at that time the usual commencement of the education of Scotch barristers; and his subsequent life was little troubled with indisposition.

These juvenile sicknesses had a powerful influence on the development of Scott's mental powers. During the enforced inactivity of his illness of 1784, his habit of omnivorous reading—especially of anything having a romantic or traditional character—became powerfully confirmed. He read almost all the romances, old plays, and epics, pertaining to a circulating library which formed his solace; tales of chivalry, *Cyrus* and *Cassandra*, the novels of modern days—all furnished alike his pabulum; his strong sympathetic nature, quick fancy, and enormously retentive memory assimilated and digested it all. He thus attained an early command of language, and acquired facility in the construction of tales on his own account, for the amusement of his companions.

Scott was surrounded, too, by characters calculated to leave a deep impression on the mind of a bookish boy. The Lowlands of Scotland had by that time settled down into regulated habits of steady industry, but many old-world characters, belonging to a less tranquil period, still survived.

He had opportunities also of observing closely the manners and failings of the lower classes of society in the agricultural districts of the south of Scotland. His grandfather, being a farmer, lived on a footing of more familiar intercourse with his domestics than was even then customary in towns, and in his house Scott learned the password to the confidence of that class.

As time went on he began—perhaps primarily with a view to health—to take long rambles, on foot or on horseback, through the Border and Highland counties where his father had relations or clients. He discovered many an out-of-the-way character interesting to the feelings or the imagination, remaining from the political troubles of 1745 and the succeeding years—more especially interesting to Scott, who himself came of a Jacobite stock.

PREPARATIONS FOR AUTHORSHIP.

An inquirer into the early traces of Scott's writing faculty, may note some class exercises which he composed under Donald Stewart in 1790, and three essays which he read in the Edinburgh Speculative Society in 1792-93. His subjects were the Manners and Customs of the Northern Nations of Europe; the Origin of the Feudal System; the Origin of the Scandinavian Mythology; and the authenticity of Ossian's Poems—all of them themes entirely germane to the future bent of his genius. At an earlier date he had written an essay maintaining Ariosto to be a better poet than Homer; hence Dr. Dalziel had pronounced the rather precarious prophecy that "dunce he was, and dunce he would remain."

Scott had made some attempts in verse even before reading Percy's "Reliques" at Kelso. Some lines on the "Setting Sun" are dated in July 1783; some on Mount Ætna still earlier, 1782; and towards the completion of his fifteenth year he is said to have executed a poem in four books on the Conquest of Granada, which, however, he burned almost immediately. At the house of Professor Ferguson, about 1786, he had seen and been taken notice of by Burns; and had been impressed, as was befitting, by this view of the great poet of Scottish life, of whose successors he was destined to be the chief. For a period of about ten years, however, his rhyming propensities remained in abeyance. They were at length re-awakened by reading the ballads of Matthew Gregory Lewis, to whose "Tales of Wonder" he afterwards contributed.

About the same time, in 1788, a lecture delivered by Henry Mackenzie directed his atten-

tion to the German language. This he studied, but only in a desultory way, up to 1793 or 1794, when Miss Aiken (afterwards Mrs. Barbauld) brought to his notice some of the poems of Bürger. Hence resulted his earliest published poem—the "Helen and William," paraphrased from that author's "Leonore," and issued in 1796, along with the "Wild Huntsman," also from Bürger.

In addition to acquiring a knowledge of German, young Scott paid some attention to Italian and Spanish. He never, however, took the trouble to make himself an accurate scholar. Enough for him if he could extract the meaning or enjoy the beauties of his author. For whether it was an ancient or a modern book which came in his way—whether an English, an Italian, a Spanish, a German, or a Latin classic—his sole object in perusing it was to pick out from it the ideas which recommended themselves to his taste or judgment. In no single instance did he dream of making it a means of ascertaining, far less of settling, the niceties of idiom or of grammar. We have specified these five tongues, omitting Greek altogether, for this obvious reason—that Scott never mastered the grammar of that noble language, and had latterly forgotten the very letters.

At this time the Scottish capital was—or, at any rate, was believed by her citizens to be—at the head of the literature and science of the world. Reid had just vacated the chair of metaphysics, that he might be succeeded by Dugald Stewart. Professor Robison stood deservedly high as a mathematician and natural philosopher. Adam Smith, though he taught in Glasgow, passed as much of his time as possible in Edinburgh. Hume had recently died, but Robertson survived. Monboddo and Ferguson were both there; and Home, the author of "Douglas," and Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," contributed, each after his fashion, to make up that galaxy of light by which the rest of the world was supposed to be dazzled. The young men composing the set of which Scott was a member, though they could not pretend to vie with these stars of the first magnitude, were ambitious of moving in the same orbit.

CALLED TO THE BAR.

Scott never acted with any regularity as clerk in his father's legal business; he was constantly absent on the jaunts in which he so greatly delighted; and when in the office, chess-playing divided his attention with law. In 1791 he finally resolved to adopt the profession of an

advocate, and recommenced his attendance at the College classes. In the same year he was admitted by the Faculty of Advocates to his first trials; in July 1792 he passed the residuc, and was called to the bar. He showed himself active in the private business of the Faculty, and in the work of the Speculative Society.

Scott continued to practise at the bar—nominally, at least—for fourteen years; but the most which he ever seems to have made in any one year was rather under £230; and latterly his practice was much diminishing, instead of increasing. As a speaker he had no great reputation; though confessedly one of the most agreeable talkers that ever lived, he had very little of the orator about him. Even when his fame pervaded Europe, and the consciousness of his proper place in the world might have given him confidence, the distrust of his own powers as a speaker continued to hang about him, and it was only on rare occasions, when his feelings happened to be strongly worked upon, that he expressed himself eloquently.

In the civil court he made only one professional appearance, but several in the Court of Justiciary, for which he was diligent in preparation; nor was there any lack of energy or of pushing talent in his general business habits. In several prosecutions for riot he appeared as counsel for the defendant.

Scott also came prominently forward in organizing, more especially in the character of quarter-master, a volunteer corps of horse, the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons, to act in case of French invasion or other sudden demand.

SCOTT'S MARRIAGE.

We have now brought the subject of our narrative to the commencement of that literary career which he prosecuted with unabated perseverance till his death. This career may naturally be divided into three epochs: that during which he was achieving his poetic fame, extending from the publication of his translation of Bürger in 1796 to the publication of "Waverley" in 1814: the period of the celebrity of his novels, which extended till the bankruptcy of Constable in 1826: the period of his Herculean struggle to readjust his affairs, which ended with his sinking, overtaken, into a premature grave in 1832. Let us speak of these in order. But first to tell of his marriage.

About two years previous to his being called to the bar, Scott one Sunday offered his umbrella to a young lady of much beauty, whom he saw in the porch of the Greyfriars Church during a

shower. The umbrella was graciously accepted, and Scott then and there fell in love with the lady, who proved to be Margaret, the daughter of Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart Belches, of Invermay. The hope of marrying this lady animated the mind of Scott for nearly six years, and it seems as if she must have given him some encouragement. Scott's attentions continued till close on the eve of the marriage of Miss Margaret, in 1796, to William Forbes (afterwards Sir William Forbes) of Pitsligo, a banker, who proved to be one of Scott's most generous and most delicate-minded friends, when his time of trouble came, towards the close of both of their lives.

However curious we may be on the subject, we are never likely now to know what it was that kept the young people apart. It is certain that Scott's passion for this lady was the first and only deep passion he ever entertained, and that it had a powerful influence on his life, in keeping him free from some of the most dangerous temptations of the young, and in creating within him a world of dreams and recollections throughout his whole life on which his imaginative nature was continually fed.

Like a great many other people who experience disappointment of their hopes, Scott speedily formed new ties, and became engaged within a year to Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, a lady of French birth and connections, and with a moderate fortune, whom he had met at the Cumbrian watering-place of Gilsland. Miss Carpenter was a lively beauty, but evidently possessed of no force or depth of character. The impression produced on the mind by the few letters of hers which have been preserved, is that of an amiable petted girl of a somewhat thin character, who was rather charmed at the depth and intensity of Scott's nature, and with his poetic notions of what love should mean, than capable of understanding them. "Evidently she had no inconsiderable pleasure in display; but she made on the whole a very good wife, only one to be protected by him from every care, and not one to share Scott's deeper anxieties or to participate in his dreams." She had a thoroughly kindly nature and a true heart. She was not the ideal wife for Scott; but she loved him, and sunned herself in his prosperity, and tried to bear his adversity cheerfully. With many agreeable and amiable qualities, she never was to him, nor could she be, a companion. She was proud of his genius, and jealous of any attacks that might be made upon his renown. Indeed, she never forgave Jeffrey his attack on "Marmion" in the *Edinburgh Review*, and could not help showing

what she felt when, immediately after the critique, the author of it dined at Scott's table. Still Scott was sincerely attached to her, and his diary shows that her death, though long expected, affected him deeply.

In December, 1799, Scott obtained, through the interest of the Melville and Buccleuch families, the appointment of Sheriff Depute of Selkirkshire, which brought him in £300 per annum; in 1806 the more lucrative post of one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session, an office which still left him a good deal of leisure, and from which he did not retire till almost the close of his life, November 1830. The full emoluments of the clerkship (about £1300 per annum) did not accrue to him till the year 1812.

In addition to these sources of income, he succeeded to a small landed property on the death of an uncle in 1797, and received a moderate fortune with Miss Carpenter. He was thus placed above absolute dependence upon the literary exertions to which his leisure and inclinations invited him. At the same time, additions to his fortune were not indifferent to him, for he had a relish for the elegant luxuries of life, and the ambition to mingle on terms of equality with the families of the aristocracy, upon some of whom, as well as the honest farmers we have already spoken about, he had a claim of relationship.

"THE MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER."

Even before he formed his final resolution to use literature "as a staff—not as a crutch," Scott followed up the appeal made to the public by the printing of "William and Helen," to which we have already referred. In 1799 he published a translation of Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen." He also composed and circulated among his friends the ballads of "Glenfinlas" and "The Eve of St. John." The bustling patronage of Lewis made his name familiar to many persons of literary taste in England, and Scott's acquaintance with the *literati* of Edinburgh became more extensive and intimate. At last he took the final plunge into literary occupation, and avowedly became author by profession.

His first publication in this capacity was his "Border Minstrelsy," a work which he had long had in preparation. During seven successive years he made a *raid*, as he called it, into Liddesdale, exploring every rivulet to its source and every ruined pile from foundation to battlement. Whenever he heard of a ballad, he hunted it up either himself or through the instrumentality of assistants, almost all of whom were destined

themselves to take a place of more or less distinction in the world. Leyden was one of these, a man born in a shepherd's cottage, who, when the Edinburgh philosophers found him out, astonished them all by the depth and variety of his knowledge.

Another of Scott's assistants was James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, a genius without conduct, whom everybody admired in his writings, but whom nobody could serve. "Hogg knew, or affected to know, every ballad that was ever sung, and every story that was ever told on the Scottish border. He was exceedingly adroit likewise in filling up blanks, and supplying sometimes a head and sometimes a tailpiece, just as it was wanted. Scott did his best to serve him, but failed. Hogg could not manage his own affairs, yet was for ever urgent to be allowed to manage the affairs of others. He was to Scott alternately obsequious, ridiculous, and insolent."

A third of these assistants cannot be passed without special notice, for he grew, as he deserved to grow, into the condition of one of Scott's dearest friends. William Laidlaw, the son of a tenant-farmer on the Yarrow, was gifted, like all the other members of his family, with an amiable disposition, excellent memory, and a clear understanding. He had in his boyhood gathered up a store of old songs and tales, all of which he gave to Scott, and if a blank appeared in any which Scott received from other quarters, he was generally able to fill it up either from his own recollection or from knowing the place and the people among whom it had its origin. William Laidlaw never ceased to enjoy a large share of Scott's friendship, and was among the few who were present and contributed to Scott's ease at his death.

When on his ballad-hunting expeditions, Scott made himself at home with everybody, and many pleasant stories are told of the reception accorded to him by the friendly farmers and peasants. Take the following for example:—"On reaching one evening," says Mr. Lockhart, "some Charlieshope or other (I forget the name) among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception as usual; but to their agreeable surprise, after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity who happened to be in the house was called upon to take the 'big ha' Bible,' in the good old fashion of Burns's 'Saturday Night'; and some progress had been already made in the service when the good man of the farm, whose

'tendency,' as Mr. Mitchell says, 'was soporific,' scandalized his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of 'By — ! here's the keg at last !' and in tumbled, as he spake the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen, whom, on hearing, a day before, of the advocate's approaching visit, he had despatched to a certain smuggler's haunt at some considerable distance in quest of a supply of *run* brandy from the Solway Frith. The pious 'exercise' of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot or Armstrong had the welcome *keg* mounted on the table without a moment's delay, and gentle and simple, not forgetting the dominie, continued carousing about it until daylight streamed in upon the party. Sir Walter Scott seldom failed, when I saw him in company with his Liddesdale companions, to mimic with infinite humour the sudden outburst of his old host on hearing the clatter of horses' feet, which he knew to indicate the arrival of the keg, the consternation of the dame, and the rueful despair with which the young clergyman closed the book."

"The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" was published in two volumes at first, in 1802, and constituted Scott's first great literary success.

The whole edition of eight hundred copies was sold within the year, and greatly added to Scott's reputation as a man of letters. His "Border Minstrelsy" gives more than a glimpse of his extraordinary and varied powers, his historical industry and learning, his masculine humour, his delight in restoring the "old simple violent world" of activity and excitement, as well as that power to kindle men's hearts, which was the chief secret of the charm of his own greatest poems.

The "Border Minstrelsy" is scarcely less interesting when viewed as the commencement of Scott's connection with those commercial speculations in literature which ultimately crushed him, than as his first serious effort in the character of an author. James Ballantyne was, at the time of the publication of the Minstrelsy, the editor of a provincial newspaper in Kelso.

To him Scott offered the printing of his book. The offer, after some hesitation, was accepted; a new fount of type, superior to anything previously seen in Scotland, was procured, and a specimen of typography was produced which at once established the reputation of what for a time got the name of the "Border press." Not long after Ballantyne removed to Edinburgh, and started

as printer on a large scale, in partnership, as was proved by subsequent disclosures, with Scott.

IN THE FIELD OF POETRY.

Encouraged by the success of the "Border Minstrelsy," Scott commenced the composition of an original poem, which secured for him the place of the most popular poet of his day.

The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared in 1805, when Scott was thirty-four years old. The magnificent quarto of 750 copies was soon exhausted, and an octavo edition of 1,500 copies was sold out within the year. In the following year two editions, containing together 4,250 copies, were disposed of; and before twenty-five years had elapsed, that is, before 1830, 44,000 copies of the poem had been bought in this country, taking account of the legitimate trade alone. Scott gained by the "Lay" £769 in all, an unprecedented sum for an author in those times to receive from any poem.

"Marmion," issued in 1808, confirmed Scott's renown as a poet, and deserved to do so; at portions of it, Scott, though mostly not a careful writer, worked with earnest application. He received £1000 for the poem from its publishers. His fame rose still higher, and attained its culmination in May 1810, with the publication of the "Lady of the Lake," which the readers of the present day, however, will be apt to pronounce the least valuable of the three. Twenty thousand copies sold in a few months. Its pictures of Highland scenery, valour, and manners, naturally made it immensely attractive at the time, and produced a huge effect in popularising the Highlands among tourists of an adventurous or sentimental turn.

"The Vision of Don Roderick" followed in 1811. It was obviously little adapted to enhance the purely poetic reputation of its author; but the public circumstances of the time favoured its success. "Rokeby," written in three months and a half, at the close of 1812, and published in 1813, was again received with great applause, yet so far sobered down as to show that the *furor* for Scott was already on the wane, not to speak of its own general tameness and marked inferiority.

The "Lord of the Isles" was written in 1814; it was better than "Rokeby," but its reception again told the same tale of receding popularity, although a sale of 15,000 copies could not at the lowest be called less than very tolerable. His two other leading poems were published anonymously, with a view to testing the general state of public feeling—the "Bridal of Triermain," in

the same year that the "Lord of the Isles" was composed, 1814, and "Harold the Dauntless," in 1817. There was, moreover, the "Field of Waterloo," in 1815; the authorship of which was avowed.

As to the "Bridal of Triermain," a somewhat peculiar arrangement was adopted. The subject had been suggested to Scott by William Erskine, Lord Kinnedder; and an agreement was made with this legal dignitary that the poem on appearing in print should not be disowned by him. Two large editions sold off and a third was called for; both parties to the quasi-deception then thought it had lasted long enough, and Scott proclaimed himself the author.

A more potent despot was now ruling the world of poetry: Byron finally eclipsed Scott by the publication of "Childe Harold" in 1812; and Scott's own numerous imitators had cheapened his wares and made them almost as commonplace as they had a few years before been new in style. About this period he composed also some dramatic pieces, without either achieving or deserving success. They were published in 1822 and 1830. With prudent caution, said to be characteristic of his nation, he prepared to abandon a field of literary exertion in which he felt himself in danger of losing his popularity.

AT ASHESTIEL.

But before discussing Scott in the character of novelist, in which he now appeared, there are a few particulars of his personal history to which we may as well allude. Immediately after his marriage he resided in Edinburgh during the winter months, but the summer he spent in a retired cottage on the banks of the Esk, at Lasswade. In 1804 he removed himself and his belongings from the banks of the Esk to the banks of the Tweed. The house of Ashestiel, belonging to a cousin of his own, was vacant, and he took a lease of it.

The description of Ashestiel, and the brook which runs through it, in the introduction to the first canto of *Marmion*, is one of the finest specimens of Scott's descriptive poetry:—

"November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear;
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through;
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen,
Through bush and briar no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock, and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with double speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed."

In every point of view the change of residence proved advantageous. It brought him into a country endeared to his earliest recollections, and pregnant for him with home associations.

His habits of work here underwent a change. At Lasswade he had worked principally by night, but serious headaches made him now change his plans, and rise steadily at five, lighting his own fire in winter. "Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye, just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough, in his own language, 'to break the neck of the day's work.' After breakfast a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, his 'own man.' When the weather was bad, he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed overnight, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study, forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness."

The amusements of Scott at Ashestiel were riding and coursing, the chief form of sporting in the neighbourhood, together with burning the water, as salmon fishing by torchlight was called, in following which he got many a ducking. An amusing picture is given by Mr. Skene of their excursions in company from Ashestiel among the hills, he himself followed by a lanky Savoyard, and Scott by a portly Scotch butler, both servants being highly sensitive to their personal dignity, and mounted on horses which neither of them could ride well. "Scott's heavy lumbering buffetier had provided himself against the mountain storms with a huge cloak, which, when the cavalcade was at gallop, streamed at full stretch from his shoulders, and kept flapping in the other's face, who, having more than enough to do in preserving his own equilibrium, could not think of attempting at any time to control the pace of his steed, and had no relief but fuming and *pesteing* at the *sacré mantau*, in language happily unintelligible to its wearer. Now and then some ditch or turf-fence rendered it indispensable to adventure on a leap, and no farce could have been more amusing than the display of politeness

which then occurred between these worthy equestrians, each courteously declining in favour of his friend the honour of the first experiment, the horses fretting impatient beneath them, and the dogs clamouring encouragement."

AT ABBOTSFORD.

In 1811 Scott thought so well of his means and prosperity as to resolve on buying a hundred acres of land on Tweed side in order to build a residence for himself. Such was the origin of the estate of Abbotsford, where ultimately he reared a castle. His removal to his new dwelling took place in May 1812, and Scott describes the migration as a scene in which the neighbourhood found no small share of amusement: "Our flitting and removal from Ashestiel baffled all description; we had twenty-five cartloads of the veriest trash in nature, besides dogs, pigs, ponies, poultry, cows, calves, barcheaded wenches, and bare-breeched boys."

To another friend Scott wrote that the neighbours had "been much delighted with the procession of my furniture, in which old swords, bows, targets, and lances made a very conspicuous show. A family of turkeys was accommodated within the helmet of some *preux chevalier* of ancient Border fame; and the very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets. I assure your ladyship that this caravan, attended by a dozen of ragged rosy peasant children, carrying fishing-rods and spears, and leading ponies, greyhounds, and spaniels, would, as it crossed the Tweed, have furnished no bad subject for the pencil, and really reminded me of one of the gipsy groups of Callot upon their march."

AS A NOVELIST.

Some time previous to his abdication of the laurel, the success of Miss Edgeworth's "Pictures of Irish Life," and his consciousness of an extensive acquaintance with the manners and customs of Scotland, more especially of the olden time, had stimulated him to attempt a portraiture of them in a prose imaginative narrative. The task was prosecuted for some time, but, in consequence of the unfavourable opinion of a friend, laid aside. In 1814, however, he resolved to make the attempt, and "Waverley" was published anonymously. This book, published without any parade of announcement, and without the attraction of an author's name, made its way noiselessly and rapidly to a high place in public estimation. In the course of four years it was followed in rapid succession by "Guy Mannering,"

"The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," all bearing the indisputable impress of the same parent mind. The circumstance of Scott's having published a poem in the same year in which "Waverley" appeared, and his engagement in other literary undertakings being known, combined, with the common prejudice that a poet cannot excel as a prose writer, to avert from him for a time the suspicion of the authorship of the "Waverley" novels. The taciturnity of the few entrusted with the secret defeated all attempts to obtain direct evidence as to who was the author. From the first, however, suspicion pointed strongly towards Scott.

The light, half-playfully worn veil of mystery served, however, no doubt, to excite the public curiosity, and to add a fictitious interest to the Waverley novels at the time of their publication. But their own merits were undoubtedly the main cause of their success.

This new vein of popularity was worked as sedulously as the former, and, like it, worked out. The novels which from 1818 to 1826 followed each other in rapid succession are not, like them, the outpouring of long-treasured thoughts; they bear marks of reading for the purpose of finding materials to fill up a previously-sketched outline. They are of different degrees of merit, but all are inferior in depth of tone and weight of metal to the works of the first four years. Individual characters and incidents in some of them may be equal, but not one of them can bear comparison when considered as a whole.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Scott's novels and poems, however, were by no means the only literature that occupied him during his busy life. He contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* at its commencement; and when differences of opinion induced him to break off from that publication, he took a warm interest in the establishment of the *Quarterly*. His trade connection with the Ballantynes, and through them with Constable and other publishers, led him to project many publications, and to take an active part in them as editor and contributor. To these we owe the *Life of Dryden*, published in 1808; of *Swift* (1814); the biographical and critical prefaces to Ballantyne's collection of the English novelists; and his annotations to such books as "Sadler's Correspondence." His biographical and critical writings are characterised by masculine good sense, vigour, and a happy play of humour,

rather than by subtle analysis or a just and delicate taste.

TRAVELS AND INTERRUPTIONS.

Between 1814 and 1825 the interruption to Scott's literary labours comprised one serious illness and a few journeys, several of these being to London, and one being to Paris immediately after the battle of Waterloo. Of his journeys he has left some records; but we agree with Mr. Hutton, who thinks that "Scott would never have reached, as a mere observer and recorder, at all the high points which he reached directly his imagination went to work to create a story." That imagination was indeed far less subservient to his mere perceptions than to his constructive powers. "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk"—the records of his Paris journey after Waterloo—for instance, are not at all above the mark of a good special correspondent. His imagination was less the imagination of insight than the imagination of one whose mind was a great kaleidoscope of human life and fortunes.

One of the greatest obstacles to the progress of Scott's work, besides those we have named, was the lion-hunting of which he became the object. Arising to a great extent from the mystery surrounding his authorship, his fame grew to be rather oppressive. At one time no fewer than *sixteen* parties of visitors applied to see Abbotsford in a single day. Strangers would drop in upon him without introductions, facetiously cry out "Prodigious!" in imitation of Dominic Sampson, when they were shown anything, ask whether the new house was called Tullyveolan or Tillytadlem; cross-examine, with their note-books open, as to Scott's age and the age of his wife; and seem quite surprised if they were bowed out without an invitation to dinner.

These were days of high postage, and Scott's bill for letters seldom came under £150 a year; and as to coach parcels, "they were a perfect ruination." On one occasion a mighty package arrived by post from America, for which Scott had to pay £5 sterling. When opened, it was found to contain a manuscript play, entitled "The Cherokee Lovers," by a young lady of New York, who begged Scott to read and correct it, write a prologue and epilogue, get it put on the stage at Drury Lane, and negotiate with Murray or Constable for the copyright. About a fortnight after, another package, not less formidable, arrived, charged with a similar postage, which Scott—not grown cautious, as one might have supposed, through experience—recklessly opened: out jumped a duplicate copy of "The

Cherokee Lovers," with a second letter from the authoress, stating that, as the weather had been stormy, and she feared that something might have happened to her precious manuscript, she had thought it prudent to forward a duplicate.

DAILY LIFE.

Till 1826, Scott's life was busy and happy, and seemingly prosperous. His notoriety as an author gave him an extensive circle of acquaintance. His manly and sensible character commanded respect; his *bonhomie* and talent for increasing the hilarity of the social hour conciliated the love of all who knew him. The continuance of apparent success increased his confidence in his own resources to a degree bordering on presumption. The ambition of his life was to enact the part of one of those feudal lords who were the favourite objects on which his imagination dwelt. To this was owing the purchase of Abbotsford, the strewing it with "auld nick-nackets," and the extensive scale on which he exercised his hospitality.

The real amusements of Scott were his trees and his friends. "Planting and pruning trees," he said, "I could work at from morning to night. There is a sort of self-congratulation, a little tickling self-flattery, in the idea that while you are pleasing and amusing yourself, you are seriously contributing to the future welfare of the country, and that your very acorn may send its future ribs of oak to future victories like Trafalgar,"—for the day of iron ships was not yet. And again, at a later stage of his planting:—"You can have no idea of the exquisite delight of a planter. He is like a painter laying on his colours—at every moment he sees his effects coming out. There is no art or occupation comparable to this; it is full of past, present, and future enjoyment. I look back to the time when there was not a tree here, only bare heath; I look round and see thousands of trees growing up, all of which—I may say almost each of which—have received my personal attention. I remember, five years ago, looking forward with the most delighted expectation to this very hour; and as each year has passed the expectation has gone on increasing. I do the same now. I anticipate what this plantation and that one will presently be, if only taken care of; and there is not a spot of which I do not watch the progress. Unlike building, or even painting, or indeed any other kind of pursuit, this has no end, and is never interrupted; but goes on from day to day, and from year to year, with a perpetually augmenting interest. Farming I hate. What have

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I to do with fattening and killing beasts, or raising corn, only to cut it down, and to wrangle with farmers about prices, and to be constantly at the mercy of the seasons? There can be no such disappointments or annoyances in planting trees."

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ROYALTY.

In 1816, when Scott was in London, the Prince Regent asked him to dine with him, addressed him uniformly as Walter, and struck up a friendship with him which appears to have lasted their lives, and "which certainly," says Mr. Hutton, "did much more honour to George than to Sir Walter Scott. It is impossible not to think rather better of George IV. for thus valuing and doing his best in every way to show his value for Scott. It is equally impossible not to think rather worse of Scott for thus valuing and in every way doing his best to express his value for this very worthless though by no means incapable King."

The first baronet created by George IV., after he succeeded to the throne, was Sir Walter Scott, who not only accepted the honour gratefully, but dwelt with great pride on the fact that it was offered to him by the King himself, and was in no way due to the prompting of any Minister.

When George IV. visited Edinburgh, in 1822, it was Sir Walter Scott who acted virtually as master of the ceremonies, and to whose exertions it was chiefly due that the visit was so successful.

DISASTER ; A STRUGGLE AGAINST ADVERSITY.

The worm, however, was at this time gnawing at the root of Scott's magnificence. Constable, Ballantyne, and Scott were all men of sense and talent, but the spirit of enterprise was stronger in them than that of accurate mercantile calculation. From the beginning their undertakings had been on a larger scale than their capital warranted ; and as difficulties thickened around them, their confident spirits looked for relief to bolder and more extensive speculations. This could not go on for ever ; the commercial crisis of 1825-26 precipitated but did not cause the catastrophe.

When what is called in Scotland "a state of the affairs" of Constable and Co. and Ballantyne and Co. was made up subsequently to the bankruptcy of the two companies, it appeared that Sir Walter Scott was indebted to Constable's creditors, as a partner of Ballantyne and Co., for nearly £72,000 ; and that the total amount of the debts of Ballantyne and Co. was about £110,000, for the whole of which Sir Walter was

liable as a partner. About half of the £72,000 due to Constable and Co. being included in the debts of Ballantyne and Co., Scott's actual liabilities were somewhere about £147,000. The presumptuous rashness with which, in order to indulge himself in the theatrical pleasure of enacting the part of one of the favourite heroes of his imagination, he incurred this immense load of debt, cannot be palliated. From 1823, if not from an earlier period, novels were contracted for and paid in bills, before even the subjects or names of the future publications were fixed. This was not a mere speculation upon popularity : it was a wanton setting of health, mental and corporeal, and of life itself, upon the hazard. But to the honour of Scott, he did not flinch from the terrible responsibility he had so presumptuously incurred. "Gentlemen," he said to the creditors, "Time and I against any two. Let me take this good ally into my company, and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing." He surrendered the whole of his property ; executed a trust-deed in favour of certain gentlemen, who were to receive the funds realized by his exertions, and pay off his debts with interest by instalments ; and resumed his literary work with dogged resolution. "It is very hard," he said in his deep thoughtful voice, to "a friend who expressed his sympathy, "thus to lose all the labours of a lifetime, and be made a poor man at last, when I ought to have been otherwise. But if God grant me life and strength for a few years longer, I have no doubt that I shall redeem it all."

It is pleasant to mention that towards his old associates in business matters, even towards Mr. Constable, who had been the cause of so much loss, Scott maintained a friendly bearing. He did not indeed shut his eyes to the new view he had obtained of Constable's character as a man of business, but though he could trust no longer he was far from hardening his heart. With regard to James Ballantyne, Scott told him, on the very day when ruin was declared, that he would never forsake him. Ballantyne now conducted business on his own account, and was honoured with the steady friendship and patronage of his old schoolfellow as of yore.

The conduct of Scott's immediate dependents at this time was highly creditable. "I must note," says Lockhart, "how greatly I admired the manner in which all his dependents appeared to have met the reverse of his fortunes—a reverse which inferred very considerable alteration in the circumstances of every one of them. The butler, instead of being the easy chief of a large

establishment, was now doing half the work of the house at probably half his former wages. Old Peter, who had been for five-and-twenty years a dignified coachman, was now ploughman in ordinary, only putting his horses to the carriage upon high and rare occasions ; and so on with all the rest that remained of the ancient train. And all, to my view, seemed happier than they had ever done before."

Scott, like other men of energy as well as genius, found his escape from care in constant employment. He worked now double tides, rising early, sitting late, and not unfrequently depriving himself of exercise altogether. He had undertaken to write for Constable a "Life of Napoleon," which was to appear in two volumes. The subject grew upon him, and covered in the end nine volumes. It constituted for two years the main object of his literary care, yet by no means exhausted it. "Woodstock" and the "Chronicles of the Canongate," series after series, as well as articles for the *Quarterly Review*, went forward with it, *pari passu*.

Besides the entire loss of fortune, he was by this time a widower, for in April of 1826 Lady Scott had died while he was from home. The house in Edinburgh, where he was wont to dispense a generous hospitality, was sold ; and as often as business carried him to the Scotch metropolis he inhabited a lodging. But his courage never failed. On returning for the first time from Edinburgh to Abbotsford after Lady Scott's funeral :—"I again took possession," he says, "of the family bedroom and my widowed couch. This was a sore trial, but it was necessary not to blink such a resolution. Indeed I do not like to have it thought that there is any way in which I can be beaten." And again :—"I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be so most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distresses strange snatches of mirth, 'which have no mirth in them.'"

It was at this time that he judged it expedient to remove the veil which had long ceased in reality to cover his connection with the Waverley Novels. It had become in fact a necessary proceeding, because to a republication of these tales, with prefaces and notes, both he and his friends looked for the surest means of discharging the obligations under which he lay. Yet the avowal of the authorship at a theatrical fund dinner over which he presided took the general public a good deal by surprise. It was done, however, with excellent grace, and operated, as it seemed, as a sort of relief to his own feelings.

After completing the "Fair Maid of Perth,"

Scott visited London in 1828, where the first decided manifestations of the complaint under which he by-and-by succumbed showed themselves. He, however, pressed on with his work, and covered day by day innumerable pages of manuscript, producing almost simultaneously his "Letters on Demonology" for Murray's Family Library and a further series of "Tales of a Grandfather." But even in the former of these, the Letters on Demonology, evidence of failing power is perceptible, and in the stories from French history which make up the latter, both words and arrangements are cloudy. He persevered, however, and wrote at the same time his Scottish History for Lardner's Cyclopædia, a work certainly not worthy of its high parentage.

In 1830 he was smitten down with paralysis, from which he never thoroughly rallied. It was hoped that the climate of Italy might benefit him, and by the Government of the day a frigate was placed at his disposal in which to proceed thither. But in Italy he pined for the home to which he returned only to die.

SCOTT'S DEATH.

The end was singularly pathetic. His return to Abbotsford acted upon him as a breath of air acts upon a fire which is dying out for lack of fuel. He recognised and hailed William Laidlaw, who stood at the hall-door to receive him. He alternately sobbed and smiled over his dogs as they fawned on him and licked his hands. He slept soundly that night, and awoke on the morrow perfectly conscious and collected. They procured a Bath-chair, and he was wheeled up and down for some time on the turf and among the rose-beds of his garden, then in full bloom. At his own desire they next wheeled him through his rooms, and he kept saying as he moved, "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house ; give me one turn more."

The delusion had come upon Scott when in Malta that all his debts were paid off, and that the future would be to him a season of more perfect enjoyment than the past. A different persuasion took hold of him soon after he found himself again at home, and casting aside the plaids with which they had covered him in his chair, he said, a day or two after his arrival, "This is sad idleness, I shall forget what I have been thinking of if I don't set it down now. Take me into my room and fetch the keys of my desk."

"He solicited this so earnestly," says Lockhart, "that we could not refuse : his daughter went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid

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paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, "Now give me my pen and leave me a little to myself:" Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office, and it dropped on the paper. He sank back among the pillows, silent, tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by-and-by he motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again.

"Laidlaw met us at the porch and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, 'Sir Walter has had a little repose.' 'No, Willie,' said he, 'no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave.' The tears again rushed from his eyes. 'Friends,' said he, 'don't let me expose myself: get me to bed.'"

They got him to bed, and he never again rose from it.

He lingered till the 21st of September, more than two months from the day of his reaching home, with only one clear interval of consciousness, on Monday, the 17th of September. On that day Lockhart was called to Sir Walter's bedside with the news that he wished to see him. "Lockhart," he said, "I have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Here Scott paused, and Lockhart said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all." With this he sank into a very quiet slumber, and indeed he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness except for an instant on the arrival of his sons.

Four days afterwards, on a glorious autumn day, at half-past one in the afternoon, with every window wide open, and the ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles distinctly audible in his room, he passed away, and his eldest son kissed him and closed his eyes. He died a month after completing his sixtieth year.

The funeral of Sir Walter Scott was conducted in a very quiet manner, invitations to be present being issued only to the oldest of his friends. The coffin was borne to the hearse and from the hearse to the grave by his old domestics and foresters, who petitioned that no mercenary hand should be allowed to touch it. Yet of voluntary

followers, as soon as the procession started, the number was so great that the carriages alone extended over a mile. The inhabitants of all the villages through which the *cortège* passed turned out in black and with uncovered heads. The wide enclosure of the Abbey grounds was filled in like manner; and amid profound and reverential silence Archdeacon Williams read the service.

HIS FAMILY.

Scott had four children, two sons and two daughters. In their infancy he seems to have taken comparatively little notice of them, but as soon as they were old enough to understand what he said, he delighted in having them with him, and devoted to them much time and tender care. Like their mute companions, the dogs, they had free admission to his study at all hours, when he would lay down his pen, take them on his knee, repeat to them a ballad or tell a story, kiss them, and send them away again. From a very early age they were accustomed to dine with their father and mother.

Their education he conducted in a rather desultory fashion. The girls when old enough were placed under a governess, chosen far more because of her good sense and moral worth than on account of showy accomplishments; and the boys went to school, as he himself had done, the eldest passing thence into a cavalry regiment, the youngest entering Oxford and taking a degree preparatory to his admission into the Foreign Office. But till they were ready for systematic teaching he was himself their instructor; the instruction being communicated more frequently by oral tradition than through books.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE, CHARACTER, AND PECULIARITIES.

The personal appearance of Scott was striking and peculiar. In height he was above the middle size. His shoulders were broad, his chest wide, his arms long, and his hands large. But for his shrunken limb he would have been the very beau ideal of a stalwart Liddesdale yeoman. His features were not regular; his eyes were gray, and deeply set in their sockets; his forehead was broad and high, but not particularly so. When in repose his countenance was heavy, but no sooner was an appeal made to his fancy than it was lighted up, and mouth and eye became alike expressive of emotion, either pathetic or ludicrous. His voice was pleasing, though he knew nothing of music; he read well, but with a

strong Scottish accent. His conversation overflowed with humour, and in discussing the merits of other men, he seemed always on the look-out for something to praise. No man ever lived who won so many friends and made so few enemies. Absence of all literary envy or jealousy was one of the most remarkable features of his character.

Sir Walter Scott had his failings, but "few that ever lived," remarks a Quarterly Reviewer, "could better endure to have their failings exposed. But his merits, as well moral as intellectual, were of so transcendent a nature that they cast quite into the shade errors which had their root neither in vice nor in meanness, but in an imagination preternaturally gigantic. Sir Walter Scott was as much in earnest when he set all Scotland agog to greet the arrival of George IV., as if he had taken a leading part to bring back the Stuarts to the capital of their forefathers. The glass from which the King drained his whisky to the poet's health, on the quarter-deck of the Royal yacht, would have been laid up among the most sacred relics at Abbotsford, had it not been crushed to pieces by an accident."

In like manner his own style of life on Tweed-side, his Abbotsford hunts, his joyous carouses, transported him back to times when moss-trooping was a manly occupation. There is not one of his tales, whether in prose or verse, which fails to show upon the face of it that the scenes which are therein described were as much realities to him as if he had lived through them. It was this chronic state of hallucination indeed, this inability to free himself from the spells of enchantment, which not only gave all the colouring to his best romances, but made the man himself what he was. He could no more help buying up land, building a castle, dressing its walls with trophies of war and of the chase, and emblazoning its roof with the quarterings of noble families, than he could help breathing.

Yet how generous he was! how gentle! how considerate in all his dealings with all who approached him; how unselfish, how true to his friendships, how willing to forget and to forgive wrongs by whomsoever committed! Only once in his life is he known to have acted with rudeness to any one, and that was when he turned his back upon Lord Holland, because Lord Holland had spoken ungenerously, as he conceived, of a favourite brother in the House of Lords. Of Scott's great personal courage there can be no doubt. He had some opportunities of proving this in his scuffles with democrats and rioters in early life; and later, when General Gourmand

blustered about what had been written of that gentleman's proceedings at St. Helena, he anticipated a challenge and was ready to accept it. His sense of knightly honour was indeed keen to a degree.

All that he read and admired he remembered. Scott used to illustrate the capacious affinity of his own memory for what pleased him, and its complete rejection of what did not, by old Beattie of Meikledale's answer to a Scotch divine, who complimented him on the strength of his memory. "No, sir," said the old Borderer, "I have no command of my memory, it only retains what hits my fancy, and probably, sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying."

Scott's demeanour towards his servants and labourers was very striking. "Sir Walter speaks to every man as if they were blood-relations," was a common saying amongst those who came in contact with him. Take the following by way of example:—There was a little hunch-backed tailor, named Goodfellow, living on his property at Abbotsford. This tailor was employed to make the curtains for the new library, and had been very proud of his work; but he fell ill soon afterwards, and Sir Walter was unremitting in his attention to him. On the evening of the poor tailor's death, when Scott entered the hovel he found everything silent, and inferred from the looks of the good woman in attendance that the patient had fallen asleep, and that they feared his sleep was a final one. He murmured some syllables of kind regret: at the sound of his voice the dying tailor unclosed his eyes, and eagerly and wistfully sat up, clasping his hands with an expression of rapturous gratefulness and devotion, that in the midst of deformity, disease, pain, and wretchedness was at once beautiful and sublime. He cried with a loud voice, "The Lord bless and reward you!" and expired with the effort.

Lockhart tells us that some of Scott's senses were decidedly "blunt," and one seems to recognise this in the simplicity of his romantic effects. "It is a fact," he says, "which some philosophers may think worth setting down, that Scott's organization, as to more than one of the senses, was the reverse of exquisite. He had very little of what musicians call an ear; his smell was hardly more delicate. I have seen him stare about, quite unconscious of the cause, when his whole company betrayed their uneasiness at the approach of an overkept haunch of venison; and neither by the nose nor the palate could he dis-

tinguish corked wine from sound. He could never tell Madeira from sherry,—nay, an Oriental friend having sent him a butt of *sheeraz*, when he remembered the circumstance some time afterwards, and called for a bottle to have Sir John Malcolm's opinion of its quality, it turned out that his butler, mistaking the label, had already served up half the bin as *sherry*. Port he considered as physic . . . in truth he liked no wines except sparkling champagne and claret; but even as to the last he was no connoisseur, and sincerely preferred a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious 'liquid-ruby' that ever flowed in the cup of a prince."

Spite of his imaginative turn of mind, there never was an organization less susceptible of influence by superstitious fears than his own. When a friend jokingly urged him, within a few months of his death, not to leave Rome on a Friday, as it was a day of bad omen for a journey, he replied, laughing, "Superstition is very picturesque, and I make it, at times, stand me in great stead, but I never allow it to interfere with interest or convenience." Basil Hall reports Scott's having told him on the last evening of the year 1824, when they were talking over this subject, that "having once arrived at a country inn, he was told there was no bed for him. 'No place to lie down at all,' said he. 'No,' said the people of the house; 'none, except a room in which there is a corpse lying.' 'Well,' said he, 'did the person die of any contagious disorder?' 'Oh, no; not at all,' said they. 'Well, then,' continued he, 'let me have the other bed. So,' said Sir Walter, 'I laid me down, and never had a better night's sleep in my life.'" He was, indeed, a man of iron nerve, whose truest artistic enjoyment was in noting the forms of character seen in full daylight by the light of the most ordinary experience.

AS POET AND NOVELIST.

AS regards the merits of Scott as a poet, it is difficult for some critics to be sufficiently affluent of praise, and for others to be sufficiently chary. When one has said that he is exceedingly spirited, one has expressed the most salient and the finest of his excellences; only we must remember that a narrative and romantic poet cannot be thus spirited without having other admirable gifts, whence the spirit ensues, and whereby it is sustained—virility, knowledge of life and character and circumstance, quick sympathy with man and nature, flow of invention, variety of presentment, a heart that vibrates to the noble and the right—much picturesqueness, some beauty. On

the other hand, it is not untrue to say that Scott, though continually spirited, is also very frequently tame—and not free from tameness even in his distinctively spirited passages. His phrases, when you pause upon them, are full of commonplace. The reason of this is that Scott was very little of a literary-poetic artist; greatness of expression—the heights and depths of language and of sound—were not much in his way. He respected his subject much more than he respected his art; after consulting and satisfying his own taste and that of his public, the thing had to do well enough.

Scott has always been the poet of youthful and high-minded readers; there seems to be no reason why he should not contribute indefinitely to meet their requirements; and certainly they will be considerable losers if ever, in the lapse of time and shifting of poetic models, his composition should pass out of ready currency. He is not and never can be the poet of literary readers; the student and the artist remember him as a cherished enchantment of their youth, and do not recur to him. Neither the inner recesses of thought nor the high places of art thrill to his appeal. But it is highly possible for the critical tendency and estimate to be too exclusively literary; the poetry of Scott is mainly amenable to a different sort of test, and to that it responds not only adequately but triumphantly.

The rank of Scott as a prose writer it is difficult to fix with anything like precision. "So imposing to the mind," remarks a writer in a popular Encyclopædia, "is his immense *prestige* as a novelist, that even at this date it is difficult to criticize him coolly; but it is not without risk of awakening some under-murmur of dissent that the absolute supremacy can now be assigned him which at one time, almost without question, used to be conceded as his due. Nor is the dissent without some just ground of reason. Scott, with the artistic instinct granted him in largest measure, had little of the artistic conscience. Writing with the haste of the *improvisatore*, he could exercise over his work, as it proceeded, no jealous vigour of supervision, and on its appearance he was amply pleased with it if the public paid him handsomely. Hence he was an exceedingly irregular writer; many of his works are in structure most lax and careless, and some of the very greatest of them are disgraced by occasional infusions of obviously inferior matter. Yet, all reasonable deductions made, it may be doubtful whether in mass and stature he is quite reached by any other novelist who could be mentioned. To class him, or even speak of

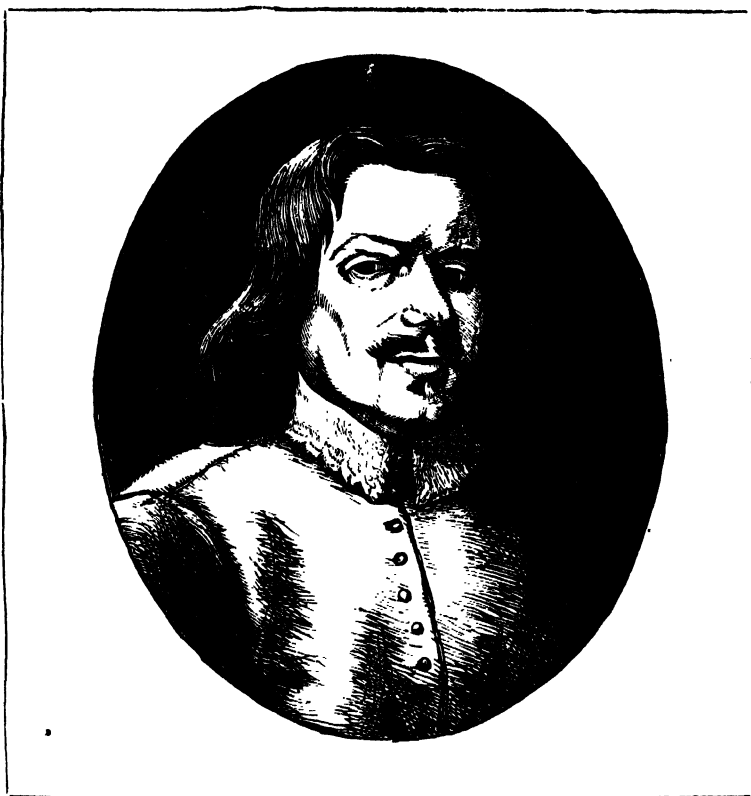
him, along with Shakspeare is absurd, but it is scarcely absurd perhaps to say that, since Shakspeare, to no native of our country has such wealth in its kind been entrusted."

That Scott, it has been truly remarked, was the mechanic of his genius or that genius was the slave of his pride, takes nothing from the inherent value of his work; his life was apart altogether from his creations; and we should say no one was more puzzled to explain their immediate and immense popularity than he was himself, though we now know that it was in the glamour of romance and the haze of antiquity hanging round every sentence—in the witchery of which ether, by a strange unforced subtilty he enwrapped his reader—that his most potent charms lay. Besides, the time wanted the man, and the man came—came to a clear field. Had he come now, with all the gauze of his hoary trappings, he would have had to encounter vastly greater coldness and unconcern. His plots are not of the modern kind; the reader is never made to caracole past hobgoblins and murders to the abyss of the catastrophe; the most of his characters are grand public men and women—the incident history manipulated; and every creature of his creation appears before us in drapery that hangs gracefully together. Goethe repeatedly commends this feature in Scott, and admired as unique the subtle charm—it cannot be called skill—which made characters merge imperceptibly from high tragedy into side-scene and side-play.

Describing the manners of past ages, Scott himself can never be identified or confounded with any of his princely personalities. He takes us back to the time and the spot, and puts the pigment on before our eyes. His drawing is none the worse because of its elaborateness, or because precision is not greatly studied. Every face has its clear outline and fitting complexion;

and his respect for the reader makes him put his own spectacles out of the way when his work is done, and say—"There it is, sir; take your own view."

You can't mistake the colour of the pantouffles, the shape of the ruffles, or the turn of the shoe. The only things he borrowed from the present were his faces. He went about picking up nineteenth century men, and sent them adrift in the middle ages. His lover's face appears in three places; Erskine was Dairsie Latimer; Miss Cranstoun, Die Vernon; Laidlaw, Dandie Dinmont; and M'Guffog, a witness in the tipsy minister's case, figures along with Dirk Hatteraick in "Guy Mannering." Rarely, however, does he draw on his own experience, except, perhaps, in the matters of beauty, horsemanship, and honour. Mr. Hutton truly says, he did himself what he would have made his heroes do. He is like none of his successors, who all deal with the intense present, and intense reality. Said Carlyle—"Your Shakspeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them." The justice of this judgment has been only feebly impugned. It is because he seldom gets near the heart, and seldom felt the dreadful poignancy of intense emotions, bitter experiences, and the tearing conflicts of the inner world, that his endless romance is endlessly entertaining. His men and women, like himself, lived in grand baronial residences, and, like him, they have much heart, a good deal of brain, but very little soul, and none of the over-soul. He had little dissective or analytic power, and never concealed his inaptitude for the domestic picture: "The big bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied me." L. S. A.



JOHN BUNYAN,

THE AUTHOR OF THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

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INTRODUCTION.

THE fame of John Bunyan, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," has gradually risen. Beginning among the people, it has made its way

up to those who may be held to represent the culture and education of our country.

In most cases the many gradually and slowly receive the opinions of the few respecting literary

merit, and sometimes, in assenting to such authority, profess with their lips an admiration of they know not what, for a reason equally unknown. In this instance, however, the process has been reversed. The opinion of the multitude has been ratified by the judicious. The people knew what they admired.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" is a book which makes its way through the fancy to the understanding and the heart. The child peruses it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the genius which it displays; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years; and we perceive its merits most in declining age.

The life of the author of this wonderful production is what is here to be told, and to the life we have added a few notes as to his immortal work—a work which has obtained a larger and more constant sale than any other book in the world, the Bible alone excepted.

BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS.

The village of Elstow, which is within a mile of Bedford, was the birthplace of John Bunyan, 1628 the year of his birth.

"I was of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all families in the land." "I never went to school to Aristotle or Plato, but was brought up in my father's house in a very mean condition, among a company of poor countrymen. Nevertheless, I bless God that by this door He brought me into the world to partake of the grace and life that is by Christ in His gospel."

Such is Bunyan's own account of his origin. His father was a tinker, but why his calling should have been so mean and despised is not very apparent, when it was not followed as a vagabond employment, but, as in this case, exercised by one who had a settled habitation. "The Bunyans," says a friend, "were of the national religion, as men of that calling commonly were." Bunyan himself, in a passage, which has been always understood to refer to his father, describes him as "an honest poor labouring man, who, like Adam unparadised, had all the world to get his bread in, and was very careful to maintain his family."

The years of Bunyan's youth were those in which the Puritan spirit was in its highest vigour all over England; and in no quarter had that spirit more vigour than in Bedfordshire. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a lad, as was the case with Bunyan, to whom nature had

given a vivid imagination and extraordinary sensibility, should have been early haunted by religious terrors.

"My sins," he says, "did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood He did scare and affright me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with dreadful visions. I have been in my bed greatly afflicted while asleep with apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. I was afflicted with thoughts of the day of judgment night and day, trembling at the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell fire." When, at ten years old, he was running about with his companions in "his sports and childish vanities," these terrors continually recurred to him, yet "he would not let go his sins."

MENTAL CONFLICTS; STRONG LANGUAGE MISUNDERSTOOD.

As he grew older, his mental conflicts grew still more violent. "Once," says a biographer who knew him well, and had heard the story of his visions from Bunyan's own lips, "he dreamed that he saw the face of heaven as it were on fire, the firmament cracking and shivering with the noise of mighty thunder, and an archangel flew in the midst of heaven sounding a trumpet, and a glorious throne was seated in the east, whereon sat One in brightness like the morning star. Upon which he, thinking it was the end of the world, fell upon his knees, and said, 'O Lord, have mercy on me! What shall I do? The day of judgment is come, and I am not prepared.'"

At another time "he dreamed that he was in pleasant place, jovial and rioting, when an earthquake rent the earth, out of which came bloody flames, and the figures of men tossed up in globes of fire, and falling down again with horrible cries and shrieks and execrations, while devils mingled among them, and laughed aloud at their torments. As he stood trembling, the earth sank under him, and a circle of flames embraced him. But when he fancied he was at the point to perish, One in shining white raiment descended and plucked him out of that dreadful place, while the devils cried after him to take him to the punishment which his sins had deserved. Yet he escaped the danger, and leapt for joy when he awoke and found it was a dream."

The strong language in which Bunyan describes his youthful experience has been strangely misunderstood by many of his biographers. In

later times, however, Southey, Lord Macaulay, and Mr. Froude have done him justice. To quote one of these: "It has long been an ordinary practice," says Lord Macaulay, "to cite Bunyan as an instance of the supernatural power of Divine grace to rescue the human soul from the lowest depths of wickedness. He is called in one book the most notorious of profligates; in another, the brand plucked from the burning. He is designated in a 'History of the Baptists' as the depraved Bunyan, the wicked tinker of Elstow. Mr. Ryland, a man once of great note among the dissenters, breaks out into the following rhapsody: 'No man of common sense and common integrity can deny that Bunyan was a practical atheist, a worthless, contemptible infidel, a vile rebel to God's goodness, a common profligate, a soul-despising, a soul-murdering, a soul-damning, thoughtless wretch as could exist on the face of the earth. Now be astonished, O heavens, to eternity! and wonder, O earth and hell, while time endures! Behold this very man become a miracle of mercy, a mirror of wisdom, goodness, holiness, truth, and love!'"

"But whoever takes the trouble to examine the evidence will find that the good men who wrote this had been deceived by a phraseology which, as they had been hearing it and using it all their lives, they ought to have understood better. There cannot be a greater mistake than to infer from the strong expressions in which a devout man bemoans his exceeding sinfulness, that he has led a worse life than his neighbours. Many excellent persons, whose moral character from boyhood to old age has been free from any stain discernible to their fellow-creatures, have, in their autobiographies and diaries, applied to themselves, and doubtless with sincerity, epithets as severe as could be applied to Titus Oates or Mrs. Brownrigg.

"It is quite certain that Bunyan was, at eighteen, what in any but the most austere puritanical circles would have been considered as a young man of singular gravity and innocence. Indeed, it may be remarked that he, like many other penitents who, in general terms, acknowledge themselves to have been the worst of mankind, fired up and stood vigorously on his defence whenever any particular charge was made against him by others. . . .

"The worst that can be laid to the charge of this poor youth, whom it has been the fashion to represent as the most desperate of reprobates, as a village Rochester, is that he had a great liking for some diversions quite harmless in themselves, but condemned by the rigid precisians among

whom he lived, and for whose opinions he had a great respect. The four chief sins of which he was guilty were dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, playing at tipcat, and reading the history of Sir Bevis of Southampton." A rector of the school of Laud would have held such a young man up to the whole parish as a model. But Bunyan's notions of good and evil had been learned in a very different school; he was made miserable by the conflict between his tastes and his scruples."

A TINKER; A SOLDIER; A HUSBAND

Bunyan was brought up to follow the same humble calling as his father, but when he was about seventeen years of age the ordinary course of his life was interrupted by his becoming a soldier in the Parliamentary army. He served during the decisive campaign of 1645, but only one incident of his military career has come down to us. "When I was a soldier," he says, "I was with others drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it. But when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room. Coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the heart with a musket bullet, and died." Tradition agrees that the place to which these words refer was Leicester.

The glimpses obtained during his military service of the pomps of war powerfully impressed the imagination of Bunyan. In his after life he delighted to draw his illustrations of sacred things from camps and fortresses, from guns, drums, trumpets, flags of truce, and regiments arrayed each under its own banner. It has been pointed out that his Greatheart, his Captain Boanerges, and his Captain Credence are evidently portraits, of which the originals were among those martial saints who fought and expounded in Fairfax's army.

On his return home from the wars, Bunyan married. "I lighted on a wife," he says, "whose father was counted godly. We came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon between us. But she had for her portion two books, 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I sometimes read with her. I found some things pleasing to me, but all this while I met with no conviction. She often told me what a godly man her father was, how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house and among his neighbours; what a strict and holy life he lived in his day,

both in word and deed. These books, though they did not reach my heart, did light in me some desire to religion."

**THE SPIRIT OF SUPERSTITION; SUNDAY
SPORTS; SWEARING REPROVED.**

"About this time," he says, "I fell in with the religion of the times to go to church twice a day, very devoutly to say and sing as the others did, yet retaining my wicked life. Withal I was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored with great devotion even all things—both the high place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else belonging to the Church; counting all things holy therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy and without doubt greatly blessed. This conceit grew so strong in my spirit, that had I but seen a priest, though never so sordid and debauched in his life, I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence, and be knit to him. Their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me."

One day the parson took for his subject the observance of the Sabbath and the sinfulness of breaking it, either with labour, sports, or otherwise. "I fell," says Bunyan, "in my conscience, under his sermon, to thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to show me my evil-doing." But by the time dinner was over he shook the sermon out of mind and betook himself to his old sports.

"But the same day," to quote his own words, "as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if He did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices."

He concluded, however, that it was too late for him to repent. He was past pardon. He was sure to be damned, and he might as well be damned for many sins as few. Sin at all events was pleasant,—the only pleasant thing he knew,—therefore he would take his fill of it. The sin was the game, and nothing but the game. He continued to play, and the Puritan

sensitiveness had taken hold of him. An artificial offence had become a real offence when his conscience was wounded by it. He was reckless and desperate.

"This temptation of the devil," he says, "is more usual among poor creatures than many are aware of. It continued with me about a month or more; but one day, as I was standing at my neighbour's shop-window, and there cursing and swearing after my wonted manner, there sate within the woman of the house and heard me, who, though she was a loose and ungodly wretch, protested that I swore and cursed at such a rate that she trembled to hear me. I was able to spoil all the youths in a whole town. At this reproof I was silenced and put to secret shame, and that too, as I thought, before the God of heaven. I stood hanging down my head, and wishing that I might be a little child, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked sin of swearing; for, thought I, I am so accustomed to it, that it is vain to think of a reformation. But how it came to pass I know not. I did from this time forward so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it; and whereas before I knew not how to speak, unless I put an oath before and another behind, to make my words have authority, now I could without it speak better and with more pleasantness than ever I could before. All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did leave my sports and plays.

REFORMATION; ENQUIRY.

"But quickly after this I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of religion; wherefore, liking what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading, especially with the historical part thereof; for, as for St. Paul's epistles and such-like scriptures, I could not away with them, being as yet ignorant either of my nature or of the want and worth of Jesus Christ to save us. Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation, both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven, which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

"Thus I continued about a year, all which time our neighbours did take me to be a very godly and religious man, and did marvel much to see such great alteration in my life and manners; and indeed so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have since seen, had I then died, my state had been most fearful. But, I say, my neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion—from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life and sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well; for though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and indeed I did all I did either to be seen or well spoken of by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more.

"Now you must know that before this I had taken much delight in ringing; but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered after the ways of the world; wherefore I would go to the steeplehouse, and look on, though I durst not ring. But I thought this did not become religion either; yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after I began to think, 'How if one of the bells should fall?' Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, 'Should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam.' This made me stand in the steeple-door; 'and now,' thought I, 'I am safe enough; for if a bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.' So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any farther than the steeple-door; but then it came into my head, 'How if the steeple itself should fall?' And this thought—it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on—did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

"Another thing was my dancing; I was full a year before I could quite leave that. But all this while, when I thought I kept that or this

commandment, or did by word or deed anything I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience, and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in my own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I. But, poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God in His mercy showed me more of my state by nature."

One day, in a street in Bedford, as he was at work in his calling, he fell in with three or four old women sitting at a door in the sun, talking about the things of God. By this time he himself was "a brisk talker" about religious subjects, and he joined in the conversation. Their expressions proved quite beyond his comprehension. "They were speaking of the wretchedness of their own hearts, of their unbelief, of their miserable state. They did contemn, slight, and abhor their own righteousness as filthy and insufficient to do them any good. They spoke of a new birth, and of the work of God in their hearts, which comforted and strengthened them against the temptations of the devil."

Bunyan left the women, and resumed his work, but what they said haunted him. He was greatly affected. He saw that he "wanted the true tokens of a godly man." He sought them out, and had frequent conversations with them. He could not stay away, and the more he saw of them the more he questioned his condition.

"I found two things," he says, "at which I did sometimes marvel, considering what a blind ungodly wretch but just before I was; one, a great softness and tenderness of heart, which caused me to fall under the conviction of what, by Scripture, they asserted; the other, a great bending of my mind to a continual meditating on it. My mind was now like a horse-leech at the vein, still crying, 'Give! give!' so fixed on eternity and on the kingdom of heaven (though I knew but little), that neither pleasure, nor profit, nor persuasion, nor threats, could loosen it or make it let go its hold. It is in very deed a certain truth, it would have been then as difficult for me to have taken my mind from heaven to earth as I have found it often since to get it from earth to heaven."

These poor women whose company Bunyan sought after he had listened to their talk were members of a small Baptist congregation, which a Kentish man, John Gifford by name, had formed at Bedford. The effect of their conversation with

him was that he began to look into the Bible with new eyes, and "indeed was never out of it, either by reading or meditation." He now took great delight in St. Paul's Epistles, which before he "could not away with;" and the first strong impression which they made upon him was that he wanted the gifts of wisdom and knowledge of which the Apostle speaks, and was doubtful whether he had faith or not; yet this was a doubt which he could not bear, being certain that if he were without faith he must perish.

FEARS AND DELUSIONS.

Being "put to his plunge" about this, and not as yet consulting with any one, he conceived that the only means by which he could be certified was by trying to work a miracle, a delusion which, he says, the tempter enforced and strengthened by urging upon him those 'texts of Scripture that seemed to look that way.

"One day," he writes, "as I was between Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was hot upon me to try if I had faith by doing some miracle. I must say to the puddles that were on the roadside, 'Be dry!' And truly at one time I was going to say so indeed; but just as I was about to speak, the thought came into my mind, 'Go under yonder hedge first, and pray that God would make you able.' But when I had concluded to pray, this came hot upon me, that if I prayed and came again and tried to do it, and yet did nothing notwithstanding, then be sure I had no faith, but was a castaway and lost. 'Nay,' thought I, 'if it be so I will never try it yet, but will stay a little longer.' Thus was I tossed between the devil and my own ignorance, and so perplexed at some times that I could not tell what to do."

He now began to be tormented by a succession of fantasies, which seemed likely to drive him to suicide or Bedlam. "I began," he says, "to see something of the vanity and inward wretchedness of my wicked heart, for as yet I knew no great matter therein. But now it began to be discovered unto me, and to work for wickedness as it never did before. Lusts and corruptions would strongly put themselves forth within me in wicked thoughts and desires which I did not regard before. Whereas before my soul was full of longing after God, now my heart began to hanker after every foolish vanity.

"As to the act of sinning, I was never more tender than now. I durst not take up a pin or a stick, though but so big as a straw, for my conscience now was sore, and would sin at every

touch. I could not tell how to speak my words, for fear I should misplace them.

"My original and inward pollution was my plague and my affliction. I was more loathsome in my own eyes than was a toad, and I thought I was in God's eyes too. I thought every one had a better heart than I had. I could have changed heart with anybody. I thought none but the devil himself could equal me for inward wickedness and pollution. 'Sure', thought I, 'I am given up to the devil and to a reprobate mind;' and thus I continued for a long while, even for some years together."

One of Bunyan's notions at this time was that all who could boast of Israelitish blood would be saved, and he tried to make out that he had some chance under this head; but his hopes were speedily destroyed by his father, who seems to have had no ambition to be regarded as a Jew.

Then he took up a notion that the day of grace for Bedford and the villages in the vicinity was past; that all who were to be saved in that part of England were already converted, and that his endeavours after salvation had been begun some months too late.

Next he was harassed by doubts whether the Turks were not in the right, and the Christians in the wrong. "How can you tell," the tempter whispered, "but that the Turks have as good a scripture to prove their Mahomet the Saviour as we have to prove our Jesus is? Could I think that so many tens of thousands in so many countries and kingdoms should be without the knowledge of the right way to heaven, if there were indeed a heaven, and that we who lie in a corner of the earth should alone be blessed therewith. Every one doth think his own religion the rightest, both Jews, Moors, and Pagans; and how if all our faith, and Christ, and Scripture should be but 'a think so' too." St. Paul spoke positively. Bunyan saw shrewdly that on St. Paul the weight of the whole Christian theory really rested. But how could he tell but that St. Paul, being a subtle and cunning man, might give himself up to deceive with strong delusions? "He was carried away by such thoughts as by a whirlwind."

Then he was troubled by a maniacal impulse to pray to the trees, to a broomstick, to the parish bull. As yet, however, he was only entering the valley of the shadow of death. Soon the darkness grew thicker. Hideous forms floated before him. Sounds of cursing and wailing were in his ears. His way ran through stench and fire, close to the mouth of the bottomless pit.

He began to be haunted by a strange curiosity about the unpardonable sin. But the most frightful of all the forms which his disease took was a propensity to utter blasphemy, and especially to renounce his share in the benefits of the redemption. Night and day, in bed, at table, at work, evil spirits, as he imagined, were repeating, close to his ear, the words, "Sell him! sell him!" He struck at the hobgoblins; he pushed them from him; but still they were ever at his side. He cried out in answer to them, hour after hour, "Never, never! not for thousands of worlds; not for thousands." At length, worn out by this long agony, he suffered the fatal words to escape him, "Let him go if he will."

Then his misery became more terrible than ever. He felt as if he had done what could not be forgiven, and had forfeited his part of the great sacrifice. "None," he afterwards wrote, "knows the terrors of those days but myself." He has described his sufferings with singular energy, simplicity, and pathos. He envied the very stones on the street and the tiles on the houses. The sun seemed to grudge him both light and warmth. His body, though cast in a sturdy mould, and still in the vigour of youth, trembled whole days together with the fear of death and judgment. He fancied that this trembling was the sign set on the worst reprobates, the sign which God had put on Cain. The unhappy man's emotion destroyed his powers of digestion. He had such pains that he expected to burst asunder like Judas, whom he regarded as his prototype.

Neither the books which Bunyan read, nor the religious advisers whom he consulted, were likely to prove serviceable in a case like his. One old man, of high repute for piety, whom he took into his counsel, gave an opinion which might well have produced fatal consequences. "I am afraid," said Bunyan, "that I have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost." "Indeed," replied the old fanatic, "I am afraid you have."

FIRST COMFORT; CONVERSION.

The first comfort which he received, and which had there not been a mist before his understanding, he might have found in every page of the gospel, came to him in a sermon upon a strange text, strangely handled: "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." Gradually the clouds cleared away, and the enthusiast who had imagined that he was branded with the mark of the first murderer, and destined to the end of the arch-traitor, enjoyed peace and a confident assurance in the mercy of God.

"One day," he says, "as I was travelling into the country, musing on the wickedness of my heart, and considering the enmity that was in me to God, the Scripture came into my mind, 'He hath made peace through the blood of His cross.' I saw that the justice of God and my sinful soul could embrace and kiss each other. I was ready to swoon, not with grief and trouble, but with solid joy and peace." Everything became clear: the Gospel history, the birth, the life, the death of the Saviour; how He gave Himself to be nailed on the cross for his (Bunyan's) sins. "I saw Him in the spirit," he goes on, "a Man on the right hand of the Father, pleading for me, and have seen the manner of His coming from heaven to judge the world with glory.

"Love and affection for Christ," he says, "did work at this time such a strong and hot desire of revengement upon myself for the abuse I had done to Him, that, to speak as then I thought, had I had a thousand gallons of blood in my veins, I could freely have spilt it all at the command of my Lord and Saviour. The tempter told me it was vain to pray. 'Yet,' thought I, 'I will pray.' 'But,' said the tempter, 'your sin is unpardonable.' 'Well,' said I, 'I will pray.' 'It is no boot,' said he. 'Yet,' said I, 'I will pray:' so I went to prayer, and uttered words to this effect: Lord, Satan tells me that neither Thy mercy nor Christ's blood is sufficient to save my soul. Lord, shall I honour Thee most by believing that Thou wilt and canst, or him, by believing that Thou neither wilt nor canst? Lord, I would fain honour Thee by believing that Thou wilt and canst.' As I was there before the Lord, the scripture came, 'O man, great is thy faith,' even as if one had clapped me on the back."

"Now," says Bunyan, "there remained only the hinder part of the tempest." Heavenly voices continued to encourage him. "As I was passing in the field," he goes on, "I heard the sentence,

Thy righteousness is in heaven;' and methought I saw, with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God's right hand; there, I say, as my righteousness; so that wherever I was, or whatever I was doing, God could not say of me He wants my righteousness, for that was just before Him. Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed. I was loosed from my affliction and irons; my temptations also fled away, so that from that time those dreadful Scriptures of God left off to trouble me. Now went I home rejoicing for the grace and love of God. 'Christ of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' I now lived very

sweetly at peace with God through Christ. 'Oh! methought, 'Christ, Christ!' There was nothing but Christ before my eyes. I was not now only looking upon this and the other benefits of Christ apart, as of His blood, burial, and resurrection, but considered Him as a whole Christ. All those graces that were now green in me were yet but like those cracked groats and fourpence-half-pennies which rich men carry in their purses, while their gold is in their trunks at home. Oh! I saw my gold was in my trunk at home, in Christ my Lord and Saviour. The Lord led me into the mystery of union with the Son of God, that I was joined to Him, that I was flesh of His flesh. If He and I were one, His righteousness was mine, His merits mine, His victory mine. Now I could see myself in heaven and earth at once; in heaven by my Christ, though on earth by my body and person. Christ was that common and public Person in whom the whole body of His elect are always to be considered and reckoned. We fulfilled the law by Him, died by Him, rose from the dead by Him, got the victory over sin and death, the devil and hell by Him. I had cause to say, 'Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in His sanctuary.'"

Years, however, elapsed before the nerves of John Bunyan, which had been, as we have seen, so terribly overstrained, recovered their tone. On his joining the Baptist Society at Bedford, and being admitted for the first time to partake of the sacrament, it was with difficulty that he could refrain from imprecating destruction on his brethren whilst the cup was passing from hand to hand.

ENGAGED IN PREACHING.

Gifford, the minister of the Baptist Society, died in 1655, and in the following year a resolution was passed at the meeting, that "some of the brethren (one at a time), to whom the Lord may have given a gift, be called forth and encouraged to speak a word in the church for mutual edification." Bunyan was one of the persons so called upon.

"The which," says Bunyan, "though at the first it did much dash and abash my spirit, yet, being still by them desired and entreated, I consented to their request; and did twice, at two several assemblies (but in private), though with much weakness and infirmity, discover my gift amongst them; at which they not only seemed to be, but did solemnly protest as in the sight of the great God they were, both affected and comforted, and gave thanks to the Father of mercies for the grace bestowed on me."

In those days the supply of public news came so slowly, and it was so scanty when it came, that even the proceedings of so humble an individual as Bunyan became matter of considerable attention in the town of Bedford. His example drew many to the Baptist meeting, from curiosity to discover what had affected him there and produced such a change in his conversation.

The Bedford meeting had at this time its regular minister, whose name was John Burton, so that when Bunyan was shortly afterwards "more particularly called forth and appointed to a more ordinary and public preaching," what he received was a roving commission to itinerate in the villages in the neighbourhood. In this he was so much occupied, that when, in the ensuing year, he was nominated for a deacon of the congregation, they declined electing him to that office, on the ground that he was too much engaged to attend to it.

When he first began to preach, Bunyan endeavoured to work upon his hearers by alarming them: he dealt chiefly in commination, and dwelt upon the dreadful doctrine that the curse of God "lays hold on all men as they come into the world because of sin."

The Lord led him to begin where His Word began, with sinners. "This part of my work," he says, "I fulfilled with a great sense, for the terrors of the law and guilt for my transgressions lay heavy on my conscience. I preached what I felt. I had been sent to my hearers as from the dead. I went myself in chains to preach to them in chains, and carried that fire in my own conscience that I persuaded them to beware of. I have gone full of guilt and terror to the pulpit door; God carried me on with a strong hand, for neither guilt nor hell could take me off."

Most of Bunyan's addresses remain in the form of theological treatises, and Mr. Froude, in giving an account of them, makes some remarks much to the point. "Bunyan's doctrine," he says, "was the doctrine of the best and strongest minds in Europe. It had been believed by Luther, it had been believed by Knox. It was believed at that moment by Oliver Cromwell as completely as by Bunyan himself. It was believed, so far as such a person could be said to believe anything, by the all-accomplished Leibnitz himself. Few educated people use the language of it now. In them it was a fire from heaven, shining like a sun in a dark world. With us the fire has gone out; in the place of it we have but smoke and ashes; and the evangelical mind, in search of something deeper and truer than satisfied the

last century,' is turning back to catholic verities. What Bunyan had to say may be less than the whole truth: we shall scarcely find the still missing part of it in lines of thought which we have outgrown."

Preaching was not Bunyan's sole employment; and though still working at his business for a maintenance, he found time to compose a treatise against some of those heresies which the first Quakers poured forth so profusely in their overflowing enthusiasm.

Bunyan's rapidly growing reputation produced effects which might have been anticipated. He tells us that the ignorant and malicious were stirred up to load him with slanders; and that whatever the devil could devise, and his instruments invent, was "whirled up and down the country" against him, thinking that by that means they should make his ministry to be abandoned. He was called a witch, a Jesuit, a highwayman. It was reported that he had "his misses," that he had two wives, etc. "My foes have missed their mark in this," he said with honest warmth: "I am not the man."

SHUT UP IN PRISON.

By this time Bunyan's first wife had died, and he had married a second. That he "carried it pleasant" towards her, appears by the behaviour of this second wife in his troubles. These troubles came on a few months only after the Restoration, Bunyan being one of the first persons after that event who were punished for nonconformity.

The nation was in a most unquiet state. There was a restless, rancorous, implacable party, who would have renewed the civil war for the sake of again trying the experiment of a commonwealth. They looked to Ludlow as their general, and Algernon Sidney took the first opportunity of soliciting for them men from Holland and money from France. The political enthusiasts who were engaged in such schemes counted upon the sectaries for support. Even among the sober sects there were men who at the cost of a rebellion would gladly have again thrown down the Church Establishment for the hope of setting up their own system during the anarchy that must come. In such times the Government was rendered suspicious by the constant sense of danger, and was led as much by fear as by resentment to severities which are explained by the necessity of self-defence, not justified by it, when they fell upon the innocent, or even upon the less guilty.

A warrant was issued against Bunyan, as if he had been a dangerous person, because he went about preaching. This office was deemed incompatible with his calling; he was known to be hostile to the restored Church.

In November, 1660, he was flung into Bedford gaol; and there he remained, with some intervals of partial and precarious liberty, during twelve years. His persecutors tried to extort from him a promise that he would abstain from preaching; but he was convinced that he was divinely set apart and commissioned to be a teacher of righteousness, and he was fully determined to obey God rather than man. He was brought before several tribunals, laughed at, caressed, reviled, menaced; but in vain. He was facetiously told that he was quite right in thinking that his gift ought not to remain hidden, but that his real gift was ability to mend old kettles. He was compared to Alexander the coppersmith, who troubled the apostles. He was told that if he would give up preaching he would at once be set free.

His imprisonment might have ended at any time, if he would have promised to confine his addresses to a private circle; it did end after six years. He was released under the first declaration of indulgence; but as he instantly recommenced his preaching, he was arrested again. Another six years went by; he was again let go, and was taken once more, immediately after, preaching in a wood. This time he was detained but for a few months, and in form more than in reality. The policy of the Government was then changed, and he was free for the rest of his life.

NOT FOUNDED ON FACT.

Bunyan's condition during his long confinement has furnished a subject for pictures, which, if correct, would be extremely affecting. Mr. Froude, however, points out, and we quite agree with him, what slender foundation they apparently have in fact. "It is true," says Mr. Froude, "that, being unable to attend to his usual business, he spent his unoccupied hours in making tags for bootlaces." With this one fact to build on, and with the assumption that the scene of his sufferings was the Bridge Lockhouse, Nonconformist imagination has drawn a 'den' for us, 'where there was not a yard or a court to walk in for daily exercise; a damp and dreary cell; a narrow chink, which admits a few scanty rays of light to render visible the abode of woe;' the prisoner, pale and emaciated, seated on the humid earth, pursuing his daily task, to

earn the morsel which prolongs his existence and his confinement together. Near him, reclining in pensive sadness, his blind daughter, five other distressed children, and an affectionate wife, whom pinching want and grief have worn down to the gate of death. Ten summer suns have rolled over the mansion of his misery, whose reviving rays have never once penetrated his sad abode, and so on.

"If this description resembles or approaches the truth, I can but say that to have thus abandoned to want their most distinguished pastor and his family was intensely discreditable to the Baptist community. English prisons in the seventeenth century were not models of good management. But prisoners, whose friends could pay for them, were not consigned to damp and dreary cells; and in default of evidence, of which not a particle exists, I cannot charge so reputable a community with a neglect so scandalous. The entire story is in itself incredible. Bunyan was prosperous in his business. He was respected and looked up to by a large and growing body of citizens, including persons of wealth and position in London. He was a representative sufferer, fighting the battle of all the Nonconformists in England. He had active supporters in the town of Bedford and among the gentlemen of the county. The authorities, so far as can be inferred from their actions, tried from the first to deal as gently with him as he would allow them to do. Is it conceivable that the Baptists would have left his family to starve; or that his own confinement would have been made so absurdly and needlessly cruel? Is it not far more likely that he found all the indulgences which money could buy and the rules of the prison would allow? Bunyan is not himself responsible for these wild legends. Their real character appears more clearly when we observe how he was occupied during these years.

"Friends, in the first place, had free access to him, and strangers who were drawn to him by reputation; while the gaol was considered a private place, and he was allowed to preach there, at least occasionally, to his fellow-prisoners. Charles Doe, a distinguished Nonconformist, visited him in his confinement, and has left an account of what he saw. 'When I was there,' he writes, 'there were about sixty dissenters besides himself, taken but a little before at a religious meeting at Kaistor, in the county of Bedford, besides two eminent dissenting ministers, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Dunn, by which means the prison was much crowded. Yet, in the midst of all that hurry, I heard Mr. Bunyan

both preach and pray with that mighty spirit of faith in Divine assistance, that he made me stand and wonder. Here they could sing without fear of being overheard, no informers prowling round, and the world shut out.'"

A WIFE'S PETITION; THOUGHTS IN CAPTIVITY.

One of the most interesting events of his imprisonment is the application made on behalf of Bunyan by his wife, a woman who evidently had imbibed something of her husband's spirit. Sir Matthew Hale happened to be one of the judges of assize to whom she presented a petition begging that they would impartially take his case into consideration. She complained to Hale that her husband was kept unlawfully in prison, for the indictment was false, and he was clapped up before there were any proclamations against the meetings. One of the judges then said he had been legally convicted. "It is false," replied the woman; "for when they said to him, 'Do you confess the indictment?' he only said this, that he had been at several meetings both when there was preaching the word and prayer, and that they had God's presence among them." "Will your husband leave preaching?" said Judge Twisden; "if he will do so, then send for him." "My lord," said she, "he dare not leave preaching as long as he can speak." Sir Matthew himself was not likely to be favourably impressed by this sort of pleading, and the application of course came to nothing.

It would be wronging Bunyan, were the touching expression of his feelings in his captivity to be withheld. "I found myself," he says, "a man encompassed with infirmities. The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me, in this place, as the pulling the flesh from the bones; and that, not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially my poor, blind child [one of his children by his first wife], who lay nearer my heart than all besides. Oh, the thought of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces! 'Poor child!' thought I, 'what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten; must beg; suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee.' But yet, recalling my-

self, thought I, 'I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you.'

STUDYING AND WRITING.

In prison Bunyan studied indefatigably the few books he possessed. His two chief companions were the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs. His knowledge of the Scriptures was such that he might have been called a living concordance, and on the margin of his copy of the Book of Martyrs are still legible some ill-spelt lines of doggerel "in which he expressed his reverence for the brave sufferers, and his implacable enmity to the mystical Babylon."

"At length," says Lord Macaulay, "he began to write, and though it was some time before he discovered where his strength lay, his writings were not unsuccessful. They were coarse, indeed, but they showed a keen mother-wit, a great command of the homely mother-tongue, an intimate knowledge of the English Bible, and a vast and dearly bought spiritual experience. They therefore, when the corrector of the press had improved the syntax and the spelling, were well received by the humbler class of dissenters."

Before he left his prison he had begun the "Pilgrim's Progress," the book which has rendered his name immortal. The history of this book is remarkable. The author tells us that he was engaged in writing a treatise in which he had occasion to speak of the Christian's progress. He compared that progress, as many others have done, to a pilgrimage. Soon his quick fancy discovered innumerable points of similarity which had escaped his predecessors, and images came crowding on his mind faster than he could put them into words. He had no assistance. Nobody saw a line till he had finished the whole. He then consulted his pious acquaintances. Some were pleased, but others were much scandalized at what they thought the frivolity of the performance. What was it but a vain story—a mere romance? In defiance of their opinion, however, Bunyan determined to print.

The second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" appeared in 1684. It was not long afterwards followed by the "Holy War," which, after the "Pilgrim's Progress," is, in the opinion of Macaulay, perhaps the best allegory that ever was penned.

A POPULAR PREACHER.

Bunyan now enjoyed a greatly improved position. There was a time when many dissent-

ing ministers, proud of possessing a smattering of Latin and Greek, had affected to look down on him, but his reputation and influence now far exceeded theirs. He became so influential among the Baptists, that he went popularly by the name of Bishop Bunyan.

His episcopal visitations were annual. Every year he rode from Bedford to the metropolis, where he preached to large and attentive congregations. From London he went his circuit through the country, rousing the zeal of his fellow-Baptists, collecting and distributing alms, and making up quarrels.

As a preacher, Bunyan may be supposed to have been always vehement and vigorous in delivery, as he frequently is in his language. One day, when he had preached "with peculiar warmth and enlargement," some of his friends came to shake hands with him after the service, and observed to him what "a sweet sermon" he had delivered. "Aye," he replied, "you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit." This anecdote authenticates itself.

From the magistrates he seems to have received few troublesome attentions. There is reason, however, for believing that in 1685 there was some danger of his being lodged in his old quarters in Bedford gaol. "In that year the rash and wicked enterprise of Monmouth gave the Government a pretext for prosecuting the Nonconformists, and scarcely one eminent divine of the Presbyterian, Independent, or Baptist persuasion remained unmolested. Baxter was in prison. Howe was driven into exile, Henry was arrested. Two eminent Baptists, with whom Bunyan had been engaged in controversy, were in great peril and distress. Danvers was in danger of being hanged, and Kippin's grandsons were actually hanged."

There is a tradition that during these evil days Bunyan was forced to disguise himself as a waggoner, and that he preached to his congregation at Bedford in a smockfrock, and with a cart whip in his hand.

Soon a great change took place, and all danger was at an end. James II. was at open war with the Church, and found it expedient to pay court to the dissenters. An attempt was made to secure the support of Bunyan. The creatures of the Government who did so remembered that he had written in praise of the indulgence of 1672, and they hoped that he would be equally delighted with the indulgence of 1687. But they were mistaken: fifteen years of thought, observation, and contact with the world had made

Bunyan a wiser man. Besides, the cases were hardly parallel. Charles was a professed Protestant; James, on the other hand, was a professed Papist. The object of Charles's indulgence was disguised; that of the indulgence of James was patent. "Bishop" Bunyan was not deceived, and instead of doing what was desired of him, exhorted his hearers to prepare themselves by fasting and prayer for the danger which menaced their civil and religious liberties.

Bunyan was not spared to see the Revolution. His end was characteristic, being brought on by exposure when he was engaged in an act of charity. A quarrel had broken out in a family at Reading, with which he had some acquaintance. A father had taken great offence at his son, and threatened to disinherit him. Bunyan rode from Bedford to Reading in hope to bring about a reconciliation. He succeeded, but at the loss of his life. Returning by London, he was overtaken by a storm of rain, and was drenched before he could find shelter. On reaching his lodgings on Snow Hill, he was seized with a violent fever, and died in a few days.

JOHN BUNYAN'S DEATH.

The exact date of Bunyan's death is uncertain. It was towards the close of August, 1688, between two and three months before the landing of King William. His last words were, "Take me, for I come to Thee."

He was buried in the dissenters' burying-ground of Bunhill Fields. "So ended, at the age of sixty," says Mr. Froude, "a man who, if his importance may be measured by the influence which he has exerted over succeeding generations, must be counted among the most extraordinary persons whom England has produced. It has been the fashion to dwell on the disadvantages of his education, and to regret the carelessness of nature which brought into existence a man of genius in a tinker's hut at Elstow. Nature is less partial than she appears, and all situations in life have their compensations along with them.

"Circumstances, I should say, qualified Bunyan perfectly well for the work which he had to do. If he had gone to school, as he said, with Aristotle and Plato; if he had been broken in at a university, and been turned into a bishop; if he had been in any one of the learned professions, he might easily have lost or might have never known the secret of his powers. He was born to be the poet-apostle of the English mid-

dle classes, imperfectly educated like himself; and, being one of themselves, he had the key of their thoughts and feelings in his own heart. Like nine out of ten of his countrymen, he came into the world with no fortune but his industry. He had to work with his hands for his bread, and to advance by the side of his neighbours along the road of common business. His knowledge was scanty, though of rare quality. He knew his Bible probably by heart. He had studied history in Foxe's 'Martyrs,' but nowhere else that we can trace. The rest of his mental furniture was gathered at first hand from his conscience, his life, and his occupations. Thus every idea which he received, falling into a soil naturally fertile, sprouted up fresh, vigorous, and original."

The deep affliction that his church was plunged into by John Bunyan's death, led to several special meetings. Wednesday, the 4th of September, "was kept in prayer and humiliation for this heavy stroke upon us,—the death of dear brother Bunyan; it was appointed also, that Wednesday next be kept in prayer and humiliation on the same account. At the meeting held on the 11th, it was appointed that all the brethren meet together on the 18th of this month September, to humble themselves for this heavy hand of God upon us, and also to pray unto the Lord for counsel and direction what to do in order to seek out a fit person to make choice of for an elder. On the 18th, when the whole congregation met to humble themselves before God, by fasting and prayer, for His heavy and severe stroke upon us in taking away our honoured brother, Bunyan, by death, it was agreed by the whole congregation that care be taken to seek out for one suitably qualified to be chosen an elder among us, and that care was committed by the whole to the brethren at Bedford." Thus did the congregation manifest that they had improved in wisdom under his ministry, by flying, in their extreme distress, to the only source of consolation.

The saddest feelings of sorrow extended to every place where he had been known. His friend, the Rev. G. Cockayne, of London, says: "It pleased the Lord to remove him, to the great loss and inexpressible grief of many precious souls." Numerous elegies, acrostics, and poems were published on the occasion of his decease, lamenting the loss thus sustained by his country, by the Church at large, and particularly by the church and congregation at Bedford. One of these, "written by a dear friend of his," is a fair sample of the whole:—

"A SHORT ELEGY OF MR. JOHN BUNYAN, WRITTEN BY A
DEAR FRIEND OF HIS.

"THE pilgrim travelling the world's vast stage,
At last does end his weary pilgrimage:
He now in pleasant valleys does sit down,
And for his toil receives a glorious crown.
The storms are past, the terrors vanish all,
Which in his way did so affrighting fall:
He grieves nor sighs no more, his race is run
Successfully, that was so well begun.
You'll say he's dead: Oh no, he cannot die,
He's only changed to immortality.
Weep not for him, who has no cause of tears;
Hush, then, your sighs, and calm your needless fears.
If anything in love to him is meant,
Tread his last steps, and of your sins repent:
If knowledge of things here at all remains
Beyond the grave, to please him for his pains
And suffering in this world; live, then, upright,
And that will be to him a grateful sight;
Run such a race as you again may meet,
And find your conversation far more sweet.
When, purged from dross, you shall unmixed possess
The purest essence of eternal bliss.
'He in his pulpit preached truth first, and then
He in his practice practised it o'er again.'"

His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, in the vault of the friend, Mr. Strudwick, at whose house he died. His tomb has been visited by thousands of pilgrims, blessing God for His goodness in raising up such a man so signally fitted to be a blessing to the times in which he lived. All the accounts of his decease published at the time agree as to the place of his burial. The words of Mr. Doe, who probably attended the funeral, are, "He was buried in the new burying-place, near the artillery-ground, where he sleeps to the morning of the resurrection." His "Life and Actions," 1692, records that "his funeral was performed with much decency, and he was buried in the new burying-ground, by Moorfields." *The Struggler* calls it "Finbury burying-ground, where many London Dissenting ministers are laid." Bunhill Fields burying-ground for Dissenters was first opened in 1666. The inscription upon the tomb to his memory was engraven many years after his funeral. It is not contained in the list of inscriptions published in 1717. His widow survived him four years. He had six children by his first wife, three of whom survived him—Thomas, Joseph, and Sarah. His son Thomas joined his congregation in 1673, and was a preacher in 1692. He appears to have been usefully employed in visiting absent members, until December, 1718.

"My kind friend, the Rev. J. P. Lockwood, rector of South Hackney," says Mr. George Offor, writing in 1859, "recently discovered entries in the register of Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire,

probably of the descendants of this son Thomas:—November 26th, 1698, John Bonion and Mary Rogers, married; she was buried September 7th, 1706: and he again married Anne, and buried her in 1712, leaving a son and two daughters. His death is not recorded. One of the descendants, Hannah Bunyan, died in 1770, aged seventy-six years, and lies in the burial-ground by the meeting-house at Bedford. John Bunyan's son Joseph settled at Nottingham, married a wealthy woman, and conformed to the Church.

"A lincal descendant of his was living, in 1847, at Islington, near London, aged eighty-four, Mrs. Senegar, a fine, hearty old lady, but a strict Baptist. She said to me, 'Sir, excuse the vanity of an old woman, but I will show you how I sometimes spend a very pleasant half-hour.' She took down a portrait in canvas of her great forefather, and propped it upon the table with a writing-desk, with a looking-glass by its side. 'There, sir, I look at the portrait and then at myself, and can trace every feature; we resemble each other like two pins.' 'Excepting the imperial and moustachios,' I replied; to which she readily assented. It was the fact that there was a striking likeness between the picture and her reflection in the looking-glass.

"Another descendant from the same branch of the family is now living at Lincoln. He was born in 1775, and possessed a quarto Bible published by Barker and Bill in 1641, given by John Bunyan to his son Joseph. This was preserved in his family till the present year, when it came into my possession, together with the following relics, which were, and I trust will yet be, preserved with the greatest care:—An iron pen-case, made by Bunyan the brazier, with some stumps of old pens, with which it is said he wrote some of his sermons and books; the buckles worn by him, and his two pocket-knives,—one of them made before springs were invented, and which is kept open by turning a ferrule; his apple-scoop, curiously carved, and a seal; his pocket box of scales and weights for money being stamped with the figures on each side of the coins of James and Charles I. These were given by Robert Bunyan in 1839, then sixty-four years of age, to a younger branch of the family, Mr. Charles Robinson, of Wilford, near Nottingham (his sister's son), for safe custody. He died in 1852; while his aged uncle remains in good health, subject to the infirmities of his seventy-eighth year. On many of the blank spaces in the Bible, are the registers of births and deaths in the family, evidently written at the time. These relics are deposited in a carved oak

box. They were sold with the late Mr. Robinson's effects, January 1853, and secured for me by my excellent friend, James Dix, Esq., of Bristol, who met with them immediately after the sale, in one of his journeys at Nottingham. They are not worshipped as relics, nor have they performed miracles, but as curiosities of a past age they are worthy of high consideration."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE, MANNERS, AND REPUTATION.

"In countenance," wrote a friend, "John Bunyan appeared to be of a stern and rough temper, but in his conversation mild and affable; not given to loquacity or to much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it; observing never to boast of himself or his parts, but rather to seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing, being just, in all that lay in his power, to his word; not seeming to revenge injuries, loving to reconcile differences and make friendships with all. He had a sharp quick eye, with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit. He was tall of stature, strong boned, though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip; his hair reddish, but in his later days time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set, but not decaying or bending; his mouth moderately large, his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest."

His manner and presence were as impressive as his writings. "He was mild and affable in conversation," says one who visited him in gaol, "not given to loquacity or to much discourse, unless some urgent occasion required. It was observed he never spoke of himself or of his talents, but seemed low in his own eyes. He was never heard to reproach or revile any, whatever injury he received, but rather rebuked those who did so. He managed all things with such exactness as if he had made it his study not to give offence."

Many anecdotes of him have been preserved, and of these we shall repeat two.

He was once going somewhere disguised as a waggoner, and was overtaken by a constable who had a warrant to arrest him. The constable asked him if he knew that devil of a fellow Bunyan. "Know him!" Bunyan said: "you might call him a devil if you knew him as well as I once did."

On another occasion a Cambridge student was

trying to show him what a divine thing reason was—"reason, the chief glory of man, which distinguished him from a beast," etc. Bunyan growled out, "Sin distinguishes man from beast. Is sin divine?"

Bunyan was extremely tolerant in his terms of church membership. He offended the stricter part of his congregation by refusing even to make infant baptism a condition of exclusion. The only persons with whom he declined to communicate were those whose lives were openly immoral. His chief objection to the Church of England was the admission of the ungodly to the sacraments. He hated party titles and quarrels upon trifles. He desired himself to be called a Christian or a believer, or "any name which was approved by the Holy Ghost." Divisions, he said, were to Churches like wars to countries. Those who talked most about religion cared least for it; and controversies about doubtful things and things of little moment, ate up all zeal for things which were practicable and indisputable.

During Bunyan's lifetime, and for at least a century after his death, his fame, however great it might be, was almost entirely confined to religious families of the middle and lower classes. Writers of great literary eminence seldom mentioned him with respect. "Young," says one writer, "coupled his prose with the poetry of the wretched D'Urfey." In the "Spiritual Quixote," the adventures of Christian are ranked with those of Jack the Giant Killer and John Hickethrift. Cowper ventured to praise the great allegorist, but did not venture to name him. It is a significant circumstance that, till a recent period, all the numerous editions of the "Pilgrim's Progress" were evidently meant for the cottage and the servants' hall. The paper, the printing, the plates, were all of the meanest description. In general, when the educated minority differ about the merit of a book, the opinion of the educated minority finally prevails. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is perhaps the only book about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people.

The finest trait in Bunyan's Christian character was his deep, heartfelt humility. This is the more extraordinary from his want of secular education and his unrivalled talent. The more we learn, the greater is the field for research that is opened to us, inasmuch that the wisest philosophers have most seriously felt the little progress they made. He acknowledged to Mr. 4

Cockayn that spiritual pride was his easily besetting sin, and that he needed the thorn in the flesh, lest he should be exalted above measure. A sense of his weakness probably led him to peculiar watchfulness against it. His self-abasement was neither tinctured with affectation nor with the pride of humility. His humble-mindedness appeared to arise from his intimate communion with Heaven. In daily communion with God he received a daily lesson of deeper and deeper humility. "I am the high and lofty One; I inhabit eternity: verily this consideration is enough to make a broken-hearted man creep into a mouse-hole, to hide himself from such majesty; there is room in this man's heart for God to dwell!" "I find it one of the hardest things that I can put my soul upon, even to come to God, when warmly sensible that I am a sinner, for a share in grace and mercy. I cannot but with a thousand tears say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

LORD MACAULAY ON "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

No one has written on the subject of the "Pilgrim's Progress" with greater discrimination and more pronounced enthusiasm than Lord Macaulay. With his remarks we shall draw this sketch of Bunyan's life to a conclusion, feeling that it is worth something to back up one's own opinion of a great masterpiece by a sympathetic quotation from one of the greatest critics our country has yet produced.

"That wonderful book," says Lord Macaulay, "while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr. Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate secretary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories.

"In the wildest parts of Scotland the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is a greater favourite than 'Jack the Giant Killer.' Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backwards and forwards a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imagination of one mind should become the personal recollections of an-

other; and this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it; the Interpreter's house, and all its fair shows; the prisoner in the iron cage; the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold; the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant harbour, the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside, the low green Valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks—all are as well known to us as the sight of our own streets. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

"Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and British Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

"Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit trees. On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

"From the Delectable Mountains the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbour. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

"All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims—giants and hobgoblins, ill-favoured ones and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy Madame Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money, the black man in the bright vesture, Mr. Worldly Wiseman and my Lord Hategood, Mr. Talkative, and Mrs. Timorous—are all actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not an Othello, but jealousy, not an Iago, but perfidy, not a Brutus, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative, that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays. In this respect the genius of Bunyan bore a great resemblance to that of a man who had very little else in common with him—Percy Bysshe Shelley. The strong imagination of Shelley made him an idolater in his own despite. Out of the most indefinite terms of a hard, cold, dark, metaphysical system, he made a gorgeous Pantheon, full of beautiful, majestic, and life-like forms. He turned atheism into a mythology, rich with visions as glorious as the gods that live in the marble of Phidias, or the virgin saints that smile on us from the canvas of Murillo. The Spirit of Beauty, the Principle of Good, the Principle of Evil, when he treated of them,

ceased to be abstractions. They took shape and colour. They were no longer mere words, but, 'intelligible forms,' 'fair humanities,' objects of love, of adoration, or of fear. As there can be no stronger sign of a mind destitute of the poetical faculty than that tendency which was so common among the writers of the French school to turn images into abstractions—Venus, for example, into love, Minerva into wisdom, Mars into war, and Bacchus into festivity—so there can be no stronger sign of a mind truly poetical than a disposition to reverse this abstracting process, and to make individuals out of generalities. Some of the metaphysical and ethical theories of Shelley were certainly most absurd and pernicious. But we doubt whether any modern poet has possessed in an equal degree some of the highest qualities of the great ancient masters. The words bard and inspiration, which seem so cold and affected when applied to other modern writers, have a perfect propriety when applied to him. He was not an author, but a bard. His poetry seems not to have been art, but an inspiration. Had he lived to the full age of man, he might not improbably have given to the world some great work of the highest rank in design and execution.

"The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed."

S. T. A.



VICTOR HUGO.

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AN ORIGINAL WRITER.

MAN of letters, poet, and politician, the most outspoken and uncompromising of foes—eloquent of tongue and marvellous in picturesque
warmest of friends and partisans, the ability with the pen, unquestionably sincere in

his vehement attachment to national liberty and the cause of the people—startling occasionally in his violent denunciation of tyranny, but never for a moment wavering in his allegiance to what he conceived to be truth and right—prejudiced, and occasionally extravagant, but always honest and thorough, the author of *Notre Dame de Paris* and *Les Misérables*, of *Le Roi s'amuse* and *Napoléon le Petit*, stands prominently forth among the most distinguished Frenchmen of the present century, as one who has had a large share in forming the public opinion of his time alike in politics and literature; and looking to what he has achieved during a life prolonged beyond fourscore years, even those who differ most from him in opinion, and are least inclined to agree with his frequently startling theories, will hardly be disposed to deny him the credit due to remarkable genius seconded by strenuous and persistent work. He is a very Boanerges, one of the Sons of Thunder, in his political and literary utterances. Whatever he asserts, comes with all the force of thorough conviction on the part of the writer. No uncertain sound is given forth by the trumpet he blows, and he is one ever prepared for the battle; and the admixture of the dramatic element in his character has powerfully contributed to recommend him to his countrymen, on whom theatrical effect is never thrown away. One great source of his popularity undoubtedly lies in the fact that he is never half-hearted and dull. He is original in mind, and has a richness of imagination that sometimes confounds shadowy theories with realities, and gives to the airiest of nothings "a local habitation and a name." He never fails to interest his hearers and readers, and to put the subject he discusses in a new and attractive point of view. "Ich hör ihm gerne zu, Denn manchencue denkt sich bei den Worten" (I like to listen to him, for many ideas are suggested by his words), may be spoken of him as it is said in Schiller's *Wallenstein* of the astrological philosopher Seni. You, the reader, may not agree with his opinion, but he always helps you in forming yours; while his hearty desire for the advancement and happiness of the human race, his healthy, robust hatred of injustice and tyranny, his strong, enthusiastic advocacy of the rights and claims of the humble toilers of the world to the sympathy and consideration of their more fortunate compeers, emphatically stamp him as a kindly and generous-hearted man, inclined even to optimism in his belief in his fellow-men.

The very vehemence with which he pronounced

injustice and wrong, and the strange, abrupt style, easily parodied, in which his ideas were often expressed, at one time exposed him to much ridicule; but now the world has come to appreciate him more justly.

VICTOR HUGO'S FOREFATHERS.

The family of Victor Marie Hugo was one of undoubted antiquity and consideration, resident at Nancy, the capital of Lorraine. A certain Pierre Antoine Hugo was privy councillor to the Grand Duke of Lorraine about three hundred years ago; and throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, several members of the Hugo race are found occupying prominent positions, chiefly of a military kind, in home and foreign service. One, a certain Joseph Antoine Hugo, an officer on the staff of the Marshal de Montesquieu, was killed at the battle of Denain; another, Michel Pierre, was a lieutenant-colonel in the service of Tuscany.

In the great war period that commenced with the French Revolution of 1789, the Hugo family especially distinguished themselves by the number of men they contributed to the national armament. Joseph Leopold Sigisbert, the father of the poet, had just entered the army as a cadet in 1788. He had seven brothers, every one of whom marched towards the frontier to repel the invaders of France; and no less than five out of the seven were killed at the very commencement of the strife. Of the two survivors, one ultimately rose to the rank of major, the other to that of general of brigade. Joseph Leopold himself passed through one of the most active careers that even those stirring, feverish times could furnish. He was in the very thick of the combat between 1792 and 1795; on one occasion he received no less than seventeen wounds from canister shot, besides having his foot shattered by a bullet; at the rout of Montaigu he had two horses killed under him; everywhere he gained the reputation of a gallant, and what was at that time a far rarer distinction, that of a thoroughly humane officer, frequently interfering to save the lives of prisoners, and to protect women and children; for in those days, when the Republic had to carry on a civil war at home and a contest against foreign invaders at the same time, the amenities of civilized warfare were woefully neglected; quarter was as often refused as granted, and women perished in the field as on the guillotine.

INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH.

Two incidents, not exceptional in that frantic contest, will illustrate the scenes that were tak-

ing place daily. The detachments of the republican army moving towards Nantes, were frequently attacked and harassed on their way by the inhabitants of towns and villages of a royalist tendency. Among the offenders in this respect was the village of Bouquénay; and at last a squadron, irritated by a fire opened upon it by the population, attacked the place, and carried off two hundred and ninety-two prisoners, twenty-two of the captives being women. Capture under such circumstances meant death; but in view of the unusual number of the prisoners, a special commission was sent to pronounce judgment. Then Hugo, who was acting as adjutant-major, tried to obtain a respite for the prisoners, by proposing that they should be sent to work in the mines in the interior of France until the conclusion of the war; but his humane proposition was rejected, and the two hundred and seventy men were promptly condemned and shot. But the special commission, being required at Nantes, was recalled, leaving orders that the women should be delivered over for trial to a military council. Again Hugo intervened, and this time successfully, to save life. An old sub-lieutenant, a silent and morose man, would have to give his opinion first, as the oldest in the military court; Hugo, who feared the veteran would not be on the side of mercy, took occasion before the votes were given to impress upon the members of the court that each one was to give his own opinion according to his conscience, uninfluenced by the rest; taking care, however, to remind them that these unhappy women had taken no direct part in the hostilities, and had been sufficiently punished for what they had done in the death of their fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons. Then he called upon the old sub-lieutenant to speak, and was considerably relieved when the grizzled warrior declared in his rough, harsh voice: "I became a soldier to fight with men, and not to assassinate women. I vote that the women be immediately set at liberty, and sent to their homes;" which vote was passed, *nemine contradicente*. The other incident occurred at Chateaubriant where Hugo was chief of the staff. A soldier, a convalescent from the army of the Rhine, was returning to his father's house; and though he had been cautioned not to go in advance of the escort that guarded the diligence, at the sight of his native village he had been unable to restrain himself, and hastened on alone. But a peasant, who had a gun concealed in the furrow where he was at work, fired full at the advancing republican soldier, killed him on the

spot, and fled with the dead man's knapsack and pocket-book from the escort, who hurried up on hearing the report. The peasant got safely home; and, unable to read, asked a neighbour to decipher the name written in a "route" he found in the pocket-book. It turned out that the murdered man was his son. The horrified mother killed herself with a knife, and the man went and delivered himself up to the authorities.

MARRIAGE OF JOSEPH HUGO; MOREAU AND BONAPARTE.

During this period, Captain-adjutant Hugo made the acquaintance and won the esteem of some of the most distinguished generals of the great war: Desaix, the brilliant cavalry leader, who perished after saving the day for the First Consul Bonaparte, at Marengo; Kleber, the gallant Alsatian, who perished by the hand of an assassin in Egypt, after bluntly declaring while all the country was shouting out praises of the victor of Italy: "That little wretch Bonaparte, who's about as tall as my boot," (*qui est haut comme ma botte*), "will ruin France;" and Hoche the gallant and humane, whose firmness and clemency put an end to the horrible war in La Vendée. During his campaigns, he made the acquaintance at Nantes of a family named Tribuchet. They were strongly royalist in sentiment; but political feeling did not prevent the youngest of the three daughters, Mademoiselle Sophie, from looking very kindly on the gallant young soldier, who after a time made a proposal for her hand, and was accepted, notwithstanding his republicanism and his hazardous profession. The marriage took place in Paris; and not long afterwards, Leopold Hugo, now a major, left his wife and an infant son to join the army of Moreau, against the Austrians, on the staff of Lahorie, who was then known as a distinguished officer, risen from the ranks, and who was destined long afterwards to lose his life in a conspiracy against Napoleon in the year of the Russian campaign. This was the famous campaign against the Austrians, which terminated triumphantly in the battle of Hohenlinden and the treaty of Luneville. Moreau, who got to know Hugo by a chance meeting, and conceived a high opinion of him, wished to attach him to his personal staff, after Luneville; but Hugo had obtained a still more prominent patron in the person of Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of the First Consul, who, having met him at Luneville, wanted him for his own service. Accordingly, anxious to promote the interests of his *protégé*, he wrote a civil letter to the minister of the department, setting forth the

services of the "Chef de bataillon" Hugo, and soliciting for that meritorious officer the rank of brigadier. Moreau, faithful to a promise he had made, backed the request with his warm recommendation; and this was, as it happened, the worst thing he could have done. The quarrel between Moreau and Bonaparte, which afterwards rendered them enemies for life, had already begun, and the good word of the conqueror of Hohenlinden was a bad credential to the favour of the victor of Marengo. The application was refused, and Hugo—to whom a second son, Eugene, had by this time been born, the eldest was named Abel—was obliged to content himself with the command of the 20th demi-brigade, stationed at Besançon.

BIRTH AND INFANCY OF VICTOR HUGO; JOSEPH HUGO AND JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

It was at Besançon that Victor Marie Hugo, the third son of the valiant republican officer, was born, the event being entered in the registry of the town as occurring at half-past ten at night on "Septidi Ventose, An X. de la République (A seventh day of the wind-month of the year X.); corresponding in the ordinary calendar to the 26th of February, 1802.

It was the fortune of the children to see more changes of locality, and to undergo a greater amount of travel during their earliest years, than in those days fell to the lot of many persons during a lifetime. France, Italy, Spain, each became their abode in turn for a short period; and from each Victor, a singularly impressionable child with an astonishing memory, brought home reminiscences, which he turned to good account during his future literary activity. The reason of their frequent journeyings was connected with the vicissitudes of their father's career as a soldier.

In the fortunes of Leopold Hugo we have an illustration of the difference of character between Napoleon and his undistinguished but amiable brother Joseph; and in the comparison the great conqueror does not appear altogether to advantage. For Joseph was the steady and honest friend of the good officer who had once earned his esteem and favour, and whom he continued to treat with increasing confidence and kindness to the end. With Napoleon, on the other hand, the fact that Hugo had been put forward by Moreau, and had shown himself grateful to his early patron, was reason enough for treating him with exceptional roughness and coldness; and it required the personal intercession and remonstrance of Joseph Bonaparte himself to

prevent Hugo from being entirely "shelved" for the high crime and misdemeanour of having been appreciated by General Moreau, and for having refused to join in the chorus of vilification against that officer by which the partisans of Napoleon strove to render themselves acceptable to their imperious no less than imperial master. It is recorded of Louis XII., that on succeeding to the throne, he declared that the King of France ought not to remember the enemies of the Duke of Orleans. Napoleon had none of this magnanimity; the Emperor never forgot the opponents of the First Consul. Thus during his whole career, Leopold Hugo was more or less under a cloud of imperial disfavour.

But when good-natured Joseph Bonaparte was made King of Naples, a dignity he was soon afterwards to exchange for the still more precarious one of King of Spain, he insisted that Hugo should accompany him, and, indeed, made him intendant of his palace and governor of a province, afterwards bestowing similar offices upon him in Spain. One of the first military duties the Colonel was called upon to perform was the arduous one of hunting down the celebrated brigand Michel Pezza, better known as Fra Diavolo, who, robber as he was, had yet been employed by the Bourbon King of Naples in a military capacity, and even honoured with a title. But Napoleon made short work with the bandit when once he had him in his power, for Diavolo was promptly tried by a court-martial, found guilty, and executed.

A JOURNEY TO ITALY ACROSS MONT CENIS.

At first, Madame Hugo and her three little sons had been left behind in Paris; but when the affairs of the new government of Naples were somewhat settled, the Colonel sent for his wife and children to join him in Italy. This journey, undertaken when he was five years old, in 1807, was among the earliest recollections of Victor Hugo. He used to relate in after years how he remembered crossing the Mont Cenis, himself with his mother in a sledge, his elder brothers mounted on mules; how, on one occasion, in traversing the Apennines, the mountain air had so sharpened the appetites, of the little boys, that they could not wait for the usual midday halt for dinner, but persuaded a good-natured shepherd, who had just shot an eagle, to cook the two legs of the bird for them; and how he used to be surprised at seeing the travelling peasants walking barefoot, with their shoes economically suspended round their necks. He recollected, also, a somewhat ghastly token of the unquietness of

the times, in the shape of the corpses of brigands suspended at frequent intervals from trees at the roadside, as a terror to evil-doers.

Avellino, where their father was stationed, was a kind of paradise to the three little boys, who were charmed to find there a large thicket attached to the garden, giving unlimited facilities for play, and no school to which they could be sent. The father, however, looked upon the place and its opportunities from a different point of view. Writing to his mother in Burgundy concerning his sons, he says of the future author, "Victor, the youngest, shows a great aptitude for study. He is as self-possessed as his elder brothers, and very thoughtful. He speaks little, and always to the purpose. His reflections have several times struck me. He has a very sweet face. All three are good children, and the two elder ones are extremely fond of their little brother. I am sorry that I no longer have them with me. But the means of education are wanting here, and they must go to Paris."

EARLY DAYS IN PARIS; A MILITARY TUTOR EXTRAORDINARY.

To Paris they went accordingly; and Madame Hugo was fortunate enough to establish herself in a domicile to which was attached a famous garden, all the more admirable to the boys for being in a very uncultivated state, and containing a sort of wilderness and a dry reservoir, highly available in games of the military kind. Here the boys romped and tumbled and played at soldiers to their hearts' content: while at the same time their education was not neglected. Abel was of an age to attend the Lycée. The two younger boys were sent to a preparatory school. When Victor was to be taught to read, it was found that he knew that art already. He had taught himself by looking at the letters; and within six months he could write from dictation almost without a fault, as the old schoolmaster's wife, with pardonable pride, was accustomed to boast.

In these days of his early education, Victor had a home tutor, a somewhat strange one, in addition to the old schoolmaster, who opened his eyes at his pupil's precocious ability. This tutor was no other than General Lahorie, his godfather, who, having avoided capture for Moreau's conspiracy, had been condemned to death for contempt of court, and now sought an asylum with the Hugo family. For some months he occupied a kind of pavilion at the end of the great garden, never going into the streets, and living under the character of an eccentric and misanthropic student. He took great notice of the

boys, joined in their sports, told them marvellous stories, and was the first to initiate Victor into the mysteries of Latin, to which the boy took with marvellous aptitude. Induced at last by an ignoble artifice of the Head of the Police to come forth from his concealment, Lahorie was arrested and cast into prison. Victor was only eight years old when Lahorie explained Tacitus to him. The education was exceptional, but so was the pupil's ability.

Meanwhile, in the course of events which proceeded with great rapidity under the Empire, Joseph Bonaparte had been transferred to Spain. Thither, at his invitation, Colonel Hugo followed him; and was made Governor of the province of Avila, to which soon afterwards two other provinces were added. His conspicuous gallantry and good service in the field soon caused him to be advanced to the rank of general, then of field-marshal, and commander of the royal order of Spain.

Joseph could give away titles and offices, but he was little better than a phantom king. The fact that he was a foreigner operated fatally against him in the minds of the natives, though he was in every way superior to the *taiseable* Ferdinand for whom the English were fighting in the Peninsula; but every effort was made to give the French occupation the appearance of permanency; and the immediate followers and friends of the King were expected to purchase estates in the country and to establish themselves there.

A JOURNEY TO SPAIN; TRAVELLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Thus it happened that at the beginning of 1811, Victor and his brothers were delighted at the news that another foreign journey lay before them, for General Hugo had determined that his wife and children should join him in Spain. It has been said by a clever French writer that Europe ended at the Pyrenees; so far as the usages of civilized life were concerned, the assertion was perfectly true in 1811, the year of Madame Hugo's journey. It was necessary to travel with a large escort, for the whole country was scourged by the guerilla bands of the Empecinado and other chiefs, and the peasants were generally hostile. The Hugos travelled in a huge, lumbering conveyance of antiquated form, packed like a caravan with provisions and stores of all kinds, the baggage including an iron bedstead for Madame Hugo, who had heard the sleeping accommodations of Spain described as anything but conducive to repose; and at Bayonne

a whole month's delay occurred before the military escort was ready to start : it consisted of no less a force than 1500 infantry, 500 cavalry, and four pieces of artillery. This escort was primarily to guard a treasure that was to be conveyed to Madrid, and would be a rich booty to the guerillas if they could capture it ; and that they would attempt something of the kind was more than probable. As carrying the wife of a governor of three provinces, Madame Hugo's lumbering vehicle, drawn by six mules, had the precedence among the long caravan that accompanied the escort. The journey itself, full of incident and novelty, was an increasing delight to the little Victor, who laid up in his mind scenes and incidents reproduced with brilliant effect in his works many years afterwards. At one point of the route, the dangerous defile of Salinas, the guerillas attempted an attack, but were quickly beaten off ; at another the heavy carriage broke down, and there was a danger that the Hugos would be left to their fate on the road. The inhabitants of the towns along the route were " requisitioned " to furnish provisions to the French. They obeyed the mandate, being unable to resist ; but it was with " curses not loud but deep ; " and the civilities shown to the strangers were such as " the faint heart would fain deny, but dared not." The cookery at the Spanish inns also was of a kind hardly congenial to the tastes of the travellers. Once, indeed, they were delighted by finding a colonist, a French restaurateur, who provided them with a true Parisian dinner ; but the bill amounted to sixteen pounds, which Madame Hugo considered dear. Occasionally they encountered processions, whose curious appearance made the children laugh, but awakened very different feelings in the minds of their elders. Whole convoys of wounded, mutilated, and diseased soldiers were met returning to France in rags and in various stages of decrepitude and misery,—cavalry soldiers without horses, infantry soldiers stumping along on wooden legs or riding on mules ; blind men with lame men to lead them. " That's how you will return to France," cried these unfortunates, when rallied by the new-comers, " if you return at all."

RESIDENCE AT MADRID ; THE CONVENTUAL " COLLEGE OF THE NOBLES."

At Madrid the new-comers were installed in an enormous palace, but their father was absent on duty. Victor afterwards related how a few days after their installation, there arrived a

detachment of sixty Westphalian soldiers, whose duty was to bring a despatch from General Hugo stating that he should come in a few days. In those times, such was the state of the country, that sixty men were required to convey a letter in safety. It was in the palace of Masserano, in the great portrait gallery furnished with long lines of the effigies of departed grandees of Spain, that Victor Hugo conceived the idea which afterwards developed into the gorgeous drama of *Hernani*.

The arrival of their father was not an unmingled subject of delight for the boys ; for the General, who was now " Count Hugo," conceived the idea, very much to the chagrin of the youngsters, that three months spent on the journey, and six weeks liberty in Madrid, constituted a tolerably long holiday, and that it was high time they were brought under discipline. Abel, the eldest brother, had been appointed one of King Joseph's pages ; the two younger ones, Eugene and Victor, were sent to the " Nobles' College," a conventual establishment, very large, very gloomy, and at that time, on account of the general opposition to King Joseph, which had caused the withdrawal of the chief families from Madrid, very empty. Twenty-four pupils ranged through the halls and buildings constructed to accommodate five hundred. The boys found the deserted rooms and the monkish professors little to their taste, and Victor hardly knew whom he disliked most, the gloomy, frigid Don Basilio, or the insinuating, false Don Manuel.

Profoundly astonished were the two monks when they began to examine their new pupils in Latin. They could hardly believe their eyes and ears, especially when they found the little eight-year-old Victor fluently construing the easier Latin authors without a dictionary, and even with some difficulty getting through Virgil and Lucretius, until at last Plautus proved too hard for him. Sour-faced Don Basilio finally asked him what author he was " in " at eight years old ; and his visage became more acid than before when the boy answered, " Tacitus." At first he insisted, against Don Manuel's advice, in putting the two brothers with the little boys of the school, but soon had to remove them to the first class ; and even there they were far in advance of their companions, young Spaniards of fifteen.

Madrid was then in so unsafe a state from the guerillas and peasants, that no Frenchman could visit the environs with impunity ; but the two brothers, walking out with the school, had

VICTOR HUGO.

opportunities of seeing many things that remained hidden from the nominal masters and rulers; and the fidelity of Victor Hugo's pictures of Spanish life and character long afterwards bore testimony to the accuracy of his powers of observation and the strength of his memory. Not an incident of these early days was lost upon him.

RETURN TO PARIS; DESULTORY READING.

At best, young Victor found the Nobles' College of Madrid a dreary place, and was full of joyous expectation when his eldest brother Abel, the royal page, came to see him one day in all the bravery of his blue uniform, trimmed with gold lace, and brought the promise that in a year's time Victor, too, should be a page and wear a blue coat and a little cocked hat and sword. But when the next year came, Joseph Bonaparte had no further occasion for the service of pages. His phantom empire was drawing rapidly towards its close, and he was thinking of quitting the country that persistently refused to accept him as its ruler. At the beginning of 1812, already the state of things in the Peninsula was so threatening that General Hugo judged it prudent to send his wife and his two younger sons back to France. Accordingly advantage was taken of an escort about to set out from Spain, and the family recrossed the Pyrenees; to the great joy of the boys, who were wild with delight at the prospect of exchanging the gloom of the Spanish seminary for the liberty of their beloved garden in Paris. The General, of course, remained behind, loyally attached to the fortunes of his royal master and patron; and Madame Hugo had, as before, to supply the place of both father and mother to her boys.

In various respects she was well qualified for the task. She had the good sense to encourage the intellectual and moral development of the children, while she kept the exuberance of their spirits within bounds; insisted upon prompt and punctual obedience to all her commands; and kept them continually employed, discouraging anything like a tendency to dreaminess and sloth. Among other things she insisted upon their working hard in the garden with spade, rake, and watering-pot. Their natural love for reading was stimulated by the responsible office she gave them of selecting and perusing works for her; and thus young Victor, in the next few years, being made free of the warehouse of an old-fashioned bookseller, whose stores of various literature had overflowed from his shop and covered every available inch of space in a large

upper-room, got through an enormous quantity of miscellaneous literature; like Johnson, in his earlier days, reading his way through his father's shelves at Lichfield.

THE RESTORATION; INCONVENIENT FIDELITY OF GENERAL JOSEPH HUGO.

And now came a time of deep anxiety for the Hugo family. The mother had been from the first a royalist in sentiment, and, politically speaking, was disposed to welcome the return of the Bourbons and the fall of the Empire; but General Hugo, though little disposed to like the Emperor personally, had his fortunes bound up with those of Joseph Bonaparte; and 1813 saw the battle of Vittoria and the ruin of Joseph in Spain. In 1814, when the Cossacks were encamped in the streets of Paris,—the capital having already surrendered,—General Hugo was in command at Thionville, which town he held bravely and loyally against the allies till the last moment, though General Haynau, who commanded the attacking force, tried every means of cajolery and remonstrance to induce him to surrender. It was not until the 14th of April, when a staff officer brought him a despatch, announcing the cessation of hostilities and the abdication of Napoleon, that he opened the gates to the allies. It was very doubtful whether this fidelity to his flag would not cost him his command; and while, on the one hand, he had been badly treated by the Emperor for his partiality to Moreau, it seemed now likely that the Restoration would ruin him professionally for his adhesion to the Empire. He was, in fact, removed from the command, which was given to a junior, General Curto. During the Hundred Days he was once more sent to take command of the fortress, which he held to the last moment against the allies in 1815 as he had done in 1814. A general who so persistently kept foreigners out of a French fortress was not likely to be in favour with a government that foreigners had set up; and thus General Hugo, though not absolutely cashiered, was kept in obscurity, and had a black mark against his name in the books of the Ministry of War under Louis XVIII. He was kept in the provinces, and could only come once or twice a year to Paris on a flying visit. Thus a kind of estrangement, though without any hostile feeling, arose in the family of the Hugos. The sons remained with their mother, whose royalist opinions they cordially shared; while the father devoted himself entirely to his professional duties, and was content that the lads should form their own opinions.

"Let time work," he once said philosophically to a friend, when young Victor had expressed some very pronounced opinions on the legitimate side. "The child is of the mother's opinion; the man will be of the opinion of the father."

THE PENSION CORDIER; VICTOR HUGO'S FIRST ACADEMIC HONOURS.

At the school to which he was now sent, the "Pension Cordier," Victor soon gained a great reputation; and he and his brother Eugene became the leaders of the place, the pupils being divided into two friendly factions under their command. He had already composed many verses, which he seems himself to have criticised with unsparing severity. Some that have been preserved are marvellous in merit, considering the age of the writer. His first literary triumph was in 1817, when he was fifteen years old. The Academy of France had given as the subject of a prize poem for that year "The happiness procured by study in every situation in life." A sudden impulse impelled the school-boy to compete for the prize. He wrote his poem in solitude and secrecy, and managed to get it delivered in the proper quarter by the aid of a friendly usher, who was, however, caught in the act by Victor's eldest brother, Abel, to whom the secret was thus perforce confided. Some days afterwards, Victor saw Abel enter the playground in a state of excitement, accompanied by two friends. "Come hither, you blockhead!" cried the elder brother; and when Victor approached, somewhat bewildered, he continued: "A pretty noodle you are! What made you put such a bit of nonsense into your verses? Who asked how old you were? The Academy thought you were hoaxing them; but for that you would have had the prize. What a donkey you are! You've got a mention!" And that is how Victor Hugo's first success was announced to him. He had put into his poem two lines describing himself as living apart from cities and courts, and having seen *scarcely three lustres* pass over his head. The Academy would not believe the poem could possibly be the work of a lad of fifteen.

This early effort of Victor Hugo's pen has been preserved, and certainly seems marvellous, considered as the effort of a school-boy, and the doubt and hesitation of the Academicians are not to be wondered at. The easy flow of the lines is remarkable.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION; AN EARLY ENGAGEMENT.

It was the beginning of a literary career of

triumph. Chateaubriand, then an old man, and the acknowledged arbiter of poetic taste, lauded the young poet, and condescended to make his acquaintance. Raynouard, the secretary of the Academy, awarded him a somewhat stinted praise. The salons of Paris began to talk about him. He determined to devote himself to literature, and published a volume of poems, which, like many a young author's first venture, brought him more fame than emolument. At this period he had the misfortune to lose his mother, and was thus thrown on his own resources. For General Hugo indeed offered to give his sons an allowance, but made it conditional on their adopting a more regular and less precarious profession than literature. Victor declined the condition, and thus began life for himself at the age of nineteen, with a capital of eight hundred francs, the produce of his pen. But he had four great things in his favour—genius, youth, health, and determination; and he possessed a further incentive to strenuous work in the affection of Mademoiselle Foucher, whose parents had been intimate friends of his family for many years, and whose consent to become his wife he secured at this momentous period of his career. Of his determination and of the difficulties that arose in his path, we have sufficient evidence in letters written by him to various friends during the first two years of his literary career. "Things are not desperate," he writes; "and a slight check does not beat down a great courage. I do not hide from myself the uncertain or even the threatening aspect of the future; but I have learned from a strong-hearted mother that one can dominate events. Many people march with a trembling step on firm ground; when one has a tranquil conscience and a legitimate aim in one's favour, one should march with a firm step even on quaking ground."

RESOLUTIONS AND DIFFICULTIES.

He maintained his resolution, and "walked with a firm step" even where the way seemed most treacherous. But, like most other aspirants to literary fame, he did not find his path strewn with roses. When success began to come he had to go through a new kind of discipline, and learn the hard lesson of possessing his soul in patience amid the attacks of malignant envy; his assailants possessing the art of wounding him, with perverse ingenuity, in his most sensitive feelings. At a later period he was accustomed to look with magnanimous indifference upon the worst efforts of enviers and detractors. But at first they hurt him sorely. "You cannot imagine," he writes

to a friend, "the multitude of annoyances that besiege and distract me. Independently of my troubles and domestic inquietudes, I have to resign myself to all the disgust of literary hatreds. I know not what demon has plunged me into a career where every step is disputed by some secret enmity or some base rivalry. It's pitiable, and I am ashamed for the literary craft. It is discouraging to wake up every morning a prey to the petty attacks of a crowd of enemies, to whom one has never done anything, and the majority of whom one has never seen. I should wish to inspire you with esteem for this great and noble profession of letters, but I am compelled to allow that in it one makes a strange experience of all human meannesses. It is a kind of marsh into which one is compelled to plunge, if one has not the wings of talent to keep oneself above the mud. I who have not the wings of talent" (he was wrong here; he had wings, and strong ones, but had not yet fully learned to use them), "but who have isolated myself by an inflexible character,—I am sometimes tempted to laugh at all the little injuries people seek to do me; but oftener, I confess it to the shame of my philosophy, I am tempted to grow angry. You will think, perhaps, with an appearance of reason, than in the important interests which occupy me I ought to be insensible to such trifles; but it is just the state of irritability in which I am that renders them unbearable to me. What would only bore me if I were happy is now odious to me; and I suffer when the miserable gnats come and alight on my sores. But let us speak no more of it; it is doing them too much honour; they are not worth the pen I spoil or the paper I blot for them."

FIRST COLLECTION OF POEMS; PATRONAGE OF LOUIS XVIII.

He persevered accordingly, and after a time was content to take the rough with the smooth, and to endure the annoyances inseparable from his calling in the hope of the reward the future would bring. He made up his mind to any kind of literary work by which he could advance his fortunes without lowering his self-respect. "All ways are good to me," he writes, "provided one can walk upright in them, and straightforward, without crawling on one's stomach or bending one's head. That was my meaning when I wrote to you that I would far rather create the means of livelihood for myself than wait till I obtained them from the lofty patronage of powerful men. There are many ways of making one's fortune; and I should certainly have made mine if I

had been willing to purchase favours by flattery. That is not my way. . . . What then remains for a man who disdains to advance by these easy methods? Nothing but the consciousness of his strength and his self-respect. He must push his way onward nobly and frankly, and march on as fast as he can, without overturning or jostling anyone, and trust for the rest to the justice of God." To another he writes words worth remembering as putting forward a great truth honestly and simply. "I confess I do not make much account," he writes, "of the conventional spirit of popular beliefs and conventional traditions; I think that a prudent man should try everything with his reason before accepting anything; then, if he is mistaken, it will not be his fault."

He was quite content to begin at the beginning; and managed his affairs with such economy that he contrived to live for a year on seven hundred francs, "without borrowing a sou;" and even then he found the means to lend a friend a five-franc piece at need. Afterwards, when fortune came to him, no man was less solicitous about accumulating money. During this time he published various odes in different magazines; and, on the advice of his elder brother, Abel, brought out a volume of "Odes and Poems," on his own account, involuntarily to a certain extent, for he had not the means of paying the expense of publication; but good-natured Abel carried off the manuscript secretly to a printer, and Victor was one day considerably surprised on receiving a proof of the first sheet. A bookseller, the uncle of a friend of Abel's, was good-natured enough to show the little volume in his window; and one of the first copies was purchased by M. Mennechet, reader to Louis XVIII., who put the unpretending little book in the King's hands. The monarch, who was not without taste, criticised and admired the work, especially one ode, of which he himself was the subject, for Victor Hugo was at that time, from his mother's teaching, a devoted royalist. The King condescended to annotate the volume, and wrote in the margin of the ode on himself, "*superbe*;" and at once Victor Hugo's poetry became the fashion.

MARRIAGE; HUGO AND TALMA.

The "Odes" brought their author an emolument of 700 francs. He was now about to marry, and for once thought himself entitled to commit an extravagance. A *euchemire magnifique*, his contribution to his wife's trousseau, absorbed the whole sum.

A very welcome and practical mark of the King's approbation of the poet's efforts came

quite unsolicited, but very opportunely, to recruit the finances of the young married couple. Victor Hugo's name was enrolled among the recipients of small literary pensions; and the two thousand francs for which he figured on the civil list, helped him to set up a separate establishment, the newly-married couple having been in the first instance installed in the house of the Fouchers, the parents of the bride.

But not long after circumstances occurred which gradually changed his attachment to the Bourbons into something like contempt for their proceedings; and the prophecy of the General concerning the sentiments of the child and the man were gradually fulfilled. In an interview with the director of the postal service, Victor Hugo found that he owed his pension, not to his poetry, but to the appreciation of the King for his loyalist sentiments, discovered through an intercepted letter of his own, that had been broken open by the government, laid before the King, and then resealed and sent to its destination. The King had been touched by the expressions of attachment to his house contained in the letter; but a king who broke open letters was not the ideal monarch of Victor Hugo; and his faith in the Bourbons received its first shock. The reign of Charles X., with its petty tyranny and lamentable misunderstanding of the spirit of the time, completed his conversion from the doctrines of legitimacy to those of popular government. By this time the young author, carrying out his own maxim of taking nothing for granted, receiving nothing as necessarily good and correct because it was conventionally so regarded, had come to the conviction that the so-called classic style in French literature was based on a fallacy; that neither in fiction nor in dramatic writing did his countrymen present to their readers a true picture of life as it really existed; that in narrative as in the theatre, men and things should be represented as they really were, with varying moods and passions, moved alternately to laughter and tears; the hero sometimes unbending, the brave man with his moments of doubt and terror, the villain with his occasional impulses to better things. In dramatic writing it was his purpose to substitute romantic drama for tragedy, to represent men instead of abstractions of virtues and vices, to make realisation and actual life take the place of the conventional, to descend from the heroic to the positive; the style was to be varied with the subject, passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," according to the exigencies of the scene. In this idea he was much strengthened and encouraged by the opinion of

the veteran actor, Talma, who declared that he had been hampered all his life long by the artificial conventionalities of the pieces to which he had been restricted. "The actor is nothing without the character," said the great tragedian to Hugo, "and I have never had a real character to play. I have never had pieces such as I required. Tragedy is fine, noble, and grand; but I should have liked the same amount of grandeur with more reality. I wanted a hero who showed movement and variety, who was not the same all through, who could be at once tragic and familiar, a king who was a man. Have you seen me in Charles VI.? I made an effect when I said 'Bread! I want bread.' It was because the king did not feel a royal suffering, but a human suffering; it was tragic, and it was true; it was sovereignty and misery combined: here was a king who was a beggar. Truth! that's what I have been looking for all my life. But what would you have? I ask for Shakespeare, and they give me Ducis."

DRAMATIC WRITING; REALISM AND CLASSICISM; "MARION DE LORME;" "HERNANI."

In the drama, Hugo took Shakespeare for his model; in narrative, fiction, Sir Walter Scott; continually throughout his works the influence of both his models is to be found.

It is not to be supposed that there were not many who cried out against this daring innovation—this attempt of a young and comparatively unpractised writer to overthrow the accepted order of things, and set up new rules and customs. For a couple of centuries there had been a thoroughly defined separation between tragedy and comedy; the one was always considered as entirely heroic, the other as essentially humorous; and here was a heretic actually mingling the two in the same work, in defiance of all dramatic usage! A strong faction was formed to oppose such a sacrilege, and for years the war between the partisans of the Classic and of the Romantic School raged fiercely in the French literary circles, and in the Parisian and provincial journals. The first dramatic work in which Victor Hugo attempted to show life as it really is, and to exhibit historical characters speaking in the language of familiar converse instead of in heroics, was a tragedy on the subject of Cromwell. The piece was too long for representation, and, indeed, was not intended for the theatre; but his second piece, *Marion de Lorme*, at first known by the title "*Un duel sous Richelieu*," was kept within the bounds of theatrical exigency; and after the author had

read it with great applause to a literary circle, Baron Taylor, the director of the Theatre Français, asked the author to let him have it for his house. Victor Hugo promised it him; but the next day brought two other managers, "fiery-red with speed," each hoping to be the first to make an offer for the play, which was to show the Parisians the drama in a form to which they were quite unaccustomed. Great was the disappointment of the managers to find they were too late. One of them, the representative of the "Odéon," actually tried to carry off the manuscript by main force. But even the preliminary troubles of the author were not yet over. The censorship of the press under Charles X. was oppressively strict. Objection was taken to the fourth act, and the censors affected to perceive in the character of the weak Louis XIII., governed by a powerful minister, a satire upon the reigning monarch. In vain the author declared that it was Louis XIII. only whom he intended to represent. The Minister De Martignac declared the piece to be dangerous; and the King himself, to whom Victor Hugo appealed, overwhelmed the author with civility, professed a high admiration of his genius, and prohibited the piece. A pension of 4,000 francs offered to the author as an amends was at once declined by him. The prohibition of *Marion de Lorme* only made the public more eager for a piece by Victor Hugo; and in less than four weeks the author was ready with a new drama, *Hernani*. The unconventionality of the work startled some of the critics; and the Government press was angry with the author for his refusal of the pension. Before *Hernani* was even acted, a parody appeared, wherein all the points in which accredited usage had been set aside were turned into ridicule. Victor Hugo likewise, to the alarm and dismay of the management, refused the assistance of the "claque," or organised band of applauders, who had often saved a piece from condemnation on the first night. He was determined his piece should stand or fall by its own merits alone.

ROMANTICISM VERSUS CLASSICISM: "NOTRE DAME DE PARIS."

The excitement on the occasion reminds us of the first representation of *She stoops to Conquer*, when Goldsmith stood up for the claims of realism against "genteel comedy." The author's friends mustered in large numbers in the theatre. Every box was taken days beforehand. Thiers, Benjamin Constant, Mérimée, had to apply personally to Hugo to procure them admission, for

it seemed that not a seat was to be had. From the first act, though an attempt was made to turn certain passages into ridicule, the success of the play seemed so probable that an enterprising publisher determined to buy the copyright there and then. When the fourth act was over he sought out M. Hugo, and prevailed on him to sign a contract on the spot, disposing of the right of printing the play for 6,000 francs, honestly avowing that if he waited till the conclusion of the fifth he would probably have to offer 10,000. The curtain fell amid enthusiastic plaudits from all parts of the house, and the romantic drama had achieved its first great triumph; the classicists present were mute before the general demonstration of approval.

By the next day, however, they had taken heart of grace in view of the articles published by various journals, who abused the play and the author very heartily. For forty-four nights *Hernani* was played, amid opposing demonstrations—the classicists hissing some passages as vehemently as the romanticists applauded them. Eight years afterwards, when the piece was revived, the public taste had undergone an entire change; and *Hernani* was acknowledged as a work that had taken its place in the national literature of France.

Successful in the drama, Victor Hugo now turned his attention to historical romance, and sat down to write the work which more than any other effort of his pen established his reputation and the permanence of the romantic school in France, the wonderful novel, *Notre Dame de Paris*. In graphic portraiture of the period and characters represented, the book reminds us of Scott's inimitable "Quentin Durward;" and several of the personages represented are the same. The cynical king, for instance, distrustful, cold-hearted and pitiless, taking pleasure in the terror, the degradation, and the sufferings of those around him; the worthless Cardinal la Balue, whining in his horrible cage in the Bastille for the mercy he had never shown. The author's intention in the work is shown in his explanation to the publisher, Gosselin, who had asked for some hints for the preliminary announcement. He describes the book as "a picture of Paris in the fifteenth century, and of the fifteenth century as illustrated by Paris. Louis XI. appears in one chapter. He it is who determines the issue of the story. The book has no historic intention, except, perhaps, to paint with some science and conscientiously, but only in sketches and scattered traits, the state of manners, belief, arts,

laws, in fact, of civilization in the fifteenth century. It is not that, however, that is important in the book. If it has a merit, it is as a work of imagination, caprice, and fancy." The verdict of Europe soon pronounced how far the author had underestimated the influence and importance of this wonderful romance. Like all the works of Hugo, especially his earlier productions, it was criticised with virulent animosity by a portion of the press; but by this time the author had learnt to look with equanimity upon the attacks of his literary enemies, and to accept them as a necessary concomitant to fame. Claude Frollo and Quasimodo Esmeralda and Captain Phœbus, and the rest of the characters in the lifelike romance, will live in fiction with Scott's Balafraés, Tristan, and the rest of the personages of "Quentin Durward." One of the most prominent French writers wrote to the author on the occasion:—"I have 'Notre Dame;' I assure you I was one of the first to have it. If the impotent admiration of a barbarian like myself could express and translate itself in a manner worthy of the book that has inspired it, I should tell you that you are a great spendthrift, and that your critics are like those poor dwellers in garrets who, seeing the prodigality of a great lord, say to each other in a rage, 'On the money he spends in a day, I could live all my life!' and, indeed, the only fault they have been able to find with your book is that there is too much in it. A pleasant piece of criticism in our century, is it not?"

The success of the work was enormous; and at the impertunity of Gosselin the author projected two other novels to illustrate feudal life, as "Notre Dame" had depicted the sacerdotal life of the Middle Ages; but other works and duties intervened, and the idea was never carried out. The Revolution of July 1830 put an end to the censorship, and *Marion de Lorme*, the forbidden drama, was put forward.—the fact that it had been proscribed by Charles X. being an additional motive for public curiosity. It was successful in spite of opposition; but neither the success nor the resistance equalled the excitement caused by *Hernani*. Perhaps so much was being enacted on the stage of history at the time, that the mimic scene of the *Porte St. Martin* was somewhat disregarded.

DRAMATIC WORK CONTINUED; "LE ROI S'AMUSE;" "LUCRÈCE BORGIA;" "RUY BLAS."

His next plays were *Le Roi s'amuse*, from the plot of which the Italian opera of *Rigoletto* has since been constructed, and *Lucrèce Borgia*, or as it was at first entitled, *Le Souper à Ferrare*. By

this time there had been a considerable reaction against the government of the "citizen king," Louis Philippe, who, indeed, had been fired at on the boulevards just before the piece was brought out. Consequently, to the surprise of the author, *Le Roi s'amuse* was prohibited after the first representation, on the ground that it advocated the assassination of kings, and was thus an immoral work. The action of the July monarchy, in the face of its various promises and the guaranteeing of the Charter, naturally tended to give the finishing stroke to the author's expiring royalism.

Lucrèce Borgia, in spite of various deprecatory articles in the newspapers, written in advance to prejudice public feeling, took the Parisians by storm. It is not to be denied that its subject, like that of *Le Roi s'amuse*, is eminently disagreeable; but the historical interest in both pieces, the strong portraiture of character, the startling contrasts, life and death brought close together, the buffoon towering in majesty over the dissolute king, the festive song interrupted by the dread funeral chaunt, all in direct opposition to the unities of the classic school, gave a complete triumph to the romanticists. But from first to last Hugo's connection with the theatre was destined to be a stormy one. His next play, *Marie Tudor*, was crushed by an organized plot with a theatrical manager at its head. A final triumph as a dramatist was reserved for him when he brought out his universally popular *Ruy Blas*.

This last-mentioned work, though not by any means the best constructed or the best written among Victor Hugo's dramas, is the one which has frequently been acted on various occasions in England, and has always been well and cordially received.

VICTOR HUGO AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

In the midst of his struggles with censor managers, critics, and actors, various of his friends, and especially the Abbé Lamennais, had suggested to him that he might command attention in the senate as an orator, if the theatre were closed against him; and his active mind had occupied itself at different times with political and judicial questions. One to which he gave special attention, and which occupied him for a series of years, was that of capital punishment. He vehemently and persistently maintained that the punishment of death was opposed alike to humanity and to sound policy, declaring that no man and no body of men had a right to inflict an irrevocable penalty; denying

the deterrent effect of the punishment, and alleging that its horrors are only realised by the prisoner after the crime for which it is to be inflicted has been committed, while for the bystanders it affords unwholesome excitement, not warning example. His powerful work, *Le dernier jour d'un condamné*, was the first public expression of his opinion on this important subject. Since then he has frequently interfered to prevent the carrying out of death sentences on condemned prisoners, sometimes, indeed, where such humane interference was evidently hopeless, as in the case of the American, John Brown, executed for attempting to excite a rebellion among the slaves in the United States. In 1851, when his eldest son was arraigned for an article in the *Revenement*, commenting freely on the horrible details of a recent execution, Victor Hugo undertook the defence of the accused, and made one of the most powerful appeals ever made by an orator for the abolition of capital punishment. That the rarity of the appearance of the guillotine on the Place de la Roquette is in part due to his exertions is certain.

In 1815, Hugo was raised to the dignity of a peer of France by Louis Philippe; and in that capacity he had to vote in 1846 and 1847 on the question of the punishment of two men, Henry and Lecomte, each of whom had attempted the life of Louis Philippe. In the first case he gave his voice for a term of imprisonment; in the second for imprisonment for life. In no instance could he be induced to countenance the death penalty.

POLITICAL CAREER; 1848; THE REPUBLIC; 1851; THE COUP D'ÉTAT; PROSCRIPTION.

With the Revolution of 1848, a new phase in his career was commenced. The National Assembly included among its members a number of literary men, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Faucher, and a host of others. Victor Hugo, who by this time thoroughly believed in the republican as the best form of government, was elected a deputy for Paris, and became prominent as one of the democratic section, though he never advocated the impracticable theories of the extreme men of his party. When that great political crime known as the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was perpetrated on the 2nd of December, 1851, and the President destroyed by means of an armed force the republic he had sworn to uphold, Victor Hugo was among the bravest and most energetic of those deputies who tried to do their duty to their country. But resistance was vain. The cannon

and the musket, the bayonet and the cavalry sabre, were weapons against which the best and most solid arguments on right and justice could effect nothing; and when the great successful conspirator had secured himself in his ill-gotten power, he showed his appreciation of the importance of Victor Hugo by including his name in the list of those who were banished from France for life.

But in the end the pen was stronger than the sword. The proscribed writer took up his abode in the island of Jersey; and thence, in 1852, he indited the scathing satire which will ever cling to the memory of the nephew of his uncle, who, impassable and sluggish of temperament as he was, is said to have mentally writhed under the blow inflicted on him by the author of *Napoléon le Petit*. The meannesses, the impostures, the false pretences of the spurious imitator of a great man are there mercilessly exposed. The tinsel was unsparingly stripped from the gaudy garb of the "nephew of his uncle," whom a satirist pungently described as having that uncle's name "a little the worse for wear." With all the bitterness of personal indignation natural to a generous man labouring under the sense of a great national wrong, the betrayer of the Republic was denounced; and never was a revenge more complete than that involved in the exposure of Napoleon the Little in contrast to Napoleon the Great. It was certainly of evil augury for the second Empire in France that such men as Victor Hugo were banished from the country to render its establishment possible. The ostracism of distinguished citizens was sometimes considered a salutary and even a necessary step in ancient days; but in modern times the judgments of men are formed on other rules, and a government is judged to a great extent by the men with whom it surrounds itself. It was a lamentable state of things for France, in which the De Mornys and the Persignys took the place of such men as Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Cavaignac.

VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE; "LES CHÂTIMENTS; THE AMNESTY.

From the first the exile felt persuaded that the empire set up by Napoleon III. would not last, but that the government, founded in injustice, falsehood, and bloodshed, would some day suddenly come down, and that great would be the fall thereof. In Jersey, where he took up his residence for some years, and afterwards in Guernsey, where he occupied Hauteville House, a picturesque dwelling on almost the highest point of the town of St. Peter Port, he

resumed his literary labours, and lived a quiet and retired life; but never ceased to look forward to the time when the reign of absolutism would come to an end in France. His work, *Les Châtiments*, published in 1857, sufficiently shows that while many were acting up to the saying of the witty French writer, who declared that unless men made up their minds to forget many things, life would be impossible, and were gradually becoming reconciled to the French Empire, especially after the Crimean successes had raised the military reputation of the Government, Victor Hugo was still among the irreconcilables, and sturdily held out in enmity. He had declared that he would never return to France while Napoleon III. sat on the throne, and held down with the iron hand of absolutism the liberties of the country, however well that iron hand might be concealed in a glove of velvet. In 1859, after the successful war against Austria in Italy had given a new lease of power and popularity to "the man of the 2nd December," and by the Treaty of Villa Franca the French Emperor was enabled to present himself in the novel character of a liberator, Napoleon III. made a bid for further popularity by the proclamation of an amnesty, permitting the return of many whom the events of 1851 and the subsequent years had made exiles. Of this amnesty, in which Victor Hugo was included, the exile refused to avail himself. Between him and the French Emperor there could be no peace; and he kept stubbornly to the resolution he had once taken,—while the Empire lasted, France was no home for him.

HUGO'S LIFE IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS; PHILANTHROPY AND HOPE.

The best part of his character was developed during those quiet years of retirement in the Channel Islands. The more combative part of Victor Hugo's nature, formerly kept in continual irritation, first by his stormy contentions with the classicists on behalf of romanticism, and afterwards in the political arena, here remained in abeyance; and the goodness of his heart showed itself in unwearying efforts to better the condition of the toiling masses, condemned, as kind Tom Hood wrote, by lot of birth to eat the lean and not the fat of earth. Himself a worker, his sympathies were with those whose work furnished the means of enjoyment for the favoured ones of fortune; and no scheme of benevolence, down to the providing of dinners for the hungry little island children, went without his active co-operation and support. And

wherever there was a chance that his voice would be heard, he raised it unhesitatingly for justice and right. Thus in 1862, when the laws of the Republic of Geneva were under revision, he wrote a long and eloquent memorial to the authorities, pleading for the abolition of the penalty of death. His pleading, indeed, is more eloquent sometimes than logical. He makes a strong point of the fact that the wife and children of an executed criminal, being left without a protector, are likely to become good-for-nothings and criminals; forgetting that, where for the death penalty a very long period of penal servitude is substituted, the prisoner is as completely dead to his relatives as if he had been executed. "The punishment of death," he says, "has partisans of two kinds: those who explain it, and those who apply it; those who undertake to defend the theory, and those who undertake to defend the practice. But the theory and the practice do not agree; they contradict one another strangely. To demolish the punishment, therefore, you have only to open the debate to funeral theory and practice. Just listen. Those who wish to retain the punishment of death, why do they wish to retain it? Because capital punishment is an example. Yes, says theory. No, says practice. It hides the scaffold as much as it can; it destroys Montfaucon (where criminals were gibbeted in former days); it has suppressed the public crier; it avoids market-days; it builds up its scaffold at midnight; it strikes its blow very early in the morning. In certain countries, in America and in Prussia" (it might happily now be added, "and in England") "the hanging and heading are done with closed doors. Is it because the death penalty is justice? Yes, says theory; the man was guilty, he is punished. No, says practice, for the man is punished. Very good; he is dead—that is well. But what about this woman? She is a widow. What about these children? They are orphans. Death has left then behind it a widow and orphans—that is to say, they are punished, and yet they are innocent. Where is your justice? But if the penalty of death is not just, is it useful? Yes, says theory, the corpse can do us no more harm. No, says practice, for this corpse leaves you a legacy of a family—a family fatherless—a family without bread; and the widow falls, that she may earn a livelihood, and the orphans steal because they must eat." It is not difficult to see the fallacy of this argument. On the other hand, the following words are in Hugo's best style:—

"There is no such thing as a little nation. I

said so a few months ago to Belgium on the occasion of the convicts of Charleroi; let me be permitted to repeat it to Switzerland to-day. The grandeur of a people can no more be measured by their number than the greatness of a man can be measured by his stature. The only measure is the amount of intelligence and the amount of virtue. He who sets a great example is great. The little nations will be the great nations from the day when, standing beside nations large in number and vast in territory, who obstinately adhere to fanaticism and prejudice, to hatred, war, slavery, and death, they shall gently and proudly practise fraternity, abhorring the sword, demolishing the scaffold, glorifying progress,—when they shall smile serene as the heavens. Words are vain if there are not ideas under them. It is not enough that there should be the republic, there must be liberty; it is not enough that there should be democracy, there must be humanity. ^{in this} must be a man, and a man must be a so^{wish}

FALL OF THE EMPIRE; RETURN TO FRANCE;
"L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE;" "LES MISÉRABLES."

At length the day whose advent he had long foreseen came; and with a more tremendous retribution than the author of *Les Châtiments* himself could have imagined. September 1870 saw the Empire suddenly overthrown after the terrible defeat at Sedan. Victor Hugo at length returned to France, and was immediately chosen as a representative in the Assembly that met at Bordeaux while Paris was besieged. Bewildered, however, and not a little disgusted at the confusion and strife of factions at a time when the only chance of safety lay in unanimity, he retired for a time to Belgium, and from thence to the territory of Luxembourg, where he wrote his *Année terrible*. Returning to Paris after the horrible crimes of the Commune had filled the prisons with condemned captives, he pleaded earnestly for the commutation of the death penalty in all cases; but with little success. His representations had little chance of favourable hearing while the Tuileries still smouldered and the petroleum fires had scarcely been extinguished.

He once more devoted himself to his pen, and in his old age produced several of the most remarkable of his works. In *Les Misérables* he paints with touching eloquence, and with a persistent belief in the existence of redeeming points even in the most depraved characters, worthy of all honour in one who had seen so much of the worst side of human nature, the

struggles, temptations, and trials of those poor fellow-creatures to whom society has been in the habit of dealing out hard measure, partly computing what is done, but knowing not what is resisted. Jean Valjean and Cosette and the good Archbishop are all studies from life, and are true to human nature; and the lesson of the book is such that he who runs may read it. In "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*," the toilers of the sea are described with a generous appreciation of the everyday heroism that so frequently passes unnoticed, because it does not advertise itself.

POLITICAL OPINIONS VERIFIED; NAPOLEON
III. AND THE EMPIRE.

As Victor Hugo had refused the proffered pardon of Napoleon III., and had proved himself during the existence of the second Empire its irreconcilable enemy, so when that government had been obliterated and utterly swept away in the ruin of Sedan, he still preserved his hatred towards "the man of the 2nd of December;" and his great anxiety during his latter days seemed to be lest in the rapid march of events on the establishment of the third Republic, the means by which the imperial authority of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had been evolved from the ruin of the second Republic should be forgotten.

Immediately after he had quitted France, at the commencement of his exile in 1852, he had written the terrible denunciation of the *coup d'état* contained in *Napoléon le Petit*, the avowed object of the work being to place before the eyes of the French people, in his true colours, the man who had strangled the Republic he had solemnly sworn to uphold. It is remarkable, at this distance of time, to notice how strong was the poet's belief in the downfall of the military absolutism set up by the President at a time when the general opinion, while deploring the means by which Louis Napoleon had gained his imperial power, still represented that power as firmly established, and the restoration of republican government in France as a thing utterly impossible, and as simply the dream of a certain number of political fanatics. Victor Hugo never doubted that the day would come when France would awaken from her lethargy and shake off the yoke imposed on her by the founder of the second Empire and his associates. At the very beginning of his book he paints with all the bitterness of indignation the lethargy that had come upon France after the great agony of the 2nd of December and the following days;

and prophecies that from this lethargy the country will one day awake to a new and stronger political life. He writes :—

“There will be an awakening. This book has no other object but to drive away this slumber. France ought not even to adhere to this government by the consent of lethargy ; at certain hours, in certain places, under certain shadows, to slumber is to die. Let us add, that at the moment that is passing over us, France—a strange thing to say, and yet a true one—knows nothing of what happened on the 2nd of December and afterwards, or knows it incorrectly, and there is her excuse. Nevertheless, thanks to several generous and courageous publications, the facts are beginning to leak out. This book is intended to bring some of them to light, and, if it please God, to present them all in their true aspect. It is important that people should know a little what M. Bonaparte is. At the present hour, thanks to the suppression of the tribune, thanks to the suppression of free speech of truth and liberty,—a suppression whose consequence has been to make everything permissible to M. Bonaparte, but which has at the same time had the effect of rendering null and void all his acts without exception, including the unqualifiable ‘scrutiny’ of the 20th of December.—thanks, we say, to this stifling of every complaint, this obscuration of all light, not one thing, not one man, not one fact, has its true appearance or is called by its right name. The crime of M. Bonaparte is not a crime, it is called ‘necessity :’ the ambush of M. Bonaparte was not an ambush, it is called the defence of order ; the robberies of

M. Bonaparte are not robberies, they are called measures of state ; the murders of M. Bonaparte are not murders, they are called public safety ; the accomplices of M. Bonaparte are not malefactors, they are called magistrates, senators, and Councillors of State ; the adversaries of M. Bonaparte are not the soldiers of the law and of right, they are called levellers, demagogues, and fanatics. This book is nothing more than a hand thrust forth from the shadow to tear the mask off that man.

“But we will expose this triumph of order ; to paint as it is this vigorous, strong, established government, having for its supporters a number of youngsters who have more ambition than boots, pretty fellows and great rascals ; supported at the Exchange by Fould the Jew, and in the Church by Montalembert the Catholic ; resting on the coalition of all that is shameful ; giving fêtes ; making cardinals ; wearing white hats and with opera hats under their arm, with primrose kid gloves like Morny, or new-lacquered like Maupas, brushed up like Persigny, rich, elegant, neat, gilded, coming forth from a lake of blood. Yes, there will be a waking up ! ”

He goes on to liken the Empire to the fairy held on the frozen Neva in the Russian winter, every booth, built on a foundation apparently as solid as marble, vanishing when the first breath of returning spring blows over the land. In *L'Histoire d'un Crime*, the veteran writer has further fulfilled his promise of giving to the world the details of the events that preceded the formation of the second French Empire.

H. W. D.



VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

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BIRTH OF THE QUEEN.

ON the 24th of May, 1819, a little blue-eyed girl-baby was born into the world at Kensington Palace. Her father, the Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., had married, in the previous July, Victoire Maria Louise, Princess Leiningen, youngest sister of the reigning Duke of Coburg. The Duke of Kent was then in his

fifty-first year, and the beautiful widow whom he married was a year or two over thirty. By her first marriage with Prince Leiningen, she had a son and a daughter.

The son died in 1859, and his son is now (1881) in the British Navy, and commands the royal yacht. The daughter, our Queen's step-sister and only playmate in the quiet years of

her childhood, for whom Her Majesty entertained the warmest sisterly affection, afterwards married the Prince of Hohenlohe Langenburg, and died in 1872.

Prince (afterwards King) Leopold, who married the Princess Charlotte of England, was brother to the Duchess of Kent, so that it was not the first time that the English Royal Family had been united by marriage with the House of Coburg.

When the "little English May-flower," as her German grandmother loved to call the Princess Victoria, first saw the light, it was by no means certain that she was heir to the throne of England. Of all the sons of George III., not one had a legitimate heir, it is true. The hatred felt by the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., to his wife, Queen Caroline, prevented any hope of a reconciliation between them. The Duke of Clarence, elder brother of the Duke of Kent, and afterwards William IV., was married on the same day as our Queen's father, and two daughters were born of this marriage. Both, however, died in infancy, to the deep sorrow of their mother, good Queen Adelaide. Their birth had the effect of making the prospect of the little Princess Victoria succeeding to the throne a very uncertain one. She was christened by the names Alexandra Victoria, the second name being that of her mother.

The Duke of Kent died just eight months after the birth of his daughter. He was one of the most popular of the royal princes, and his death was much regretted. He never seemed to entertain any doubt as to his infant daughter's succession to the throne, and used constantly to hold her up in his arms and say to his friends: "Look at her well! She will one day be Queen of England." Upon his death the Duchess of Kent sent for her brother, Prince Leopold, and from that moment he devoted a fatherly care and love to the Princess Victoria.

THE QUEEN'S CHILDHOOD.

The Duchess of Kent and Prince Leopold, in view of the uncertainty which surrounded the prospects of the little Princess, wisely resolved that she should be kept in ignorance of the great destiny which in all probability lay before her. The Duke of Kent, at his death, had left his widow and daughter, "without means of existence." The Regent's tastes were too extravagant for him to consider the necessities of any one else, and when he became king, shortly after his brother's death, he showed an active dislike to his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Kent. All these

circumstances combined, caused the Duchess to live quietly enough during the Queen's childhood. She was anxious to guard her daughter from the merest chance of hearing that she was regarded as the future Queen of England. Born of a thrifty German race herself, she looked with horror upon the extravagance of the members of the House of Hanover, and took care to inculcate lessons of a far different nature in the mind of the Princess,—lessons which afterwards bore rich fruit and beneficially affected in no small degree the prosperity of England. As an instance of this careful training, an anecdote related by Harriet Martineau may be told here.

"It became known at Tunbridge Wells that the Princess had been unable to buy a box at the Bazaar because she had spent her money. At this Bazaar she had bought presents for almost all her relations, and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box priced half-a-crown which would suit him. The shop people, of course, placed the box with the other purchases, but the little lady's governess admonished them by saying, 'No; you see the Princess has not got the money, therefore, of course, she cannot buy the box.' This being perceived, the next offer was to lay by the box till it could be purchased; and the answer was, 'Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that.' On quarter day, before seven in the morning, the Princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase."

It would be well for all children, of whatever rank in life, were their ideas of expenditure so carefully checked in early years as were those of the future Queen of England.

When Princess Victoria was ten years old, there was a child's ball given at court, at which she was present. Mr. Greville thus describes her: "Our little Princess is a short, plain-looking child. However, if nature has not done much, fortune is likely to do a great deal more for her." On the King (George IV.) talking of giving this ball, Lady Maria Conyngham was guilty of great want of tact. She said to the King, "Oh, do; it will be so nice to see the *two little queens* dancing together," meaning the little Queen of Portugal, a few weeks older than Princess Victoria, and the little Princess herself. It is on record that the King was greatly annoyed at this, as, of course, the Princess could not become queen until after not only his death but that of his brother, the Duke of Clarence.

George IV. died when the Princess Victoria was twelve years old, and as there was only the life of an old man of sixty-five between her and

the throne, it was thought judicious to tell her now for the first time of the great prospect that lay before her. So imminent was this prospect deemed by the nation, that a Bill was brought into Parliament, making the Duchess of Kent Regent, should her daughter be called to the throne before completing her eighteenth year.

The little Princess received the news with a calmness and a deep sense of the responsibility involved in so important a position, which would be surprising in a child of twelve, were it not for the remembrance of the care and thought that had surrounded her with all good influences and kept her from all evil ones, throughout her childhood.

The next six years were spent quietly enough. The Duchess of Kent took endless pains to ensure her daughter the best education that could be given and the finest moral training. The Princess was carefully kept away from court, the atmosphere of which in those days was scarcely suited to youth and purity. She was not even allowed to appear at the coronation of her uncle, William IV. This, and her absence from the drawing-rooms, gave great offence to the Royal Family, and the occasional storms that arose from these causes were the only events that rippled the calm of our Queen's girlhood.

THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION.

WHEN William IV. died (June 20th, 1837) speculation was rife as to the character of the young Queen. Her mother had kept her in such jealous seclusion that no one knew anything about her. She had never been allowed to be alone with anybody, not even her governess, the Duchess of Northumberland. Amid this uncertainty, the conduct of the girl-queen at her first Council was such as to reassure all who had feared her youth and inexperience. We give the account in the words of a chronicler of the time, who was not wont to overpraise. He says: "The King died at twenty minutes after two, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the Palace. Lord Melbourne asked her if she would enter the room

accompanied by the great officers of State, but she said she would come in alone. The doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, quite plainly dressed in mourning. Her two uncles, the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex (the Duke of Cambridge was in Hanover), advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, and took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. After she had taken the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two royal Dukes first by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. . . . At twelve the next day she held a Council at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life. She looked very well, and though so small in stature and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her."

The same chronicler relates how the young Queen, on receiving a request from the Queen-Dowager that she might remain at Windsor till after the funeral, replied in the kindest terms, begging that the widow of the King would consult nothing but her own health and convenience, and that she would remain at Windsor as long as she pleased. "In short," says Mr. Greville, "she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense, and as far as it has gone, nothing can be more favourable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct."

Miss Martineau describes the Queen as being "really pretty in the upper part of the face, and with an ingenuous and sincere air which seemed full of promise."

The Coronation took place on the 30th of June, 1838. Miss Martineau gives a picturesque word-picture of the ceremony, which was a magnificent one. During the year which had elapsed between the accession of the Queen

and her coronation, she had found out how difficult was her position. Party spirit ran high. Each side hoped to gain to its side the young and inexperienced girl who sat upon the throne.

Everywhere were networks of cabal and intrigue, and parties arrayed against each other. The Queen's uncle, Prince Leopold, had frequently and carefully inculcated the doctrine that a constitutional monarch must never side with any party; but it is scarcely to be wondered at that his niece, in the first months of her reign, forgot to put in practice so admirable an axiom.

When Lord Melbourne's Ministry went out, it became necessary for the Ladies of the Bedchamber to give up their office and to be replaced by others appointed by the Tory Government. The Queen, however, refused to part with her Ladies, and consequently the Whigs remained in office. This is the simple story of what is known as the Bedchamber Plot. The Queen probably scarcely realized what she was doing. At the same time there is no doubt that, had she been advised by Lord Melbourne as he ought to have advised her, she would never have permitted her personal feelings to interfere with the affairs of the State. The occurrence gave colour to the idea that the Queen favoured the Liberals, an idea that was not removed until many years had passed, and shown that Her Majesty became as friendly with Sir Robert Peel when he was in office as she had been with Lord Melbourne, and that her friendship was by no means confined to those Ladies of the Bedchamber who held their office under the Liberal Government.

THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND.

The history of the Queen would be incomplete indeed without a sketch of the character and appearance of her husband, the Prince Consort, born three months after the Queen. He was the second son of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. It is a curious coincidence that the same clergyman who officiated at the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, baptized the infant Prince, who was, years afterwards, to marry the only issue of their union. The Duchess of Kent was sister to Prince Albert's father, so that Queen Victoria and her husband were first cousins.

At two years old the little Prince is described by his grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, as "very handsome, but too slight for a boy; lively, very funny, all good nature and full of mischief." His uncle, Prince (afterwards King) Leopold, who had

remained in England after the sad and early death of his young wife, the Princess Charlotte, became acquainted with his nephew in 1820, and even at this time, when there was little probability of Princess Victoria ever becoming Queen of England, Prince Leopold and his mother seem to have had the idea of an union between the cousins. In writing of the little Princess to the Duchess of Kent, the grandmother always called her the "dear little Mayflower," because she had been born in May; and before the children were three years old, the Prince's nurse used to talk to him of his "little English sweetheart." When he was five years old, his mother, whom he adored, was separated (and eventually divorced) from the Duke, and her two sons never saw her again. "The Prince," says the Queen, "never forgot her, and spoke with much tenderness and sorrow of his poor mother." The Prince was full of life and fun as a boy, but possessed many other qualities by no means common to boyhood. He was gentle and kind-hearted, hated to give pain, and was always anxious to do good and give pleasure to others. He never forgot an act of kindness however trifling. He showed the greatest patience under the attacks of illness to which he was subject up to the age of ten. With these pleasant qualities he was possessor of a refinement of nature, one effect of which was a perfect moral purity both in word and deed. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, which made him a charming companion, and a wonderful power of mimicry, which might have been a dangerous gift had it not been controlled by his sweetness of disposition. The two young princes were brothers not in name only, but in heart and mind. Theirs was a close affection. When Ernest was seventeen, he was to be confirmed, and as the boys had gone hand in hand from childhood, their friends thought it well that the younger brother should join the elder in this rite. Accordingly they were confirmed in the Chapel of the Palace at Coburg, on Palm-Sunday, in 1835, Prince Albert being then only sixteen, but of a nature, as his tutor expressed it, "singularly earnest and thoughtful, and indeed distinctly devout."

In 1836, when there appeared every probability of the Princess Victoria becoming Queen of England, and at no distant date, and when King Leopold began seriously to consider the union of the cousins, Baron Stockmar writes as follows:—"Albert is a fine young fellow, well grown for his age, with agreeable and valuable qualities; and who, if things go well, may in a few years turn out a strong, handsome man, of

a kindly, simple, yet dignified demeanour. Externally, therefore, he possesses all that pleases the sex, and at all times and in all countries must please. It may prove, too, a lucky circumstance that even now he has something of an English look." As to his character, Stockmar declined to give an opinion until he had seen more of the Prince. The Duchess of Kent in this year invited her brother, the Duke of Coburg, and his two sons, to visit her at Kensington Palace; but all parties agreed that any idea of a future union between the consins, now to meet for the first time, must be kept a profound secret from the Princess Victoria. The Prince was well aware of the object of this visit, as his grandmother had often talked to him of a scheme she had so much at heart. The situation was a romantic one. It can be imagined with what eyes of interest the young prince regarded the fair-haired, blue-eyed girl whom his relatives destined for his future wife, and by whose side he would probably sit on the throne of England. The Princess, too, had often heard of her two cousins, and having been watched so strictly, and kept so secluded by her mother, her girlish heart must at least have felt some interest and curiosity about the two youths, with whom she was allowed to converse and associate freely during their four weeks' stay. During the visit she wrote to her uncle Leopold, then King of the Belgians, and in her letters her favourable opinion of her cousin unconsciously revealed itself. Reassured by this, King Leopold wrote, on the termination of the princes' visit, expressing to the Princess his wishes on the subject of the proposed union. He had always stood in the place of a father to her, and he was perhaps the one person in the world who had most influence over her mother, the Duchess of Kent. Consequently the Princess looked naturally to him for guidance in the affairs of her early life. Her answer to the King's letter, dated June 7th, 1836, proves how willing she was to fall in with the project of a union between herself and Prince Albert. She concludes with the words: "I have only now to beg you, my dearest uncle, to take care of the health of one now so dear to me, and to take him under your special protection. I hope and trust that all will go on prosperously and well on this subject now of so much importance to me." The Prince however, was not made aware of the preference shown for him by his cousin. His education was now carried on on such a scale as might best fit him for the duties of Prince Consort in the opinion

of his relatives. That their ideas were correct on this subject was proved by the result. When the death of William IV., on June 20th, 1837, placed the Queen upon the throne, the Prince wrote to congratulate his "dearest cousin," adding: "You are now Queen of the mightiest land of Europe. In your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task."

In 1838, King Leopold wrote to the Queen, suggesting that some decisive arrangement regarding the marriage should be made for the year 1839, when she and the Prince would be twenty years old; but the Queen decided against this. Her reasons were excellent. She thought herself and the Prince too young, and also suggested that he should make himself complete master of the English language before the question of marriage should recur. A year later she again writes to her uncle, deprecating any haste as regards the marriage. In October of the same year, however, Prince Albert and Prince Ernest came on a visit to Windsor Castle for the first time for three years. We have a description of the future Prince Consort as he then appeared, in the words of General Grey: "Prince Albert was eminently handsome, but there was also in his countenance a gentleness of expression and a peculiar sweetness in his smile, with a look of deep thought and high intelligence in his clear blue eyes and expansive forehead, that added a charm to the impression he produced on those who saw him, far beyond that derived from mere beauty and regularity of feature." On the second day after their arrival, the Queen wrote to her uncle: "The young men are very amiable, delightful companions. Albert's beauty is most striking, and he is most amiable and unaffected—in short, very fascinating." Her uncle was delighted at all these superlatives, which clearly showed that the Queen would no longer insist upon the "delay of a few years" which she had suggested a few months previously. All her true friends were anxious that she should marry. Notwithstanding her possession of unusual commonsense, prudence, and discrimination for one so young, her inexperience had led her in some measure to neglect that paramount duty of a constitutional sovereign,—viz., to maintain a position of neutrality towards the leaders of party on both sides. The youthful Queen had drifted unconsciously into political partisanship. Besides this, there were numerous intrigues going on upon the subject of the future consort of the Queen of England. It could scarcely be otherwise, considering the enormous

issues involved. To sit beside the Queen on the throne of England was a position coveted by many. On the whole, the decision of the Queen in favour of her cousin, announced by her to Lord Melbourne on the 14th of October, 1839, four days after the arrival of the Prince at Windsor, was the source of unalloyed satisfaction not only to that nobleman but to the country at large. As to King Leopold, he writes to the Queen: "When I learned your decision, I had almost the feeling of old Simeon, 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'" The true womanliness of the Queen's heart is shown in her letter to Baron Stockmar, announcing her engagement: "Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning . . . I feel certain he will make me very happy; I wish I could say I felt as certain of my making him happy, but I shall do my best." This is not the language of a queen, but of a loving woman.

Baron Stockmar, having taken some years to arrive at a sound conclusion as to the character of the Prince, now at last delivers himself of a decided utterance. He writes on the return of the young princes to their native land: "The more I see of the Prince, the better I esteem and love him. His intellect is so sound and clear, his nature so unspoiled, so childlike, so predisposed to goodness as well as truth, that only two external elements will be required to make of him a truly distinguished prince." He explains these to be, knowledge of the world and an intimate acquaintance with the English nation and their constitution.

That the Queen agreed in the latter sentiment is proved by one of her first gifts to the Prince being a Blackstone, which she sent to him at Coburg, and which he tells her in one of his letters he spent hours in studying.

THE ROYAL ENGAGEMENT.

On the 15th of October, 1839, the Queen sent for Prince Albert and made known to him her wishes on the subject, which had been familiar to him from early childhood—viz., marriage between the cousins. The Queen herself says that he received her offer without hesitation; but this is a calm and cold expression of the state of his mind, as revealed in a letter written by him on the next day, in which he describes his emotion in two lines from Schiller's "Song of the Bell:"

"Das Auge sieht den Himmel flühen,
Es schwimmt das Herz in Seligkeiten."
(My eyes see heaven opening;
My heart swims in happiness.)

After the engagement, the Prince and his brother remained a month at Windsor Castle. A rumour of the proposed marriage had gone abroad throughout the country, though no official announcement had been made of it. Parliament was not sitting; and until the Queen could officially communicate the intelligence to the Privy Council, it was kept secret by the principal parties concerned. After the departure of the two princes from Windsor, which took place on the 15th of November, the Queen wrote to the Queen-Dowager (good Queen Adelaide) and to the other members of the English Royal Family, announcing her intended marriage. The declaration was made to the Privy Council on the 23rd. It is thus recorded in the *Gazette* of the same date.

"I have caused you to be summoned at the present time in order that I may acquaint you with my resolution in a matter which deeply concerns the welfare of my people and the happiness of my future life.

"It is my intention to ally myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the engagement which I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration, nor without feeling a strong assurance that, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity, and serve the interests of my country."

The Queen says that her hands shook while she read this declaration, and that she was happy and thankful when it was over. Doubtless it was nervous work for a girl of twenty thus publicly to announce her choice. The news was well received throughout the country, and had it not been for the bitterness of party spirit raging in England at that time, all would have gone smoothly and well. As it was, either party was constantly on the look-out for means to irritate and confound the other, and to this may be attributed the fact that the proposed allowance of £50,000 a year was eventually reduced to £30,000.

The Queen announced her intended marriage on the opening of Parliament on the 16th of January, 1840. During that session, not only were there stormy discussions as to the above-named question of Prince Albert's income, but there were also difficulties raised as to his precedence, and the appointments to be made in forming his household. This rendered the few weeks before the marriage different indeed from the happy time which such an interval ordinarily becomes in a case where the union is the result

of love on both sides. As Lord Melbourne said, it was because it was "a love-match" that the English nation accepted the idea of the marriage with such heartiness.

MARRIED LIFE.

The marriage took place on the 10th of February, 1840, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Since the rejoicings at the visit of the Allied Sovereigns in 1814, never had such multitudes assembled in Hyde Park. After the ceremony the Queen and Prince drove to Windsor Castle. Of this journey the Queen writes: "Our reception was most enthusiastic, hearty, and gratifying in every way, the people quite deafening us with their cheers, horsemen, etc., going along with us."

Lady Lyttelton records that on the Queen's wedding day, her "look and manner were very pleasing, her eyes much swollen with tears, but great happiness in her countenance; and her look of confidence and comfort at the Prince when they walked away as man and wife was very pleasing to see. I understand she is in extremely high spirits since. Such a new thing for her to dare to be unguarded in conversing with anybody, and, with her frank and fearless nature, the restraints she has hitherto been under from one reason or another with everybody must have been most painful."

The Queen found in Prince Albert, young as he was, an inestimable guide and counsellor in the trying position in which she was placed. One single entry in the Queen's journal shows that this was supplemented by the purest affection, without which marriage becomes a bond instead of a blessing. "I told Albert that formerly I was too happy to go to London, and wretched to leave it, and how since the blessed hour of my marriage, and still more since the summer, I dislike it, and am unhappy to leave the country, and would be content and happy never to go to town. The solid pleasures of a peaceful, quiet, yet merry life in the country, with my inestimable husband and friend, my all-in-all, are far more durable than the amusements of London, though we don't despise or dislike them sometimes."

The Queen and Prince played, sang, and etched together. The following is the Queen's own sketch of the daily routine: "They breakfasted at nine, and took a walk every morning soon afterwards: then came the usual amount of business (far less heavy, however, than now), besides which they drew and etched a great deal together, which was a source of great amusement

having the plates *bit* in the house. Luncheon followed at the usual hour of two o'clock. Lord Melbourne (the Prime Minister at the time) came to the Queen in the afternoon, and between five and six the Prince generally drove her out in a pony phaeton. If the Prince did not drive the Queen, he rode, in which case she took a drive with the Duchess of Kent or the ladies. The Prince also read aloud most days to the Queen. The dinner was at eight o'clock, and always with the company. . . . The hours were never late, and it was very seldom that the party had not broken up at eleven o'clock."

In November 1840, the Princess Royal was born, and in November of the following year the hearts of father, mother, and nation were gladdened by the birth of an heir to the throne. In 1843 another girl, the Princess Alice, was added to the group of royal children. On the 28th of August in this year, the Queen and Prince Albert embarked at Southampton, and after cruising about for a couple of days, they crossed to Tréport on a visit to Louis Philippe, King of the French, who, when Duke of Orleans, had been a most intimate friend of Her Majesty's father, as well as of the Princess Charlotte and King Leopold.

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT'S FATHER.

On the 29th of January, 1844, Prince Albert's father, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, died. The Prince was very much affected by the news, and the Queen, knowing the great affection he had felt for his father, was filled with sympathetic sorrow. She writes to Baron Stockmar: "My darling stands so alone, and his grief is so great and touching." Lady Lyttelton, in a letter written at this time, says: "I have been with the Queen a good deal altogether. She is very affecting in her grief, which is in truth all on the Prince's account; and every time she looks at him her eyes fill afresh. He has suffered dreadfully, being very fond of his father; and his separation from him and the suddenness of the event and his having expected to see him soon, all contribute to make it worse." It was at this period that the Prince, in a letter to Baron Stockmar, wrote the following tribute to the womanly love and tenderness of Queen Victoria:—"The good Alexandrine (his brother's wife) seems to me in the whole picture like the consoling angel. Just such is Victoria to me, who feels and shares my grief, and is the treasure on which my whole existence rests. The relation in which we stand to each other leaves nothing to desire. It is a union of heart and soul, and is

therefore noble, and in it the poor children shall find their cradle, so as to be able one day to ensure a like happiness for themselves."

During the Easter recess of that year (1844), Prince Albert visited Coburg in order to be of some use to his brother, now reigning Duke. The Queen and he had never been parted for a single day since their marriage, and the separation involved great pain to both. The Queen of the Belgians came on a visit to Buckingham Palace two days before the Prince left for Coburg, the King arriving later on,—an arrangement suggested by the thoughtfulness of Prince Albert, as providing companionship for Queen Victoria. He left England on the 28th of March, and Lady Lyttelton, writing from the Palace on the 29th, says: "The Queen has been behaving like a pattern wife as she is, about the Prince's tour, so feeling, and so wretched, and yet so unselfish, urging him to go and putting the best face upon it to the last moment."

The letters written by the Prince to the Queen during his absence are more like love letters than those usually written after four years of marriage. On the 11th of April he returned to England, arriving at Windsor in the evening.

In 1844, the Queen received several royal guests. First on the list was the King of Saxony, the amiable and accomplished sovereign who was killed in 1854 by being thrown from his carriage. The Emperor of Russia visited England in this year, though not for the first time. In 1816, when he was Grand Duke, only twenty years old, he had been in this country. Later in the same year (1844), the Prince of Prussia, now Emperor of Germany, spent a few days at Windsor, and King Louis Philippe arrived in England on a visit to the Queen, the pleasure of which was increased by the gloom that had hung over the relations between the two countries owing to the serious aspect of affairs caused by the indiscretion of the French officials in Tahiti, who grossly insulted the English Consul. After months of negotiation, the affair was at last peacefully settled. King Louis Philippe landed at Portsmouth on the 8th of October, where Prince Albert went to receive him, accompanied by the Duke of Wellington. On the same day the King of the French arrived at Windsor, the first French monarch who had ever come on a friendly visit to an English sovereign. Lady Lyttelton says: "When we saw the first of the escort enter the quadrangle, down flew the Queen and we after her, to the outside of the door on the pavement of the quadrangle, just in time to see the escort clattering up and the carriage

close behind. The old man was much moved, I think, and his hand rather shook as he alighted, his hat quite off, and grey hair seen. His countenance is striking, much better than the portraits, and his embrace of the Queen was very parental and nice It was a striking piece of *real* history—made one feel and think much." The King was delighted to revisit England, and talked to the Queen of the time when he was "in a school in the Grisons, acting as a teacher," receiving twenty pence a day, having to brush his own boots, etc., under the name of Chabot. He was invested by the Queen with the Order of the Garter during this visit.

In the year 1816, the political sky in England was dark and stormy, resulting in a change of ministry in July. When the time came for the Queen to receive the Ministers on their taking formal leave, the trial on both sides was severe. "Yesterday was a very hard day for me," the Queen wrote to King Leopold on the 7th of July, "I had to part with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, who are irreparable losses to us and the country. They were both so overcome that it quite upset me, and we have in them two

devoted friends. We felt so sad to see them.

Never, during the five years that they were with me, did they ever recommend a person or a thing that was not for my or the country's best, and never for the party's advantage only." We can see from this how completely the Queen had overcome the girlish feeling of one-sided petulance that had actuated her conduct immediately after her accession in the incident of the Bed-chamber Plot.

Princess Helena (now Princess Christian) was born in May 23th of this year, in the midst of the anxieties of the political crisis. In July the Queen and Prince were separated for the second time since their marriage, and though only for a few days, both appear to have felt it greatly. The occasion was the opening of the Albert Dock at Liverpool by the Prince. A letter written by the Queen to Baron Stockmar, during his absence at this time, shows how entirely her existence was blended with that of her husband, and gives some idea of how terrible her sufferings must have been when the final separation came. She says: "I feel very lonely without my dear master; and though I know other people are often separated for a few days, I feel habit could not make me get accustomed to it. This I am sure you cannot blame. Without him everything loses its interest. . . . It will always be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days; and I pray God never to let me survive him."

The Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge having become vacant through the death of the Duke of Northumberland in February 1847, Prince Albert was asked by Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, and also by Lord Lansdowne, to allow himself to be put in nomination for the office. The election, after a violent party struggle, resulted in the Prince becoming Chancellor, and the imposing ceremony of installation took place in July of the same year. The Queen and Prince left town for Cambridge on the 5th, and in the great hall of Trinity, the Queen received the Chancellor's address. As Her Majesty observes in her *Diary*, it was almost absurd for them, but Madame Bunsen has placed it on record that the command of countenance of both was admirable, and that the Queen "only smiled upon the Prince at the close, when all was over."

On the 18th of March, 1848, in the midst of stormy times, the Princess Louise was born. At the end of the previous month the Orleans dynasty had been overthrown in France, and at the time of the young Princess's birth, though some of the members of Louis Philippe's family had reached England, nothing had been heard of the King himself, or of the Queen. Notwithstanding that Louis Philippe had broken his solemn pledge, made to the Queen on the occasion of her visit to the Château d'Eu, that his son, the Duke of Montpensier, should not marry the Spanish Infanta until the young Queen of Spain should not only be married but have an heir to the crown, the Queen had been too long bound to him by family ties not to feel deeply for the now homeless old man. Queen Victoria's uncle, the King of the Belgians, had married Louise, daughter of Louis Philippe, and the Duke of Kent had for many years been most intimate with the King of the French.

At home, affairs were cheerless enough. There was a Ministerial crisis, and a money and tax crisis. Add to this that news had just been received of the death of Prince Albert's maternal grandmother, to whom he was deeply attached, and it will be seen that the Prince's fears for the Queen, who always suffered in his sorrows, were not unfounded. But we find Her Majesty writing to King Leopold on the 4th April: "From the first I heard all that passed; and my only thoughts and talk were politics. But I never was calmer and quieter or less nervous. Great events make me calm; it is only trifles that irritate my nerves."

REVOLUTIONARY '48.

The insurrectionary spirit that prevailed over

Europe in 1848, kindled but a small fire in England. A national convention of Chartists arranged for a monster demonstration on April 10th, and nervous people, knowing how the whole of the Continent was given up to insurrection and massacre, began to tremble. The Chartist leaders demanded the dismissal of the Ministry, the dissolution of Parliament, and "the Charter." Failing the Charter, they wanted a republic. The 10th of April, 1848, was a date looked forward to with terror and dismay by the peaceful citizens. The result was almost ludicrous. The proposed demonstration was a miserable failure. So was the petition they presented to Parliament. The spirit of anarchy was not strong enough in England, and our Queen sat firmly on her throne while the Pope was flying from Rome, the Emperor of Austria from Vienna, and Louis Philippe from France; Spain was in convulsions, Hungary in arms, and even quiet Switzerland was stirred, all in the terrible year of '48.

VISIT TO IRELAND.

The Queen's first visit to Ireland was made in August 1849. The most enthusiastic loyalty hailed the Royal visitors at every step of their progress. Following closely upon the terrible year '48, when the country had been in open revolt and under martial law, the universal warmth of this reception was all the more significant.

In 1849, the Queen and Prince suffered a severe loss in the death of Mr. Anson, the Prince's first secretary and afterwards Privy Purse. His death was terribly sudden, and the sorrow felt by those who valued him was aggravated by this fact. Lady Lyttelton gives a graphic account of the grief felt by the Queen and her husband, and of the sympathy of the former for the poor widow.

The same year witnessed the death of the Queen Dowager, Adelaide, widow of William IV. The Queen "loved her dearly," and was much saddened by the event.

Since the Queen's marriage, Prince Albert had been indefatigably employing himself in various ways, the usefulness of which was barely recognized during his life by the country at large, but could not fail to be appreciated by those who were in close association with him. He was always ready to inaugurate any movement which tended towards progress in art or science. For public functions, such as opening a new dock or other public building, the Prince was constantly in request. The Queen knew how hard he worked for his adopted country, and had seen how that

meed of success which is almost inseparable from honest, painstaking, persevering endeavour, almost invariably followed his schemes. She knew how much he was to England, and how little England knew it. Sweet to her, indeed, then, was the proof of confidence and esteem given to her husband by the Duke of Wellington in 1850, when he proposed that Prince Albert should succeed himself as Commander-in-chief of the army. The Duke gave as reason for this request, his opinion that the command of the army should be in the hands of the sovereign, and, recognizing the deficiency in the constitutional working of the theory arising from the fact of the present sovereign being a woman, had always endeavoured practically to maintain the theory by scrupulously consulting the Queen's pleasure on every point before acting. The Duke expressed himself as most anxious that the command of the army should not fall into the hands of the House of Commons. After much earnest deliberation the Prince refused "the tempting offer," as he himself characterized it, on the ground that to accept it would involve the leaving unperformed many important duties connected with the welfare of the sovereign which no one but her husband could perform.

On 1st of May, 1850, Prince Arthur was born, that name being in compliment to the Duke of Wellington, on whose eighty-first birthday the Prince came into the world. His other names are William (after the Emperor of Germany, then Prince of Prussia), Patrick, given in remembrance of the recent royal visit to Ireland, "and," writes the Prince to Baron Stockmar, "my name the Queen insists on retaining by way of *coda*."

In July 1850, Sir Robert Peel was thrown from his horse, and, worn out with pain, fever, and a gouty constitution, soon succumbed to the consequences of the fall. The Queen and Prince felt his loss very deeply. They had, at the moment, many vexations, among them the absurd and unpatriotic opposition offered to the Prince Consort's grand and most successful scheme, the Great Exhibition of 1851. Close upon the death of Sir Robert Peel followed that of the Duke of Cambridge. It was in this year that Prince Albert began first to feel that the strain of constant work was telling upon him. He lost energy, and felt "an unaccountable disinclination for work. The Queen was full of anxiety, especially as to the sleeplessness which is so distressing a result of an overworked brain. Welcome indeed was the visit to Osborne after the close of the London season in this most trying year, though a portion of the time spent there had been em-

ployed by the Queen in making the celebrated memorandum of her views as to the transaction of business between the Crown and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This office was then held by Lord Palmerston, who had persistently acted in defiance of the recognized rule that no steps should be taken, no despatches sent, until the sovereign had been consulted. Hasty, impulsive, and even abrupt as he was, in addition to those other well-known qualities of sagacity, courage, patriotism, and brilliant ability, Lord Palmerston frequently took important steps, and sent important instructions abroad, without previously having communicated with the Queen. As the whole incident throws a clear light upon the working of our constitutional monarchy, and proves that the Queen of England is by no means the merely mechanical agent that many persons suppose her to be, we give a sketch of it here. The following is the text of the memorandum :

"Osborne, Aug. 12, 1850.

"With reference to the conversation about Lord Palmerston which the Queen had with Lord John Russell the other day, and Lord Palmerston's disavowal that he ever intended any disrespect to her by the various neglects of which she has had so long and so often to complain, she thinks it right, in order to prevent any mistake in the future, to explain what it is she expects from the Foreign Secretary.

"She requires :

"1. That he will distinctly state what he proposes in a given case in order that the Queen may know as distinctly to what she has given her Royal sanction.

"2. Having once given her sanction to a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the Minister. Such an act she must consider to be a failure in sincerity towards the Crown. . . . She expects to be kept informed of what passes between him and the Foreign Ministers before important decisions are taken based upon that intercourse, to receive the foreign despatches in good time, and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted with their contents before they are sent off."

Lord Palmerston received the rebuke as proceeding from "a lady as well as a sovereign," and wrote to Lord John Russell, saying "I have taken a copy of the memorandum of the Queen, and will not fail to attend to the directions which it contains." Those who knew about the memorandum fully expected the Foreign Secretary to resign his office. For not doing so, Lord Palmerston gave an excellent reason.

"By suddenly resigning," he says, "I should have been bringing for decision at the bar of public opinion a personal quarrel between myself and my sovereign—a step which no subject ought to take if he can possibly avoid it; for the result of such a course must be either fatal to him or injurious to the country. If he should prove to be in the wrong, he would be irretrievably condemned; if the sovereign should be proved to be in the wrong, the monarchy would suffer."

To follow this affair to its close. When Louis Napoleon accomplished his historical *coup d'état*, and the story of the massacre along the Boulevards filled England with horror, the Queen wrote from Osborne expressly desiring that the British ambassador at Paris, Lord Normanby, should in no way commit himself to an expression of approval of what had taken place; and that he should be instructed to remain passive. The Cabinet decided that Lord Normanby was not to make any change in his diplomatic relations with the French Government; but when our Ambassador called on the French Minister for Foreign Affairs to inform him of this decision, that gentleman informed him that Lord Palmerston had expressed to the French ambassador in London his entire approval of the conduct of the Prince President. This created a very great sensation in England. This piece of indiscretion following upon what we have already described, led to the removal of Lord Palmerston from his post as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in which he was succeeded by Lord Granville.

The list of deaths for this fateful year (1850) was not yet complete. Poor old Louis Philippe, the "clever, unwise, grand, mean old man," died on the 26th of August, and in October, his daughter, the Queen of the Belgians, the Queen's "only confidant and friend" except her husband, followed him to the grave. The Queen's sister, Princess Hohenlohe, writing from Meran on the 31st of October, says: "Dearest Victoria, my heart aches so for you. The loss of such a friend in your position is very hard to overcome, to submit to; the love and confidence in that angelic character had grown up with you and was a real blessing to you. This separation from her for life is the first great affliction you have known; may it be the last for many years to come."

In addition to the Queen's deep sense of her own loss was her sympathy in that of her beloved uncle, King Leopold, now widowed for the second time.

Trying indeed had been the last two years, with personal sorrows and national anxieties.

The Queen bore all with calm fortitude, as was her wont. Then no sorrow had to be borne alone, and the trials of these days seemed afterwards but as preparation for the terrible loss which darkened Her Majesty's whole life.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

"But yesterday a naked sod,
The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
And cantered o'er it to and fro;
And so, 'tis done!
As though 'twere by a wizard's rod,
A blazing arch of incand glass
To meet the sun!"

Thus wrote Thackeray, in his "May-day Ode," of the first great World-Fair, the idea of which had been conceived by the Prince, and in the working out of which he had had such immensity of trouble and annoyance. The Queen was so thoroughly one with him in all his plans, hopes, fears, discouragements, and joys, that she writes with delight, after her private visit on the 29th of April, of "the myriads of beautiful and wonderful things which now quite dazzle one's eyes! Such efforts have been made, and our people have shown such taste in their manufactures, all owing to this Great Exhibition and to Albert—all to him!"

The next day the Queen went again to see the result of her husband's splendid idea and long labours in spite of immense difficulty and opposition. She and her husband were on this occasion accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Prussia (now Emperor and Empress of Germany), who with their son and daughter had arrived at Buckingham Palace on a visit the previous day. "They were thunderstruck," the Queen writes.

On the 1st of May it was opened to the public by the Queen. A more brilliant ceremony has seldom been witnessed in England. The Queen herself says it far surpassed her coronation in solemnity and beauty. The crowds were enormous. Twenty-five thousand people were assembled in the building, and it is calculated that about 700,000 were massed together on the route between it and Buckingham Palace. The Queen writes of the day from a full heart. "The sight," she says, "was magical—so vast, so glorious, so touching. One felt—as so many did whom I have since spoken to—filled with devotion, more so than by any service I have ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building, the mixtures of palms, flowers, trees (two huge elms had been enclosed in the Exhibition), statues, fountains, the organ (with

200 instruments and 600 voices, which sounded like nothing), and my beloved husband the author of this 'Peace Festival,' which united the industry of all nations of the earth,—all this was moving indeed, and it was and is a day to live for. God bless my dearest Albert, God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God, who seemed to pervade all and to bless all!"

Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston wrote to congratulate the Queen upon the brilliant success of the opening ceremony—a triumph all the more splendid and deeply felt for the opposition which had been made to the scheme, and the evil auguries that had been made as to the bringing together such enormous crowds of people of all nations. The Exhibition was such an enormous financial success that the surplus receipts reached in August no less a sum than £170,000.

At the close of 1850, and throughout the year 1851, the English nation was excited by what was termed at the time the "Papal Aggression." The Pope simply gave to the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops in England the territorial titles their predecessors had held. There was little involved in this; and it was more the injudicious manner in which Cardinal Wiseman acted upon the Pope's Brief than the Brief itself, which caused that commotion in England which resulted in the framing and passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Fiercely and passionately debated at the time, discussed all over England as it was, causing many a riot and influencing many an election as it did, this once famous Act sank into obscurity soon after having been passed, and in 1871 was almost unopposedly repealed. It gave rise, however, to the following important expression of opinion on the Queen's part, conveyed in a letter to the Duchess of Gloucester: "I would never have consented to anything that breathed a spirit of intolerance. Sincerely Protestant as I always have been, and always shall be, and indignant as I am at those who call themselves Protestants while they are in fact quite the contrary, I much regret the unchristian and intolerant spirit exhibited by many people at the public meetings."

THE CRIMEAN WAR.

In the year 1852, Louis Napoleon, Prince President, was proclaimed Emperor of the French. In his famous speech before the Chamber of Commerce at Bordeaux in October, he had declared emphatically that "the Empire was peace." "L'empire: c'est la paix" is an utterance that has now become historical. The French

believed him. The English wondered with which country he would go to war first—Russia, Austria, Prussia, Belgium, or England. That was the English translation of the new Emperor's avowed determination to be at peace with all men. Results proved its general correctness. It seems a curious coincidence that in this year, when Napoleon III. was looking round Europe with a view to war, the conqueror of his grandfather, the Duke of Wellington, should die. His death occurred in September. From the date of Waterloo, England had been at peace. During the latter part of this period of peace the growth of Russia had been remarkable. Under the plea of protecting the suffering Christians in Turkey, Russia proposed that England and herself should make arrangements for the disposal of the Ottoman empire. England could see neither her own right nor that of Russia to disposing of Turkey; and the result of all this was, that when Russia made a move towards securing Turkey for herself, England and France combined together to check the progress of a Power which had become already threateningly great. After forty years' peace, in 1851, the English engaged in the Crimean war. The troops covered themselves with glory, and not merely the simpler glory of deeds, but the far more difficult and nobler glory of patient suffering, during months of inaction, of battling with disease, famine, and the bitterness of cold. The mismanagement of the Government, which resulted in terrible privations to our soldiers throughout the winter of 1855-56, is historical. The cold was so intense, that if the human hand touched metal in the open air the skin adhered to the metal. All kinds of comfortable clothing and warm garments were sent out, and never reached their destination. Food and medicine shared the same fate. Boots were sent out, and when they arrived were found to be all for the left foot. Contractors took the opportunity of supplying preserved meats totally unfit for food to our sick and hungry poor fellows suffering all kinds of miseries in a far-off land. While they pocketed their ill-gotten gains, English hearts ached over the soldiers. Miss Florence Nightingale went out to Scutari, accompanied by a band of ladies, and not only nursed the sick in hospital at Scutari, but actually managed, by determined perseverance, to secure for the benefit of their patients some of the food and medicine that had been for months somewhere on the way from England. Great indeed was the relief when at last, early in 1856, the war ended. The Queen, whose letters throughout its duration had breathed the most

intense anxiety, sorrow, and sympathy both with the soldiers and their friends at home, was happy indeed when all was over, though she did not readily emerge from the sadness in which the death of 24,000 brave fellows had plunged her.

This war secured us a little glory, and an addition of forty-one millions of money to the National Debt. So much for this great landmark in the reign of Queen Victoria.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

The year 1857 saw the passing of the Divorce Act (which secured to the poor what had formerly been the luxury of the rich) and the abolition of the system of transportation. But this year was memorable for events so tragic as to throw all matters of mere legislation into the shade. The frightful Indian Mutiny broke out in May, and in June the news reached horror-stricken England. The national mind was roused to frenzy. The letters of the Queen express the indignant horror with which she heard of the massacres and atrocities perpetrated by the Sepoys. It is needless to dwell upon them. The mutiny was quelled, and resulted finally in the abolition of that till then had been the ruling power in India, the East India Company, and the placing of responsible government in the hands of that at home. In September 1858, the "John Company" formally ceased. The Queen was proclaimed throughout India in November, and Lord Canning began his rule as her first viceroy.

DEATH OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

In February 1858, Parliament moved a vote of congratulation to Her Majesty on the marriage of her eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, to Prince Frederick William, eldest son of the present Emperor of Germany, who was then heir-apparent to the throne. The marriage was solemnized at Windsor. This first break in the family circle seemed but the prelude to others. The Prince of Wales visited Canada in the following year, and Prince Alfred joined his ship and set out for the Cape. Not long after, the Princess Alice became engaged to Prince Louis of Hesse. But here a great and terrible parting was at hand, and intervened between the betrothal of the young princess and her marriage. Writing in 1861 to the Duchess of Kent, the Prince Consort says: "To-day our marriage comes of age according to law. We have faithfully kept our pledge for better and for worse, and have only to thank God that He has vouchsafed so much happiness to us. May He have us in His

keeping for the days to come! You have, I trust, found good and loving children in us, and we have experienced nothing but love and kindness from you."

The Queen wrote about the same anniversary, the 10th of February, their wedding day: "Very few can say with me that their husband at the end of twenty-one years is not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the very first days of our marriage."

A month later the Duchess of Kent died, and the Queen's sorrow for her mother was deep and sincere.

In October of the same year the Prince Consort suddenly lost energy and spirits. For some time he had been suffering from the strain of long-continued and incessant work. The death of the young King of Portugal from typhoid fever made a curiously deep impression upon Prince Albert.

Not long before his fatal illness, in speaking to the Queen, he said, "I do not cling to life; you do, but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I love were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow." In the same conversation he added, "I am sure if I had a severe illness, I should give up at once; I should not struggle for life." Nor did he when the time for struggle came.

The Princess Alice was his devoted nurse. The Queen was seldom absent from the sick room. Of her loneliness and overwhelming grief when the end came it is needless to speak. Half her life was gone. Rarely has such an intensely mutual existence been lived by two persons. In their public capacity, as in their private, they were as one. The Queen lost not only husband and closest friend, but a guide and counsellor in the thorny way of politics, and a private secretary in whom she could confide as in her own thoughts.

In the "Life of the Prince Consort," the Queen gives the sad details of his last illness, and unconsciously reveals the depth and breadth of her own terrible grief. Since then she has lived, as women do, in the lives of others, her children and her people, but her own life has been to her but as a slight thread running through the larger interests about her. Our Queen, since the loss of her husband, has been, in Bible language, a "widow indeed."

Fifty years hence, the character of the Prince Consort will be appreciated as it deserves, and his influence estimated at its true worth. Only those who can appreciate the contrast between

England under the rule of the Georges and England as it now is, can fairly judge of the mind that caused so much of the beneficial change. A depraved and immoral court, where extravagance was regarded as a virtue and purity as a failing, has been replaced by one in which, fortunately for our country, an exactly opposite state of things exists. Much of this is due to the example of wedded happiness to be seen in the royal home, and the Queen herself acknowledges, with love and pride, how great was the influence exercised upon her own nature by the husband whom she regarded with such fond affection and has mourned with such constancy.

MARRIAGES.

Princess Alice was married quietly to Prince Louis of Hesse in the early part of 1862. In the following year, on the 10th of March, the Prince of Wales was married to the Princess Alexandra, daughter of the King of Denmark. Her youth and loveliness, goodness and sweetness, made her at once more popular in England than any foreign princess had ever been before, and her popularity has continued to increase to this day.

At subsequent dates, the Princesses Helena and Louise married respectively Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, leaving to the Queen but one unmarried daughter, Princess Beatrice.

The Duke of Edinburgh married the daughter of the late Emperor of Russia; and the latest of the royal marriages has been that of the Duke of Connaught with the Princess Margaret, daughter of a German potentate.

The Queen's sons by no means eat the bread of idleness. The Prince of Wales works hard at the profession of royalty, and his brothers perform their no less onerous duties with assiduity.

The Queen's daughters are all more or less gifted with artistic tastes. The Crown Princess of Germany is a clever artist, and has also cultivated to proficiency a taste for sculpture. The artistic proclivities of the Princess Louise are well-known both in this country and in Canada, where her husband has for some years held the post of Governor-General. Princess Beatrice has illustrated a book with dainty water colour sketches.

Of the Queen's numerous grandchildren, the eldest grandson was married in 1881. The eldest son of the Crown Prince of Prussia and of his wife, our Princess Royal, this young Prince, Frederick William Victor Albert, aged twenty-

two, married Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, aged twenty-one. The Queen thus sees the branches of the family tree stretching far and wide.

Our Royal Family is connected by marriage with the most powerful of the European nations. With Russia there is a double bond. The sister of our Princess of Wales is wife of the present Emperor. The only daughter of the late Emperor is married to the Duke of Edinburgh.

With Germany the ties are numerous, the strongest being the union of our Princess Royal with the heir-apparent of the Empire.

Another sister of the Princess of Wales is married to the Duke of Cumberland, whose right to the title of King of Hanover is undoubted by himself but disputed by others. The Duke is the lineal representative of King George III. in the male line, and had the Salic law, which excludes women from reigning, prevailed in these realms, he would now occupy the throne of England.

The King of Greece is the Princess of Wales's brother, adding another loop to the network of connections and relationships that stretches from the royal homes of England over the continent of Europe.

THE REFORM BILL.

In 1866 the Queen opened Parliament in person for the first time, since the Prince Consort's death. The mind of England was agitated on the subject of the franchise, and remained thus agitated throughout that year and part of the next, until, on the 15th of August, 1867, the Reform Bill passed through its final stage. We borrow the following concise summary of its results from the historian of "Our Own Times":—"It enfranchised in boroughs all male householders rated for the relief of the poor, and all lodgers resident for one year, and paying not less than £10 a year rent; and in counties, persons of property of the clear annual value of £5, and occupiers of land or tenements paying £12 a year. It disfranchised certain small boroughs, and reduced the representation of other constituencies; it created several new constituencies, among others the boroughs of Chelsea and of Hackney. It gave a third member to Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Leeds, and a representative to the University of London. It enacted that where there were to be three representatives, each elector should vote for only two candidates, and that in the City of London, which has four members, each elector should only vote for three."

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

The year 1868 saw the Abyssinian Expedition brought to a successful close. In 1867, Theodore, king of that country, had thrown a number of English into prison; and in November, England sent an expeditionary force against him. After the battle of Magdala, in which five hundred Abyssinians were killed and not one English life lost, the King released the captives and himself committed suicide. Sir Robert Napier, who commanded the expedition, was made Baron Napier of Magdala, and received a pension. The Queen took charge of King Theodore's son, aged seven, and had him educated in India. He was afterwards brought to England, where he died before reaching maturity.

When the franchise was extended, Mr. Robert Lowe quaintly remarked, "We must now at least educate our new masters." Mr. Forster's Education Bill, introduced in February 1870, had for its object the provision of public elementary education in England and Wales. This Bill resulted in the establishment of School Boards and of the new school system which now reigns in England. This is not the place to discuss its merits and demerits. After ten years' trial, men have not yet made up their minds as to whether it has been a success or a failure.

But one opinion can be formed as to another measure passed shortly after. The abolition of the purchase system in the army was an undeniable reform. It met with no small amount of opposition, but was carried in the end, as was only right and just. The Queen, acting on Mr. Gladstone's advice,—and it was one of his boldest strokes of policy,—took the decisive step of cancelling the Royal Warrant which made purchase of promotion in the army legal. Her Majesty issued a new Royal Warrant, and the anomalous system was at an end.

Another important measure passed in the later years of the Queen's reign was the Ballot Bill, which secured secrecy for voters, and prevented personation.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

The King of Ashantee having refused to evacuate certain territory on the Gold Coast ceded by the Dutch to England in 1872, Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent out in September of the following year in command of an attacking force. They fought their way to Coomassie, conquering the Ashantees wherever they came in collision with them, and compelled the King to come to terms. The successful campaign was

ended and the troops back at Portsmouth in the following March.

THE INVASION OF AFGHANISTAN.

Since then, the most important events of Her Majesty's reign have been the war in Afghanistan and that in Zululand. England, fearing a union between Russia and the ruler of Cabul, Shere Ali, sent a "mission" in 1878 to Afghanistan, which certain misunderstandings eventually converted into an invasion. The English troops occupied Cabul, from which the ruler, Shere Ali, fled. He died shortly after, and his son, Yakooob Khan, succeeded, and signed a treaty with the British troops in May 1879. This treaty arranged that the Indian Government should pay the Ameer £60,000 a year, on consideration of his ceding the frontier in question. All was considered to be happily settled. Then came the news of the rising in Cabul, and the massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari, the English envoy, and nearly all the members of his staff. The British troops again took Cabul, and Yakooob Khan was imprisoned.

THE ZULU WAR.

In 1852, Cape Colony and Natal were the only English dominions in South Africa. The English Government distinctly acknowledged the independence of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic, both belonging to the Dutch. In 1878, the Transvaal went to war with one of the contiguous African States, and was by no means successful in the undertaking. A certain portion of the settlers, peacefully inclined, and alarmed for their property and their lives, appealed to England to annex the Transvaal to English territory. The British envoy, without taking the trouble to discover whether the appellants formed a majority or a minority, annexed the Transvaal. The Zulu king took fright at the increasing power of the English, and assembled his army,—a measure which he declared to be merely defensive, but which Sir Bartle Frere, the Lord High Commissioner, set down as aggressive. He demanded that the Zulu army should be disbanded; and on Cetewayo's refusal, he at once, on his own responsibility, began a war with the Zulus. In January 1879, the English force sustained a terrible defeat, but eventually Cetewayo was made captive, and the war ended.

The young French Prince, Louis Napoleon, died fighting for England, and the circumstances of his death were peculiarly painful. The Queen felt deep and sincere grief and the most tender sympathy for the lonely and bereaved mother.

The young Prince, manly and unaffected, gentle in disposition and of a cultured, deep-thinking nature, had found the way to the motherly heart of our Queen, and the cry of the Empress on hearing the news, "*Oh, mon pauvre fils!*" found a thrilling echo in the horror and grief of the Queen.

LOYALTY OF NATIONAL FEELING.

It may be questioned if, in any other countries than England and America, such anguish of sympathy is shown by the people in the sorrows of those rulers who have endeared themselves to the nation, as have been exhibited during the trials of the Queen in the death of her husband, the almost mortal illness of the Prince of Wales in 1871, and the death of the Princess Alice in 1878; and by the Americans during the protracted illness of President Garfield after having been shot by Guiteau in 1881. When the Prince Consort died, the universal cry was, "Oh, the poor Queen," and loyal tears testified to the sincerity of the sympathy felt for the lonely widow, more lonely by reason of her high position. During the illness of the Prince of Wales of the same disease, typhoid fever, which carried off his father, universal gloom hung over England.

The reaction when hope revived and grew stronger every day, after the Prince had asked for and received the famous glass of ale, became something to wonder at—something out of the experience of nations. Men had said, "He will die on the same day as his father;" but when the fateful 14th of December found the Prince growing rapidly strong, the nation exulted. A more universally happy Christmas was never spent in England. When the Queen first appeared in public, she was received with such shouts of congratulatory delight as seemed to astonish her. As for the Princess of Wales, whom the English nation had for eight years been loving more and more, she was now lifted to the highest place in the national affection. Her simple, wifely devotion had touched a chord to which every English heart responded. This beautiful, good, and gentle lady revives in the breasts of men the old sentiment of chivalric devotion, and women look up to her as a bright example of the purity and sweetness that shine out all the more softly and brightly for that "fierce light which beats around a throne."

On that momentous Sunday, December 10th, the Princess of Wales wrote a few lines to the vicar of Sandringham church. In the words of the *Times*, "so simple and so touching are the words that their heartfelt earnestness, trust, and humility will strengthen the affectionate respect

in which the Princess is held by the nation. The Princess wrote: "My husband being, thank God, somewhat better, I am coming to church. I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded that I may watch by his bedside. Can you not say a few words in prayer in the early part of the service that I may join with you in prayer for my husband before I return to him?"

The day of Public Thanksgiving for the restoration of the Prince of Wales to health will long be remembered in England. The Royal Family went in procession to St. Paul's, where a solemn special service was solemnized. Crowds lined the whole route from Buckingham Palace on the 27th February, 1872, the day on which the Thanksgiving Service was held. The *London Gazette* of the 1st of March contained the following letter received from the Queen by Mr. Gladstone:—

"Buckingham Palace,

"Feb. 29th, 1872."

"The Queen is anxious, as on a previous occasion, to express publicly her own personal, very deep sense of the reception she and her dear children met with on Tuesday the 27th of February, from millions of her subjects on her way to and from St. Paul's.

"Words are too weak for the Queen to say how very deeply touched and gratified she has been by the immense enthusiasm and affection exhibited towards her dear son and herself, from the highest down to the lowest, on the long progress through the capital, and she would earnestly wish to convey her warmest and most heartfelt thanks to the whole nation for this demonstration of loyalty.

"The Queen, as well as her son and dear daughter-in-law, felt that the whole nation joined with them in thanking God for sparing the beloved Prince of Wales's life.

"The remembrance of this day, and of the remarkable order maintained throughout, will for ever be affectionately remembered by the Queen and her family."

Again at the death of the Princess Alice of Hesse of diphtheria caught from her own child, whom she nursed with devoted care, the heart of the nation turned to the Queen in her sorrow. Her Majesty can scarcely realize how in every home her grief became a household sorrow in these great troubled moments of her life, and how men and women went about with an ache at heart for the sorrow of the Queen. At such times the nation feels as one family with a strength of sentiment that often by its intensity excites a sensation of wonder even in those who experience it.

C. E. G.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"Great Lady of the greatest Isle."—SPENSER.

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BIRTH AND BAPTISM.

AT the palace of Greenwich, on the 7th of September, 1533, the young and giddy

queen of "the haughty lord that broke the bonds of Rome," gave birth to a daughter. The child received the auspicious name of her grand-

mother, Elizabeth, whose marriage to the first of the Tudor kings had united the two Roscs, and for ever ended the bloodshed of the civil wars; and the infant now born, though destined to be the last of her proud line, was to accomplish infinitely more for the peace and unity of the great awakened Commonwealth of England.

She was not Henry's first child, nor Anne Boleyn his first wife. A daughter named Mary, a courageous girl, born to him by his divorced wife Catharine of Arragon, was now seventeen years of age. That only "a fair young maid" should have been presented him by his beautiful and brilliant queen, for whom he had cut himself and his kingdom adrift from pope and cardinal, sorely vexed the heart of the imperious sovereign. In the play of Shakspeare, the King turns to the lady who announced it, "I guess thy message . . . Say ay, and of a boy!" and she walks away grumbling because she had received no more than a groom's fee. Nevertheless the ceremony of christening was brilliantly pompous. The church was hung with tapestry, and the way to it from the palace was strewn with rushes, the ancient and filthy substitute for the carpets that were to come into familiar use during the reign of the child who was the subject of all this show. The ceremony was witnessed by many lords and ladies of high degree,—a strange gathering when we regard it in the light of the fates of its components. In the middle of the church stood a silver font, adorned with a crimson canopy; the innocent babe, in a mantle of purple velvet with a long train furred with ermine, was borne by the Duchess-Dowager of Norfolk, mother of a lady who was destined by-and-by to be Henry's queen, and to perish on the scaffold for her own dishonour; and a splendid canopy was held above the infant by her uncle, who afterwards died upon the block, by two Howards and Lord Hussey, the great Lincolnshire chief, who was also to suffer execution in a few years. The Bishop of London performed the ceremony of baptism; and Thomas Cranmer, the moulder of the English Reformation, administered the sacrament of confirmation,—the very man who, in three short years, was to pronounce the sentence which branded the infant as a bastard. On the same day, and at the same hour, said an untrue rumour of the age, as those which gave birth to Elizabeth, a son was born to Sir John Dudley (afterwards Duke of Northumberland), who now assisted in carrying from the church the gorgeous presents of the sponsors. That boy became in after years the favourite of this young

princess, and the superstition of the sixteenth century in this way explained the mysterious fondness of the Maiden Queen for the lord of Kenilworth. To make the ceremony doubly historic, the bard of Avon, full seventy years later, when the princess had finished her majestic and lonely life, put into the lips of Cranmer a prophecy, which was fulfilled because it was then no prophecy:—

"This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness.

She shall be loved and feared: her own shall bless
her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows
with her.

In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.

She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,—
She must, the saints must have her,—yet a virgin;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her."

CHILDHOOD'S PROMISE.

But the child was born to trouble, born to be steeled in the school of political scandal, court intrigue, and wearisome persecution, that she might make England strong and prosperous by her cold, keen genius. Her sorrows began ere she was three years old. The love of Henry for the other sex—like his daughter's—had little chance against his self-will and state-craft; and when Anne Boleyn approached him one summer day in 1536, as he stood by a window of that palace where Elizabeth had first seen the light, and in supplicating attitude held out to him the bright little thing who must even then have possessed some of that magical fascination which struck all men in her elder girlhood, the relentless husband dismissed her from his presence with stern mien. In a few hours the accused queen was landed from the Thames, and passed beneath the gloomy and ominous portals of the Traitor's Gate into the Tower of London, her last earthly abode. She was condemned by the peers; and on the nineteenth day of that same month of May, her "small" neck was severed on Tower Green. At that moment, however, there was at least one good and true heart which pitied the "motherless and worse than fatherless child;" for only six days before her arrest,

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Anne had enjoined her chaplain, Matthew Parker, to instruct her little daughter in the principles of true religion. This learned priest had to pass through persecution and poverty during the reactionary reign of Mary, but when Elizabeth ascended the throne she summoned him to the primacy of the English Church.

The care of the infant princess and her elder sister devolved on Lady Margaret Bryan at Hunsdon, in Hertfordshire, who seems to have done her best for the neglected child of her deceased friend and queen. "My Lord," wrote she to Thomas Cromwell, the right-hand man of Henry, "when my Lady Mary's Grace was born, it pleased the King's Grace to appoint me Lady Mistress, and made me a Baroness, and so I have been governess to the children His Grace have had since. Now it is so, my Lady Elizabeth is put from that degree she was afore, and what she is at now I know not but by hearsay. Therefore I know not how to order her nor myself, nor none of hers that I have the rule of, that is, her women and grooms, beseeching you to be good Lord to my Lady and to all hers, and that she may have some raiment. She hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen, nor fursomeaks, nor kerchiefs, nor rails, nor body stichets, nor handkerchiefs, nor mullers, nor biggens. All these Her Grace must take. I have driven off as long as I can, that by my troth I can drive it off no longer . . . God knoweth my Lady (Elizabeth) hath great pain with her great teeth, and they come very slowly forth, which causeth me to suffer Her Grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God, an her teeth were well graft, to have Her Grace after another fashion than she is yet, so as I trust the King's Grace shall have great comfort in Her Grace. For she is as toward a child, and as gentle of conditions, as I ever knew any in my life. Jesu preserve Her Grace!"

Mary had not been treated well by Anne Boleyn. Brought up in the same house with Elizabeth, she had been compelled to behold the pomp that surrounded the infant's cradle, while she herself did not even enjoy the privilege of writing. But no Tudor bore a long-lived rancour. Now that her baby-sister was degraded in her turn, she continued to address her as "Her Grace;" nay, she even ventured to beseech their father's kindness just two months after the execution of the Queen. "My sister Elizabeth," she wrote from Hunsdon, "is in good health (thanks to Our Lord), and such a child toward, as I doubt not but Your Highness shall have cause to rejoice of in time coming, as

knoweth Almighty God." Elizabeth was a proper and charming child,—proper, when her sister Mary led her in the summer of 1537 to the baptismal font of their baby brother Edward; charming, when she, a mere child of six years, addressing the Chancellor whom Henry had sent down to Hunsdon with his "blessing" for the girls, gave her humble thanks, and asked after His Majesty's welfare "with as great a gravity as she had been forty years old." From the hour she learned to lisp, she conquered all by her brightness and fascination. Each of the royal Bluebeard's successive wives was charmed by her winning ways: poor dull Anne of Cleves, content to receive a pension and be called the King's "sister," was pleased with her; Catharine Howard honoured the child of seven with a conspicuous place at her own wedding feast; Catharine Parr, the last and luckiest of Henry's brides, desired the company of Elizabeth, for whom already there was predicted on every hand a brilliant future; and for a time the Princess lived and learned at Court with her little brother. For some unknown reason she was sent away for an entire year (1543-4); but a letter in Italian to her step-mother, full of love and obedience, cleared the air, and she was released from her banishment. Further on, we shall have occasion to speak of the intellectual drill she went through; but here it may be mentioned that by the time she was eleven years of age, she had prepared a translation of Marguerite de Valois's "*Le Miroir de l'Âme Pêcheresse*," which she dedicated to the Queen. Elizabeth and Edward were sweetly intimate; they cried bitterly together at Enfield when told of their father's death, but her sorrow vanished quickly under the current of her cold prudence; and the young King complimented her by letter on the equanimity with which she had borne the trial.

Here for the first time we touch the core of England's great Queen. We have seen her charms of manner and intellect; now we see the cold glitter of her prudence, which permitted her to fold her arms and serenely survey the future over her father's grave. There was no girlish *abandon*. Probably she thought more of the annuity of £3,000 bequeathed by the selfish despot she so strangely resembled, and of the will which left her the crown of England in succession to Edward and her elder sister. She was now almost within measurable distance of a throne. This wise little woman was only thirteen years of age. To complete her picture, one feature has still to be added to the canvas,

—her unrivalled capacity for dissimulation and what is vulgarly called (it is a vulgar thing) “bamboozling.” It accosts us in the story of—

HER FIRST FLIRTATION.

The reins of government had been taken by the Earl of Hertford (Duke of Somerset), maternal uncle of the young King “Josiah,” while his brother, Sir Thomas Seymour, was appointed Lord High Admiral,—unscrupulous *naevi homines*, Protestants by profession and plunderers by trade. Only a few weeks at the most had elapsed from the death of Henry, when the younger of these, a handsome and daring man of thirty, asked her hand in marriage. Repulsed at once, he simply wheeled round his attentions to her step-mother, and married the royal widow straight off. Elizabeth had a separate establishment of one hundred and twenty persons, but she lived in the same house as the learned Queen-Dowager, and under her guardianship. Seymour, by his stroke of politic marriage, was placed in excellent circumstances for prosecuting the courtship at his ease. At Chelsea, and other mansions of his own or Catharine’s, he was guilty of indecent and vulgar antics—such as marching bare-legged into her room of a morning, patting her in a manner that was more familiar than seemly, and otherwise foudling and teasing her—even in his wife’s presence; but Catharine could wink no longer at his gallantry when she caught him with his arm round the maiden’s waist. Elizabeth, scarcely fifteen, was packed off to Cheshunt, still, however, in the loving thoughts of her step-mother, who could forgive a little thoughtless frivolity in a brilliant girl, to whom she could say, without fear of turning her head, “I believe you are destined by Heaven to be the Queen of England.”

In a few months after this separation the giddy princess lost her best female friend. The path was again cleared to the gallant wooer, whose art of fascination raised against him a suspicion of magic. He played with high and dangerous stakes. He sought, by presents of money for ignoble purposes, to win over the boy-king to press under the notice of Parliament the treatment Edward experienced from Somerset; he aimed at bringing about the marriage of Edward and Lady Jane Grey, so as to attach a strong party among the nobles, and then, as the crowning achievement, marrying Elizabeth and perhaps reaching the throne. He did not suffer the grass to grow beneath his feet. He secured fit agents in Thomas Parry, Elizabeth’s conferrer, and Catharine Ashley, her governess, one of the most accomplished women in England. They

plied her fancy by frequently dwelling on his love and worth, so effectively that with her own permission the inexorable Seymour one day appeared at the stately mansion of Ashridge, in Herts, where she had taken up her residence. Although Elizabeth was able to dissemble before him, doubtless Kate Ashley would let him know that behind the curtain the mention of his name brought the blushes to mantle her cheeks. Blushing maiden as she was, the daughter of Henry VIII. had not lived in the atmosphere of those times of base intrigue and light regard for human heads, without learning what was more essential than the Latin and Greek taught her by Grindal and Ascham,—the value of caution and craft. Even with the crimson on her clear-complexioned face she said,—from no virgin modesty, we fear, “Castles in the air!” “I will do as God shall put into my mind;” and when she consented to Seymour’s visit, she was wise enough to look ahead for probable rocks and insert a proviso, “not without the permission of the Council.”

Her levity leaked out, and the Duchess of Somerset personally reprimanded the governess for permitting “my Lady Elizabeth’s going in the night in a barge upon the Thames and for other light parts.” Seymour’s bubble was ready to burst. He was a traitor to himself. He had gained a strong party for the Protector’s overthrow; but a greedy man, who wantonly bubbled about the Princess’s fortune, boasted of “speedily climbing” above the Lord Privy Seal, and brandished a paper which he declared to be a charge against the Protector, was doomed to failure. His brother seized him and sent him to the Tower, in January 1549. Thither, too, were sent Parry and Ashley. Seymour had not the privilege of a fair trial. On the 4th of March a Bill of Attainder was passed, and sixteen days later he perished on the scaffold.

On the arrest of her two domestics, Elizabeth was placed under restraint by Sir Robert Tyrwhit, at Hatfield, in Herts. After an outburst of tears on learning the fate of her two servants, she assumed the calmness which was her strength and power through life. No bold question or cunning insinuation took her off her guard, and Sir Robert was forced to confess that “she hath a good wit, and nothing is to be gotten from her but by great policy.” She allowed to no amorous intimacy, but merely that her relations had been those of business. “My Lord,” wrote this girl who had “a soul to be saved,” “there goeth rumours abroad which be grently against both my honour and honesty, which above all things

I esteem, which be these, that I am in the Tower and with child by my Lord-Admiral. . . . I shall most heartily desire your Lordship that I may come to Court after your first determination, that I may show myself there as I am." Foiled by a girl of fifteen, who could talk with such placid hardihood on the most delicate matters, the Protector turned his attention to her domesticities, and wrung from them the confessions on which our narrative is based. When these were presented to her, so keenly suspicious had her mind become at this early stage of life, she took care to examine the signatures, so as to be assured of their genuineness. In fact, she went no further than her servants' statements, and the wiliest and most experienced statesmen in all England were thoroughly outwitted. Kate was removed from her position as governess, and the troublesome task devolved on Lady Tyrwhit. Elizabeth had now driven home to her once for all, that in the days and people amid which and whom she lived only a hair-breadth divided a scaffold from a throne. A story is told, and it is not improbable, that she showed no sign of sorrow when informed of Seymour's fate, but remarked with the calmness of a critical biographer, "This day died a man with much wit and very little judgment." It is now manifest that Elizabeth might play with hearts and heads, but that *her* heart would never break nor her head go to the block.

LOVE'S AFTERMATH.

The shock—how much from love, how much from shame?—that followed her first introduction to the arena of responsible life in those ruthless and cunning times was deep and protracted. She became depressed and sank into a dangerous illness. The strain continued for a year, but at last the poison of the wound had passed through her nature. Meanwhile her suffering brought forth some tenderness from the Court: her two beloved domestics returned to her household; and the wisest head in England, the incorruptible secretary of Edward VI., William Cecil,—afterwards her own leading counsellor when she reached the throne,—seems to have been received into her confidence. She was no foolish Rosalind. It would be hard to find in Elizabeth from this time forward any trace of gentle feeling, except perhaps some thirteen years later, when she, believing herself to be dying of small-pox, confessed her love for Robert Dudley to the sage statesmen who stood in terror by her bed. The iron scourge of the "stern, rugged nurse," Adversity, did not teach her to melt at the woe of

others. From her first trampled passion she emerged a cold and wary woman. She turned away from the scandal of the Court to serious study, burying in her heart the secret of "her freaks and follies with the late Lord Admiral;"* and possibly its shadow never crossed her path visibly from the outside world, save once when she was Queen, and dealt in deeper and wider plots. Sir John Harrington presented her with a portrait of the handsome *innamorato* of her blushing girlhood, along with a sonnet in which that Orlando was thus referred to:—

"Of person rare, strong limbs, and manly shape,
By nature formed to serve in sea or land;
Yet against nature, reason, and just laws,
His blood was spilt, guiltless, and without cause."

All who have paid attention to the growth of education in England are sufficiently well acquainted with the learning and works of that stout Yorkshireman, Roger Ascham. If he had any sin worth speaking of, it may have been that of fondness for cock-fighting; but against this possible item of extravagance in his nature—a humble reflex of the ferocious life of his exalted neighbours—must be set his ardent pursuit of learning amid the narrow straits of poverty. He was a Protestant not only in religion but in education; and in "The Scholemaster," left unfinished at his death in 1568, he denounced the barbarous system of teaching then in vogue, which consisted in cramming the young memory, with the result of turning out mere "lubbers," and when memory was at fault bringing down the ruthless rod on the helpless victims. He advocated "education," in the true sense of the word, with all the force of his logic and wit. "*Multum non multa*" was the motto he adopted from the Roman Pliny; the school was by his method to become "a sanctuary from fear;" it was to develop, not to stifle, the energies of the mind; it was to set the "wit" at work, to try the judgment, to train the memory to a habit of sure retentiveness. "Pleasure," said this renowned scholar, "allureth love; love hath lust to labour; labour always obtaineth his purpose."

It was well for the wounded heart of the Princess that at this crisis she found a teacher like Ascham, with whom accuracy and understanding were combined principles; she learned not merely to turn an elegant expression, but to hold intelligent converse with the mighty dead of Greece and Rome. The day opened with the Greek Testament, and this was followed by the speeches of Isocrates and the tragedies of Sophocles, in

* Tennyson's drama, "Queen Mary."

reading which the tutor pointed out the moral truths which, followed by her, would eminently fit her for her lofty station, and enable her to buffet the severest tempests of fortune. By the way, Queen Elizabeth was proud of her penmanship and of her skill in music: it is remarkable that both of these were special accomplishments of Ascham, and that he had been her instructor in caligraphy. To this silent and thoughtful period, this spring-time of unseen development after the first wild storm of nascent passion and bitter repression, belongs the influence of the Yorkshire tutor; how powerful it may have been there is no record to reveal, but it may justly be allowed to have widened her views of life and strengthened her ambition. And when Ascham left his pupil in 1550, their parting was not for ever. Five years later, on escaping from a greater danger that had almost brought her head to the scaffold where her mother's had fallen, she summoned him to her side to read with her the thrilling speeches of great Greek and Roman orators, and studied the pleadings of the statesmen and the manners of the people. When as Queen of England she had to guide the restive bark amid the countless quicksands of European diplomacy, and to smile upon the fulsome flatteries of courtiers, Roger Ascham was still beside her, and she spent her mornings with the still poor tutor as she had done when a fair-haired girl with a wounded heart.

A Latin letter to a learned foreigner, written by him after leaving the Princess in 1550, deserves to be quoted, not merely as a proof of her diligence, but also because it reveals to us how she was able to conquer her feelings and simulate a simplicity of taste utterly at variance with her voluptuous nature and the loud extravagance of her regal days:—

"At her age, a little over sixteen, such seriousness and condescension with dignity have never been heard of. She has the keenest zeal for true religion [*i.e.* against Popery] and polite learning; a wit that is exempt from female weakness, a masculine power of application, a quick perception and a retentive memory. She converses in French and Italian as freely as in English, and in Latin with ease, correctness, and judgment; she also speaks Greek fairly, and often is pleased to talk in that language with me. Her writing of Greek and Latin is unsurpassed for elegance. Although highly skilled in music, yet it does not delight her very greatly. As to personal decoration, she is φιλόκαλος μάλλον ἢ καλλωπιστὴς [*i.e.* neat but not gaudy], always so despising the outward adorning of plaiting of the hair and of wearing of gold, that in the whole manner of life she may be compared to Hippolyta rather than to Phœdra."

This sounds like a satire on the gorgeous Elizabeth of later years.

SUNSHINE AND STORM.

Elizabeth at Hatfield by the Lea, nineteen miles from the din and Court of London, in her simple dress of Puritanic severity, plodding quietly through the somewhat dreary tasks of Roger Ascham, and smiling upon him as if Greek were all to her and he the best and dearest creature in the world, estranged from her brother and her sister,—that is a picture of pathetic loneliness, but not without a tint of humour. When would the day arrive on which this obscured star, this true daughter of the majestic Henry, should emerge from the weary chrysalis gloom of Hatfield? One day a message, like a gleam of sunshine, came from her weakly brother with whom she had romped before all this trouble. He wished for her portrait, which was accordingly despatched with an infinitely more charming letter. "The face," said the student of Demosthenes, "I grant I might well blush to offer, but the mind I shall never be ashamed to present. For though from the grace of the picture the colours may fade by time, may give by weather, may be spotted by chance; yet the other, nor time with her swift wings shall overtake, nor the misty clouds with their lowerings may darken, nor chance with her slippery foot may overthrow."

Elizabeth, it is plain, was watching with keen interest the storm that lowered in the heavens and was soon to break mercilessly on the head of Somerset. Meanwhile she was blessed with the gift of Hatfield, where she had spent those many days of silent outlook and contemplation. At last, after two years of exile, she rode through London to St. James's Palace, with "a great company of ladies, lords, knights, and gentlemen;" and two days later she received a ceremonious welcome at the Court (March 1551). Why all this show of deep regard under the new administration of the Earl of Warwick (Northumberland)? Was it only another trap? Could she have foreseen that in two years a son of Northumberland would be married to the gentle and accomplished Lady Jane Grey; that in a month from that event Lady Jane would be proclaimed as Queen, and in other seven months perish as a traitor on the scaffold, the vision would have darkened with a black pall the brightness of that day's pomp. By-and-by, when she has passed through yet deeper gloom, we shall find that Elizabeth, like other strong natures, had a firm faith in "Fortune." As yet, perhaps, this religion had not taken possession of her soul; but may we not be allowed to guess

that the prophetic belief of Catharine Parr had never died out of her memory ?

Once more she saw the tables turned against her sister : she, in her youthful bloom, witnessed the fascination that her tall figure and queenly bearing, her lovely eyes, and, not least, her small, elegant, coquettish hand had upon the lords of Edward's Court ; and how meagre and ungraceful a welcome had been vouchsafed to her grave sister, over whose once fair, pure face the sorrows of neglect had now wrought emaciation and wrinkles, and who, with her suite, came to a Protestant Court with rosaries and crosses, flaunting her hatred of the new faith. But Elizabeth was the pink of perfection ; her solid learning and her sober garb and ways awakened in the heart of Edward, now a lad of fourteen, all the love that had slumbered since their simple childhood ; he addressed her as his " sweet sister Temperance." The Reformed party looked up to the daughter of Anne Boleyn with respect, and Lady Jane Grey herself pointed to her as a model of propriety, declining to wear some apparel of cloth of gold and velvet sent by the Princess Mary ; for, said she, " my Lady Elizabeth followeth God's Word." It will appear curious that the rich attire and precious jewels bequeathed by King Henry were only once looked at by her until the political necessities of Mary's reign compelled her to wear them ; that " her maidenly apparel which she used in King Edward's time made the noblemen's wives ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks, being more moved with her most virtuous example than all that ever Paul or Peter wrote touching that matter ; " and that when Mary of Guise, mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, set all the ladies of the Court to curl and double curl in French style, she alone " altered nothing, but kept her old maidenly shamefacedness." If we follow her from this display of October 1551 to her retreat at Hatfield, we shall find the same strict humility,—a slender retinue, mere trifling sums spent on clothing, a few serious books, a very little charity, and a balance to her credit at the end of the year.

The cards played by Northumberland on the pallet of the dying Prince were soon revealed. Elizabeth was to have been disposed of somehow, perhaps packed off to Denmark as wife of Christian III., while Edward signed away to this upstart duke's daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, the crown which Henry VIII. had bequeathed to his own daughters. When all was over with the Prince, they received an invitation in his name, but Elizabeth, either warned or wary, did not move from her retreat in Herts.

FROM PURITAN TO CATHOLIC.

It was everything to Elizabeth that she should stand by her father's will and appear as a firm supporter of kingly authority. The proposal of the Duke of Northumberland, after the proclamation of Lady Jane, that she should resign her title for a pension, she rejected with boldness and prudence, on the ground that she had no claim until the claim of Mary was dealt with. She made no movement whatever ; she was, or pretended to be, ill, until the cause of Mary had proved victorious and the people had called that princess to the throne with an almost frantic enthusiasm. When London streets were illumined with bonfires, and the people sang and shouted and banqueted and tossed their caps on Mary's proclamation, then did this wise sister move down to London at the head of five hundred horsemen clad in the colours of the Queen.

In the triumph of the hour Mary received her warmly ; but in many hearts the sight of the two sisters as they rode together through the city—the one prematurely worn, the other in the freshness of maidenhood, looking like an embodied memory of her great father—must have awakened a sigh of regret that the crown had not fallen on the younger brow. Amid all the pomp she loved so well, Elizabeth must have known that a dark arch lay before her, that Mary's narrow creed was certainly laden with disaster. The first note of quarrel sounded from the tomb of Edward, when Elizabeth refused to accompany her sister to a requiem mass in the Tower. The divorce of Catharine of Arragon was yet unrevoked, the insults and injuries of Anne Boleyn were yet unavenged ; and the Queen must have known that the name of her sister, whose deep and far-seeing craft she little dreamed of, was not only the watchword of the great Protestant party but far more popular than her own. With an honest simplicity Mary set herself heroically to the conversion of her sister. After a wasted month of rigorous example she determined that Elizabeth must become a Catholic or leave the Court. Elizabeth knew how to yield (as we shall afterwards observe in her dealings with the Parliament), and, with affected simplicity, shed tears of love in ample profusion at her sister's feet, declaring that she knew no creed but that in which she had been strictly trained. The result, as may be guessed, was her conversion. Mary, at least, believed her.

In the ceremonies of the coronation Elizabeth took rank next to the Queen, dressed in a robe of

crimson velvet, and sitting in a chariot drawn by six horses and covered with cloth of silver. Her meekness, however, stopped short at the passing of an Act of Parliament repealing the divorce of Catharine of Arragon; she stormed, and for days declined to see the Queen. If simple Mary, under the influence of the wily Imperial ambassador, thought of depriving Elizabeth of her right of succession to the throne, withheld all tokens of affection, and allowed none of the Court ladies to visit her without permission, the Princess appeared serene and joyful amid the adoration of the gallant youths who thronged the Court.

Perhaps she learned of the dark suggestion instilled into Mary's mind that she ought, for the Queen and Church's sake, to be committed to the Tower, and it was with a relieved heart that she made her way with a brilliant guard of honour towards Ashridge, on the 6th of December, 1553, with a gift of Mary's richest jewels, in return for her own assurance that her belief in the old religion was conscientious. On arriving at the mansion where her love had been awakened six years before by the visit of the Admiral, she wrote, with the seeming earnestness of a true Catholic, for crosses and other appointments for her chapel. Mary complied with gladness; but deep at the bottom of her soul there rankled the memory of her mother's wrong, and the dread fear that the daughter of Anne Boleyn would be the cause of further mischief.

SENT TO THE TOWER.

There were rumours of conspiracy afloat, the centre, if not the head, of these being the handsome Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon, a scion of the White Rose. Of the twenty-six years of his life, fourteen had been spent in the Tower. Restored by Mary to the honours of his father, whom Henry VIII. had sent to the scaffold, he at once became a popular favourite, and even aspired to the hand of the Queen. Around him the plotters gathered for Mary's overthrow. First of all were the Protestants, who relied upon his marriage with the daughter of Anne Boleyn, goaded into revolt by the revival of Popery; there were the defeated supporters of Lady Jane, ready, if other course were not open, to strike for Elizabeth; there was a vast body of pure patriots, determined to prevent a foreigner like Philip of Spain from marrying their Queen and degrading England to the position of an outlying fief of his empire; and behind all these was concealed the sovereign of France, jealous of any accession of power to his great continental rival. Elizabeth could not be unaware of this deep

dissatisfaction. Bishop Gardiner, who had almost a paternal affection for Courtenay, obtained from the "young fool" a confession of something like a plot, and that a marriage to Elizabeth had been suggested. He would sooner return to the Tower, boasted Courtenay, than ally himself to her. The conspirators were forced into action in January. On the 25th of that month Sir Thomas Wyatt, the most conspicuous figure of the insurrection, sent advice to Elizabeth to retire from Ashridge to Donnington Castle, so as to be at a greater distance from London and from peril; so did Sir James Croft. The Queen heard of this, and invited her to court, with the promise of a hearty welcome. The Princess expressed her horror at the conspiracy, but remained at Ashridge on the plea of illness. She fortified and garrisoned the house. The defeat of Wyatt was followed by his execution on the 11th of April.

Whatever has been said as to the cruelty of Elizabeth's arrest, and although Mary's "confessor," the Imperial ambassador, had shown a deadly spleen against that same princess for the safety of the Faith, Elizabeth's seizure was perfectly justifiable on the evidence in the possession of the Government. With due care, attended by physicians from the Queen, the Princess was conducted from her country residence, a little over thirty miles from London, learning by the way the terrible news of the execution of the noble and innocent companion of her childhood, Lady Jane Grey. She was ill indeed; she was seized with fainting fits, and only after four days did she reach Highgate (15th February, 1554). Her state of absolute exhaustion rendered her incapable of further progress for a week, and during that period of dreadful suspense wild reports were spread: by some that she was suffering from poison; by others that she bore with her the same shameful secret as when a girl of fourteen she had accepted the caresses of Seymour. But the haughty, self-reliant Tudor was mistress of herself again, and as she came down in her open litter from the heights of Highgate towards the city, she showed no trace of fear: while the crowds that pressed around her gazed in silence or with sighs and tears on her pale, determined face and the white dress that clothed her as a symbol of her innocence. She was imprisoned in the Palace of Whitehall.

Wyatt confessed that the aim of the conspiracy had been to place Elizabeth on the throne and save England from a hateful connection with Spain. It was decided by the Council that she should be committed to the Tower. She might

well be struck with horror at the prospect of entering the theatre of so many tragedies, where her own mother's head had fallen. Her room at Whitehall, and the gardens beneath were watched by troops. She declared her innocence; she demanded of her jailers if they knew she was the daughter of a king. On the morning of the 17th of March (Saturday) the barge was waiting for her. She beseeched the two earls who came with this information only to stay till the next tide; but she was told that neither time nor tide allowed of this. Then she begged permission to write but six lines to her sister: and, in a tender moment, the Earl of Sussex bent upon his knee and swore that he would dare to carry her message and return with an answer. Firmly and clearly she wrote in her best style of penmanship, elaborately decorating the signature with all her customary flourishes. Even at that moment—perhaps the most agitated of her whole eventful history—she showed the utmost coolness and wariness. She had covered with writing the first page of a sheet of paper and a small portion of the second, at the bottom of which was placed her signature. Observing, with the instinct of genius, that the vacant space might be used for a fatal forgery, she filled it with vertical and horizontal strokes, all drawn with perfect firmness.

A vain appeal. On Sunday morning she was conducted to the dreaded Tower. She was compelled to land at the Traitor's Gate: and as the Marquis of Winchester sternly said, "You have no choice," and offered his cloak to protect her from the rain, "she dashed it from her with a good dash." Stepping on the stairs,—the selfsame as her mother's foot had once touched,—she exclaimed, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before Thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee alone!" "If it were so, it was the better for her," said the mocking Winchester. The warders knelt and said, "God preserve your Grace!" At the threshold of the Traitor's Gate she sat down upon a wet stone. "Better sit here," said she to the Lieutenant of the Tower, "than in a worse place; for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me." At this her usher, who had been permitted to attend her, was constrained to weep, and the Princess rebuked him for taking away her courage instead of acting as her supporter. She entered the prison; the gloomy doors were locked and bolted; and then, without a tear, surrounded by a few domestics, the heroic Tudor prayed for grace to build her house upon the rock.

For two months the Tower was her "living tomb." For several weeks she was strictly confined to her room, and no stone was left unturned to convict her; for it was insisted that the Faith would have no peace so long as she remained alive. Outside, pamphlets and various eccentric means of attack upon the Queen were read and witnessed in the city; within the Tower her marvellous fascination—"the spirit of a thousand devils," was an expression used in later years—turned her foes into worshippers. In spite of a rigorous examination by members of the Council,—in spite of the equivocal speech of Wyatt on the scaffold, which merely declared her innocent of being "privy of my rising or commotion before I began,"—in spite of the (alleged) torture of one of her domestics,—in spite of the Imperial rancour, Elizabeth was not condemned. The popular voice was on her side. Her treatment all through was harsh in the extreme; and only after she had complained of the effect of the confinement on her health, and a conviction was felt to be legally impossible, was she permitted to take exercise in the Queen's apartments, under strict guard and with the windows closed. A little boy of three or four years of age was accustomed to bring flowers to the prisoners, but one day he was prevented from giving any to the beautiful princess. On the following day the child came again, and whispered through a hole in the door, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now." She only smiled. The Constable, suspecting a correspondence with Courtenay, gave orders that the "crafty knave" should appear no more in the precincts of the Tower. At last the heart of Mary softened towards her "little sister," and on the 19th of May the hope of England passed forth through the gloomy portals of the Tower.

PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK.

Elizabeth had made up her mind for death, and stated, in after years, that during her confinement she had but one request to make—that she should be executed not by the axe but by the sword. It is no wonder that when she saw a hundred men in front of the prison one May morning, she demanded to know whether "Lady Jane's scaffold were removed." She was informed that she was soon to be released. "Her safety," says Professor Wiesener, "was in a great measure due to a special feature of the English character, a scrupulous regard for the form and letter of the law, as well as to her prudence, her popularity, and Gardiner's prepossession in favour of Courtenay."

Her journey had all the aspect of a triumph.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

As she passed up the Thames, Mary was shocked to hear the boom of three cannon shots fired from the Steel-yard ; the lads of Eton came forth to greet "the Lady Elizabeth ;" and all the way from London to Woodstock (near Oxford) crowds welcomed her with tears and prayers, threw cakes and nosegays into her litter, and shouted, "God save your Grace !" At the manor she was as much a prisoner as at the Tower ; she had only a few attendants, books and pens were forbidden, and her hands and face became swollen under the treatment she received. She was incessantly at war with Bedlingfield, her honest but stern guardian. At her own request she received permission from the Lords to have an English Bible ; and other books of a learned and innocuous character, subsequently granted, helped to wile away the weary months of her captivity, her classical studies and her bitter worrying of Bedlingfield being diversified by needlework, meditation, and prayer. At last determined by any "crooked way" to obtain release, she humbly conformed to the Catholic ritual by confessing before partaking of the Holy Communion, and ordered her chaplain to use only the Latin service. Having grievously complained to Bedlingfield, that her plight was more ignominious than that of the vilest prisoners in Newgate or the Tower, inasmuch as these could have their mind opened to the authorities (Mary having forbidden further correspondence after the receipt of one letter from Elizabeth), her guardian was moved to report her conversation to the Council.

She recovered her liberty from no feeling of justice or generosity, but as a matter of State policy. When it was supposed that the Queen was pregnant, the Spanish Government began to relent, hoping to win public favour by her release, and at the same time to secure her banishment from England by a marriage with the Duke of Savoy. When this scheme of Philip had utterly collapsed, partly through Elizabeth's "resolution to remain a maiden," he attempted to persuade her to accept a home in Flanders with the Queen of Hungary. The Catholic Philip failed to drive her into a honourable exile in the same way as the Protestant Northumberland had failed in the reign of Edward VI., not through any vow of virginity on the part of Elizabeth, but because of her immovable and proud determination to fix her own destiny and to abide by her claim to the crown of England. At last, when Mary was at Hampton Court awaiting her confinement, she sent for Elizabeth, with the view of offering a *pardon*, for she still

clung to a belief in her sister's guilt. On the 25th of April Elizabeth departed from the cage of Woodstock, leaving behind her a memorial verse, cut with a diamond on a pane of glass, which sums up this wretched episode :—

"Much suspected by me,
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

FREEDOM AT HATFIELD.

Although at Hampton Court, she was for some time virtually a prisoner, and the wily Gardiner urgently plied her to *confess* her guilt to the Queen, with the promise of forgiveness. With her old unbroken boldness she assured the crafty bigot that she would lie in prison all her life rather than acknowledge as true the accusation of disloyalty. Late one night, about the end of May (1555), she was summoned to the presence of the Queen. Was it to end in death at last ? Not so. Before her sister she again declared her innocence ; and the Queen dismissed her kindly, adding in an undertone the words, "God knoweth."

The insane persecution of the martyrs that took place during her residence at Hampton Court, and the minor conspiracies that arose only to be speedily suppressed, rendered the palace far from being a pleasant abode. Owing to the flood of ladies who streamed to visit the Queen, Elizabeth was permitted to remove to Outlands, four miles distant. In the early autumn, while with the Queen at Greenwich, the Princess, now twenty-two years of age, was pressed to negotiate a marriage with Philip's son, Don Carlos, a lad of ten ; but she talked off the danger with her usual skill, which served her so frequently and to such splendid purpose, after her accession to the throne. Having acquitted herself as an excellent Catholic, she was permitted to retire to her own Hatfield, where once again she enjoyed the companionship of Ashley and PARRY, and read the old Greek orators with Roger Ascham, who, like his royal pupil and the incorruptible Cecil, had professed himself a Catholic.

Even then the course of Elizabeth did not run smooth. In consequence of the conspiracy of Kingston in the interest of the "jolly liberal dame" (March 1556), Ashley and others of her domestics were sent to the Fleet ; and strong suspicion, perhaps justly, fell upon the Princess, whose residence was therefore filled with soldiers ; but Mary, instead of believing her guilty, presented her with a valuable diamond. When at Court in autumn she again incurred the royal

displeasure by rejecting the proposal of marriage to the Duke of Savoy; she was driven away to Hatfield, and it was once more mooted that she should be declared illegitimate. Under this fresh trouble, and her sister's insults, she was attacked with illness. Her life was almost despaired of. Thus hunted to the verge of the grave she determined on fleeing to the Continent; but the French Ambassador succeeded in dissuading her from this suicidal course.

The declaration of war with France, ending in the loss of Calais, at last brought peace and mirth to Hatfield, and the broken-hearted Queen decided that Elizabeth should be her heir. It is pleasant at the evening of Mary's pitiable life, and the dawn of her sister's glory, to learn of their friendship and happy interviews. Life went merrily at Hatfield in these last months of Mary's reign. Elizabeth had even the pleasure of refusing the hand of Eric, King of Sweden, with Mary's own permission, and of corresponding with Philip in affectionate terms. Her troubles as a princess ended, her cares as a queen began, when her courageous and honest but misguided sister passed away from earth, at daybreak on the 17th of November, 1558.

ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

The first news of Mary's death was received at Hatfield with a suspicion that one more trap was planted for her, and she despatched a trusted counsellor to St. James's Palace, to obtain proof from one of the Court ladies in the shape of a ring that the deceased Queen had always worn since her marriage. Meanwhile a deputation from the Council arrived at Hatfield. She shed no tears for Mary, but with a deep sigh fell on her knees beneath a tree in the open park, exclaiming, "*A Domino factum est istud, et mirabile oculis nostris*" (It is the Lord's doing, etc.)

That day there dawned a new England—England peaceful, industrious, prosperous, content, doubly patriotic, yet throwing her eyes across the world; England in the plenitude of her will, her intellect, and her conscience, and in the strength of her wooden walls: England that is "merry England," but whose mirth is only a cheerful undernote in the serious Psalm of Life. And the lady who comes like Aurora—no darling of modern romance like Mary Queen of Scots, over whom men quarrel now, and whom they admire as warmly as when the red wine may have shone through her transparent neck—has come to help England with the meed of her self-control born of many years of persecution, sorrow, and thought. With all her faults, she

was worthy of the most poetic romance that England has produced; our great housekeeper and heroine, saving, crafty, and strong, was the "Faerie Queene" of Edmund Spenser.

She meant to take up England where her father had left it, to erect the love of country above the passion of creeds. Henry had embodied in himself the spirit of moderation and compromise; and, like him, his second daughter, heedless and contemptuous of all forms of religion, set about the construction of a broad, solid, independent England, steering a middle and seemingly hesitating course between Catholics and Calvinists, holding them back from each other's throats until material comfort and prosperity had taught them to subordinate religious passions to a deeper feeling—that of reverence for the commonwealth of England. Her brother's and her sister's reigns were the governments of "doctrinaires," of "religious theorists;" that of Mary being reactionary and un-English, simply throwing the country beneath the heel of a foreign Power, the Pope of Rome. The two extremes had equally failed. The country was ripe for guidance by a spirit like Elizabeth's. Men hoped that the eleven years of plunder, misrule, bigotry, poverty, and financial strain that had intervened since Henry's death were only a passing nightmare; and of Queen Bess they sought no more than that she should step into the shoes of "bluff King Hal."

From her, we who have followed her career from childhood shall not look for what is noblest; we know that "the child is father to the man." The Elizabeth who charmed Catharine Parr and yet filled her heart with sorrow, who when her first lover perished on the scaffold concealed her feelings with a gibe, who filled the soul of Roger Ascham with delight, who revelled in the carnival of Hatfield, who was sober Puritan and earnest Catholic by turns, who in the most tragic moment of her life suspected a possible forgery, who defied by her tenacity and dissimulation the detection of her secrets, who at the tenderest stage of life bore her father's death with philosophic calm—we shall find her the same when Queen of England. Let it be said that Elizabeth had only her self-interest in view, the fact remains that this was fortunately identical with the interest of the country, and she was so completely successful that the devotion paid to her was a close approach to hero-worship.

THE CORONATION.

Within three days of Mary's death she had already sounded the keynote of her policy, by

gathering several statesmen to her council-board whose opinions were utterly diverse from those which had misguided her sister's reign. Yet it was apparent that she did not wish to break rudely and offensively with the past, for men like the Marquis of Winchester, who had shown so little grace to her on the steps of the Tower, were still retained; and that nobleman, a loyal supporter of the Tudors, continued in the office of Treasurer until his death. But these were not to be her directors and inmost confidants. It was William Cecil who had prepared her for action in the crisis: it was he who had sketched the proclamation within an hour from Mary's death; and it was to him she addressed these words at Hatfield on the Sunday after that event, in presence of the Privy Council: "This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted by any manner of gifts, and that you will be faithful to the State; and that without respect of my private will, you will give me that counsel that you think best." Another of the statesmen who brought the fresh blood of the coming time was Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of a still more distinguished son, who became the herald of modern experimental science, and next to Shakspeare was the greatest child of the Elizabethan reign. Other statesmen of great ability came later, such as Walsingham; but to Cecil above all England and Elizabeth owed largely the foundation of firm peace and solid prosperity,—a man who may have been too prosaic in his old age for young courtiers and imaginative eagles like Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, but who deserves to be for ever remembered as the—

"Right noble lord, whose careful breast
To menage of most grave affairs is bent,
And on whose mighty shoulders meet doth rest
The burden of this kingdom's government."

Elizabeth has been lauded for her knowledge of human nature; and this was very specially and very fortunately exhibited in the selection of men so shrewd and moderate as Cecil and Bacon and so astute as Walsingham for the control of the destinies of England.

Previous to the coronation, Elizabeth made her first public departure from the policy of Mary by authorizing the use of the English Liturgy, and forbidding the elevation of the host; but at the same time, anxious that the Catholic party should not feel uneasy, nor the Calvinists exult too loudly and offensively over this comparatively trifling change, and that religious tumults should not arise to mar the first dawn of her reign, she prohibited the clergy

from preaching on controverted topics, and the performance of plays or interludes till after Hallowmas. When her accession was announced to the Pope, he refused to acknowledge her, declaring that she was illegitimate and England a fief of the Holy See; but in the meantime the English Catholics remained in peaceful submission to their sovereign.

The fascinating manners of Elizabeth, as displayed in the processions before and at the coronation, acted powerfully on the feelings of the people. As she passed from the Charterhouse to the Tower on the 28th of November, riding on a palfrey, and clothed in a riding-dress of purple velvet, the hearts of the citizens of London were conquered by the graceful notice paid to their enthusiasm, and her little impromptu speeches were as irresistible as the arrows of Cupid. And when she reached the terrible fortress of so many ghastly memories, of one fierce memory in her own short life, she struck a deadly blow at the irritating policy of her two predecessors—a blow that must have echoed widely, and deepened the dawning confidence of a nation a-weary for rest and pining for prosperity—when, with all her majestic queenliness, she said: "Some have fallen from being princes of this land to be prisoners in this place; I am raised from being prisoner in this place to be prince of this land. That dejection was a work of God's justice; this advancement is a work of His mercy." Previous to her coronation, she also adroitly felt the pulse of the nation in another matter, by seceding at Christmas from the celebration of the mass, leaving the chapel with her ladies just as it began,—an action which she could readily have attributed to sickness, had it provoked any strong expression of complaint throughout the country.

The procession from the Tower to Westminster on the day previous to the coronation, most gorgeous in itself, acquired a charm of its own from the peculiar and intimate zest of the fascinating Queen. In spite of Roger Ascham's praise of her simplicity of taste, it is no secret that her fondness for display and glaring colours was a special weakness; and apart from her own greediness for adoration, she delighted in seeing her subjects spend their holidays in mirth, well aware that by this simple remedy a great deal of popular discontent would be drawn off. As she left the Tower, she had still one sentence to utter in condemnation of the horrors of the uncompromising Government from which she and thousands more had suffered, and which had driven away the commerce of the country: with upraised eyes she

expressed her gratitude to Heaven for delivering her "out of the den, from the cruelty of the raging lions." Seated in a sumptuous chariot, she rode in glee through the streets amid the noisy cheers of thousands, and under the triumphal arches, one of which bore upon it the words, "Deborah, the judge and restorer of the house of Israel." When an old man shouted, "I remember King Henry the Eighth," her face is said to have brightened with gladness, as became a "natural child;" in Cheapside she accepted from the Corporation an English Bible, kissing it, and promising to read it diligently; and with a kindly word she bade farewell to the city, in answer to a song chanted in her honour at Temple Bar by a group of sweet-voiced children. Two other incidents of this journey of a characteristic nature must be mentioned,—that she received a splendid and well-filled purse from the city companies "marvellous pithily;" and that "a branch of rosemary, given her Grace with a supplication by a poor woman about Fleet Bridge, was seen in her chariot till her Grace came to Westminster."

ELIZABETH AS A STATESMAN.

Shocking though the fact may seem to many, it was her attendant of religious feeling that rendered the Queen so fortunate in carrying forward the work of compromise between the two parties of the country. There is no lack of proof as to her absolute irreverence; she complained to her ladies of the smell of the oil used at the coronation; and when the Protestants of Holland in her riper years offered her the sovereignty of their country, so far was she from understanding their scruples against attending mass, and rebelling on this ground against Spain—it was only a form to her—that, posing herself theatrically in a white dress, she exclaimed, "What! if I were to begin to act some scene in a dress like this, should you regard it as a crime?" She stood as an embodiment of pure intellect above all parties, "the very type of reason untouched by imagination or passion." The massacre of St. Bartholomew thrilled all England with indignation, but failed to move the heart of the Maiden Queen. Her only religion was the prosperity of England.

"Her Majesty's desire," said her Address to her first Parliament, "was to secure and unite the realm in *one uniform order*, to the honour and glory of God, and to general tranquillity;" she required the Commons to "eschew contumelious and opprobrious words, as heretic, schismatic, and Papist, as . . . enemies to concord

and unity, the very marks which they were now to shoot at;" she would never, from wanton adherence to her own fantasy, give occasion for such "tumults and stirs . . . as had risen of late days," or interfere, through her private affection, with the quarrels of foreign princes, "to the impoverishment of her realm;" in fine, "nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, was so dear as the love and good-will of her subjects." This is what we have been accustomed of late years to hear called the policy of "masterly inactivity."

This first Parliament passed the Supremacy Bill and the Act of Uniformity. Philip of Spain, through his ambassador, attempted to alarm her into opposition to the proposed religious changes, declaring that such a course was simply "rushing to perdition;" but the Queen boldly replied that she would not permit the money of her people to be carried out of the realm to the Pope; and while declining to adopt the title of "Head of the Church" won and worn by the illustrious father in whose footsteps she intended to follow, she threw back the impertinence of the Spanish ambassador with the petulant remark, that "she hoped to be saved as well as the Bishop of Rome."

She was the last of the Tudors. Her single life lay between the freedom of England and its subjection to France, for next to her stood Mary Stuart, the wife of the Dauphin. On the other hand was Spain, the richest and mightiest nation of the world, eager to attain universal dominion and impose a universal Church, and already Philip had offered her his hand in marriage. The safety of England lay in the jealousy of those two Powers; but at the same time English politicians were alive to the dangers that would spring up if Elizabeth were to die without issue. On this one subject, and on that of settling the succession, she differed from her advisers, and when a deputation from the first Parliament waited upon her with a view to obtaining her consent to marriage, no satisfactory reply was furnished, but merely the statement that for her it would be enough that "a marble stone should declare that a queen, having reigned such a time, lived and died a virgin." It is not to be credited for a moment that she had any aversion from marriage in itself, but the question of the succession was the card she retained in her own hand to play against the cabinets of Europe. On all sides there were suitors: the offer of a Spanish alliance by marriage with the Archduke of Austria, whom Cecil declared to be a fool although his head was as big as the Earl of

Bedford's: from France in later years came the dwarfish Duke of Anjou, Elizabeth's "Frog," with a gigantic nose and a croaking voice, whom she tempted so far as to place a kiss upon his lips, and a ring upon his finger; Scotland was eager for her marriage with the Earl of Arran and the union of the two countries, but she spoke of him as a "mad fool;" there was Eric of Sweden, who, unfortunately, courted by proxy, and after forwarding a right royal gift and promising his early appearance, deemed it best to remain at home; in England the Earl of Arundel and Sir William Pickering were mentioned. There was one man, however, whom she really loved, but with whom marriage was "impossible"—Sir Robert Dudley, second son of the Duke of Northumberland, and, as malevolent gossipers asserted, the great-grandson of a carpenter. In October 1562, the Queen was seized with small-pox at Hampton Court. The physicians informed Cecil of her dangerous condition, and that she had probably but a few days to live. The Council were hastily summoned to the scene. On the evening of the 16th she became speechless, and the trembling statesmen deliberated on the hopeless subject of the succession far into the night, deciding that the question should be settled by the Crown lawyers and the judges. The Queen, herself conceiving that death was near, began to speak of Dudley, asserting the innocence of their relations, confessing that she had long loved him dearly, and praying the Council to appoint him Protector of the realm after her death. Fortunately for England, Elizabeth rapidly recovered from her malady; but no pressure of Parliament was ever able to make her sacrifice her "maidenly shamefacedness."

It belongs to history rather than to biography to follow the intricate windings of European diplomacy during her reign, although the individuality of the Maiden Queen exerted an incalculable force in guiding England safely through the quicksands. We can now look back with calm judgment, and however indisposed we may be to justify the means by which the independence and prosperity of England were secured, however ridiculous and morally contemptible may appear to us the diplomatic flirtations and the lying of Elizabeth (Green declares she was "without a peer in Christendom"), we may yet join in the chorus of past centuries in honouring her as the "Maiden Queen," because she chose for England's sake to lead a lonely life as the last of the proud Tudor dynasty, and to leave her crown and her success to the son of her mortal

enemy, Mary, Queen of Scots. Her policy, if not a noble, was a simple one, to be queen of a strong, independent, and loyal England, and her "crooked ways" sink into oblivion beneath her sacrifice and heroism. Her autocratic instincts sometimes clashed with the decisions of Parliament, and she met the opposition of the bolder members by imprisonment; but when the Commons had gained sufficient courage to assert their rights and the justice of their Bills,—for example, in the maintenance of freedom of speech and the abolition of the monopolies she had lavished on her favourites,—Elizabeth in the end bowed to them with perfect grace and gratitude, acknowledging that she had no object in life beyond the happiness of her people. Great credit falls to her for the restoration of a pure coinage, and a document still exists, prepared by her to recommend its advantages to the consideration of the country.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The unhappy fate of Mary, Queen of Scots, has thrown a dark shade over the character of her English rival. But again we must measure acts not by sentiment but by considerations of justice and political necessity. Mary was the bitterest foe of English independence. Relying on the authority of a foreign Power, the Pope of Rome, she refused to acknowledge the right of Elizabeth to the English throne. A Catholic ruler in Scotland, especially under such conditions, was dangerous to the safety of the English commonwealth,—extremely dangerous when that sovereign possessed a fascination, ability, and unscrupulousness so great as Mary's. We know the madness of Elizabeth's jealousy and hatred of the Scottish queen, and that Mary while confined in England had taunted her with abominable charges beyond all forgiveness. The sting of her loneliness was probably never felt so deeply by the Maiden Queen, as when a minister whispered one night into her ear at Greenwich that her sister of Scotland was favoured with a man-child. The ladies stopped in their dance to wonder at the spectacle of her, who was gay and lively but a minute before, sitting "with her hand on her cheek." She exclaimed to some of her attendants "that the Queen of Scots was mother of a fair son, while she was but a barren stock." Melville relates a characteristic anecdote, that when she received him on the following morning, she met him with a beaming face and clad in radiant apparel, making "a merry volt" and declaring "the joyful news...

had recovered her out of a heavy sickness which she had lain under for fifteen days!"

When Mary's passion for the murderer of her husband had driven her from the battlefield to seek a refuge in the kingdom of Elizabeth, it was absurd to expect that the Queen would restore her to the Scottish throne, as she demanded, so long at least as she maintained her right to the English crown. The wisdom of retaining her as a prisoner is more than questionable, as she became the object of Catholic and other than Catholic sympathy, and the fountain of several plots, *e.g.*, of the abortive Holy War of the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, which was followed by a ruthless slaughter of the northern Catholics (1569), and of the slender rebellion of Daere in the same year; of the conspiracy of the first of English nobles, the Duke of Norfolk, who aimed at Mary's hand and perished on the scaffold (1572); of the conspiracy of Throgmorton (1584), in consequence of which the Spanish ambassador was expelled from England; and finally of the Babington Plot (1586), which brought Mary to the scaffold. The warrant for her execution was brought by Secretary Davison, and after many delays received the royal signature. When the head of Mary had fallen at Fotheringay, the same castle where Edward Courtenay had been confined while Elizabeth had suffered the tortures of her Woodstock cage, the Queen sent Davison to the Tower, either from real anger at the pressure which had forced the signature from her unwilling hand, or from a desire, as is commonly believed, to make it appear to the world that she had not voluntarily consented to the unamiable and unpopular execution. Had she done well for the peace of England? So long before as 1576 she had suspected the incorruptible Cecil—her own better conscience, whom she often drove from her in tears—of plotting in the interest of Mary, and he had suffered "very sharp reproofs;" now that Mary was sacrificed, she attacked him for her murder in such bitter terms that he gave himself up for lost, and offered to resign his office. One fact must be mentioned with regard to the many attempts to assassinate Elizabeth, that she herself had no fear, so strong was her belief in what she called her "fortune."

THE ARMADA.

The Catholic world was thrown into consternation by the fate of the Scottish Queen. During her imprisonment the Pope had released English Catholics from their allegiance to Elizabeth by a "Bull of Deposition" (1570); the same

Power had abetted the missions of the Jesuits, and lavished money for a blow at English rule in Ireland. Spain had deemed herself the champion of Catholicism; but what excuse had she, now that Mary was dead, for directing her forces against England? Could it be anything beyond political aggression? English seamen, like the Puritan Drake of Plymouth, were sweeping the wealth of the Indies by piratical expeditions; and instead of offering redress, the Queen of England accepted a costly present—always an irresistible temptation to her—from the adventurer, and in the manner of a studied insult elevated the daring mariner to the honour of knighthood. Hence it came that Philip, erst the wooer of Elizabeth, sent forth "the most fortunate and invincible Armada" to conquer England, in May 1588. The story of its disaster is well known; how the winds were "weary with wafting the ships, and the ocean groaning under their weight," as they sailed exultingly up the Channel like a crescent moon across the sky; how Drake insisted on playing out a game at bowls when they have in sight at Plymouth; how England's "navy of oak with an admiral of osier" stung the sluggish fleet, while the storms completed the ruin of the Armada and of Spain, and made England the mistress of the seas. But no jot of the triumph rightly belongs to Elizabeth; her parsimony starved the sailors, and she was only driven to grant meagre funds when Admiral Howard exclaimed, "For the love of Jesus Christ, Madam, awake and see the villainous treason round about you!" She made a stirring speech to the thousands of her "loving people" who had assembled under Leicester at Tilbury for the defence on land; but when the country had been saved by the private means and determined action of men like Drake and Howard, the captious and niggardly woman boggled over the expenditure and called them to account, while she rode to Tilbury and lauded her petty favourite as the saviour of England.

THE ELIZABETHAN COURT.

In her court and in her many progresses, the vanity, voluptuousness, selfishness, and despotism of her nature were only too apparent. She neglected her toiling statesmen, and piled her favours on the butterflies of the Court. She showed off her accomplishments to the pawky Scottish envoy, and greedily swallowed the compliment that she danced more "high and disposedly" than his royal mistress. She was the owner of three thousand dresses, eighty wigs, and chains and jewels without number. She accepted New

Year's Gifts alike from dukes and dustmen. It was a common thing to see the Queen in gaudy attire floating, like Cleopatra, down the Thames in a richly-draped barge, with many others in its train, or borne on a litter by the greatest nobles of the realm, or riding from mansion to mansion at the head of a large body of "gentlemen pensioners," everywhere receiving the most brilliant and flattering entertainment, such as the famous display at Kenilworth, which savoured more of the dreams of the "Arabian Nights" than of the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century. Boxing the ears of her maids or of her favourites, banishing them from her court in a storm of wrath when they presumed to marry without her permission—and she was constantly discovering to her deep vexation that the appearance of *personal* affection assumed by her lovers was after all merely devotion to her as a sovereign not as a woman.—these are venial sins in comparison with the meanness which led her, on the death of Leicester, to dry her tears and order the seizure of his goods in payment of money she had lent him, or the heartlessness with which she signed in firm hand the warrant for the execution of the gallant Essex, and played the virginals on the morning of his execution.

After all,—excluding her habits of profane swearing, of lying, and of scandal-raising levity, which were quite as undignified as her custom of addressing Burghley as her "spirit," Leicester as her "bear" and "sweet Robin," and Hatton (whom she fancied for his fine dancing) as her "sheep,"—much of her reckless and open flirtation and egregious love of admiration by men is to be explained and forgiven in view of the fact, that in the terrible loneliness of her nature she felt an intense longing for deep personal attachment. And while this courtly splendour served to bring around her the fervent support of the noblest families, we must not ignore that at the root of the foolish gallantry and flattery paid to her there lay a deep national respect; for, as Professor Gardiner has expressed it in his recent "Introduction to English History," "the homage, absurd as it came to be, which was paid to the imaginary beauties of the royal person was in the main only an expression of the consciousness that peace and justice, the punishment of wickedness and vice, and the maintenance of good order and virtue, came primarily from the Queen, and secondarily from the Church."

HER LAST DAYS.

The picture drawn by Mr. Green of the closing days of "Good Queen Bess" is so succinct, yet

true and effective, that we feel compelled to present it to our readers.

"No outer triumph could break the gloom which gathered round the dying Queen. Lonely as she had always been, her loneliness deepened as she drew towards the grave. The statesmen and warriors of her earlier days had dropped one by one from her Council-board . . . As she passed along in her progresses, the people whose applause she courted remained cold and silent . . . Her own England—the England which had grown up around her, serious, moral, prosaic—shrunk coldly from this child of earth and the Renaissance, brilliant, fanciful, unscrupulous, irreligious. She had enjoyed life as the men of her day enjoyed it, and now that they were gone she clung to it with a fierce tenacity. She hunted, she danced, she jested with her young favourites, she coquetted and scolded and frolicked at sixty-seven [at sixty-nine she showed her foot to the Duke of Nevers, who gallantly kissed it!] as she had done at thirty . . . But death crept on. Her face became haggard, and her frame shrank almost to a skeleton. At last her taste for finery disappeared, and she refused to change her dresses for a week together. A strange melancholy settled down on her: 'she held in her hand a golden cup which she often put to her lips: but in truth her heart seemed too full to need more filling.' Gradually her mind gave way. She lost her memory; the violence of her temper became unbearable; her very courage seemed to forsake her. She called for a sword to lie constantly beside her, and thrust it from time to time through the arras, as if she heard murderers stirring there. Food and rest became alike distasteful. She sat day and night propped up with pillows on a stool, without a word. If she once broke the silence, it was with a flash of her old queenliness. Cecil [son of the illustrious statesman] asserted that [she 'must' go to bed, and the word roused her like 'a trumpet. 'Must!' she exclaimed; 'is *must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man! thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word . . .'] She rallied once more when the ministers beside her bed named Lord Beauchamp, the heir to the Suffolk claim, as a possible successor. 'I will have no rogue's son,' she cried hoarsely, 'in my seat.' But she gave no sign, save a motion of the head, at the mention of the King of Scots. She was, in fact, fast becoming insensible; and early the next morning [24th March, 1603], the life of Elizabeth—a life so great, so strange, and lonely in its greatness—passed quietly away." M. M.



PETER THE GREAT.

"Yet though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glowed his daring mind."—FALCONER.

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HIS PARENTAGE AND BIRTH; STATE OF THE EMPIRE.

"I WILL find a bridegroom for your pretty ward," was the parting speech of the Tsar Alexis to his host and Prime Minister, Artemon

Matveief, one evening. The Tsar was a widower, in the prime of manhood, after twenty-one years of married life. His children then living were afflicted, the one with blindness and lack of mental power, the other with bad health. There

was no heir to the throne, and so every one expected that the Tsar would marry a second time, but the bride could not be selected.

The Tsar was even better than his word. He found a husband for the pretty, modest, dark-eyed Natalia Naryshkin, the daughter of the old chamberlain, Cyril Naryshkin, of noble family, who had fallen in battle. The bridegroom upon whom the Tsar's choice fell was himself, Alexis Mikailovitch. It was on the occasion of the presentation of the eligible Russian maidens to the Tsar, that he commanded the attendance of the shapely, dark-eyed Natalia. The 11th of February, 1670, was the day fixed for the candidates for the Tsar's choice to assemble from town and country; and subsequently Natalia Naryshkin was elected Tsaritzza.

This choice caused a great deal of unpleasantness in courtly circles; and some anxiety was felt for the safety of the bride-elect, and for her family. The reigning favourites of the Tsar feared that her accession would imperil their position; and a repetition of former acts, by which Tsaritzas-elect had been removed by sudden death or banishment, was feared. The Tsar's first intended bride had been dressing for the first time in her royal robes, when her attendants, by twisting her hair-plaits very tightly, caused a slight fainting fit. This weakness was magnified to the Tsar by Court intrigue; the unfortunate Euphemia Vsevolozhsky was pronounced epileptic by physicians bribed for the opinion, and she with her relations were banished to Siberia.

The fate of the Princess Marie Dolgorouki had been even more tragic, for she had died suddenly on the eve of her marriage with Tsar Michael. Thus the fears expressed for Matveief's ward were by no means unfounded, for the opposition to the match was very strong, and soon declared itself openly.

One morning, not long after the Tsar's choice had been publicly understood, two letters were secretly handed in, accusing the Prime Minister of sorcery, and attributing to him the crime of having, by means of enchantments, deceived the Tsar, and caused Natalia to find favour in his eyes by witchcraft. Such an accusation as this could not be permitted to pass uninvestigated. As a matter of course the marriage was delayed; and after a severe scrutiny, accompanied by the question by torture, the accused was pronounced guiltless. The royal wedding was then quickly celebrated; and thus, after a delay of nine months, Natalia became Tsaritzza of Russia, in the midst of much public festivity and rejoicing.

The Tsar Alexis was perfectly contented with, and really devoted to, his wife. He could not bear to be separated from her; and the Court pleasures went on apace, notwithstanding the simmering dissatisfaction of the Tsar's daughters and their connections. But the joy and delight of the Tsar culminated when, on the 30th of May, 1672 (9 June N.S.), a son, Peter, was born, who in after years became Peter the Great.

On the 20th of June, the christening of the future Tsar took place. Alexis, his father, had chosen the child's name, and he was accordingly christened upon the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. We have before us details of the ceremony. The babe "was borne to the church in a cradle placed on wheels," while the path was sprinkled with holy water. The royal confessor performed the ceremony. Next day there was a most splendid entertainment, the speeding of the parting guests being accompanied by a present of sweetmeats, a fashion since adopted by our City Companies.

Another ceremony, and one peculiar to Russia, was then performed. This consisted in the measurement of the child. The youthful Peter, not yet great, was laid upon a board, and his height (or length) and width painted thereon. This birth-measure is still preserved in the church of the patron saint at St. Petersburg.

Peter is described as a very strong and healthy lad. His mind and body were both active, and developed rapidly. At six months old he was able to trot about, and was a great favourite, and beloved by his parents. His attendants included a special staff of dwarfs, and all kinds of toys were supplied in profusion: but miniature weapons were his chief delight, and he appears early to have displayed a taste for "soldiering." He was reared in the lap of luxury; but, as we shall see, he subsequently discarded it in favour of the simplicity of living shared by his subjects.

Peter has been termed a "savage," and perhaps in some respects, to Western minds, he appeared so. But let us glance at the education the child received, before we pass an opinion upon the man. We must remember that at the period of his boyhood, the education even of the upper classes was very limited indeed. Reading, a little history and geography, perhaps singing occasionally, and grammar or a smattering of arithmetic, were perhaps the only attainments possible, except amongst ecclesiastics. Now what learning had the future Tsar? Very little. Schools had been scarcely introduced in Russia, and pictures were the chief means by which the knowledge of the outer world was conveyed to the youth of

PETER THE GREAT.

that period, even to the scion of the house of Romanoff. Peter was so far fortunate that he was allowed a tutor, Nikita Zotof. By him the young prince was taught from his Book of Hours and Church Service, and writing, with singing, were included in his accomplishments.

In 1676, while Peter was still quite a child, the Tsar died suddenly, and Theodore, his son, then a lad of fourteen, was named his successor. This of necessity brought about a considerable change in the surroundings of our hero. For the new Tsar's relatives were opposed to the influence of the Naryshkin faction; and the former caused the banishment of Matveief, a sentence accentuated by a revival of the old charge of sorcery. The relatives of the Tsaritzza were also banished; and even the Tsaritzza herself and her children (Peter and a daughter Natalia) were sent to Preobrazhensky, a small dwelling-place near Moscow, and there they passed the greater part of the six years of Theodore's reign. The young Tsar's health was never robust, and his short sovereignty was troubled by Court intrigue. But a change was in store for the Naryshkin party, and it came about through the marriage of the young Tsar Theodore.

We have said that Court intrigue was rife, but never more so than at the marriage of the Sovereign (there were no Emperors of Russia then). Theodore's desire for matrimony called forth the usual disputes. The Miloslavskys were in power; and it was determined by Dölgorouki, the chief of the Strelitz, or National Guard, to undermine it. He influenced his followers, and Agatha Grushetsky, niece of Ziborofsky, a Polish noble, was chosen. Theodore saw her as was intended, and liked her. Immediately a false report concerning her was set on foot by the Miloslavskys, but was quickly shown to be false. The Tsar married Agatha, but she soon died, and on her death the ex-minister, Matveief, used his influence so that his god-daughter was chosen for Theodore's second wife. Matveief was recalled from banishment, and his estates restored.

It will now be seen that the party of the dowager Tsaritzza had gained the upper hand, and when Theodore died, which he did in May 1682, a few months after his second marriage, Peter came to the front. It is true he had another elder brother, Ivan, son of Alexis by his first marriage. But Ivan was nearly an idiot; the nobles feared that the power would be wielded by his relatives, the Miloslavskys; and this did not suit the Russian aristocracy at all, for they and the powerful Miloslavskys were unfriendly. So the nobility

declared for Peter, who would be led, no doubt, by the Ex-Prime Minister; for he was popular. So the aristocracy, all but two individuals, declared for Peter, and the popular voice supported them. The step-mother was Regent, as head of the family; but the Princess Sophia was much vexed on Ivan's account, and, in defiance of etiquette, addressed the people in an impressive speech. This conduct on her part roused the Strelitz, and a massacre ensued, which lasted three days. Inflamed by a baseless story of the assassination of Ivan, the people attacked the nobles, and more than sixty members of the highest families were slain. Sophia was proclaimed Regent. In that revolt, Matveief and other relatives of the Tsaritzza Natalia were slain. But at length order was restored, and Ivan and Peter were crowned together as Tsars, Sophia being the wire-puller of the puppets.

The coronation took place upon the 6th July, and every endeavour was made to keep this twin ceremonial so rigorously, that no perceptible difference should be observed between the youthful Tsars. Their robes were cut from the same cloth, and even the candles they held were exactly of equal length. The throne formerly used by Alexis was divided by a bar, and the boys sat together to be crowned. The usual ceremonies were observed, and the coronation was an accomplished fact. We must, however, pass over the judicial troubles of the time, and proceed to look upon Peter as a youth.

BOYHOOD OF PETER: HIS DESIGNS FOR SHIP-BUILDING; HIS EXPEDITIONS.

The young Tsar, while under the guardianship or regency of Sophia, was not very much troubled by her. She wielded the power, and left Peter alone as much as possible. Although, as he was obliged to affix his sign-manual to many important documents, he could not be ignored. There is nothing to show that she regarded him with any jealousy,—indeed there are records to the contrary; yet she certainly was Regent, and governed well on the whole. But Peter had little taste for anything but arms and military arrangements and objects. It is on record that when he was living at the Palace near Moscow, he often had arms supplied to him, but it was not until he was eleven years old that he had any real cannon, which on that occasion he fired himself. All this time he kept on very good terms with his eldest brother, whose weak condition, intellectually speaking, rendered him unfitted for State ceremonial. Peter, on the contrary, had grown up tall and healthy, and looking more like a lad

of fifteen than eleven. We read that this was the impression he made upon the Swedish ambassador in 1683; and that "when the envoy gave his letters of credence, both Tsars rose; but Ivan somewhat hindered the proceedings" from his imperfect understanding of them, "and gave his hand to be kissed at the wrong time." "Peter was very eager, and had to be pulled back until his eldest brother had had a chance of speaking."

It was at the end of that year, 1683, that the youthful Tsar formed the nucleus of the famous Preobrazhensky regiment, which is to this day one of the Imperial corps. He became very friendly with some German officers, and, with their assistance, enrolled a few volunteers, who went by the names of the Play-Soldiers or "Amusement Grooms." It was soon however found that the number of volunteers largely increased, so much so eventually that they quite overran the village, and had to be billeted in the neighbouring hamlet of Semenovskiy, from which place another regiment was subsequently named. In this way volunteering for a soldier's life became fashionable, and many of the nobles enrolled themselves as privates, as the young Peter had done, and worked up to the higher grades as he did. An attack of measles and a subsequent illness in 1684 somewhat interfered with the warlike games of the young Tsar; but when he was again able to lead his troops, he exercised them in all strictness, and according to martial law. In this way,—in constructing forts, in the feasts that followed, in drinking and smoking and social intercourse, Peter formed his mind at thirteen. He was "hail fellow well met" with any one, no matter what his position, from whom he could obtain information, or by whose assistance he could conquer any mechanical difficulty. He was particularly fond of anything in the way of mechanism or handicraft, and in 1697 his sister Sophia said that he was acquainted with "fourteen trades."

It was not until 1698 that Peter sat at the Council of State; but even then his thoughts were far away with his soldier comrades and the mimic warfare waged at Preobrazhensky; but soon after this he seems to have begun study seriously; and it was then that the great idea of ship-building took possession of him. It came to be developed in the following ways:—

It appears that Peter had heard of a certain instrument for measuring distances; and when Prince Dolgorouki was about to go to France, the young Tsar requested him to procure an astrolabe and a sextant. The Prince brought them; but when directed to explain their use, he was

obliged to confess that he had quite forgotten to inquire how to use them. In this emergency some one suggested that a certain Frantz Zimmerman, a Dutch merchant, might perhaps know, as he was a man of attainments. He was sent for, and solved the mystery so greatly to Peter's delight, that, under Zimmerman, the Tsar began to study hard, and thenceforth the merchant was Peter's constant companion. As he was wandering about with Zimmerman, Peter discovered in an out-house an old and dilapidated English-built boat, which he at once took for his model, and desired that it should be repaired and set afloat. This was the pioneer of the Russian navy. This boat is supposed to have been presented by Queen Elizabeth to the Tsar Ivan the Terrible. At any rate, it is now known as the Grandfather of the Russian Fleet, and is preserved in all sanctity near the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, in St. Petersburg. We will now see how the young Tsar progressed in his boat-building.

When Peter had discovered the English boat, he was mightily impatient to launch it; and the remarks of Zimmerman, that with sails it would "go against the wind," was sufficient to fan his curiosity into a flame. The boy Tsar was all impatience to repair the boat, and a certain Carsten Brandt was pressed into the service. He had already been shipbuilding for Alexis on the Caspian, but his ship had come to an untimely end. Brandt entered heart and soul into the project, and in a short time the boat was launched on the river Yanza, and, with Brandt at the helm, sailed up and down. The royal lad could wait no longer, he leaped into the skiff, and, instructed by the Dutchman, manœuvred his first vessel.

As appetite comes with eating, so desire for more came with this first success. Peter was most anxious to sail his new acquisition upon a broader sheet of water; and at length his ambition was gratified. He made an expedition to Lake Plestcheief; and finding it was impossible to transport his first ship to the place, he determined to construct new ones on the spot. But notwithstanding Peter's energy, and the continual encouragement his assistance afforded,—for he worked with Brandt and his friends,—winter arrived before his preparations had been completed, and Peter was obliged to return to Moscow, but in the full hope that the spring would see his vessels sailing upon the lake. The only relics of this achievement are the remains of a church dedicated to the Virgin at the Ships, and a few piles presumably belonging to the old landing-place.

So Peter returned to Moscow; and as he could not proceed with his building, he turned his attention to the soldiers again; and even then it is evident that plot and counterplot were being prepared between Sophia's partisans and the aristocratic party on Peter's side, which eventually led to the overthrow of the former. Peter now began to look about for a bride, as it was advisable the throne should have a male heir; and finally the young Eudoxia Lopukhin was chosen for or by Peter, and the young couple were wed on the 6th February, 1689. But if his sister and her advisers fancied that matrimony would keep Peter at home, they were in error. As soon as the spring began to open, Peter was off again to his boat-building on the lake, and it was with much difficulty that his mother and his wife persuaded him to return.

"Come to us, oh, lord, without delay, and I, through the kindness of thy mother, am alive. Thy little wife Dunka petitions this."

Peter could not resist this appeal, and he came back to Moscow, where his affectionate relatives kept him for some weeks. At length he again escaped, and devoted much time to the ships at Pereyasavl, and finished them. He was then compelled by the threatening aspect of the political horizon to remain in Moscow, for the storm which was to break over the land and destroy Sophia's party was rapidly gathering. The ill-success of two expeditions to the Crimea brought Sophia's government into disrepute, and Peter's refusal to meet the generals and officers when they returned did not improve matters. Sophia then took occasion to sound the National Guard, and did all she could by gifts to keep up her waning popularity, and at length she assembled a considerable band of the Strelitz in the Kremlin. Peter was meanwhile at his palace at Preobrazhensky, and the feeling already engendered between his immediate followers and the adherents of Sophia had become very antagonistic,—so much so, that one of Peter's messengers to the Kremlin on the 17th August had been seized and beaten. This occurrence was exaggerated, and the idea arose that the moment for action had arrived, and that Sophia had taken the initiative. Peter's friends accordingly hurried out to Preobrazhensky, and awoke him in the middle of the night, urging him to fly. He jumped up, and, as he was, ran to the stables, saddled a horse, and escaped to the woods, whither his friends soon brought his clothes, when he rode off to the monastery of Troitza, where he took refuge. Here he collected a small band of Strelitz; and subsequently a large num-

ber of adherents marched to Troitza. This did not please Sophia at all, and she made an attempt to interview Peter; but he sent her a menacing message not to approach, for she might "be treated in a way she would not like." Much incensed, she returned to Moscow, and endeavoured to win over the Strelitz who remained. But they had begun to perceive that Peter's cause was in the ascendant; and the departure of the various foreign officers from Moscow to attach themselves to Peter, in obedience to his directions, settled the question. The Galitzins were banished for obeying Sophia in preference to the Tsar; other adherents of Sophia were put to torture and to death; and finally Peter wrote to his brother to inform him that they two should reign, and requesting his brother's permission to commence his improvements at once. All his requests were immediately granted, but Peter would not go to Moscow till Sophia had left it. She was sent to the monastery of De Vitchy; and as an inmate she died, in 1704, having meantime annoyed Peter continually by her intrigues.

For several years, Peter, though the ruler, took only a formal part in State business. Ivan was the nominal Tsar; but as his health rendered it impossible that he could do the work of the State, Peter and his counsellors governed the kingdom. His chosen (foreign) companions were General Gordon and General Lefort. The former of these was a Scotchman who had joined the Swedish service, and was taken prisoner by the Poles, and while serving with them was offered a position in the Russian army. This he accepted, and thereafter he was simply a Russian subject. He married a Russian lady, who was never permitted to leave the country, even with her husband, for the Tsar feared to lose his warrior chief if he permitted his family to go with him upon any embassy or mission. Patrick Gordon's diary, in English, is still extant.

Frantz Lefort was a Genevese, and after serving for a time with the Prince of Curland, was recommended to the Russians. He served in the Crimean campaigns above referred to, was an excellent soldier, frank, unselfish, simple, and possessed a most winning manner. When Peter required sympathy he went to Lefort, but when more robust advice was required he was apt to seek General Patrick Gordon. The Tsar's Russian associates were those amongst whom he had been brought up, those who had served in his regiment, and his former child-companions, and Zimmerman was of course included. With these he would visit the Strangers' Quarter, and

minge in their sports and pastimes, their ceremonies and their dissipations; for there were no such drinkers as Peter and Lefort, who deserved his name in this respect. These German revels were kept up till late at night,—dinner was eaten at noon,—and frequently till morning; various games and diversions marked these festive meetings, fireworks, dancing, masquerading, practical jokes, and carol-singing, for which Peter accepted alms, like his poorer companions, without scruple. All this time Russia was not benefited by any law or decree. The Ministers ruled the country in a happy-go-lucky style, and nothing was done. The Tsar interested himself only in boat-building or fireworks, which he exhibited with great delight. But the fireworks soon paled and vanished, the ships on the lake became neglected and rotted as they lay. Scarce a remnant remained of the flotilla which was once the pride and delight of Peter the Great; for twenty-five years the Tsar never visited the lake, and then (in 1722) the ships were of no use. Meantime he had visited Archangel; and we may glance at the interesting records of his trip and of his first sea-voyage.

PETER GOES TO ARCHANGEL.

Peter having obtained his mother's permission to go, a permission saddled with a condition that he would not go sailing on the sea, which promise the Tsar did not keep, set forth from Moscow in July 1693, and on his arrival went on board his ship the *St. Peter*, and ran two hundred miles across the White Sea. Possibly then his promise occurred to him, for he returned and told his mother what he had been doing. Rude and sensual as he was, Peter seems always to have treated his mother with respect. But she, and the people also, was alarmed at the news that he had risked himself in such a frail bark on the open sea, and caused little Alexis to write a letter to his father,—or rather caused a letter to be written in his name,—begging him to return home. Peter replied in the following strain, as we gather from Mr. Schuyler:—

"By thy letter, I see O! O! thou hast been mightily grieved—and why? I: thou art grieved, what delight have I? I beg thee make me who am wretched happy by not grieving about me for in very truth I cannot endure it."

But he did not return nevertheless, for Archangel had a great attraction for him in the crowds of people he encountered, and in the never-fading interest he took in the snips of various nationalities he found there. Here he

conceived the idea of establishing Russian trade, for his empire had no representatives at the Russian port. His efforts did not end here. At a subsequent visit he practised various industries. All this time his pleasures were not in the least abated, and he indulged himself as much as ever, but never lost sight of the welfare of his kingdom. He worked at the forge and lathe; he encouraged industry; and only when winter's approach drove him southward, did he quit the scene of his useful labour. But early in February of the ensuing year (1694), his mother died suddenly. Natalia, the Tsaritza, was only forty-two. This was a great blow to Peter, for, as we have seen, he was really attached to her, and was much influenced by her, though we read that she never could look with favour upon his improvements. "His desire for novelty, and his inclination towards foreigners, were never shared by her."

Peter remained at Moscow until May, when he again travelled to Archangel, and ventured out in his yacht. A storm came on, and every one, including Peter,—who pluckily was steering the ship,—gave himself up for lost. But the Tsar did not despair, even though he received the last rites of the Church; for he managed to reach the shore at length, exhausted but in safety. But nothing could daunt Peter's energy. He was awaiting the frigate bought at Amsterdam, and the launching of his own built at Archangel. On the 21st July, the vessel arrived from Holland—a frigate of forty-four guns. A week after, Peter, in the *Holy Prophecy*, and Bertulin, in the *Apogee Paul*, followed by the *St. Peter* and various English ships, sailed out into the White Sea. A code of signals was invented by Peter for the occasion. The Russian ships ventured out as far as was prudent, and then returned to Archangel, whence the Tsar quickly set out for Moscow. Here his restless energy found vent in autumn manœuvres, but of a more serious kind than we are now accustomed to. Two large bodies of troops were opposed,—nearly 8,000 men in each,—and a regular and not altogether bloodless campaign was initiated. All was arranged as if for a real battle. No powder was used in the bombs, we are told, but many severe contusions and broken limbs testified to the earnestness of the fighting. A fort was built, and regularly mined and stormed, with all necessary pomp and circumstance. Meanwhile both besiegers and besieged drank deep, and enjoyed themselves tremendously. Gordon, in his diary, gives all particulars, but we are unable to quote them. The mimic war was well carried on, and

was a good preparation for the more serious business of campaigning which was to come. This campaign was nearer than any one then supposed.

Even at that early date, it will be seen that the Russians were desirous to obtain a hold upon the Black Sea, and a southern outlet, as well as an extension of territory eastward. We have already mentioned the war waged against the Tartars by Sophia, and its unsuccessful issue. Peace had nominally been made, but it was not, at any rate, formally ratified; for many outrages had since the actual cessation of hostilities been committed by the Tartars, and the small body of Russian troops remaining in the bordering territory were powerless against these nomadic hordes. War was, therefore, somewhat suddenly declared, for the "ostensible purpose of reducing the Crimea," though Mr. Schuyler, in his "Memoirs of Peter the Great," says, "Actually the plan of the campaign included getting possession of the Dnieper and of the Don, two Russian rivers which were useless for trade so long as their *embouchures* were in possession of the Mussulmans." The real reasons for war it is difficult to tell. However, the campaign was decided upon, and the operations commenced by an attempt at the capture of Azof; but no success attended the expedition that year. Two small forts were, indeed, taken, but Azof was not. All through the campaign Peter worked like a common soldier as well as a general. He did anything that needed doing at the moment, but he could not stave off defeat. The assaults failed, and the Russians suffered considerable loss as they retired. This ill-success had a very depressing effect upon Peter, who had during the operations against Azof been as cheerful as man could possibly be, and had kept up the spirits of the soldiers as few in his circumstances would have cared to do or to attempt.

ACCESSION OF PETER; CAPTURE OF AZOF.

But it is not to be supposed that Peter, although repulsed, considered himself beaten. This was not at all his character. It was very unlikely that he would accept a defeat when he had had no opposition in his life; or if he had been partly opposed by his mother, he had always found a method by which he eventually gained his ends. So in this graver case. He was as determined as ever to have his own way; that was the secret. He retired to Moscow, it is true, but only to prepare for a fresh departure—to make ready for another campaign. This year, 1696, was a memorable one in the reign of Peter, for then his brother Ivan, the nominal Tsar, died, and Peter

was thenceforth the actual and apparent, as he had been co-equal, Sovereign for some years. His plans for the reduction of Azof were matured, and it speaks volumes for his indomitable energy that he succeeded. His army, grafted on the small Play Regiments he had so long previously instituted, was increased to 75,000 men; a commander was appointed, a Russian named Skeln, Peter himself being merely a captain. A flotilla of barges was constructed, and floated down the river. At length the transports were ready; and, notwithstanding his weakness from illness, he proceeded to Voronezh, and set about his plans. On the 12th April, three of the newly-constructed ships were ready; and in them, on the 26th May, the Tsar and his men reached the capital of the Don Cossacks, and overtook Patrick Gordon and his division. Some Turkish ships were in the river, and the Tsar's force was too weak to attempt to cope with them; but the bolder made a diversion, and attacked two of the Turkish vessels while they were transferring ammunition; with good results, for the fleet weighed anchor and sheered off, all but two, which were destroyed. This was an auspicious opening for the Russians, and the great danger was removed.

There was another point in the Russians' favour, and that was the slothfulness of the garrison of Azof. Throughout all the winter they had made no attempt to fill up the trenches evacuated by the enemy, nor to erect any further obstacles to their approach, doubtless believing that Peter had had enough of it. But they evidently did not correctly estimate the Tsar's character. His bull-dog determination must have surprised them when they beheld him and his reinforced army come and take up their old positions quite quietly in the old trenches. The Tsar was now pretty confident of success, and shot an arrow bearing a message containing very honourable terms into Azof. These suggestions were replied to by the Turks with a salvo of cannon. So Peter's well-meant offer was despised. The siege was accordingly prosecuted with great vigour. An immense mound was erected, so that it dominated the walls of the town; and when the German engineers arrived, they pointed out places from which the most impression could be made on the walls. The impatient Cossacks, however, would not bide the time. They united and delivered unsupported a most vigorous attack, actually penetrating within the walls. But as no Russian troops assisted them, they were obliged to retire to a bastion, of which they retained possession. Next day a general assault was ordered; but before it was

executed, the Turks surrendered on condition that their lives were spared, and that all should, with their families, march out with the honours of war. This was granted, and the conditions were honourably fulfilled. The town was found in a very dilapidated state, and no booty rewarded the visitors, except as far as regards cannon, for even small arms and ammunition seemed almost entirely wanting.

True to his instincts, Peter's first care was for a harbour for his flotilla. The town was then put in a state of defence; and when all this had been done to his satisfaction, Peter and his generals returned to Moscow, where they were received with every demonstration of delight, for, as Peter himself remarked, "The labourer is worthy of his hire." The entering into Moscow was made on the 10th October.

But Peter did not rest idly upon his laurels. He was now actual Tsar, and made up his mind to carry out his long-cherished project—a fleet; not a mere pleasure squadron for show, but a fleet worthy of his realm and of his growing renown. He sent abroad for shipwrights, and at home he made demands upon the people of all grades. Clergy and laymen alike were called upon to contribute; merchants and landed proprietors,—all were obliged to unite according to their means in equipping mortar-boats and other vessels. The ships were built by foreign contractors, and the Venetians particularly distinguished themselves as shipwrights under Giacomo Moro. Azof was colonized, and the Russian power established there. Peter also despatched numerous representatives of his noblest families to distant countries to acquire the art of shipbuilding, some to Venice, others to England, more to Holland. This order was a great hardship upon the people, thus summarily dismissed from home with their wives and families, and at their own proper expense. It is a curious commentary upon this action of the Tsar, that although many of these nobles became eminent in the councils of the Tsar and his successors, not one distinguished himself in naval matters.* Travelling then was not common among Russians, neither were the facilities great for the movement from place to place, particularly by land. The expenses were enormous; education and knowledge of foreign languages, and even of geography, among Russians extremely limited, so the need for improvement must in Peter's active mind have been very pressing when he despatched these nobles and their families into exile amid strange lands, and at

their own expense, for we do not read that the Tsar was in any way niggardly. He did it all for the benefit and for the ultimate improvement of his native country. So Peter, now the Tsar of all the Russias, emerged from his self-willed boyhood, a practical, passionate man, but kind-hearted withal; and though almost ignorant, as we should call him, yet the prime mover for the education of the people who had been committed to his charge.

We will now touch upon the western wanderings of the Tsar and his sojourn in Holland and England.

THE TSAR IN WESTERN EUROPE; IN GERMANY.

Macaulay writes that Peter's journey is an epoch in the history, not only of Russia but the world; and there is no doubt that it was a very important epoch in the history of Peter's native land. The Tsar had determined upon reforms at home, he had made up his mind to subjugate the Turks, and as a first step a fleet was necessary. He had already sent away fifty so-called volunteers to learn ship-building, but now he determined to follow his own prescription and take a journey to Holland, where the art had reached a high stage of perfection. But it did not suit Peter to go in his character of ruler. He was very averse to all kinds of show and state. An embassy was therefore appointed in which the Tsar occupied a position inferior to his friends, and he, with some fifty others, proceeded in the suite of General Lefort and the other two envoys. The suite consisted of nobles chosen by the Tsar himself, many of them being his old playmates and associates of his boyish days, when soldiering and shipbuilding had been practised as amusements. The embassy numbered two hundred and fifty persons. This being arranged, and the government having been placed in the hands of a regency of three persons, to whom supreme authority was given, the Tsar set off, himself in the strictest *incognito*, on the 20th March, 1697.

The embassy first made for Vienna, but in those days it was not an easy matter to reach the Austrian capital. At the time of Peter's departure it was particularly difficult, for Poland was in a state of ferment. The journey, therefore, was undertaken *via* Riga and Dresden. Owing to the impatience of the Tsar, Riga was reached much sooner than the authorities had anticipated, and the reception of the embassy was not so well arranged as was thought desirable. Here they were obliged to remain a week. The Tsar, as full of curiosity as ever,

* Schuyler.

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and very desirous for information as usual, went about examining the fortifications, and peering into all kinds of places. On one of these excursions he was roughly ordered away by a sentry, and was much offended. But the man was scarcely to blame for his conduct, seeing only an ordinary-looking individual taking notes; and Peter had really no ground for complaint. Apology was, however, made, and the ambassadors were satisfied. But Peter was terribly bored at Riga, and took the earliest opportunity to leave it. Nobody gave him any entertainments, and we can imagine that his curiosity was satisfied; and there being no employment or amusement provided for him, Peter would find it dull. He disliked the town very much, and referred to it as "a cursed place."

The Tsar departed with all form and ceremony, and passed through the Duchy of Curland, where the Duke, an old friend of Lefort, entertained the Tsar and his friends, Peter consented to lay aside his incognito for a little while in the Duke's presence. Hither Frederick the Elector, afterwards King of Prussia, sent to ascertain whether the Tsar of Russia really were amongst the new arrivals; and the information he gathered induced the Elector to meet the Tsar, who was coming by sea to the port of Pillau, with polite attentions and offers of hospitality. Consistent in his assumed character, Peter returned for answer that there was nobody of such distinction on board the ship as to deserve the Elector's compliment, and no visits could be received. The Tsar put up in obscure apartments, and refused all visits from the Elector, though he went out in a close carriage and paid his respects to Frederick, and was afterwards entertained by him at his country residence, where he took part in various sports, and witnessed a bear-fight.

All this time Peter was almost unattended, and it was not until the embassy arrived that any grand doings occurred. Then, greatly to Peter's delight, fireworks and other entertainments were given in honour of the embassy, and the two rulers are reported to have got on together very well indeed. Nearly a month was passed at Königsberg, and then Peter took up his abode at Pillau for a time. An incident showing Peter's temper is related by Mr. Schuyler. It occurred at the close of his stay with Frederick. The Elector had promised to visit the Tsar on his name day, and Peter had, with his usual energy, made preparations for his anticipated guest's reception. He had also manufactured some fireworks for the occasion; but at the last moment

the Elector had been obliged to go to Memel, and sent one of his councillors to represent him, and to make his apologies. The narrator says: "Peter was childishly vexed; and in his passion at not being able to show his fireworks, vented his rage on the envoys. He took it amiss that they left the room to refresh themselves after their journey, and had them brought back. Looking sourly at Count von Kreyzen, he remarked in Dutch to Lefort, 'The Elector is very good, but his councillors are the devil.' Then imagining that he saw a smile upon Kreyzen's face, he rushed at him, and cried, 'Go! go!' and pushed him backward. His anger did not cool till he had written a letter to the Elector, his 'dearest friend,' half of complaint, half of apology."

When he left he journeyed hastily to Coppenburg, and here he encountered Sophia, the Electress of Hanover, and her daughter Charlotte, who came from Hanover on purpose to meet him. We have some interesting memoranda of this meeting from the ladies' letters. They note that Peter wanted some one to teach him to eat properly; but, the daughter adds, "he has a natural unconstrained air that pleases me." We learn something of his appearance, too, which is worth transcribing: "The Tsar is very tall, his features are fine, and his figure very noble. He has great vivacity of mind, and a ready and just repartee. . . . It could be wished that his manners were less rustic." In another letter the Electress says: "I could embellish the tale of the journey of the illustrious Tsar if I should tell you that he is sensible to the charms of beauty; but to come to the bare fact, I found in him no disposition to gallantry. In dancing they (the Muscovites) took the whalebones of our corsets for our bones, and the Tsar showed his astonishment by saying that German ladies had very hard bones." The conclusion of their observations is that, "If he had received a better education, he would be an accomplished man, for he has many good qualities, and an infinite amount of natural wit."

This we may assume is a very shrewd guess, and showed that the German ladies gauged Peter the Great very correctly, and summed him up cleverly.

PETER THE GREAT IN HOLLAND.

Peter soon proceeded to Holland, and in a small town called Zaardam, or Saardam, he took up his abode. The house in which he lived for a short time is still to be seen, and many illustrious visitors have been to Zaandam to see it.

At that time a considerable ship-building trade went on in the twin villages of East and West Zaandam, separated by the river Zaan. The villages were united in 1811, and are only five miles from Amsterdam, up the estuary of the Y. Here Peter arrived on the 18th of August, attended by only six companions, to learn the art of ship-building, which was then carried on in perfection at Zaandam. It was Sunday when he arrived, and he and his friends put up in the inn, "The Otter," until he could obtain the lodgings which an old acquaintance, a Moscow smith, offered him. Peter lost no time in setting to work. The very next day he entered himself as a carpenter; but the popular curiosity had been aroused concerning him, and he could not remain unknown nor unobserved, for his great height made him at once remarkable. The circumstances attending his discovery are interesting.

Peter had purchased some fruit which had been emptied into his tarpaulin hat, and as he went along the streets of Zaandam, he good-naturedly shared his plums with the boys, who were attracted by his appearance and dress. Some of these self-constituted attendants, impelled by mischief, or because they did not consider they had had plums sufficient, began to hoot the foreigner, who laughed and teased them, so that their anger found vent, boy-fashion, in "heaving" mud and stones at the Tsar. The riot increased so that Peter was obliged to take refuge in an inn, and to send for the Burgomaster.

Some disclosure was then absolutely necessary, and the worthy magistrate put forth a proclamation to the effect that all distinguished foreigners were to be respected. Suspicion as to the Tsar's identity was confirmed by the receipt of a letter from Russia, telling of the embassy and of Peter's movements. This letter contained a full description of the illustrious foreigner: seven feet high, known by the twitching of his face, the restless movements of his hands, and a mole on his cheek. There was no mistaking him; the news got about, and Peter was so beset that, after only a week's residence at Zaandam, he was fain to leap aboard of his yacht, and, notwithstanding the state of the weather, run up to Amsterdam to be relieved from the prying eyes of the natives. His embassy had just arrived, and with them he took up his abode. Thus it will be seen that Peter had very little leisure for his boat-building at Zaandam. Inquisitive to a degree, he had inquired into everything, and seen all the manufactures; so, with the exception of having fitted a bowsprit to his yacht, he did little work on the Zaan.

At Amsterdam the Embassy received a hearty welcome, and *fêtes* were given in honour of it. But Peter was only anxious to commence his apprenticeship to ship-building. He made himself known to the chief magistrate, and inquired whether he (Peter) could not work unobserved in the dockyard. The Burgomaster put the request before the East India Company of Holland, and the directors resolved to permit the "high personage" to work within their dockyard; and they also gave him a residence within the pale, wherein he could live and work undisturbed. Their courtesy did not stop here; they also determined to build a vessel, so that the said personage might have an opportunity to observe all the successive steps by which a completed frigate was arrived at. The energetic Tsar at once sailed to Zaandam for his tools, and began to work at once at Oostenberg, where the docks of the Company were situated.

Here, within the dockyard, Peter the Great of Russia worked for a period of four months like a common carpenter. With him were associated ten of his friends, under the direction of a Dutch foreman. So amenable was Peter to discipline, that on one occasion, when visitors were present, the foreman called to him as "Peter," and desired him to assist his companions. Without a word Peter the Great threw down the implement he was using, and "lent a hand," as he had been bidden. He never asserted his dignity, indeed he very strongly resented any very respectful address paid to his exalted rank; while on the other hand he would converse familiarly with anyone who addressed him as Peter the Carpenter. His whole aim was to be of use and to learn. He practised tooth-drawing upon his attendants, which no doubt was satisfactory—to Peter. He learnt to bleed subjects in the hospitals. He experimented as a tailor and as a shoemaker. All this time he was daily working upon the frigate, which was at length completed; and then Peter's active mind sought fresh fields and pastures new.

This was not from caprice or from love of change, but because he was not satisfied with the happy-go-lucky way in which ship-building was carried on at Amsterdam. Peter wanted something firm to build upon,—a theory on which he could work, a plan for vessels which he could not obtain in Holland. His Dutch carpenters did not satisfy him, and were put under supervision at home. This temper led Peter to determine to go to England to observe the British modes of construction. The project was carried out. King William III. of England sent him

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a yacht armed and elegantly fitted. Peter obtained the King's permission to visit Deptford ; and on the 17th January, 1698, he set sail from Holland, in British ships sent for the purpose.

PETER IN ENGLAND.

The Tsar arrived in England on the 3rd February, and was rowed up the Thames. He took up his quarters at a house in Norfolk Street, Strand, now a hotel, where the King soon paid him a personal visit. It is reported that Peter received His Britannic Majesty very coolly, and without his coat. It is stated by the Earl of Dartmouth that Peter had a favourite monkey, which was accustomed to sit on the back of his chair; and as soon as the King was seated, the monkey jumped upon him wrathfully, and many apologies had to be made for the favourite's conduct. The Tsar was very desirous to see the opening of Parliament, and asked the King's permission, but he did not wish to be seen himself. So he was perched in a gutter on the roof, but got so laughed at that he was obliged to retire.*

Admiral Mitchell was appointed to Peter's suite, and was ordered to be in constant attendance. The winter of 1698 was very severe, quite Russian in its intensity of cold; but notwithstanding all climatic drawbacks, Peter's energy of movement was not sensibly abated. He visited all important places in the metropolis, and in many of his expeditions, Lord Carmarthen, a rather eccentric nobleman, was his companion. These friends would carouse together, and a mild beverage of raw brandy warmed with pepper was habitually consumed to tickle their jaded palates. When Peter had sufficiently visited our sights, including the theatres, where he made some acquaintances, he went to Chatham, Woolwich, and Deptford dockyards, and the various establishments. At the last-named place he occupied Evelyn's house, Sayes Court; and here his vagaries attracted attention. He left the house in a very dirty condition, for Russian manners were not patterns for cleanliness in those days. Evelyn's servant reported it to his master as "right nasty." One childish amusement of the Tsar consisted in his being wheeled in a barrow through the beautiful holly hedge. Evelyn notes in his diary that "I went to Deptford to see how miserably the Tsar had left my house after three months making it his court. I got Sir Christopher Wren, the King's surveyor, and Mr. London, his gardener, to estimate the

repairs, for which they allowed me £150 in their report to the Lords of the Treasury."

But notwithstanding his eccentricities, Peter continued very steadily at work. He laboured all day at Rotherhithe or Deptford, and then would retire to sip at a public-house near the Tower (the Tsar's Head), where he and his boon companions would indulge in strong libations. Most of his time was spent at the water-side. He visited Portsmouth, however, and witnessed a sham fight and a naval review. He also went to Oxford and was made a Doctor of Laws. Peter turned his sojourn in England to good account, for he not only mastered the theory of ship-building, but he engaged many useful persons to return with him to Russia in various capacities,—ship designers, engineers, surgeons, and many more. The Tsar and the King were always on very friendly terms, and the Russian ruler consented to have his likeness painted. This picture is, or lately was, in the gallery at Hampton Court.

Peter's stay in England was now drawing to a close. His whole mind was occupied in ships and shipping. Social duties did not trouble him. Venice was his next aim, for there he hoped to learn how to build the light vessels used on the Mediterranean. The impression he left behind him in this country is well summed up by Bishop Burnet of Salisbury, as follows:—

"He is a man of hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion; he raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with much application. He is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems affected with these. He wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently. He is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature to be a ship-carpenter rather than a great Prince."

Peter left England on the 2nd of May, and returned to Amsterdam, where his absence had caused his followers alarm, in consequence of the non-arrival of letters, owing to the severity of the season. His intended visit to Venice was put aside by news from Russia, where things were in an unsettled condition. Other continental news also tended to hasten his departure. He was desirous to visit Vienna, and make himself acquainted with the Austrian army and tactics. He did not seem best pleased with his visit to Vienna, as the very strict court ceremo-

* Bishop Burnet's "History of His Own Times."

nial bored him, though his political arrangements appear to have been satisfactory. He now made preparations to go to Venice, and, indeed, a portion of his attendants had already started thither, when alarming news was received from Moscow. A revolt of the Strelitz regiments had taken place, and the insurgents were marching on Moscow. General Gordon, who had been left in the city by the Tsar, deserved the confidence reposed in him. He met the mutineers and entirely defeated them; numbers were killed, and many officers thrown into prison to await the Tsar's return. Peter made no delay in returning to Moscow, where he arrived on the 4th of September, having been absent from his capital just seventeen months. He did not stop in Moscow, but, with his councillors, drove out at once to his palace of Preobrazhensky, and so hastily that he did not even visit his wife.

PETER AS A REFORMER.

The outbreak that had recalled Peter to Moscow originated in the fear that the Tsar would never return to his subjects; and that as he had then been away so long a time, the nobles, or the malcontent section of them, affected to believe that he had practically abdicated the throne. In addition to these, there was the well-founded conviction that Peter, on his return, would bring with him a number of foreigners, who would be the means of introducing reforms to which the Russian character is strongly opposed. However, as we have seen, the rebellion was speedily repressed by General Gordon, who, because he was a foreigner, kept himself in the background while negotiations were pending with the rebellious troops. But when action was determined upon, he crushed the insurgents, and reserved a number for sentence by the Tsar.

These sentences were merciless. Peter's brutal nature developed itself in the most sanguinary manner. Some unfortunates were broken on the wheel; others were buried alive, their heads alone remaining above ground. Many were executed by the Tsar's own hands, so anxious was he to be avenged upon the rebels. It is related that Ivan Orloff, one of the conspirators, came to put his head upon the beam before the ferocious Tsar, who had already decapitated several victims. Orloff, finding a head in the way, brutally kicked it aside, saying, "If this is my place it ought to be vacant." The Tsar, even in his rage, was struck by the coolness and defiance of the remark, and at once pardoned Orloff, who subsequently was ennobled, and became the ancestor of several celebrated statesmen. At length the red hand

was stayed, and the massacre, which had spared none of those implicated from punishment, save the fortunate Orloff, ceased. In this, as in a subsequent case, Peter's naturally savage disposition was brought out in full light. It can scarcely be advanced in his favour that punishment was necessary. No doubt it was, but not such wholesale cruelty and bloodshed as this which disgraced his name.

Reforms now came thick and fast. A decree was made to prohibit, under penalty of a heavy fine, the wearing of long skirts and beards. The soldiers and civilians had been in the habit of wearing long tunics. These, in Peter's opinion, interfered with freedom of action, in battle particularly. Beards were also ordered to be shaved; but on payment of a certain sum, they might be retained. By these laws Peter procured a very substantial sum for his treasury; while, by forbidding any noble to be accompanied by more than a few attendants, he made locomotion more easy in the crowded streets. He soon appointed himself virtual head of the Church; not in any way interfering with the administration, but reserving power to control it. The 1st of January in the year 1700 was declared to be the beginning of the year, instead of the 1st of September, which had hitherto been regarded as New Year's Day. That these disturbances of cherished customs created much dissent, may be imagined; and numbers preferred to pay the fines rather than adopt new reforms.

After Peter had set these and many other reforms—such as the printing press and cheaper literature—in motion, he went down to superintend his great project of connecting the rivers Volga and Don. It was while thus occupied that his great friend and bold adviser, Lefort, died, at the early age of forty-six. This was a great blow to the Tsar, who at once returned for the funeral, and in the procession occupied a post as lieutenant, which was the rank he actually held in the deceased officer's regiment. On more than one occasion Peter thus set an example of obedience to authority—to the considerations of military etiquette.

It was about this time that an incident is said to have occurred, which possibly matured Peter's warlike designs. One of his young drummers in the famous "Toy Regiment," being tired after parade one day, went to sleep in the guard-room and dreamed a dream. This vision he related to his mother, as it was very firmly imprinted upon his memory. He fancied he saw a high mountain, and on it an enormous rock. Upon the rock was seated an eagle in act of devouring;

a crow. This, of course, meant something; and the drummer's mother gave it the following interpretation, which came, as it was doubtless intended it should, to Peter's ears:—The mountain was Moscow; the rock, the Kremlin; the eagle, Peter; and the crow being devoured was the young King of Sweden, Charles XII. This mystic warning was eagerly adopted by Peter, whose somewhat superstitious nature recognised in it a good omen. He at once declared war against Sweden, and perhaps changed his opinion as to the value of omens after a time. We now have to look at

PETER THE GREAT AS A SOLDIER.

In the year 1700, it became to the Tsar's mind evident that Russia should possess a seaport on the northern coast, in the Gulf of Finland. To gain this point the war with Sweden was initiated; and a pretext was not wanting. The old personal grievance, which Peter still cherished, supplied it. He had been repulsed at Riga when on his first journey in Europe; on Riga he would vent his wrath. So war was suddenly declared, greatly to the astonishment of Charles, who had just ascended the throne of Sweden. To make more certain of success, Peter had managed to enlist Denmark and Poland on his side; and thus the contest was set on foot. Charles XII., however, somewhat astonished his would-be conquerors by appearing before Copenhagen with a fleet, and blockading it. Meanwhile the Polish efforts against Riga were foiled by the determination of the garrison. Peter was not idle at Narva; but the Swedes, having made a treaty with Denmark, suddenly arrived at Riga, and raised the siege of that place. They were then in a position to march against the Russians near Narva. Peter sent his men out to stop them on the highway, now deep in snow; but the wily Charles led his men by the byways and unfrequented roads; and in the midst of a snow-storm, which half-blinded the Russians, bore down upon their lines. The result of this attack was success. Peter hurried off to bring up his reinforcements; but meantime the Swedes carried all before them. Twenty thousand Muscovites fell, and thousands were taken prisoners; and these men, their clothes designedly rent into rags by their conquerors, were sent back to Peter through the icy desert, starving. The officers were retained by Charles XII.

But the Tsar was not discouraged. "The Swedes will teach us how to beat them yet," he remarked, and bided his time; while Charles, despising him, overran Poland and Saxony.

Peter would have his port. He had noted the capabilities of the Neva for sea traffic; and, while reforming his army, kept the sea before his mind. In 1701 many skirmishes took place, and the Russians began to be successful. Small engagements also were fought against the Swedes on the Lakes, in which Peter's ships were conquerors at two to one, which led the Tsar to hope that he soon would beat his enemies on even terms. In 1702 a battle was fought at Marienburg, in which the Swedes sustained a decided defeat, and General Bauer got possession of an interesting little widow of fifteen years old, who had been wed but the day before to a Swedish sergeant. The General, struck with her beauty, inquired concerning her. Her name was Catherine—an orphan—educated by Dr. Gluck for charity's sake. The gallant Bauer offered to protect her, and to supply the place of the sergeant deceased. The maid-wife had no alternative; and she was received by the General, who, two years afterwards, was obliged to relinquish the pretty Catherine to Prince Menchikoff "on demand," to act in a similar domestic capacity to him. Not long after, Peter himself, visiting at Menchikoff's house, espied the young beauty, and she was promoted to the household of the Tsar. This "beggar maid" was afterwards Empress of Russia.

But, in the meantime, Charles XII. was not particularly concerned about these little defeats his troops sustained. Peter had been busy inspecting a certain island; and as he heard of the defeat, he struck his staff into the marshy soil at the mouth of the Neva, saying, "Here shall Peter's castle stand" (Petersburg). The island referred to was quickly fortified. The place was most suitable. A fort was erected, which subsequently blossomed into Kronstadt, and defied the British and French fleets. Piles were driven into the soft earth of the mainland. Peter had been in Holland, and had learnt pile-driving. The nobles were requested to come and bring their serfs to assist. They came and built houses; the city grew apace. Charles XII. heard of it, and said he would shortly come and burn it, or, if worth keeping, he would retain it. The island was well fortified by that time; and when Charles at length woke up to the reality, it was too late. In all these preparations Peter had, as usual, been the moving and the master spirit and executant. He built or designed, played carpenter or surgeon, with equal facility. When the Swedes at length came, they were checked at the island. This was in 1704. The building of St. Petersburg was commenced on the 27th May

PETER THE GREAT.

of the year preceding. Charles, frequently unsuccessful at sea, now determined to try a bolder flight and to attack Moscow. The Swedes had overrun Poland, and at length attacked Peter's army at Grodnow. The Russians retreated in a very masterly way through a difficult country. Intrenched at Hollosin, the Russian lines were frequently assaulted unsuccessfully, till at the seventh attack Peter gave way. Nothing now prevented Charles from advancing on Moscow, when he suddenly turned aside to the Ukraine, the Cossack territory. The famous Mazeppa had promised him assistance, but had reckoned without his host. The Cossacks as a body declined to be disloyal to Peter the Great, so the Hetman, with only a few deserters, joined Charles. A large Swedish force, left by the King to defeat Peter, only with difficulty cut through the Russians, leaving baggage, guns, and all their provisions in Peter's hands. This was a great disaster for Charles XII. Instead of an assistance, the few hundred hungry Cossacks proved an encumbrance. After a terrible winter, the Swedes made a *detour* to attack Moscow, but *en route* they endeavoured to subdue Pultowa. This celebrated battle turned the scale against Charles. Wounded in the foot, and carried into the fight on a litter, the Swedish monarch saw his troops dispersed, and himself a fugitive, in two hours after a desperate combat. Peter displayed great valour and courage, and was that day promoted to the rank of Major-General, for he had fought under orders as a captain, and had thus most narrow escapes, the bullets perforating his hat and saddle, and breaking a crucifix on his chest. The Tsar pursued Charles to the Turkish frontier, and captured a portion of the remnant of the force which had joined the Swedish monarch in his flight. This was in June 1709 :—

“Dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the Royal Swede.”

Peter returned victorious to Moscow to his domestic happiness; and two years after he publicly married Catherine Alexina, late the mistress of Menchikoff and Bauer and himself. She possessed an extraordinary influence over Peter, and she alone could subdue those fits of passion and epilepsy to which his frequent excesses had greatly contributed. She is described as being very beautiful, possessing a sweet voice, and never out of temper. She often interfered successfully to lessen the severity of Peter's decrees, and saved many lives of her humbler subjects. With him she was all in all, and her strong will and resolution induced Peter, at least

on one occasion, to act in a way which saved him. She accompanied him in his campaign against the Turks, who had declared war at the instigation of Charles XII., who was still in Turkey. Before starting on this campaign, he was married, as we have stated. The war began. Peter, in this advance into Turkey, was in a measure deserted by his allies, and he at last arrived at the Pruth, with a small army not exceeding forty thousand men, to oppose the Turkish forces, swelled by auxiliaries to a total of a quarter of a million strong. Peter was therefore obliged to retreat, and in so doing was surrounded. There was now no hope for him. He became melancholy, and retired to his tent despairing. But Catherine bade him bestir himself, and be brave. She herself went through the camp, addressing the troops and requesting all to give their money to her to bribe the Grand Vizier. A large sum was at once collected unknown to Peter. Her jewels, of great value, were also sent by a messenger to treat for terms, and the Vizier graciously accepted the gifts, and permitted a parley. The terms were hard—Azof was relinquished; Charles XII. was granted safe passage through Russia, and all Peter's hopes of conquest in the South were shattered. Charles of Sweden was very indignant when he learnt that a treaty had been made with Peter, whom he hoped to see a prisoner. His conduct was very violent, and he at last had to fly for his life from the Turks, whose hospitality he had greatly abused.

Peter returned home; and in 1712 another public wedding with Catherine was celebrated, and the Tsar turned his arms against Sweden. In the following year a series of encounters took place in Pomerania. Peter possessed himself also of Helsingfors, and his new fleet engaged and defeated the Swedish squadron near the Island of Aland. By the close of that year, Stralsund was the only place remaining to Sweden in Pomerania. The order of St. Catherine was instituted in honour of the naval engagement above-mentioned. The library of Abo was transferred to St. Petersburg, which now became the seat of government, and a place of great commercial activity. About this time a Princess was born, amid great rejoicing.

Nothing was now to be feared from the King of Sweden, and Peter, accompanied by Catherine, took (in 1716) another tour in Europe. On this occasion the royal pair visited Hamburg, and many other places; they also spent some time in Copenhagen. Here Peter enjoyed a great triumph, for some Dutch and English war-vessels put in, and the Tsar proposed that they should all unite

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and endeavour to sweep away the Swedish fleet. This little arrangement was agreed to ; and to his great delight, Peter obtained the supreme command. He declared that that moment was the proudest of his life, when he hoisted his flag on board his ship. Thence Peter proceeded to Lubeck, and subsequently to Amsterdam, where he was warmly welcomed by his old associates. Even now he objected to have honour paid him, although he was not so absurdly exigent in the matter as before. Peter Zimmerman, as he was called, was in good spirits, and enjoyed his sojourn vastly. Catherine had just given birth to another child, which died almost immediately ; and when Peter visited Paris, she remained in Holland. The Tsar was received in the French capital with great cordiality : every one did him honour, and he was greatly pleased with his reception. He purchased or was presented with numerous works of art, etc., destined to embellish his new capital.

PETER THE GREAT IN PARIS.

The Prince Regent sent Marshal de Tessé to meet Peter at Dunkirk, and the party arrived in Paris on the 7th May. The Russian monarch was splendidly lodged and entertained at the Louvre ; but the Tsar got tired of the splendour very quickly, and having examined the furniture and the magnificent arrangements, he declined to sit down at the splendidly-appointed supper table. He asked for a glass of beer and a piece of bread, and then requested to be shown less pretentious lodgings. He and his suite were accordingly conveyed to the Hotel des Laidiguières ; and a camp bed was fetched, which for that night was set up in a large wardrobe. But with all this love of simplicity, Peter was in no way disposed to relinquish any of the forms of respect due to his rank. On these points he was very punctilious with the Regent, and remained at home till the Duc d'Orleans had paid his visit of ceremony. He treated the Regent only as his position entitled him to be treated. But to the young King, aged seven, he was more deferential, though on the first interview he took the child in his arms and embraced him. Next day, when the King was coming down to Peter's carriage, as the Tsar had come to the King's, Peter sprang out, and taking the boy up in his arms, carried him up the steps into the reception room.

During his stay in Paris, he visited the arsenals and workshops, the tapestry and other manufactures. He took particular pleasure in studying maps and plans of fortresses, and the Jardin des Plantes. He fraternized with the soldiers at the

Invalides; and in his usual demeanour displayed a mixture of friendliness and dignity which was thoroughly characteristic. He ate and drank a great deal. He wore the same simple costume that he had worn in Holland, and in this matter of dress he differed considerably from those around him. He went to Versailles ; and hearing that Madame de Maintenon was living at St. Cyr, he proceeded to pay her a visit. The lady was not up when the Tsar arrived ; but nowise daunted, Peter penetrated into her chamber, drew aside the curtains, gazed at her a few moments in silence, and left the room without having uttered a word. He was particularly struck with Richelieu's bust, and at his tomb exclaimed, " I would give half my kingdom to such a man as you, who would teach me how to govern the other half." After passing some time in the French capital, Peter returned with the Tsaritzza, *viâ* Amsterdam to Russia, where the conduct of his eldest son caused him great anxiety.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES IN RUSSIA ; CONCLUSION.

Whatever had been the faults of Alexis, and he had plenty, there can be no doubt that in Peter's treatment of his son the Tsar was most unnecessarily cruel and unjust. Alexis was greatly opposed to all the improvements that his father wished to carry out. His mother aided and abetted him to the utmost ; yet Alexis was an unnatural son, as well as a most unfeeling and most licentious husband. The Tsar wished to fix the succession upon a stranger rather than permit Alexis to come to the throne ; and Alexis formally renounced all claim to it. Peter then gave him his choice, either to amend his ways or to become a monk. He chose the latter, and Peter left the kingdom and went on his travels. After an interval the Tsar directed his son to join him at Copenhagen. This Alexis was persuaded not to do ; and he accordingly turned aside and went to Italy, after in vain attempting to interest the Emperor of Germany in his fortunes. From Italy he was recalled by Peter under a solemn promise and understanding that he would be favourably received if he complied with his father's commands. Alexis consented to return with the ambassadors ; but on his arrival in Moscow, in February (1718), he was made a prisoner. And then the dark and cruel side of the Tsar showed itself in all its terrors. He accused his son, and forced him to sign a renunciation of all claim to the succession ; and Alexis was questioned closely as to his and his companions' intentions and plots. Various charges were preferred, and confessions extorted from Alexis' mistress and

his confessor. For five months these pre-determined proceedings were carried on. The Prince was accused and condemned to death. But the very day on which the sentence had been pronounced, Alexis was taken ill in prison. Some writers allege that he was poisoned; some that Peter himself executed his son, or was present at his execution. But however that may be, it is a fact that the Tsar sacrificed his son, and subsequently many others; bishops, priests, and the Prince's relatives on his mother's side, being executed, impaled, or, when no evidence was forthcoming, poisoned. Nor did Peter's vengeance stop here. He made a decree to exclude his grandson, Alexis' son, from the throne; but his own son by Catherine died, and as a matter of fact, his grandson Peter did reign after Catherine's death.

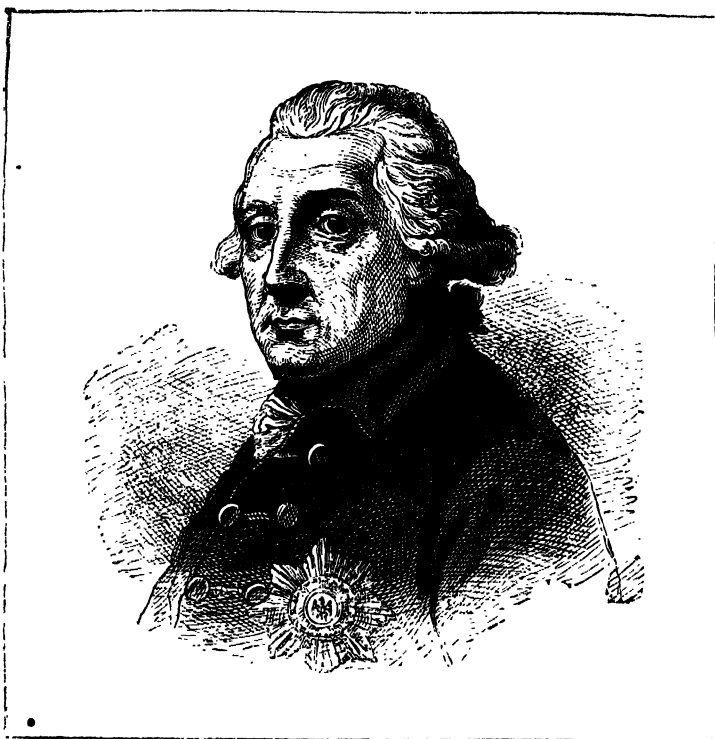
But notwithstanding his cruelties, Peter still continued his reforms for the benefit of his subjects; and all his efforts tended to the aggrandisement and prosperity of his kingdom. The death of Charles XII. changed the aspect of the political horizon; and the alliance with Sweden, which had been talked of, and the descent upon Scotland, with the Spanish occupation of France, were all put a stop to. The war with Sweden went on for a time; but by the congress at Nystadt, in Finland, it was agreed to consent to all Peter's demands; and all his conquests were thereby secured to him. The peace was signed in September 1721. This event landed Peter upon the pinnacle of his glory. The popular joy was unbounded, and the Tsar was induced to accept the title of Emperor of All the Russias, Peter the Great, and Father of his Country.

His natural energy would not permit him to remain long inactive. He descended upon Persia, with which country he had discovered a pretext for war. He made his preparations, and, accompanied by Catherine, embarked at Astrakan. But his expedition turned out a failure, though the Russians succeeded in capturing Derbend. They were obliged to retire. He lost his ships, and was threatened by Turkey. But he subsequently obtained by diplomacy all he had hoped to gain by force, and a settlement was made on the Caspian Sea. Peter returned to Moscow, and subsequently proceeded to St. Petersburg. On the 1st February, 1724, Catherine was crowned Empress, her husband himself placing the diadem upon her brow. An order of St. Catherine was instituted for "Love and Fidelity,"—pledges which the patroness did not keep, for Peter's life was now embittered by his wife's infidelity and her excesses. Raised from the

populace to the Imperial purple, the peasant nature cropped up. Her treason was discovered, her lover beheaded, and Peter very nearly had her also executed. He drove her to the spot where the head of Moens de la Croix, her paramour, had been set upon a pole, and hoped to enjoy her distress. But Catherine disappointed him. She betrayed no emotion whatever; and this self-command probably saved her life. After this Peter's health gave way. A long-neglected disease had been slowly but surely undermining his constitution; and this one of his last acts brought to a crisis. He made up his mind, contrary to all advice, to proceed to Lake Ladoga to inspect some ship-building. Thence he proceeded to Lachta; but a storm coming on, they anchored. A boat was putting off from another vessel, and ran imminent danger of destruction. Peter sent a boat to their assistance, and subsequently, with his usual energy, set out to help. Not being able to reach the boat in distress, he leaped into the water, and waded to the assistance of the soldiers. This act of humanity so greatly increased his disorder, that he had to retire immediately to St. Petersburg. His attack was incurable, and after living for days in great agony, he expired on the 28th of January, 1725, at the age of fifty-three, in the Peterhof Palace.

The body of Peter the Great, after lying in state, was laid to its last long rest in the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, at St. Petersburg. To his people he is nothing less than a saint; and to all people he stands forth as a marvellous embodiment of strength and energy, the Founder of a mighty Empire. He was a curious combination, full of contradictions, and yet thoroughly consistent to the great aims he had set before him,—the improvement of his kingdom and the welfare of his people. For these he sacrificed his son, and led up to his own death. He was subject to fits of cruelty, and his excesses were gross in the extreme. But, on the other hand, he was kind-hearted and generous and self-denying. Hundreds of people were assisted by him, and in Holland he is still most gratefully remembered. His public acts, more than those of any other Sovereign, speak for him, even if his domestic and private vices and deeds throw him personally into the shade of our condemnation. A barbarian, he civilized his people; a King, he worked like a slave. By his master mind he overcame all obstacles. In his later years he became much more sober and religious, and had a great respect for sacred forms and observances. His last words were, "I believe, and I trust."

H. F.



FREDERICK THE GREAT.

"A soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire."—*Vanity of Human Wishes.*

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A WORKING KING; ORIGIN OF THE KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA.

HISTORY has frequently given us, in those monarchs and men of might to whose

names the epithet "the Great" has been attached, examples of genius, fulfilling difficult tasks with a precocious and complete ability that set ordinary rules at defiance. "Our

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general was but a boy," the army of Italy might well have said, of the young Bonaparte, "when with his Amazonian chin he drove the bristled lips before him," confounding the skill of veteran opponents. "Born a soldier" was the impressive comment of honest Major Lawrence upon young Robert Clive after the siege of Arcot—the "Boy Bachelor" was the honourable nickname bestowed upon young Wolsey when he took his university degree at fifteen years of age.

But it was not so with the great man of whom we have now to speak. Frederick of Prussia was a man who had to learn the art of war with much labour and perseverance, and whose triumphs were the results of hard and continued work. What others achieved at a stroke, was sometimes attained by Frederick only by repeated blows. While many kings appear to most advantage in the sunshine of success, his qualities appeared at their best amid defeat, danger, and misfortune. His was the courage that "mounteth with occasion;" and however dark the night of peril and sorrow might be, it never caused the iron heart of the undaunted king to quail, even for a moment. Whatever his faults may have been, he was a great reality in a period of shams; a staunch worker and watcher for the interests of his people at a time when the sovereigns of Europe generally were sunk in sloth and carelessness and vice.

The Emperor Sigismund of Germany, the monarch who summoned the great Church Council of Constance for the extirpation of the Hussite heresy in 1414, bestowed the Marquisate of Brandenburg upon Frederick von Buren, Burgrave of Nuremberg, of the noble race of Hohenzollern. Nearly two centuries and a half later, when the Peace of Westphalia put an end to the terrible Thirty Years' War, Frederick William, called the Great Elector, increased his territory by the addition of Magdeburg; and in 1700 his son Frederick became the first King of Prussia.

When Frederick, afterwards called the Great, was born, on the 24th of January, 1712, his grandfather, King Frederick I., was still seated on the new throne of the Prussian Monarchy. The new throne it may be called advisedly; for Prussia had only been elevated to the position of a kingdom for about twelve years. Indeed, there had been many who said the conversion of the Marquisate of Brandenburg into the kingdom of Prussia was simply a piece of ostentation that could have no effect but to draw upon the new monarchy the mingled con-

tempt and dislike of the other powers of Europe. But this is incorrect, though Lord Macaulay's powerful and picturesque essay on Frederick the Great has spread the opinion widely throughout England. Elector Frederick knew perfectly well what he was about, when he laboured for years to remove the jealous objections of Austria to his assuming the royal title, and converting the Marquisate of Brandenburg, with its appurtenances, into the kingdom of Prussia. He was carrying out the idea of his father, the Great Elector, in endeavouring to obtain a new and improved position for the territory he governed, as a great Protestant power in North Germany, to hold the balance against Catholic Austria. At first the foundation of the Prussian kingdom was certainly looked upon as proceeding from the pride that finds pleasure in display; but the powers of Europe soon discovered that the new kingdom could hold its own among the monarchies, and the question was whether it might not become as dangerous a foe as it would certainly be a valuable ally.

FREDERICK WILLIAM I.; SPARTAN RULE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Only a year after his grandson's birth, the old magnificent, splendour-loving King Frederick died; and his son, Frederick William I., came to the throne. A very remarkable personage was this rough, thorough-going, hard-working monarch; and a notable contrast did he present, in his military uniform and with his garrison manners, to the scented, bedizened, brilliant fribbles who fluttered in most European courts. "Thou wouldst find me such a plain king," says bluff Harry V. to fair Princess Catherine of France, "that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown;" and the description would apply equally to this King of Prussia. Hard-working he was, and vigilant, and honestly bent on promoting the welfare of the people under his sway; but frightfully despotic and peremptory, unable to bear even the shadow of contradiction, and subject to fits of anger, during which he spoke and acted like a madman. Under his father, Berlin had been called the German Athens; under him, it might more properly be termed the German Sparta. His character had many of those traits which form what in England is termed "John Bull-ism," a hearty contempt for "oulandish" and "new-fangled" notions and modes of expression—a disposition to look backward rather than forward, to maintain the old, and turn with sus-

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picion from the new. He looked with honest disgust on the extravagance of the courts of his time, whose selfish splendour was paid for by the poverty and misery of millions; but in his wish to bring up his family in a simple downright German-citizen fashion, he fell into the opposite extreme; and the hard discipline in the Royal Family, and the coarse fare put before the reluctant princes and princesses became a subject of wonder and ridicule among the envoys of the foreign courts at Berlin.

That Frederick William loved the Crown Prince, his son, and was anxious about his education, is undoubted; but never was the process of mental and physical training made more irksome to an unhappy pupil, than in the case of the young Prussian prince. Everything was presented to the eager, inquiring mind of the boy in the dryest and most pedantic of forms; long portions of the Catechism; and numerous psalms, learnt as punishment tasks for juvenile misdoings, gave him a distaste for religious instruction generally. French teachers gave him a liking for the writers of France; while of the literature of his own country, which certainly at that time was in a most degraded condition, he had scarcely any notion. One part of his education had a powerful influence on his later career, by developing in him military talent and the wish for military fame. A notion of making Prussia formidable by the possession of a great well-drilled army, was one of the most practical of Frederick William's ideas. He had a standing establishment of sixty thousand troops, "sixty thousand good reasons against foreign encroachment," he used, with grim humour, to call them—and the Crown Prince was, at an early age, attached to a juvenile corps, and made to go through the grades and fulfil the duties of captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel of cadets. The young prince did his duty cheerfully and well; and to this early initiation into the details of the military art may be attributed not a little of the distinction Frederick afterwards attained as a soldier.

THE CROWN PRINCE A CONTRAST TO HIS FATHER; MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

But a willing horse may be spurred into rebellion; and by trying to achieve too much, the king turned the cheerful submission of his son into sullen and bitter opposition. The young prince's appreciative mind had been awakened to admiration of the French classic literature of the period. He loved the poetry of Racine and

Corneille, and appreciated the wit of Molière; afterwards all his admiration was enlisted for that most dangerous of literary or moral guides, the great scoffer, Voltaire. The king's mind, on the other hand, was uncultivated, and his enjoyments were coarse. He hunted with the perseverance of a Squire Western, and solaced himself of an evening with the company of the members of his "Tobacco College," a beer-drinking, pipe-smoking symposium, to which the chief officers and counsellors belonged, and at whose meetings practical jokes of the coarsest nature were played off upon visitors. The king insisted that his son should be a member of this delectable society; and the youth occasionally gave vent to expressions of scorn and disgust at the proceedings. There was naturally no lack of "smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers" to report such outbursts to the king, who, already possessed with an uneasy feeling that his son was intellectually his superior, began to look upon the prince with suspicion and dislike. The continual hunting parties at the country palace of Wusterhausen were as little to the prince's taste as the coarse humours of the tobacco college; and his military duties became at last a burden to him, when the king insisted upon his continually wearing a tight uniform, and wearied him out with a long course of tedious and oft-repeated manœuvres. The estrangement thus begun, quickly became serious. The father looked upon his son as a degenerate, lounging, flute-playing, supercilious coxcomb; while the son hardly concealed his contempt for the coarseness of the boorish father, who was embittering his life with absurd restrictions and commands.

Political circumstances now rendered the state of matters worse than before, by setting the heads of the royal house at variance. The queen was a daughter of George I. of England, and greatly wished to see the completion of a double marriage, the preliminaries for which had been negotiated with England, and which was to unite the Crown Prince to a daughter of George II., while his eldest sister, Wilhelmina, was to become consort of Frederick Prince of Wales. But causes of discontent, not unconnected with the vagaries of the Prussian king's recruiting officers, had arisen between the two crowns; and Austria, anxious to prevent an alliance between Prussia and England, had sent one of her most astute diplomatists, Count Seckendorf, to keep the king's anger alive against "his brother the play-actor," as he scornfully dubbed George of England. The queen, very injudiciously, enlisted her children on her side

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against their father, in her endeavours to carry out her plan of the double marriage; and the poor, passionate, angry king had the bitter consciousness that his wife and his children were engaged in a political intrigue against him.

STRANGE WHIM OF FREDERICK WILLIAM; VISIT TO DRESDEN; A SYBARITE COURT; ILL-TREATMENT OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

A fit of hypochondria, almost amounting to insanity, was the consequence. Frederick William, in an access of religious melancholy, actually cherished the extraordinary idea of abdicating the throne altogether, and passing the rest of his life with his wife and daughters at Wusterhausen, in alternate exercises of agriculture and prayer; one of the princesses was to superintend the store-room and linen closet, another to be the housekeeper for the family, and so on. An antidote was found in a visit to the splendid court of Augustus, the Elector of Saxony and King of Poland.

This potentate was in himself the personification of all the vices and misrule that led to the tremendous crash of thrones in Continental Europe at the end of the 18th century. Indescribably dissolute and extravagant, he kept up a court whose splendour was maintained by grinding his unhappy Saxon subjects in a mill of taxation, whose wheels never ceased turning. He had abjured the faith of his fathers to obtain the empty honour of the Polish crown, and ground his Saxon subjects with renewed oppression, to maintain the splendour of this useless dignity. Like the Emperor Augustus, he could boast that he had found his capital built of brick, and left it of stone, if not of marble; for he was magnificent in his notions, and delighted in seeing new and stately buildings rise in the fair city on the banks of the Elbe. Rich collections of pictures, jewels, curiosities of all kinds, bore witness to the wealth of this royal voluptuary; but in the country districts, among the patient agriculturists, and in the manufactories and the mines, on which his taxation rested with a crushing weight, curses not loud but deep were uttered against the ruler who wasted his subjects' substance in riotous living, and useless wars, and corruption of all kinds. If the sturdy, plain old King of Prussia had required anything to strengthen him in his habits of military discipline and parsimony, he would have found it in the warning example afforded by the splendid vanity fair of wickedness in full operation at Dresden. Indeed, to some of his immediate

friends he expressed in no measured terms his disgust that the Crown Prince, by whom he was accompanied, should have beheld the mysteries of this detestable court.

The festivities of Dresden seem to have rendered the Crown Prince especially dissatisfied with the quiet, plain, work-day life he was expected to lead in Berlin; and from this time began those dissensions between Frederick and his father, which at length resulted in the imprisonment of the Crown Prince, and the execution of one of his dearest friends. It has been too much the custom to throw all the blame on the father in these matters; and the brilliant but one-sided narrative of Lord Macaulay, in his famous essay on Frederick the Great, has tended to confirm this impression. But at least half the fault certainly belonged to the prince, who seems to have taken a pleasure in crossing the inclinations of the king on every subject. When the king expected his son to be attending to his military or political duties, the latter was practising the flute in secret with Quantz, the musician, privately smuggled into the castle for surreptitious music lessons. On one occasion, Master Quantz had to take refuge in a cupboard in the prince's apartment, on the king's unexpectedly appearing. The unhappy musician passed a very bad quarter of an hour, while the king, who seemed to suspect all was not right, was peering and prying about the room. Then the Crown Prince would insist upon reading French books,—preferring the writings of those philosophers whom the king held in a detestation proportionate to his utter inability to guess what their works were about. The Prince, moreover, besides committing other indiscretions, got into debt, and borrowed money in secret, to keep his father in the dark; and a very dangerous companion, young Lieutenant von Katte, a seductive but dissolute youth, managed to inoculate him with certain crude notions concerning predestination as an excuse for sin on the score of necessity, a doctrine that horrified and enraged the king, to whom these things were duly reported, and who got to look upon his eldest son as an effeminate, degenerate dreamer, utterly unworthy of his position. The unfortunate youth submitted for a time to the indignities put upon him; and this was interpreted as cowardice by the old tyrant, who growled out contemptuously, as he threatened the Crown Prince with his uplifted cane, that if his own father had treated him in such a fashion, he'd have run away a thousand times; but that the Crown Prince had not the spirit for

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that. Wilhelmina, afterwards Margravine of Bayreuth, and the elder and favourite sister of Frederick, gives, in her interesting memoirs, a specimen of what her brother had to bear, told in his own words: "They're always preaching patience to me," said the poor prince to the good sister, who came secretly to comfort him; "but nobody knows what I have to endure. I get cuffed every day, am treated like a slave, and haven't the slightest amusement. They stop my reading and music and science, and I'm always in peril of my life, and surrounded by spies; I haven't even proper clothes and other necessities; but what has quite overpowered me is the last scene I had with the king at Potsdam. He sent for me; and the moment I appeared, he caught me by the hair, flung me on the ground, and after exercising his feet on me, he dragged me to the window, and fastened the cord of the curtain round my neck. Fortunately I had time to scramble up and to seize his two hands; but as he pulled the cord with all his might, and I felt myself being strangled, I at last cried for help. A chamberlain rushed up, and forcibly released me from the king's hands. Tell me yourself, is there any means left for me but flight? Katte and Keith (the lieutenant and a good-natured page) are ready to follow me to the ends of the earth; I have passports, and bills of exchange, and have arranged everything so well, that I don't run the slightest risk. I shall flee to England; there I shall be received with open arms, and have nothing more to fear from the king's anger. . . . So soon as the king undertakes a journey outside his dominions—for that will give me more security—everything is ready for the attempt."

AN EXPLOSION; ATTEMPTED FLIGHT OF THE PRINCE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The brutality of the king seems incomprehensible even in a hot-tempered man, spoiled by arbitrary power; but there was a continual cause of bitterness in his secret mind, in the consciousness that his family were again intriguing against him, to bring about the English marriages. At length an opportunity for flight occurred. The king undertook a journey to the south of Germany, and the Crown Prince was to accompany him. Young Frederick determined, at the first chance, to flee to Holland, and thence to England. He was stopped at the very moment of putting his plan into execution. A misdirected letter to his friend and accomplice, Katte, fell into the king's hands, and left no

doubt as to the enterprise, and the manner in which it was to be carried out. The king was furious. He had the prince arrested and put in close confinement, and when the unhappy youth was brought before him, struck him in the face with his cane. At Wesel he was examined as a state prisoner by the king, who threateningly asked him why he had attempted to desert. "Because you have treated me not as your son, but as a slave," replied Frederick. "Thou art a miserable deserter!" thundered the king, "who has no heart and no honour in his body." "I have as much as you," was the prince's retort, "and I have only done what you told me a hundred times you would have done in my place!" The king in his fury drew his sword, and would have stabbed his son, had not the commandant of the fortress, a General Mosel, arrested his arm, crying out, "Kill me, sire, but spare your son." Frederick was again led away a prisoner. Keith, warned by a line in pencil by the Crown Prince, made his escape. Katte was less fortunate; he received a warning, but tarried too long, and was arrested just as he was about to mount his horse and flee. The king returned to Berlin, fully convinced, and not without reason, that there was a plot against him, and that his wife and children were the chief conspirators. He swore that the prince should die, and the Princess Wilhelmina also. The whole court was in consternation; and only one person, a brave lady attached to the queen's household, dared to remonstrate with the angry master. "Till now," said this undaunted dame, "it was your pride to be a just king, and God has blessed you for it. Now you are going to become a tyrant; but dread the anger of God! Sacrifice your son to your fury; but be assured of the anger of heaven. Think of Peter the Great and Philip II.; they died without heirs, and their memory is held in horror among men."

The fortress of Cüstrin was designated as the prison of the Crown Prince, who was kept in the strictest and hardest confinement. Books, pen and ink, and even a knife and fork at mealtimes, were denied him; but the commandant, President Münchow, who pitied him, managed to procure him some light alleviation of his woes. Poor Katte and even the prince himself were to be tried as deserters. The court-martial condemned the former to degradation, and imprisonment in a fortress, declaring itself incompetent to deal with the Crown Prince. But the king, in great anger, pronounced Katte guilty of *lèse majesté*, and caused him to be beheaded. The prince

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himself was in great danger; but foreign courts, and especially Austria, intervened and remonstrated; the king, also, was partially satisfied by the execution of Katte; and in a short time a message was sent to the prince, to the effect that his father would not completely pardon him, yet his close imprisonment should cease, though he would have to remain within the walls of the fortress, and to do the duty of a councillor in the meetings held in the castle. The prince had sufficient good sense to see the object of his father in this proceeding; and by industry and attention to his duties strengthened the king's milder intentions towards him. An interview took place between father and son, and a real reconciliation followed. Still the sturdy old king was determined that the prince should receive a lesson for life. Frederick remained some time longer at Cüstrin; but now he sat beside the president at the meetings of the council, and countersigned all its decrees. At a great entertainment given in Potsdam, to celebrate the betrothal of the Princess Wilhelmina to the Margrave of Bayreuth, Frederick was suddenly introduced to the court; and his reinstatement in his military rank completed the reconciliation.

A HAPPIER PERIOD; MARRIAGE OF FREDERICK; LIFE AT RHEINSBERG.

The period of peril and suffering through which Frederick had passed, strengthened his character, and taught him caution. From that time he learned to watch the king's humours with unerring sagacity, and to appreciate the warmth of heart and the real worth concealed under the rough manners and violent temper of the sturdy old Brandenburger. The king's suspicions of intrigues with England were also finally set at rest by Frederick's marriage, in obedience to his father's will, with the Princess Elizabeth Christine, of Brunswick Bevern, a niece of the Empress of Germany. This marriage was, however, a heavy sacrifice made by the prince for the sake of peace. He disliked the bride forced upon him by his father's Austrian policy, and never during his long and childless married life did he admit her to his confidence. Though he lived to see the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage day, the golden wedding, usual on such occasions, was not celebrated; and his consort, who survived him eleven years, died without ever having seen his favourite residence of Sans-Souci. In his later years he would dine with the queen occasionally at Potsdam; but on such occasions, beyond a

grave salutation at meeting and parting, he never took any notice of the poor lady, nor addressed a word to her; so that she sat at the head of her table, in the most mournful sense of the word, a "state statue." With his marriage a brighter period of his history begins. He was established in the castle of Rheinsberg, near the town of Ruppin, where the regiment he commanded was quartered; and here, for some years, he led a very pleasant life, of a kind that gave little indication of the great qualities that were one day to excite the wonder of Europe. He surrounded himself with a society of wits and gay companions, chiefly of French extraction, founded a romantic order of knighthood, called the order of Bayard, to contain only twelve members, with the French chevalier's famous motto for their sign, "Without fear and without reproach." Literature, especially of the French classical school, was assiduously cultivated; and Frederick himself produced many verses founded on the model of Voltaire, for whom he had a great admiration. A guest of Frederick's has some highly enthusiastic remarks in a description of Rheinsberg and its inmates. He says: "All who live in the castle as guests, enjoy the most unlimited freedom. They see the Crown Prince and his consort only at table, at theatrical representations, balls, concerts, and other feasts in which they can take part. Every one thinks, reads, draws, writes, plays on instruments, employs or amuses himself in his room until dinner-time. Then we dress neatly, but without splendour or extravagance, and betake ourselves to the dining-room. All the employments and amusements of the Crown Prince exhibit the man of mind. His conversation at dinner is inimitable; he speaks much and well. No subject appears strange or too lofty for him; on every one he finds a number of new and apposite remarks. . . . He jests and banters sometimes, but without malice, and can accept a witty *répétée* without offence."

With the old king he had come to a perfect understanding. So long as the Crown Prince's regiment made a good appearance, and fulfilled its part well at the great annual manoeuvres, and so long as Frederick himself showed a certain interest in state affairs, his father was satisfied. Indeed, like most arbitrary and passionate men, he was rather pleased than otherwise that his son should not interfere with his plans; and especially since Frederick, in a campaign he served under the now veteran Prince Eugene, had given proof of personal courage and readiness, the king's mind was at rest on an important point; and he no longer feared that his brave subjects

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would be ruled after his death by a degenerate and frivolous trifler, or that the brave army which, especially the brigade of giant guards, had been his especial delight, would lack a leader to point the road to victory. "Here stands one who will avenge me!" he said one day to the Austrian envoy, as, leaning on the shoulder of his son, he listened, with bitterness in his heart, to the attempted excuses of the Vienna court, for the neglect and coldness manifested towards his house by that of Hapsburg. Indeed, during his last years, Frederick William showed in a very practical manner that his son had his full confidence. Thus, when he fell ill, he decreed that the prince's signature to state documents should be equally valid with his own; and the prince, on his part, took care to flatter the parental weakness, especially by an occasional present of some gigantic recruit, for the famous Saxon guard.

FREDERICK'S LITERARY LABOURS; HIS ACCESSION; END OF THE RHEINSBERG DAYS.

The companions of Frederick during the pleasant Rheinsberg days appear to have understood his character very imperfectly, or hardly at all. He seemed so fond of pleasure, so given to producing very indifferent verses in bewildering abundance, so ready to admire second-rate literary performances, and to look upon Voltaire, with whom he kept up a correspondence for many years, as a literary deity, that they were inclined to regard him as one likely to postpone business to enjoyment, and to prove a good-natured, literature and art-loving, and not over-industrious king. Two works of some importance, written by him at this period, showed that at any rate he was capable of sustained literary effort, and that theoretically he understood both the position of political affairs in Europe and the duties and responsibilities of a ruler. The first of these works is entitled "Considerations on the Present Condition of the European State-system;" the second is a refutation of the Florentine Machiavelli's historical work, "The Prince," and sets forth in glowing words how virtue, justice, and benevolence, and not despotic power, should be the foundation of a monarch's throne. Voltaire edited this last-mentioned work, and sang its praises in the loudest key. How far the practice of the royal author agreed with his professions, the world was soon to learn.

The great wish of the old king, as his last hour drew nigh, was to leave no shadow of doubt in the minds of his friends as to the completeness of his confidence in his son. "I die content,"

he cried, in the presence of the whole court, "in the consciousness of having so worthy a son and successor." When he felt that his last hour had almost come, he summoned all the principal civil and military functionaries around him, and solemnly adjured them to show to his son the zeal and fidelity they had shown so long towards himself. Then with the calmness of a man conscious of having endeavoured to do his duty, he prepared for death. He expired on the 31st of May, 1740.

And now the startled inhabitants of pleasant Rheinsberg found that the new King Frederick II. of Prussia could appear in a character very different from that of the refined and polished, if somewhat sarcastic host. They looked forward to increased prosperity, and to fêtes and banquets at Berlin on an enlarged scale. But Frederick knew that with him the serious business of life was beginning; and when he came suddenly upon one of his followers who was writing a letter inviting a brother to come to Berlin, on the chance of a merry life in the king's company, Frederick, looking over his shoulder, took the unauthorised invitation out of his hand, tore it to pieces, and said very gravely, "These fooleries are over now." Not that he was ungrateful to those who had suffered for him in long past days of trouble. The father of poor Katte was created a count and field-marshal; Duhan, Frederick's old tutor, who had been banished by the angry father, was recalled and liberally pensioned. Keith, who had escaped just in time to avoid Katte's fate, and Münchow, who had shown Frederick kindness at Custrin, were both promoted by the new king, who moreover made himself popular by a liberal distribution of seed corn in districts impoverished by a winter of unprecedented length following upon a bad harvest.

FREDERICK THE RULER; AUSTRIA AND THE PRAGMATIC SANCTION.

Under his predecessor, Prussia had been far better governed than any other part of the great German Empire; for sturdy old Frederick William, with all his faults, had been ever anxious to promote the welfare of his people. But it had been material prosperity alone that the king thus advanced. His own mind had never been cultivated; he looked upon intellect generally as a dangerous thing; and journalism, as tending to encourage the expression of thought, he held in especial horror. Frederick understood that intellectual activity was as necessary as improved agriculture and manufactures to the progress of

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a state. Instead of forbidding the circulation of newspapers, he assisted in the establishment of two journals in his capital. Freedom of speech and writing, far surpassing the liberty allowed even in England at that period, prevailed throughout his States. On the fifth day after his accession he issued a decree abolishing the use of torture, a cruel and foolish custom which prevailed in the rest of Germany for a considerable time longer. Perfect toleration was his principle with regard to religious matters. As he expressed it "in his States every man could work out his salvation in his own fashion (*nach seiner façon*), and he cared little for the voice of libel and slander. Especially in Berlin, lampoons and squibs of a stinging character were very frequently circulated. Frederick laughed at the wit in these productions, when there was any to laugh at; and for the rest let them and their authors severally alone. "I and my Berliners understand each other very well," he once observed to Sir Thomas Mitchell, the English ambassador; "they say just what they like, and I do just what I like, and we're both of us satisfied." At one time, when he had incurred some censure, especially among the housewives of Prussia, by an increased duty on coffee, a wag brought out a caricature, in which the king was represented sitting on a stool with a coffee mill between his knees, turning the handle with one hand, and with the other collecting the berries that had fallen to the ground. Copies of this delectable picture were stuck up on the walls of Berlin; and once the king, riding through the streets of Berlin, came upon a crowd staring at one of them. When he found what it was, he said drily to one of his attendants, "Fasten it lower on the wall, the people cannot see it properly." But as he turned his horse's head to ride away, there was a shout of laughter; and amid a cry of "Long live the King!" the objectionable placard was torn down by a hundred eager hands, and destroyed.

The celebrated giant-guard had been a very expensive institution; and the king, who intended that his soldiers should be like those of the fifth Harry, warriors for the working day, accordingly disbanded it, the men being distributed among other regiments. So great had been the cost of this corps, that Frederick was enabled, by the suppression, to add 10,000 men to his regular army.

That army was soon to have work to do, very different from the parades and field-days in which Frederick William had delighted. On the 20th of October, 1740, the Emperor Charles VI.

of Germany died. For centuries there had been a grudge between the Austrian house and that of Brandenburg. The latter house had several times suffered injustice at the hands of the princes of Austria, with whom land hunger was hereditary. Various principalities in Silesia, such as Brieg, Jägerndorf, Wohlau, and Liegnitz, having fallen by inheritance to the princes of Brandenburg, had been withheld from the rightful heirs by Austria, quick to grasp, and tenacious to hold. Under Charles VI. there seemed a prospect that the different crowns of the Austrian house would be dispersed at that monarch's death, for he had no son; therefore, though various European powers had claims to different parts of the great Austrian heritage, the emperor had succeeded in obtaining the adhesion of the governments to a new law of succession, known as the Pragmatic Sanction. That the promises had not been very readily given, may be gathered from Prince Eugene's pithy advice to the emperor to emphasize the measure with an army of 180,000 men; but at the time no single state was strong enough to resist singly, and there was no bond of union among the dissatisfied states. So the Pragmatic Sanction was concluded, by virtue of which the Archduchess Maria Theresa, his daughter, and wife of Francis of Lorraine, should succeed to his hereditary dominions.

FREDERICK BEGINS THE FIRST SILESIAN WAR; 1740.

Charles went down to his grave in the belief that this arrangement would be peaceably carried out; but the reckoning had been made without the apparently insignificant denizen of Rheinsberg, who was thought more apt at criticizing a French tragedy than likely to play a dangerous political game. But under the outward aspect of a somewhat epicurean philosophy the new king of Prussia concealed a fiery and determined ambition. He found his country well prepared for war; his coffers full, his army well disciplined and numerous. His grandfather, the first king of Prussia, had once said bitterly, with regard to this Silesian claim, "If God and time give no other opportunities than we have now, we must be content; but if God sends it otherwise, my successors will know and learn what is fitting for them to do and to leave undone." And the change in public affairs having now brought the opportunity, Frederick determined to strike a blow to gain fame for himself and the province of Silesia for Prussia.

He began his operations secretly, and with

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great despatch. Even the massing of Prussian troops on the Silesian frontier did not open the eyes of the Austrian cabinet to the real intentions of the philosophic king; though the ambassador in Berlin gave timely warning. An additional envoy, Count Botta, however, was sent to Berlin, and pointedly told the king that the roads were so bad in Silesia at that time as to make travelling there an impossibility. "The worst that could happen would be that a man might soil his clothes," replied the imperturbable king, who perfectly understood Botta's allusion. The Austrian warned him seriously of the perils of the step he contemplated, reminding him that his troops, handsome as they appeared, had not yet been under fire. "You confess that my troops are handsome," cried the king impatiently; "you shall soon allow that they are good, too."

With a sudden invasion of the province, the first Silesian war began in the winter of 1740. The Austrian government had no army worthy of the name to oppose the Prussian forces in Silesia, and were not able even adequately to garrison the fortresses. Some towns yielded at the first summons. "Here on the table lie the keys of the town gates," said the politic mayor of Grüneberg to the officer who demanded those implements in the name of the King of Prussia. "I will not give them to you upon any consideration; but if you choose to take them, I cannot prevent you." Glogau, Breslau, Ohlau, and Brunszlau, the most important fortresses, were soon in the king's hands. Neisse, the strongest of all, was bombarded; and though it still held out, when the troops were sent into winter quarters, the Prussians were masters of the province. To Jordan, one of his Rheinsternberg friends, who was distinguished by his love of peace, Frederick, whom the rapid and prosperous result had put into the best of spirits, wrote in the following terms:—

"My dear Herr Jordan, my sweet Herr Jordan, my gentle Herr Jordan, my good, my mild, my peace-loving, my most benevolent Herr Jordan! I have to announce to thy cheerfulness that Silesia is as good as conquered, and that Neisse is already being bombarded; I prepare thee for important projects, and announce to thee the greatest good luck that ever proceeded from the lap of Fortune. Let this suffice for the present. Be my Cicero in defending my cause; in carrying it out I will be thy Cæsar. Farewell! thou knowest that I am, with heartiest affection, thy faithful friend."

If this letter shows too much of the exultation of the man who goes into war "with a

light heart," the next, addressed to Jordan a few days later, is objectionable for the hardly disguised cynicism of its tone. It could not be a very good-natured or even conscientious man who could write in such a strain as the following, concerning one of the most terrible necessities of modern warfare: "I have the honour to announce to your philanthropy that we are making preparations, in right Christian fashion, to bombard Neisse, and that if the town does not surrender willingly, we shall be compelled to batter it to the ground."

But Neisse held out bravely against the Prussians. The besieged took the trouble to keep the ice in the moat broken, and ingeniously drenched the walls with water every day, which soon made them as slippery as sheets of glass; and Frederick was fain to return to Berlin to receive the congratulations of his subjects upon what had been effected. The open country lay in the hands of the Prussians, but no victory in the field had yet laid the foundation of Frederick's military glory; and, in general, his action in challenging Austria to a trial of strength was looked upon as the temerity of a madman.

MOLLWITZ AND CHOTUSITZ.

At Mollwitz, near Brieg, on April 10th, 1741, was fought the first battle between Frederick and the Austrians; and on this day Frederick appeared in a very disadvantageous light, although the victory was won for him by the discipline and steadiness of his troops, especially the infantry, and by the knowledge and experience of the stout old Field-Marshal Schwerin, who had learned the art of war under no less a master than Charles XII. of Sweden. But the right wing, where the king commanded, was thrown into confusion; Schwerin himself counselled Frederick to retire across the Oder, and bring up reinforcements. The king not only quitted the field, but actually rode as far as Oppeln, outstripping the corps of gendarmes who accompanied him. At Oppeln, where he arrived at midnight, he found the gates shut against him, for the town was occupied by Austrian troops. It was more than twenty-four miles from the battle-field, towards which Frederick now turned back, to find that his troops had won the victory—in his absence. It is only justice to the king to say that in his memoirs he frankly confesses the faults he made before and at Mollwitz, modestly adding that he tried to avoid those faults, and to do better in future.

One thing the battle of Mollwitz had plainly demonstrated, namely, that the Prussian troops

could manœuvre as steadily on the battle-field as on the parade-ground, and that they were worthy to look the veterans of Prince Eugene in the face. Austria was not invincible; and accordingly the Continent was up in arms. The Austrian inheritance was now the carcass round which the eagles were gathered together. Charles Albert of Bavaria laid claim to part of the empire of Charles VI., and hoped to obtain the suffrages of the electors for the imperial crown of Germany. Frederick entered into alliance with Bavaria, and likewise with France, while the Queen of Hungary had Saxony and England as her allies. The progress of the Prussians in Silesia was rapid, and Charles Albert and the French were approaching. Obligated to fly from Vienna, Maria Theresa took refuge at Presburg among the magnates of her kingdom of Hungary, and placed herself and her little son under their protection. "Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa"—We will die for our monarch, Maria Theresa—was the cry of the Diet, when the young queen appeared in the council hall with the little archduke in her arms. If she were only relieved from the Prussian invasion, there would be a chance against her other enemies; the English ambassador arrived with strong representations from George II., declaring the cession of Silesia, however bitter it might appear, to be an absolute necessity; Frederick had, moreover, received the homage of the magnates and estates of Lower Silesia at Breslau; and moreover managed to win over the heavy and stupid Elector of Saxony Augustus to his side, in spite of the opposition of the minister Brühl, who hated Frederick, and suspected his sincerity, not without reason.

A victory gained by the king at Chotusitz, under circumstances that proved how much he had profited by the experiences of Mollwitz, induced Maria Theresa, with a heavy heart, to listen to the counsels of England, and cede Silesia to Frederick. Peace between Austria and Prussia was thereupon proclaimed, to the dismay of France and Bavaria, against whom the Queen of Hungary was now able to turn her arms. She was victorious; and the Elector of Bavaria, who had been raised to the imperial throne under the title of Charles VII., was obliged to retreat from Prague, where he had established himself. The French army made a disastrous retreat towards the Rhine, during which many thousands perished; and the Queen of Hungary, strengthened by a new alliance with England, Holland, Sardinia, and Saxony, thought of nothing less important than deposing the Emperor and compelling Frederick to restore Silesia. Madam,

what's good to take, is good to give back," old George II. of England had written to her.

THE SECOND SILESIAN WAR, 1744; TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, 1748.

Frederick had no wish to see Austria raised to a position of paramount authority. Accordingly he renewed his alliance with France, and in 1744 the second Silesian war began. But his French allies deceived him, his two chief generals, Schwerin and the Prince of Dessau quarrelled, and the former quitted the army in disgust. Frederick himself committed some faults during this campaign, and admitted that the whole advantage was on the side of Austria. "Good fortune has often worse consequences for princes than disaster," he wrote in his memoirs; "it intoxicates them with conceit, while disaster teaches them caution and moderation."

In the next campaign he was more fortunate. After narrowly escaping capture at the hands of a band of Croats, by assuming the disguise of an ecclesiastic, when the convent of Camenz, where he was visiting the abbot, was suddenly surprised, he gained the important battles of Hohenfriedberg and Soor. "It's a pleasure to fight with you, gentlemen," said the officers of an Austrian detachment, on encountering a Prussian corps; "one always finds something to learn." The Prussian officers replied with equal civility, that the Austrians had been good teachers, and had by their fiery onslaught taught them how to defend themselves. In the following campaign "the old Dessauer," as the soldiers called the grim hereditary prince, won a splendid victory for Frederick over the Saxons at Kesselsdorf. The veteran, familiar with battle-fields for half a century, was looked upon as invulnerable by the soldiers who followed him unhesitatingly wherever he chose to lead, and on this occasion performed prodigies of valour. Thereupon in Dresden, which city he entered as a conqueror, Frederick signed a new treaty of peace. It is pleasant to observe that on the evening of his triumphal entry he found time to drive to a quiet lane, where, in an upper chamber of an unpretentious house, his old tutor Duhan lay dying. The king sat down by the bedside, and spoke words of comfort and kindness to his old friend, who with a light of joy and gratitude in his failing eyes declared "that now he had seen his beloved pupil once more, he could depart in peace." Much has been said by various unfriendly biographers of the harshness of the king's character: that he was bitter and sarcastic, and showed in many instances a deep contempt for

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his fellow-men, is not to be denied ; but it is bare justice to record of him that he never failed to remember with warm and hearty gratitude the services of those who had stood by him in misfortune, or had shown him anything like disinterested affection and regard.

Thus with consummate skill, though at times with few scruples concerning abstract justice, and very little regard for the faith of treaties, Frederick had picked his way through the perils of the long war he had stirred up. He had won the object for which he fought, the province of Silesia, and had astonished Europe by the display of the prowess of his troops. With far more truth than Henry VIII. in the affairs of France and Austria he could say, "*Qui je défend est maître.*" Prussia now occupied a far higher place in the councils of Europe than she could have claimed in 1740 ; and when in 1748 the general peace of Aix-la-Chapelle put an end to the war, a special clause guaranteed to the vigorous and unscrupulous King of Prussia the possession of the province for which he had risked so much.

A PERIOD OF PEACE; FREDERICK'S SYSTEM OF RULE; PERSONAL GOVERNMENT; SANS-SOUCI.

Eight years of peace followed upon the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; eight years during which the indefatigable king laboured unceasingly, and in most instances judiciously, for the progress and improvement of his country. That here and there his zeal was indiscreet, there is no doubt—notably, when he interfered with the administration of justice; sometimes when he attempted improvements, in the way of manufactures, agricultural processes, and military arrangements. According to his idea, the state was a body, of which the king represented the heart whence life-blood circulated through the whole complicated organization. He wished, as far as possible, to do everything himself, and therefore would have no influential cabinet, but merely men of detail around him. "Apply to me personally; I'm your Prime Minister," was the admonition he addressed to a deputation of the Chamber of Commerce. Even matters of detail were settled by the king personally, and his enormous memory often enabled him to astonish all around him; he seemed minutely acquainted with particulars that seldom come to the knowledge or linger in the minds of kings. One day a patent for the appointment of a 'Landrath,' or rural magistrate, was placed before him for signature. On seeing the name in the patent, Frederick refused, in spite of the eulogium pronounced by the minister on the

candidate, to ratify the appointment. At his command a certain volume of the records of the superior courts was brought. "See here," said the king, with his finger on an entry in a certain page, "this man has had a long lawsuit with his own mother for a few acres of land, and she has been obliged to take an oath, on her very death-bed, about a miserable affair like that. How can I expect a fellow with such a heart will work for the good of my subjects? No, that will not do; let them choose some one else!" By dint of very early rising—his hour was sometimes four o'clock in winter, and even earlier in summer—Frederick managed to get through an immense amount of business, political, military, and general, in the course of the long forenoon, and thus to preserve a part of the day for intellectual and scientific pursuits. His flute remained for many years a favourite means of relaxation to him. In the short intervals of rest between various tasks of business, he would walk to and fro in the room, extemporising, while his thoughts would wander far away; and many a good idea, he would say, came to him during these musical playhours. He built a new palace at Potsdam. This building was to be the Rheinsberg of his better days, Rheinsberg itself having been transferred by him to his brother Henry; to this residence he gave the name of Sans-Souci, and 'the philosopher of Sans-Souci' was the signature he appended to many literary treatises dated from this palace. Here also it was that the sturdy countryman whose mill stood on a bit of freehold land surrounded by the royal domain, refused, like Naboth of old, to sell the inheritance of his fathers to the king; and Frederick, not being an Ahab, let the building stand where it was—a monument of the exceeding justice of the invader of Silesia. "*Ce sont-là jeux de Prince, on respecte un moulin, on vole une province,*" wrote a satiric poet. But there was a deeper meaning in the name. On the terrace was a square marble pedestal, surmounted by a statue of a reclining Flora. Beneath this pedestal, so privately built that very few were aware of its existence, was a vault, in which the king had determined that his ashes should one day rest. "When I am there," he said once to a friend to whom he entrusted the secret, "I shall be 'sans souci,'" He spoke the truth; for, active and diligent to the last, he was a king whose cares could end only with his life.

FREDERICK AND HIS ASSOCIATES; A JOURNEY INCOGNITO.

The brilliant company who assembled around

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the royal table at Sans-Souci—consisting of poets like D'Argens and Baculard d'Arnaud, men of the world, and supple courtiers like the Abbé la Mettrie, men of science like Maupertius, the president of the Academy of Berlin—contributed to make the king's parties brilliant and intellectual; Dargens, Frederick's literary secretary, was also a welcome guest. Algarotti and Bastiani, the ingenious Italians, contributed to the meetings the charms of their somewhat servile wit and ingenuity. Then there was the ingenious Baron Pölnitz, a most convivial and jovial character, but much given to quarrelling, and debt, and irregular living—inasmuch that it was forbidden in Berlin, by public mandate, under a penalty of a hundred ducats, to lend him any sum of money whatever, and the king laid down formal rules for the eccentric baron's behaviour, to which Pölnitz had to subscribe. He was especially to keep clear of the ambassadors, and behave himself at table. A very different kind of guest was Colonel Forçade, bravest of officers, to whom the king himself brought a chair when the veteran, who had been wounded in the foot at Soor, leaned for support against a window in the presence chamber. The two Keiths—James, whom Frederick advanced to the dignity of a field-marshal, and his elder brother George, Lord Mareschal of Scotland, both fugitives from their country ever since the rebellion of 1715—found a home at Berlin and Potsdam, and were always treated with special confidence and honour by the king. The field-marshal met a soldier's death at Hochkirchen. His brother George, the Earl Marcschal, lived to be eighty-eight years old, and used to declare that the king, had he lived some centuries earlier, would have been burnt by the Inquisition, for that Frederick's power of fascination in attracting people to him amounted to sorcery.

Stout old Field-Marshal Schwerin, too, who had left Frederick's service somewhat in dudgeon, was won back by the politic king. At Frederick's summons, Schwerin came to Potsdam, and had a private interview with his master. The attendant hussar in the ante-chamber heard the voices of the king and his visitor raised in anger during the interview. But presently the storm abated; the old field-marshal came forth with a satisfied smile on his bronzed face, and the king called out, "Your Excellency will dine with me." The reconciliation was complete—greatly to the advantage of Frederick, who never had a braver or more efficient officer in his army than Schwerin. But the man whom the king looked upon as the great and especial "lion" in the

brilliant society of Potsdam was Voltaire, whom disappointments and annoyances in France, coupled with warm invitations from Frederick, induced to take up his residence for a time at Potsdam;—infinitely to his sorrow, for he had faults of which the king was impatient, and at the same time was little disposed to conform to the military strictness of the rules which the king, punctilious in all things, laid down even in his friendships. They quarrelled; and Voltaire quitted Potsdam in disgust, to be afterwards subjected to insult and arrest at Frankfort, at the secret command, it is said, of Frederick, and at last to establish himself as the 'philosopher of Ferney,' on the banks of the lake of Geneva. In their actual quarrel Voltaire appears to have been in the wrong; but Frederick was not free from blame. In fact, he seems to have been considerably disenchanted by closer intercourse with the man whom in his earlier days he had idolized as the prince of poets and philosophers. "I shall not want him more than a year," he once said, in confidential talk to a courtier; "we squeeze an orange, and then throw away the rind." And this was at a time when he had completely turned Voltaire's head with honeyed words of welcome. But Voltaire deserved it; he himself was extravagantly lauding the king's poems in public, while in private he sneeringly described the royal manuscripts submitted for his revision and correction as "the king's dirty linen sent to him to wash."

One of the most agreeable events of this period was a journey the king made *incognito* to Holland. His chief object was to visit the art collections, with a view to a gallery at Potsdam. Dressed in a plain cinnamon-coloured coat, with gold buttons and a black wig, and accompanied by a single officer, Colonel Balbi, and by a page, he assumed the character of a travelling flute-player. In the hotel at Amsterdam, where he ordered a certain costly kind of *pâté*, the hostess, judging the strangers by appearances, asked if her guests could afford to pay for so expensive a dish. The king, entering into the joke, played a sonata on his flute, to convince mine hostess that he was no ordinary musician. "Very good sir," she observed; "I see you can pipe very well, and I suppose you can pay your way. You shall have the *pâté*."

THE GREAT COALITION AGAINST FREDERICK.

A very different time was approaching—a time when the very existence of the king's throne was to be threatened, and when utter ruin was to stare him in the face for years; a time that

taxed to the utmost every resource of his acute mind and iron resolution. Maria Theresa had never forgiven him for depriving her of Silesia; and now, as Empress of Germany and Queen of Hungary, and with undisputed and despotic authority over the warlike resources of vast dominions, she resolved to organize a great coalition against Frederick, to recover Silesia, and to reduce the kingdom of Prussia once more to the Marquisate of Brandenburg. To form such a coalition, at a time when Europe was at profound peace, for a purely personal object, might appear almost impossible; but at that time the chief authority in the great Continental States was in the hands of women whom Frederick had offended by his bitter satire and his contemptuous jests. The Czarina, Elizabeth of Russia, was the first to join the Empress-queen; then followed Saxony, where the Electress-queen was Frederick's bitter enemy. France, nominally under the sway of the slothful and debauched Louis XV., was so entirely ruled by the female favourites of that worthless monarch, that Frederick was accustomed sarcastically to designate the different periods as the reign of Petticoats First, Second, and Third. Madame de Pompadour now ruled the unhappy country and the miserable king. Frederick had sarcastically replied, "I don't know her," when she sent greetings to him at Berlin. Maria Theresa, on the other hand, had condescended to address her as "princess," "cousin," "dearest sister." On such grounds as these France was brought into the coalition organized by a vindictive woman against a hated foe. At length Austria, Russia, France, the Germanic body, Saxony, and Sweden stood united together against Prussia, which, but for a promise of help from England, could not count on a single ally; and the princes and leaders in the French camp at Agincourt did not count more confidently on the defeat of the foe on the eve of that memorable battle, than did the united powers on the annihilation of Prussia at the commencement of the great Seven Years' War.

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR, 1756.

They little knew the man with whom they had to deal. Frederick had been aware, from the first, of the intrigues that were being carried on against him. A traitorous secretary in the Saxon Privy Council office had for a long time sent him copies of the documents and state papers exchanged between the Austrian, Russian, and Saxon courts. From France, too, he had

intelligence of the intended attack; and had secretly and swiftly prepared his plan of defence. The Allies intended to surprise him by a sudden attack; but he was ready first for the fight, and after peremptorily demanding explanations of the intentions of Austria, and being refused, he suddenly, in August, 1756, poured his army into Saxony, and marched straight upon Dresden. Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, a monarch after the fashion of Louis XV., at once fled to Poland with his favourite, Count Brühl. Frederick seized the originals of the state papers relating to the coalition, and by their publication set himself right in the opinion of Europe. Whatever he might have done formerly, in the way of aggression, this time he was evidently acting in self-defence, and was the injured party. The Saxon army was entrenched in a strong but ill-chosen position at Pirna, near the Bohemian frontier; Frederick left a sufficient force to watch the camp of the enemy, and with the rest of his army marched into Bohemia, and defeated Marshal Browne and a great Austrian army at Lowositz, thus gaining the first battle of the contest. And it was under very honourable conditions; for the triumph had been gained by a tremendous charge with the bayonet after the Prussians had fired away all their ammunition.

By this victory Frederick prevented the junction of the Saxon and Austrian armies. He had done more. The Saxon army was so completely surrounded, that it could not move. In an attempt to break out of the trap, the commissariat and baggage fell into the hands of the enemy; and the whole Saxon force, after remaining for three days and nights without food or shelter, exposed to the pitiless rains of a cold October, vainly hoping for relief from Marshal Browne, was obliged to surrender at discretion. The troops who thus laid down their arms were compelled to swear fealty to the Prussian flag; but Frederick gained little by this augmentation of his army. Reluctant soldiers were useless in a life and death struggle; in time they nearly all found their way back to their former comrades, deserting by hundreds. Saxony remained in the hands of Frederick, as a vast storehouse of provisions and warlike material; while the unhappy people, first taxed to maintain the war against their enemies, were now compelled to contribute funds for fighting their friends. All Europe, meanwhile, was astonished at the turn affairs had taken; and began to comprehend that the "Marquis of Brandenburg," as Frederick's enemies affected to call him, would not be conquered so quickly as his foes had been willing

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to believe;—and so the armies went into winter quarters.

1757; PRAGUE, KOLLIN, ROSSBACH, AND LEUTHEN.

The next year, 1757, was the most memorable in Frederick's life, and the one that contributed most to win him the title of "the Great." The task before him was tremendous. In Bohemia, the Austrians were marching against him; from the west he had to look for the invasion of his territories by the French; while Russia, Sweden, and the *Reichsarmee*—a force composed of men from the different German States—stood in the background. Anxious above all things to separate his foes, the king marched into Bohemia to lay siege to Prague; and there he encountered an army worthy of his steel. The Austrians whom he had now to oppose were far better disciplined than their predecessors of the first and second Silesian wars; and though, in the first great battle of the campaign, fought under the walls of Prague, the Prussians were victorious, it was at the cost of eighteen thousand men, and of a number of gallant officers, including brave old Schwerin, who fell, pierced by five bullets, while gallantly cheering on his grenadiers, and waving a flag he had taken from a Prussian captain, as he rode in advance of his men. "His death," said Frederick, "made the laurels of victory fade for me." The Austrians lost twenty-four thousand men by this terrible battle, including their leader, Marshal Browne, who died of his wounds some weeks later.

Prague still held out; and Marshal Daun, a wary and experienced Austrian commander, was advancing to its relief. On the 18th of June, at Kollin, Frederick experienced his first great defeat. He fought desperately, until at length one of his officers called to him, "Sire, do you mean to take the battery alone?" On that day Frederick lost fourteen thousand men. In the evening he was seen sitting by a well by the wayside, thoughtfully drawing figures in the sand with his stick. "Children," he said, with tears in his eyes, as the survivors of his famous regiment of guards marched past him, "you have had a bad day to-day; but have patience, I will make all well again." An old trooper came up to the king with homely words of comfort, and a hatful of water. "Drink, your majesty," quoth the veteran, "and let battles be battles. It's well that you are still alive. Our Lord God lives yet, and can give us the victory once more." The bitterness of defeat was perhaps increased for the king by the consciousness that it had

been partly caused by his own obstinacy in suddenly changing the plan of the battle, against the advice of his best officers—among others, of Prince Maurice of Dessau.

It was a tremendous blow; and the king himself expected nothing less than utter ruin to follow. But, like Shakespeare's "Harry the Fifth," he said, "'Tis true that we are in great danger; the greater, therefore, should our courage be." More determined still than the English king, he did not even bid his foes "achieve him, and then sell his bones;" for he was resolved not to fall into their hands, alive or dead. He always carried a swift and sure poison concealed on his person, and told his friends he had "one certain means out of his troubles." Meanwhile his energy seemed to be redoubled, as his enemies narrowed the circle which they had drawn around him. And if it required danger and tribulation to bring out the true strength of his character, such stimulus was certainly not wanting. His best general, Winterfeld, was killed in an unsuccessful attack on the Austrians. The Duke of Cumberland, defeated by the French at Hastenbeck, signed the wretched convention of Kloster Seven, by which he engaged to dissolve the army he commanded. A great Russian army invaded Prussia, and defeated the Prussian Field-Marshal Lehwald at Grosz Jägerndorf. A mighty French force, under the Prince de Soubise, marched into his territories from the west; while in the east, in the direction of Silesia, the huge forces of Austria were assembling to strike a final blow. Here was enough to daunt the most fearless spirit, and to make the boldest leader turn pale. But "they are silent griefs that rend the heartstrings," and Frederick was never without a few confidential friends, to whom he spoke out his griefs, to his great relief; and, strange to say, during this period of deadly peril and strife, his poetic faculty, such as it was, did not desert him. Our great English critic has given us a humorous picture of Frederick as "a vigilant, sagacious blue-stockings, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket, and a quire of bad verses in the other." But it was this faculty of forcibly tearing his mind from the dangers of the present, that gave the great king the strength to continue the strife. And when he looked around on the indomitable faces of his officers and men, he felt assured, as he declares in his own words, of ultimate victory.

When, at the beginning of November, the Prussians had, at Rossbach, to face the army of Soubise, three times more numerous than their

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own, their situation was like that of the English before the battle of Agincourt. The French looked upon the "Marquis de Brandebourg" as a beaten man, and celebrated their victory in advance, with much blowing of trumpets and parade of military music and dancing. These rejoicings were entirely premature. On the 5th of November, Frederick inflicted upon Soubise a crushing defeat, and sent their legions reeling back from Rossbach towards the Rhine. Never was a more complete rout; the fugitives were pursued, and captured in battalions. Frederick, with less than 22,000 men, had defeated 64,000, and inflicted a loss on them of 8,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. And now, while his troops were in the full flush of victory, the king determined, in spite of the lateness of the season, to march into Silesia, and drive out the Austrians, who had taken Schweidnitz, and established themselves throughout the province. He set his army in motion, traversed Germany with wonderful speed, and at the beginning of December encountered the Austrian army of Prince Charles of Lorraine at Leuthen.

Here he gained a far more splendid victory than that of Rossbach; for now the triumph was owing to a rare combination of courage and skill. "That battle was a masterpiece," said Napoleon the Great. Thus the campaign of 1757 ended with the success and glory of the Prussian arms, and a new alliance was concluded with England; a splendid subsidy from that country enabled Frederick to establish a second army in the field under Ferdinand of Brunswick.

SEVEN YEARS' WAR, CONTINUED; YEARS OF DISASTER.

We have not space to detail at length the progress of the famous struggle. Suffice it to say that, in the next year, after victory had once more crowned the king's armies at Zorndorf, she deserted his standard for more than two years. At Hochkirchen, on the 14th of October, the Austrians surprised his camp by night, and Frederick had to retreat with the loss of 9,000 men and 101 guns; but the Prussian officers declared this to be "only a flesh-wound, which would soon heal." "Where have you left your cannon, cannoncers?" cried the king, jestingly, as his bereaved artillerymen marched past. "The devil has carried them off in the night," was shouted from the ranks. "Then we'll get them back from him by daylight, eh, grenadiers?" cried Frederick. "Yes," was the reply, "and we'll charge interest too." The year 1759 was signalized by a disaster far more tremendous

than that of Hochkirchen. At Kunnersdorf, near Frankfort-on-the-Oder, after defeating a Russian army, and capturing ninety cannon, the exhausted Prussian army was led by the indefatigable king, beneath an August sun, against the fresh Austrian troops of the fiery Laudohn. The result was so entire a defeat of the Prussians, that Frederick for the first time despaired utterly. "To tell the truth," he wrote to his minister, Count Finkenstein, "I think that all is lost. I will not outlive the fall of my country. Farewell for ever!"

But while the Russian general was holding a council of war, to determine whether the fugitive Prussians were to be pursued or not, Frederick was collecting his scattered army; though he had lost more than 18,000 men, and 172 guns, a few days later found him entrenched in a strong position, and ready as ever to fight it out to the bitter end. By a series of masterly manoeuvres he had almost retrieved the losses of Kunnersdorf, when the fatigues of the campaign proved too great for the weak body, till now sustained by that iron will. The king fell sick. But he summoned his generals, who found him lying, pale and haggard, in a hut, suffering intense pain. He said he had assembled them to tell them his plans, and to convince them that he could not at that moment show himself to the camp. "Tell my brave soldiers," said the king, simply, "that mine is no simulated illness; and assure them, moreover, that though I have had much misfortune during this campaign, I rely upon their valour, and that nothing but death shall separate me from my brave army." The close of the campaign was marked by fresh misfortunes; 12,000 men, under Finck, had to surrender to the Austrians, and the whole forces of Frederick comprised only 24,000 men; but he would not yield an inch.

TRIUMPH OF PRUSSIA; CLOSE OF THE WAR; CONCLUDING YEARS OF FREDERICK'S REIGN.

The next year brought a change. At Liegnitz and Torgau, Frederick won splendid victories. But the aspect of the Prussian and Saxon dominions was lamentable. Ruin and devastation were apparent everywhere. "We become at last like strolling players," wrote Frederick to his friend Algarotti, "who have no hearth or home. We wander through the world, to enact our bloody tragedies wherever they allow us to set up our theatre." One year more Frederick held out against fearful odds; and then, on the 5th of January, 1762, came the decisive turn of

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the wheel in his favour. On that day died the Czarina Elizabeth of Russia, the most inveterate of Frederick's foes, excepting only Maria Theresa herself. Peter III., Elizabeth's nephew and successor, was an enthusiastic admirer of the Prussian king; and Russia was thus detached from the coalition. England and France made a separate treaty; Saxony could do nothing, and Frederick had only Austria to fight against. Then at last the haughty spirit of the Empress-queen gave way. At the beginning of 1763, the treaty of Hubertsburg put an end to the war. Frederick kept Silesia; and the fearful struggle, with all its ravages, simply left the political condition of things as it had been at the commencement.

THE PARTITION OF POLAND; FREDERICK AND CATHARINE OF RUSSIA.

The chief events of importance during the period of nearly a quarter of a century, throughout which Frederick's reign extended, after the peace of Hubertsburg, are the short war of the Bavarian succession, and that great outrage upon the law of nations, the first partition of Poland.

Lord Macaulay justly designates the first partition of the unhappy country as "that great crime, the fruitful parent of other great crimes." In 1772, the three courts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin signed two manifestoes, on the 19th of February and the 5th of August respectively, in which the King of Poland was required to cede certain parts of his dominions, amounting to about a third of the whole territory, and containing almost half the population of his kingdom. The cry of indignation with which this outrageous demand was received, resounded throughout Europe; but the three powers were too strong to allow even a chance of successful resistance; and the king and the parliament, hastily convened at the startling news, signed the required cession with heavy hearts. West Prussia, or Polish Prussia, which he had long coveted, fell to the share of the Prussian king. This acquisition greatly increased his strength, by uniting the straggling and scattered portions of his territory, and giving compactness and unity to the whole. It was, indeed, a prize of worth, and might have excited the cupidity of a far more scrupulous monarch than Frederick. Six hundred thousand souls were thus added to

the number of his subjects. A large share of the plunder naturally fell to Catharine, though there is considerable doubt whether the nefarious scheme originated with her or with the King of Prussia. The whole great district between the rivers Dwina, Dneiper, and Dmtesch, comprising a large portion of Lithuania, with Minsk, Witepsk, etc., was incorporated with the Russian Empire, which gained one million eight hundred thousand subjects by this tremendous act of spoliation. But the lion's portion undoubtedly on this occasion fell to Austria, for her share comprised the richest and most populous regions—Galicia, Lodomeria, a part of Lublin, and Cracow, with valuable salt mines, the property of the crown, several districts of Volhynia and Podolia; on the whole, almost three hundred towns and villages, with nearly three millions of inhabitants. The utter injustice of the whole proceeding was betrayed by a defence of the lamest and most impotent kind put forth by Austria and Prussia in their own vindication. Catharine was wiser in her generation. She seems to have said of the King of Poland, as Macbeth said of Banquo:

"I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it."

And, bolder than the guilty *Macbeth*, she took possession of her share of the plunder, and kept it by the right of the strong hand.

FREDERICK'S ACTIVITY TO THE END; HIS DEATH.

To the very last day of his life the king was hard at work. Only a few days before his death he spoke the remarkable words: "My life is nearly ended; I must use the time I still have. It belongs not to me, but to the state."

He died in 1786, after a reign of more than forty-five years. But the tomb he had designed for himself at the terrace at Sans-Souci was deemed inadequate to contain the ashes of a monarch who had done such things as he had achieved. His corpse was brought to Berlin, that his relics might rest among the people whom he had governed for nearly half a century, generally with justice, often with kindness, always with vigorous energy, and a hearty desire for the public good.

H. W. D.



ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

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AN EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

THE history of Alexander forms an epoch in the history of the world. Whatever difficulties we may have in making an exact estimate of his personal character, we can hardly assign too much importance to the great events of his life, and their permanent influence on the condition of the

human race. The overthrow of the great Asiatic monarchy which had so often threatened the political existence of Greece, the victorious progress of the Macedonian arms from the plain of Thebes to the banks of the Danube, and from the Hellespont, the boundary of rival continents, to the Nile, the Jaxartes, and the Indus—these have

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formed in all ages the theme of historical declamation, and the subject of general admiration. But the diffusion of the language and the arts of Greece, the extension of commerce by opening to Europeans the road to India, and the great additions made to natural science and geography by the expeditions of Alexander—these are the real subjects for enlightened and critical research.

Of the numerous writers who treated of the campaigns of Alexander, not a single contemporary remains; and our information is entirely derived from compilers who lived several centuries after the age of Alexander, and even founded their narratives on such contemporary records as then existed. With the exception of Arrian, not one of them was equal to the subject; and even he was often too deficient in knowledge of Asiatic geography to enable him to make a proper use of his materials. The accounts of the different writers, though agreeing in all the great events, offer no small discrepancies when we come to details, and, with the exception of Arrian's *History*, are marked by a general absence of sound criticism.

ALEXANDER'S BIRTH. PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION.

Alexander III., commonly known as Alexander the Great, was the son of Philip II., King of Macedon, and was born B.C. 356. His mother was Olympias, the daughter of Neoptolemus, King of Epirus, through whom Alexander claimed a descent from the great hero Achilles.

If we knew nothing more of Alexander than that Aristotle was his master, the memory of the philosopher would preserve that of the pupil. But it is a rare coincidence to find the greatest of conquerors instructed by the first of philosophers—the master of all knowledge teaching the future master of the world. Some of the great projects of Alexander might pass for the mere caprice of a man possessed of unlimited power, if we did not know that Aristotle had given him lessons in political economy, and written for his use a treatise on the art of government. That the pupil, amidst all his violence and excesses, possessed a vigorous and clear understanding, with enlarged views of the advantages of commerce, and of the nature of civil government, is amply confirmed by some of the most prominent events of his life.

Unfortunately, Aristotle was not his only master: the flattery of吕 maachus, and the obsequiousness of his attendants, conspired to cherish those ungovernable passions which seem to have descended to him from both his parents.

Of Alexander's youth numerous anecdotes are related. These cannot be depended upon as literally true; but they are, perhaps, none the less on that account of historical value. That he excelled in every manly sport, disdaining only wrestling, is certain; that his spirit was one of the most dauntless that ever dwelt in a human breast, we also know: with both of these facts it well accords that when the fierce but noble and shapely steed Bucephalus was brought to the court, and no one among the crowd of courtiers who came with Philip and his son to see the boasted animal could soothe or master it, then the boy Alexander, scornfully indignant that a horse of such symmetry, strength, and mettle should be sent away for want of a rider, grasped the bridle, turned the head of the animal towards the sun and away from its shadow, stroked and soothed it, leaped swiftly and quietly on its back, and gave it the rein before them all. The military education of Alexander commenced from his boyhood; and his first essay in arms was made at the battle of Cheronæa (B.C. 338), when his father crushed the united forces of Thebes and Athens with their allies, and established the Macedonian supremacy in Greece.

ASCENT TO THE THRONE.

Philip was murdered in B.C. 336, during the celebration of his daughter's marriage, when he was just on the eve of setting out on his Asiatic expedition at the head of the combined forces of Greece. His sudden death inspired the States which had been humbled with some hope of throwing off the yoke of the Macedonian kings. Alexander, in his twentieth year, succeeded to the monarchy and to the great designs of his father. Though threatened with danger on all sides, from the movements of the barbarians in the north, and the restless Greeks in the south, his courage and address saved him. The Thes-salians readily chose him as the head of their confederacy, and the Amphictyons confirmed him in the honours which had been granted to Philip.

His education may be said to have been finished though he was yet young. He had always looked upon himself as the successor of heroes; he deemed it his duty, as well as honour, to wield the sword of Achilles. His heart had been warmed by poetry, and his intellect had been trained by study. His frame was robust and handsome, though not tall; his head bent slightly to one side; his eye was lively and piercing; his countenance was one of manly beauty.

His next step was to march an army into }

Boeotia, to check the beginning of insurrectionary movements, by showing himself at the gates of Thebes. His vigour secured for him greater honour than Philip had ever received, and the States of Greece, Lacedæmon excepted, transferred to him at Corinth, with abject flattery and mean submission, the office of commander-in-chief against Persia, which they had already conferred on his father.

In giving a brief sketch of the chief events of Alexander's short life, we may observe that, without a constant reference to maps, it is impossible to form any idea of the rapidity of his movements, the natural obstacles which he had to encounter, or the immense extent of country which he overran in a few years. All military history without geographical detail, is only a heap of confusion.

THE BARBARIANS OF THE NORTH ; A FALSE REPORT ; THE CAPTURE OF THEBES.

In order to leave no troublesome enemies behind him, he resolved to reduce the barbarians of the north to obedience. From his residence in Macedonia he marched, in the spring of B.C. 335, in ten days to the passes of Mount Ilernus (the Balkans), crossed them in spite of the opposition of the natives, and descended into the great plain of the Danube. Here he defeated the Triballi ; and after crossing the Danube at a point which it is now impossible to determine, he struck terror into the Gæte, who lived on the northern banks, by the rapidity and decision of his movements. On his return, he led his troops against the Illyrians and Taulantii, whom it was necessary to reduce to submission before he could safely quit his kingdom.

A false report of his death during this expedition, gave the Greeks once more hopes of throwing off the hated yoke of Macedon ; and the Thebans set the example by murdering two officers of the Macedonian garrison, which had occupied the Cadmeia, or Acropolis, of the city ever since the battle of Charonea. But while they were indulging in the anticipation of recovering their independence, their ever-active enemy made his appearance before their city. It appears as if Alexander would have been satisfied with a reasonable submission ; but party violence in Thebes prevented all concession, and the proposals of the Macedonian king were rejected with insult.

After a short resistance, Alexander's troops entered the city, when one of those horrid scenes of carnage ensued which form a necessary part of a conqueror's progress. It was then that the Phocians, with the Plateans and other Boeotians

in the army of Alexander, inflamed by the remembrance of what they had once suffered from this unprincipled city, slew all before them, "even those who made no resistance : they murdered the supplicants in the temples ; they spared neither woman nor child." The number killed is stated at 6,000, which may possibly be exaggerated ; the survivors were sold for slaves, except the ministers of religion, and a few who were the friends of the conqueror, or who had opposed the revolution. The temples and the house of Pindar, it is said, were spared ; but all the rest of the city, except the Cadmeia, was levelled to the ground, and Thebes, for the present, was blotted out of Greece. Alexander did not march farther south, though the Athenians had been active in organizing the late resistance. One such example was sufficient for a warning.

ASIATIC EXPEDITION ; ALEXANDER AT TROY.

In the spring of B.C. 334, Alexander set out on his Asiatic expedition with a force of about 35,000 men, and a very small supply of money. The largest component part of his army was Macedonian, with about 7,000 allied Greeks, some mercenary troops and several bodies of Thracians, 1,500 Agrianian light infantry, and some other bodies of troops. His cavalry, on which his success in a great measure depended, was mainly composed of Macedonians and Thessalians.

Having arrived at Sestos in twenty days, and crossed the narrow channel of the Hellespont, the descendant of Achilles and his friend Hephæstion did honour to the mounds that were said to contain the remains of the mighty hero and his beloved friend Patroclus. Youthful enthusiasm may have been one motive to the display made before the army on this occasion, but it was no less a part of Alexander's policy to induce his followers to look upon him as the representative of the greatest warrior of the heroic age.

Scorning, it is said, the lyre of Paris, he asked to see the harp which Achilles had struck as he sat indignant by the mournful sea, and soothed his mighty soul by singing the deeds of ancient heroes. We think it scarcely possible to doubt the truth of this anecdote ; it corresponds precisely with all we know of Alexander, and illustrates very finely both his ruling ambition to emulate the deeds of the mystic heroes, and his true and noble appreciation of the great Homeric song. The passage to which he referred is one

of the most truly sublime ever uttered by the lips of man.

THE PERSIAN MONARCHY; THE BATTLE OF THE GRANICUS.

At the period of Alexander's landing in Asia, the unwieldy and disjointed monarchy of the Persians exhibited many weak points. The Persians themselves, the ruling caste, were comparatively few in number. One monarch, with absolute power, claimed the sovereignty of almost countless nations, and of an immense extent of country, the parts of which were in many cases separated by natural boundaries which were difficult to pass. The provinces that lay remote from the seat of government could only be maintained by the presence of an armed force, under a military governor nominated by the king. The partition of the empire and the distribution of power were, therefore, essential to the very existence of the Persian monarchy; but this system was also the remote cause of its weakness and dissolution. Each powerful governor was kept in submission by no other motive than fear of punishment; and when he felt himself able to defy his master, the bond of union was for the time broken. Hence some provincial governments passed quietly from father to son, the monarch tacitly consenting to an arrangement which he could not prevent.

Darius, the King of Persia, who was contemporary with Alexander, seems to have been ill qualified to retrieve the falling fortunes of the monarchy; he was deficient in courage and military skill, and had no hope of opposing the invader but by turning against him the arms of the Greeks themselves. From the time of Cambyzes, the son of the first Cyrus, to the age of Alexander, we find renegade Greeks constantly in the pay of the Persian monarch, ready to serve their new paymaster against those who were united to them by kindred and language. The civil commotions which so often disturbed the peace of Grecian communities were also continually driving refugees to seek from the King of Persia the rank and property which they had lost at home. At this time, the hopes of Darius rested on Memnon, a Greek of Rhodes, whose military skill might have made him, with better opportunities, a formidable opponent to the Macedonian king.

The first combat between the invaders and the Persians was on the banks of the Granicus (now, perhaps, the Oostvecht), a river which falls into the S^{ea} of Marmora. The Persians possessed an elevated position on the east bank of the

river, which their generals determined to defend, contrary to the advice of Memnon, who being, as it appears, not in the command, could only recommend for the present the safer expedient of a retreat. But the dispositions of the Persians were totally unsuited to oppose the violent attack of Alexander's cavalry, which crossed the river and maintained itself on the opposite bank until the light infantry that followed had time to come up, when the compact front of the Macedonians, bristling with their formidable spears, broke the less disciplined lines of the Persian cavalry, and secured a complete victory. To the daring personal courage of Alexander, who himself killed two Persians of the highest rank, and to the long spears of the Macedonians, the victory may be mainly attributed. The Greek infantry in the Persian army was cut to pieces, with the exception of two thousand, who were sent into Macedonia in chains, and condemned to slavery.

Alexander showed after the battle that he knew how to win affection by flattering self-love, as well as to lead men to conquest. He visited his own disabled soldiers, listened to the talk of their exploits and their wounds, and gave to the parents and children of those who had fallen privileges of distinction and immunity from civil burdens. Twenty-five horsemen belonging to the Companion cavalry—a kind of military order, perhaps, instituted by Alexander—had fallen in the first assault; Lysippus, the famous sculptor, was ordered to make their figures in bronze, which were placed in the town of Dium, in Macedonia, and afterwards adorned one of the public buildings of Rome.

This success was of the utmost importance to Alexander, by preparing the submission of most of the Greek towns on the *Ægean*, in which he adopted the policy of establishing democratic forms of government, with the double purpose of showing that he had come as the liberator of the Greek States, and perhaps, too, with a view of preventing their combining against himself by the constant occupation they would have in quarrelling with one another.

VARIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS.

To crowd into the compass of this short life the military operations of Alexander's campaigns would be a useless attempt; even Arrian's narrative is often too meagre and unsatisfactory to enable us to form a clear conception of the events. Nothing but a careful examination of a map, as we have already hinted, can give the reader any notion of the vigour of the Macedonian general.

One of the most memorable events between the Battles of the Granicus and the Issus was the capture of Halicarnassus, in Caria, which Memnon only left when it was no longer possible to hold out. This memorable siege is minutely described by Arrian.

The progress of Alexander southward was marked by an event in which the durable features of nature bear witness to the truth of history. In proceeding from Phaselis to Perga, he sent part of his troops by a newly-made but difficult route in the interior; he himself proceeded along the shore of Lycia, where the mountains rise from the sea step by step, like a ladder, having between the base of the ladder (or *climax*, as the Greeks called it) and the sea a beach, which offered a shorter and much more convenient road. The projecting cliffs, however, over which there appears to have been at that time no way, would render it necessary for the men in some places to wade through the water, though not without danger; but a favourable opportunity was offered for accomplishing this by a depression of the sea in this part, consequent on the blowing of a north wind.

After gaining the strong post of Celænæ, near the source of the Mæander, the Macedonian general marched to Gordium in Phrygia (B.C. 333), where he had an opportunity of turning to profit the belief of a superstitious age. The empire of Asia was promised to him who should untie the complicated knot which fastened to the pole of a chariot the yoke and collars of the horses. Alexander relieved himself of the difficulty either by cutting the cord, or some equally expeditious process. The promptitude of his resolution, and the presence of a victorious army, could not fail to secure him the credit of having fulfilled the intentions of the deity.

The army was now increased by fresh reinforcements from home, and the return of the new married soldiers who had been sent to winter in Macedonia. In approaching the passes which lead from the central plateaus of Asia Minor into the plains of Cilicia, Alexander must have been in the track of the Greeks who accompanied the younger Cyrus in his expedition against his brother, not quite a century before; and in the march from the mountain pass to Tarsus (the modern Terssoos), on the Cydnus, probably followed the same route. A remarkable narrow defile, about twenty miles north of Tarsus, which is cut in the rock, has been conjectured to be the pass described by Xenophon and Arrian. At Tarsus the career of Alexander was nearly terminated by a fever, either caused by fatigue, or by throw-

ing himself, when heated, into the cool stream of the Cydnus. A similar act of imprudence at Terssoos is said to have been fatal to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa.

A little before this time Memnon died, and with him the best hopes of Darius. This skilful commander, at the time of his death, was in the Ægean with a powerful fleet, to which Alexander had nothing to oppose; he was master of Chios, the chief part of Lesbos, and ready to fall on Eubœa and Macedon, with the prospect of being supported by the Lacedæmonians. His sudden death relieved Alexander from an opponent whose operations in Greece might have compelled him to give up the dazzling prospect of Asiatic conquest.

THE BATTLE OF ISSUS.

From Tarsus, Alexander marched, partly by the route of the younger Cyrus, along the Gulf of Issus to the little town of Myriandrus, in Syria. Darius had for some time occupied an extensive plain in Syria, well adapted for the evolutions of his large body of cavalry, and for the disposition of his immense army. Contrary to the advice of Amyntas, a Greek deserter, he abandoned this position for one in which defeat was almost certain. An offshoot from the range of Taurus runs down to the Gulf of Issus (the modern Gulf of Skanderoun), and terminates in the high land of Cape Khyuzur. The mountains press close on the shores of the Gulf of Issus, leaving in some places a plain barely large enough for the battle-ground of an army: in one particular spot the passage is so narrow as to be capable of an easy defence. By this unguarded pass Alexander had advanced into Syria, while by another pass further north in the mountain range, Darius moved from Syria to the plain of Issus, with the river Pinarus in his front. He was now in the rear of Alexander; but he had engaged himself in a position where victory might be confidently expected by the Macedonians.

Alexander marched back through the Syrian pass, and found the Persian king prepared for battle in the plains of Issus. The left wing of the Macedonian army was protected by the sea, and the dispositions on the right were such as to prevent the superior force of the Persians from effectually out-flanking the Greeks on that side. The Persian king, though possessing a far superior force, waited the attack on the opposite bank, as if conscious of his inferiority, and anticipating a defeat. Alexander himself, who was on the right wing, crossed the stream, attacked the Persians with impetuosity, and soon put their left wing to

the rout. The 30,000 Greek mercenaries in the Persian army offered a stout resistance to the main body of the Macedonians; and the Persian cavalry on the right, who were opposed to the Thessalians, fought bravely as long as their king remained on the field of battle.

The Persian king himself gave the signal for flight when he saw his left wing entirely routed; and the cavalry, soon following the example of their leader, turned their backs with the rest of the army. The slaughter, though perhaps exaggerated, must have been prodigious from the nature of the ground; and Ptolemy, the future King of Egypt, who was in the battle, relates that in one narrow pass the pursuers crossed the road on the upheaped bodies of the slain. Darius succeeded in escaping over the Euphrates by the usual ford at Thapsacus (35° 20' N lat.); but his wife, his infant son, and his mother, who had attended him to the field of battle, fell into the hands of the conqueror, and experienced from him the most humane and respectful treatment.

THE CAPTURE OF TYRE AND GAZA.

The victory just described—about the close of B.C. 333—may be considered as having decided the fate of the Persian monarchy: it opened to Alexander a passage towards Egypt and Babylon, and checked the designs of Agis and Pharnabazus in Western Asia and the *Ægean*. One obstacle only lay in the way, which proved more formidable than the armies of Darius. A single day was sufficient to disperse a numerous army, but the labours of many months were necessary for the capture of Tyre.

This great commercial city was situated on an island, and separated from the mainland by a channel about half a mile wide; which, on the side of the continent, was shallow and muddy, but had about eighteen feet of water close to the island. The island itself was defended by lofty walls, and well supplied with all the ammunition of war. For many centuries this wealthy city had been the great entrepot between the Eastern and the Western World; and through it the inhabitants of Europe had long received those Asiatic products which we find mentioned in the oldest Greek writers. Her commerce and her ships had penetrated to all known seas; and her adventurous traders, through many intermediate hands, received the products of countries which the Tyrians themselves never visited. Her merchants were princes, and her warehouses were stored with all that contributes to national wealth and domestic comfort. We find in Ezekiel xxvii., a most glowing picture of the prosperity of this great em-

porium, expressed with all the sublimity and strength of the ancient Hebrew poetry.

The cities of Phœnicia submitted to Alexander on his approach, and the ancient Sidon yielded without a blow; but Tyre, proud of her naval superiority, refused to grant all that was demanded, and prepared for a vigorous resistance. Alexander, in order to assault the place, was compelled to unite the mainland and the city by a causeway, which was not effected without great difficulty. It is said that Nebuchadnezzar had taken the city by the same means; but if the story is true, his causeway must have been of such a nature as to be easily removed. It is more probable that the island was not occupied till after the old city, which was on the mainland, had been taken by Nebuchadnezzar. Alexander's work still remains, and the island of Tyre is now part of the mainland. After a laborious blockade of seven months, the place was taken by storm, and the impatience of the besieging army was gratified by the slaughter of 8,000 Tyrians; 30,000 more were sold into slavery; and if we trust the authority of Diodorus and Curtius, the conqueror was guilty of the inhuman act of crucifying 2,000 men on the seashore.

The last bulwark of the Persian monarchy was now gone, and the dominion of the sea, as well as of the land, was in the hands of the Macedonians. Under the Persian monarchy, Tyre enjoyed favours and privileges, on condition of furnishing the main part of the navy in all the wars with the Greeks,—a condition to which the Tyrians were probably not adverse, as it gave them additional means of crushing the Greeks, whom they hated as their rivals in the commerce of the Mediterranean. The siege of Gaza, one of the strong towns of Palestine, occupied Alexander for two months; but the obstinate defence of the inhabitants did not preserve the city from being taken, nor the women and children from being sold into slavery.

AT JERUSALEM; THE CONQUEST OF EGYPT.

After the siege of Tyre and Gaza, according to the authority of Josephus, Alexander marched to the holy city of Jerusalem, intending to punish the inhabitants for their refusal to supply him with troops and money. The high priest, Jaddus, went forth to meet the conqueror, attended by the priests and people, and accompanied by all the imposing insignia of the Jewish religion. Alexander was so struck with this spectacle, that he pardoned the people, adored the name of the Most High, and sacrificed in the temple, according to the directions given him by Jaddus.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

The Book of the prophet Daniel was shown to him, and the passage pointed out in which it was foretold that the King of Grecia would overcome the King of Persia. With this, as the historian says, he was well satisfied, interpreting himself to be the person foretold by the prophet. The story appears only like another version of the visit to the temple of Ammon, in Lybia, which we shall mention immediately, and will not, in our opinion, bear the test of examination. Arrian says nothing about it.

Nothing now remained to check the march of Alexander into Egypt, which yielded without striking a blow. In seven days the army marched from Gaza, through the desert to Pelusium, the frontier town of Egypt on the east. The Persian Governor found resistance hopeless, and the country passed at once under the dominion of the Greeks, an event to which circumstances had been long gradually tending. From the time of Amasis (B.C. 560), the Greeks had received permission to settle in Egypt, and, at the time of Alexander's invasion, there can be no doubt that the country contained a large proportion of that nation. Under Persian government, Egypt had always been an unruly and troublesome province, and the contest for the possession of it between the Greek and Persian, and the Persian and Egyptian, had more than once been doubtful. The Egyptians hated the Persians for their religious intolerance and the desecration of their temples, while the more accommodating Greeks readily associated their own with the religious usages of the Egyptians, and were willing to assign to both a common origin.

From Pelusium Alexander visited the sacred city of Heliopolis, renowned for its temples and obelisks, and Memphis, then the great capital of Egypt; south of this point there is no reason for supposing that he ever went. He then sailed down the Canopic, or western branch of the Nile, and entered the Lake of Mareotis, where he founded the city of Alexandria, which still preserves his name.

From motives of policy, vanity, or curiosity,—or, perhaps, under the influence of all three,—Alexander determined to visit the far-famed temple of Ammon, an object of religious veneration to the Egyptians, and also probably the centre of a considerable trade. The site of this curious spot is now ascertained to be Siwah (29° 12' N lat. 44° 54' E long.), where the ruins of a temple, and the hot springs, confirm other evidence as to its locality. Arrian's description of Alexander's interview with the priests, and his notice of the oracular responses, are limited

to a general remark, which shows that he did not think the story worth telling. Other authorities inform us that Alexander was honoured with the title of the Son of Jupiter, and a promise of the empire of the world.

THE BATTLE OF ARBELA; DEATH OF DARIUS.

Alexander, having received some reinforcements from Greece, and established the government of Egypt on a wise and liberal footing, set out to attack the Persian king, who had again collected a considerable army. In the spring of B.C. 331 he marched to Tyre, where he made some stay; from thence to the ford of Thapsacus on the Euphrates, and across Mesopotamia to the Tigris. Such a march makes but a small figure in the brief narrative of Arrian, and is but an inconsiderable part of the military operations of Alexander; it amounts, however, to over 800 miles.

The King crossed the Tigris, and, advancing through Aturia, found Darius encamped on the banks of the Bumadus, near a small place called Gaugamela, or the Camel's House. The immense disproportion between the Persian and Grecian armies was no disadvantage to the less numerous but better disciplined force of Alexander, though the victory was not obtained without a struggle. As on former occasions, many divisions of the Persian army behaved with courage, and the Asiatic cavalry made a strong resistance; but the early flight of the timid king left the Macedonians a certain victory. Darius fled to Ecbatana (Hamadan), in Media; and Alexander, who no longer had any reason to fear such an opponent, marched unmolested to take possession of Babylon and the empire of Asia. This battle is more commonly known by the name of the Battle of Arbela (now Erbil), up to which city Alexander pursued Darius. Arbela is between forty and fifty miles east of Gaugamela.

The Battle of Arbela may be considered as an epoch in the life of Alexander. Though Darius was still alive, he could no longer be considered as king: his power was crushed; the fairest part of his empire had submitted; and the progress of the conqueror was henceforward attended with almost immediate submission. But the conduct and temper of Alexander began to undergo a change. Intoxicated with success, he gradually assumed the state and manners of an Asiatic sovereign, and, unrestrained by habits of self-control, he gave way to the most guilty excesses, which, if we trust the evidence of history, it is equally futile to palliate or deny.

The ancient city of Babylon, which had so long resisted the first Cyrus and the first Darius,

yielded without a blow at the approach of Alexander. The Macedonian adopted a more prudent and generous policy than the Persian monarchs. Xerxes had ruined the temples of Babylon, and even had dared to profane the shrine of the great Bel, and to murder the high-priest. Alexander gave orders to restore the temple of the deity, and showed himself a worthy proselyte by sacrificing to Bel, according to the rites prescribed by his ministers the Chaldeans.

A march of twenty days brought the Macedonians from Babylon to the banks of the Choaspes (the Kerah), on the east side of which stood the city of Susa (Sus), then the chief residence of the Persian kings, and the depositary of their treasures.

From Susa the active monarch advanced to the Pasitigris (the Karoon), and thence along the valley of Ram Hormuz to the mountain pass (Kala-i-Sifid, the White Castle) which led into Persia Proper, the original seat of the Persians. His object was to surprise Persepolis, in which he succeeded; and, according to some accounts, he burnt the palace of the Persian kings in a fit of drunken madness, and at the instigation of Thais, an Athenian woman of no reputation who had accompanied the army. It is difficult, however, to believe all the circumstances as they are related.

From Persepolis Alexander marched to Ecbatana (B.C. 330), but not by a direct route. On his approaching the city, Darius fled past the ancient Rhagæ, and through the passes of the Elburz Mountains, to seek a refuge in the Bactrian provinces. In fact, he was now a prisoner in the hands of the Bactrian satrap Bessus, who accompanied him in his flight, and assumed the command.

At Ecbatana, the Thessalian cavalry and many of the allied troops, having terminated their period of service, were honourably dismissed, with full pay and presents. Some who preferred a life of adventure were enrolled as volunteers. The Thessalians sold their horses to the King, and, with the rest of the Greeks, received a safe convoy to the shores of the Mediterranean.

The march of Alexander from Rhagæ (the modern Rey, whose extensive ruins lie near Teheran) to his entrance into India, is the most obscure part of his history. The brief narrative of Arrian, our sole trustworthy authority, only enables us to form a general idea of the movements of the army. The surprising rapidity of his movements, and his capacity to endure toil, are not surpassed by what is recorded of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, though we may readily

admit that Arrian, in this part of his work, may have exaggerated and fallen into error from unavoidable ignorance of the country. It is the same with distance as with time; both of them are unfavourable to clear perception. As the history of a remote age is comprised in a few words, so the immense spaces of Asiatic geography dwindle into insignificance, and make no impression on the mind of the reader. But nothing is wanting except a clear conception of the distances traversed by Alexander and the obstacles encountered, to convince us that of all the conquerors who ever troubled the peace of mankind, he was the most unwearied and daring.

From Rhagæ the Macedonian commander passed through one of the defiles in the Elburz Mountains, commonly known by the name of the Caspian Pass, and in one night accomplished, while pursuing Darius, a distance of 400 stadia, through the arid wastes of Parthia, with foot-soldiers mounted on horses. Just as Alexander was coming up with the fugitives, Bessus took to more hasty flight, while two of his Persian attendants assassinated their unfortunate monarch, and made their escape with 600 horsemen. Alexander sent the body to Persepolis to be interred in the tomb of the Persian kings.

FURTHER CONQUESTS; DEATH OF PHILOTAS.

The army now advanced into the ancient Hyrcania, comprising a part of the modern Mazanderan, a country hemmed in on one side by lofty wooded mountains, and on the other stretching in a sloping plain to the great inland waters of the Caspian. The King's object was to gain over the remnant of the Greeks who had served in the army of Darius; for the progress eastward might be dangerous, and the occupation of the conquered provinces insecure, if he left in his rear a body of armed Greeks. After some negotiations, they came and surrendered at his camp, and Alexander had the good policy to pardon them all, and to take a great many of them into his pay on the same terms as they had served the Persian king. Some Lacedæmonian ambassadors to King Darius, who surrendered at the same time, were put in chains.

In Zadracarta, the capital of Parthia (a city whose site is totally unknown), Alexander stayed fifteen days. His next progress was towards the frontier of Areia, along the northern verge of the Great Salt Desert, and to Susia, a city of Areia. According to a policy often successfully imitated, he left the government of Areia in the hands of the Persian satrap Satibarzanes, and prepared to lead his soldiers into a still more remote land.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

The traitor Bessus had fled into Bactria (Bokhara), one of the remotest possessions of the Persian monarchy, where he had rallied round him a few Persians, and a considerable body of the natives of the province. He had assumed the royal name of Artaxerxes, and placed the tiara erect on his head, the symbol of Persian sovereignty. A new claimant thus arose to the empire of Asia. Alexander set out towards Bactria, but was speedily recalled by the news of Satibarzanes having revolted almost as soon as his master had turned his back. With a body of cavalry and mounted spearmen, and his ever faithful Agrianians, the unwearied King returned before he was expected; in two days he marched 600 stadia and entered Artacoana (Herat?), the capital of the province, to which he gave a new ruler. His course, which seems to have been changed by this unexpected revolt, was now bent to the country of the Drangæ, or Sarangæ, and to their capital. The limit of this march in this direction it is impossible to determine; but we must look for the country of the Drangæ on the banks of the great Helmund, which flows into the Lake of Zerrah.

Here one of those events in Alexander's life must be briefly noticed which cast the darkest shade on his character. Philotas, the son of Alexander's faithful general Parmenion, was accused of conspiring against the King, and of having long harboured treacherous designs. The charge *may* be true; at least, Philotas was tried by his Macedonian peers, who pronounced him guilty, and carried the sentence into execution by transfixing him with their spears.

The father was absent in Media at the head of an army. A letter from Alexander, conveyed by one of the Companions to three other commanders in Media, contained the sentence of Parmenion. It was thus that a Persian king used to issue his decrees of death against a governor whom he had reason to fear. No proof of Parmenion's guilt is brought forward, and the absence of all real charge against *him* tends rather to show that the tyrant had basely murdered the son and feared the just resentment of the father.

ALEXANDER CROSSES THE OXUS; REACHES THE JAXARTES.

The army now advanced probably along the valley of the Helmund to the Ariaspi, a people to whom the first Cyrus had given the name of Orosangæ, or benefactors, for their aid in his Scythian expedition. Their civilised manners secured to them the favour of the second great conqueror of Asia. The Arochoti, sometimes

called the White Indians, a people who live west of the Indus and south of the great mountains, were subdued by Alexander. These operations, as well as the complete conquest of the Areii were accomplished in the winter-time, "in the midst of much snow, want of provisions, and hard suffering on the part of the soldiers." Nothing but the general's own capacity for endurance could have maintained the discipline of his army.

Alexander, in his progress to the mountains, built a city, which he called by his own name Alexandria, supposed by some to be the modern Candahar; this, however, we may dispute. His course now lay over the Caucasus, as his historians term the western part of the Hindoo Koosh, the mountain range that here separates the waters that flow southwards or into the ocean from those that contribute to the lakes of Central Asia. The greater part of the mountains were lofty and bare of wood, but formed the residence of a great number of people who here found food for their cattle. Bessus laid waste the country on the north side of the mountains, in order to impede the progress of his pursuer; "but," to use the simple and energetic words of the Greek historian, "Alexander moved onwards not a bit the less; with difficulty, indeed, through deep snow and without provisions; but still he moved on."

On the near approach of Alexander,—it was in the year B.C. 329,—the Persian satrap crossed the Oxus, burnt his boats, and retreated to Nautaca, a town of Sogdiana. Alexander advancing, took in succession Aornos and Bactra; the latter is conjectured to be near the modern site of Balk, which lies on the line of road that the conqueror probably followed. The Oxus is described by Arrian as the largest river crossed by Alexander, except the rivers of India, and as flowing into the Caspian Sea; its breadth was about six stadia, which proves that Alexander crossed it about the melting of the snow in the mountains, in May or June; the current was deep and rapid, and its banks offered no materials for constructing boats or rafts. In five days, however, Alexander passed all his army over by means of floats made of the tent skins of the soldiers stuffed with dried reeds and grass. Before crossing this mighty stream and entering on a new world, he sent home his disabled Macedonians and such of the Thessalian volunteers as were no longer fit for service.

The traitor Bessus fell into the hands of Alexander soon after he had crossed the river: after being kept a prisoner for some time, his

nose and ears were cut off by order of Alexander, and he was sent to Ecbatana to be put to death.

From the Oxus the army marched to Maracanda (Samarcand), the royal city of Sogdiana, and at a later period the seat of the wise and vigorous government of Tamerlane. The impetuous Macedonian still advanced eastward till he reached the banks of the Jaxartes, which he proposed to make his frontier against the Scythians, or the nomadic tribes occupying the country now possessed by the Kirghiz. After taking several cities, to which the inhabitants had fled for refuge, he at last assaulted Cyropolis, on the Jaxartes, a town which claimed for its founder the great Cyrus. This place is conjectured to be Khojund.

After taking Cyropolis, Alexander crossed the river, defeated the cavalry of the Scythians, and pursued them under the burning heat of a Bucharian summer. The army was exhausted by thirst, and the commander himself was compelled to recross the river in consequence of illness caused by drinking the unwholesome water, the only kind that is found in these barren steppes. A city founded on the banks of the Jaxartes, which bore the name of Alexandria, was designed to commemorate the limit of his conquests, and to serve as a frontier against the nomadic tribes.

THE MURDER OF CLEITUS.

Military operations having come to an end for the season, Alexander recrossed the Oxus and spent the next winter at Bactra, or Zariaspa. It was at this time that, during a festival in honour of Castor and Pollux, and the drunken revellings which followed, that Alexander murdered his friend Cleitus.

This was the most tragic of all Alexander's bursts of passion. His appetite for adulation had grown so insatiable that he not only permitted flatterers to place him above his father, and to insult that father's memory by lauding him as the son of Ammon, who awaited an apotheosis like that of Hercules, but himself claimed all the merit of Philip's later victories. Cleitus was one of those who revered the late king, and had taken deep offence at Alexander's wanton insults to the Macedonian soldiers. Wine had loosed the restraints of prudence, and he rebuked the flatterers severely. He went farther, and boldly awarded the palm to the father above the son, since Philip had created the force which alone had enabled Alexander to conquer,—the force whose chief leaders, Parmenio and his son, had

been put to death, and the soldiers scourged with Persian rods.

The more such language provoked Alexander, the more did Cleitus persist in it; till, holding himself forth as the champion of the old Macedonian party, he exclaimed, with an air of defiance, "This hand, Alexander, saved your life at the Granicus! Listen to the truth, or invite to your suppers none but barbarian slaves."

Alexander's attendants had put his dagger out of his reach; his chief officers clung round him as he rushed at Cleitus, whom others tried to remove from the room. But the King's fury only provoked Cleitus to more bitter taunts; while Alexander exclaimed that his officers were acting to him the part of Bessus to Darius. At length overpowering their resistance, he transfixed Cleitus with a pike which he snatched from an attendant, the blow being accompanied with the taunt, "Go now to Philip and Parmenio."

The sight of his friend weltering in his blood produced an instant and complete revulsion of feeling. Overwhelmed with remorse, he lay upon his bed for three days and nights, refusing all food, and repeatedly calling upon Cleitus, whose name he coupled with that of his nurse, Laniée as the second saviour of his life.

The lover of freedom, who looks beyond the exploits which blind men to the littleness of her enemies, could hardly desire to see the humiliating lesson read more plainly, unless it were in the abject flattery and superstition in which Alexander at length found solace. While the prophets discovered at once a cause and excuse for his deed in the anger of Dionysius, and the philosophers told Alexander that his regret was a too generous sentiment, inasmuch as his will was the only law, the army passed a vote that Cleitus had been justly slain, and their leader obtained the praise of magnanimity by refusing to allow his murdered friend to be unburied. But the best remedy for his grief was in renewed action, for which the enemy gave him ample opportunity.

In the spring of B.C. 328, Alexander re-crossed the Oxus at a place marked by a fountain of water and a fountain of oil. He paid a second visit to Samarcand, in order to tranquilize the country, and spent the severe season of the next winter in quarters at Nautaca; the cold of this region rendering winter operations impracticable. In the following spring (B.C. 327) he assaulted a strong natural fortress, in which Oxyartes the Bactrian had deposited his wife and daughters. The place was almost inaccessible, and well furnished with provisions, and, in addition to;

this, a recent fall of snow had rendered the scaling of the rocks more difficult. By means of the iron pins used for securing their tents and strong ropes of linen, some adventurous soldiers ascended the steepest face of the fortress by night, and by the suddenness of the surprise, frightened the garrison into a surrender.

Alexander thus not only got possession of the strongest post in Sogdiana, but he found there a wife in Roxana, the daughter of Oxyartes, whom his followers pronounced to be the handsomest woman they had seen in Asia, after the wife of Darius.

THE CONQUEST OF INDIA.

After capturing another almost impregnable fort, Alexander moved southward about the end of spring, crossed the Caucasus (Hindoo Koosh), and marched to Alexandria.

The progress of the army from Alexandria to the passage of the Indus is difficult to trace. In his march, Alexander crossed the Choës, or Choaspes (the river of Cabul?), and the Gyraeus, both of them then considerable streams; he took the important town of Massaga (Mas-sagour), and once more assailed one of those mountain fortresses, by name Aornos, which seems, from the peculiar difficulties which it offered, to have had additional charms for the adventurous spirit of Alexander. The place was captured in spite of a vigorous resistance, and the army advanced by a road, which they were obliged to construct for themselves, to the bridge of boats over the Indus, which Ptolemy and Hephestion had been sent forward to make.

Neither Aristobulus nor Ptolemy have informed us, says Arrian, how the bridge across the Indus was constructed; he conjectures, however, that it was made by boats fastened together with planks laid across them, and the whole kept steady by baskets of stones let down from the prow. It is only from November to April that such a bridge could be thrown across the river, for this is the period when it is not flooded. Alexander, who had spent the winter between the Cabul and the Indus, must have entered India early in the year B.C. 326. His route was the same as that of Timur and Nadir Shah, the object of whose plunder was the city of Delhi.

The first Indian town Alexander came to was Taxila; and here the army enjoyed a little repose after its trials. Taxilas, the king, had saved himself by previous submission; and it seems not unlikely that the dissensions among the Indian

rulers of this country materially facilitated the operations of the Macedonian army.

Alexander's progress was towards the Hydaspes, a large river swollen by the solstitial rains. His boats that had been constructed on the Indus had been taken to pieces and brought across the country to the banks of the river; but a more formidable enemy than the swollen Hydaspes presented itself on the opposite bank. Porus, an Indian king, one of the great rulers of that region, was stationed there with a formidable army and a train of elephants, that rendered all attempts at landing too dangerous to be hazarded. By a manœuvre, Alexander, with part of his troops and his strong Companion cavalry, crossed the river in another place before he was discovered. The troops of Porus were upon this drawn up in order of battle in the plain, with a line of elephants in front; the rest of the dispositions of the Indian prince showed him a master of the art of war as practised at that day in India. Unlike the timid monarch of Persia, Porus made a gallant defence; but the Macedonian cavalry, and the compact mass of the infantry bristling with their spears, directed by the courage and skill of Alexander, were a force that no Indian army could resist. The whole loss of the enemy was, according to Arrian, about 23,000; while the number that fell on the side of the conqueror is stated so disproportionately small as to lead us to doubt the accuracy of Arrian's authorities. Two sons of Porus fell in the battle; and the gallant father at last yielded to Alexander, who treated him with the respect due to his rank and courage, and restored to him his kingdom with extended limits. In this battle a number of elephants fell into the hands of the Greeks, and from this time we may date the use of that animal in European warfare.

We are told that Alexander founded two cities, or probably military posts, one on each bank of the Hydaspes. One city was called Nicaea, to commemorate his victory; the other Bucephala, in honour of Alexander's horse Bucephalus, which, after carrying his rider safely through so many battles, died in the last encounter, worn out by old age and fatigue.

From the Hydaspes the army advanced to the great Acesines, or Chin-ab, which Ptolemy describes as fifteen stadia, or considerably above a mile in breadth. It was crossed on boats and on skins. The country between the Chin-ab and the Hydraotes (Ravee or Iraoty), to which Alexander was now advancing, is said to be a sheet of hard clay, without a blade of grass except on the banks of the rivers. Over this tract he

marched, and crossed the Hydraotes to attack a new enemy. A second Porus, who was king of the country between the Acesines and Hydraotes, had fled as the enemy approached, and hence received the name of coward.

But all the Indians east of the Hydraotes were not cowards; the Cathæi, a warlike tribe, were determined to oppose the invader. Three days' march brought the Greeks to Sangala, where the Cathæi were stationed on an eminence with a triple line of waggons around it. The city was captured with the usual slaughter, and the power of the brave Cathæi was for the time broken.

FORCED TO TURN BACK.

The King was still eager to pass beyond the Hyphasis, a river which, under the name of Garra, joins the Chin-ab ($29^{\circ} 30' N.$ lat.) Report magnified the wealth of the countries east of the Hyphasis; and the adventurous conqueror probably thought to make the Ganges the boundary of this progress. But his Greek troops, exhausted with fatigue, disappointed in finding the country poor, and seeing themselves now only a handful of strangers in a foreign land, could not be induced either by threats or persuasions to cross this river.

In vain did Alexander harangue his officers; they were as resolute as the men. He shut himself up in his tent for two days, indulging his moody grief, not that there were no regions left to conquer, but because he was at length made to feel the curb which dependence on fellow-men possesses on the strongest will. He recovered himself so far as to submit with a good grace. As if still persisting in his design, he offered the preliminary sacrifices, but the omens proved unfavourable, and he yielded to the will of the gods what was forced upon him by his followers.

The Hyphasis was, therefore, the boundary of Alexander's conquests, and of that victorious progress to which no other history offers a parallel.

The Macedonians, a race hitherto looked on with contempt by many of the Southern Greeks, furnished the officers for this bold undertaking; the Republics, whose names and exploits form the subject of all previous Grecian history, had no representatives in the glories of the Indian conquest. It appears, farther, when we consider the small number of Macedonians, Thessalians, and soldiers from Southern Greece, who formed the original army, or were afterwards added to it, that Alexander's force must have been constantly

recruited from the nations among whom he came, and must have presented at this period a strange and motley aspect of Asiatic and European troops officered by Macedonians.

We must now pass briefly over the remaining events in Alexander's life. The army retraced its steps to the Hydaspes, where a fleet was constructed of the timber which this river still abundantly supplies from the upper parts of its course. On descending the river to its confluence with the Acesines, the fleet experienced at the junction of these streams the dangerous rapids, which are said to exist only in July and August. The long ships of war suffered severely.

The Malli, a powerful Indian tribe, who seem to have chiefly occupied the lower course of the Hydraotes, were next attacked. After some further fighting, the troops moved downwards (B.C. 325) to the confluence of the Indus and the Chin-ab at Mittun ($28^{\circ} 55' N.$ lat.), where Alexander gave orders to found a city and to build dockyards. Here he left Philip as satrap, with all the Thracians that belonged to the army, and a sufficient number of soldiers of the line to ensure the military occupation of the country.

NAVAL EXPEDITIONS.

With his fleet increased, Alexander sailed down the Indus, visiting the royal city of Sogdi, doubtless a corrupted name, and establishing there a dockyard. Musicantus, an Indian prince who lived lower down the stream, surrendered, and his city received a foreign garrison. Oxycanus, another prince, resisted, but in vain; his two cities were taken, and himself made prisoner. His next acquisition was Sindomana, the capital of Sambus, which is probably the modern Schwan. Musicanus in the meantime revolted, but his second career was short; he was caught and hanged, together with the leaders of the movement.

The narrative of Arrian is here obscure and corrupt. It appears, however, that part of the army was sent from the banks of the Indus by land towards the country of the Arachoti and Drangæ (through Candahar); from Candahar they were ordered to proceed to Carmania.

At Pattala (Tatta?), the apex of the great delta of the Indus, Alexander established a naval station, and laid the foundation of a city, which he no doubt anticipated would prove the centre of an extended commerce. The enterprising monarch himself explored the two great arms that embrace the delta of the Indus. In the western, he experienced the dangers of this rapid, and destructive stream, swollen to increased fury

by a strong wind from the sea; while the rapid ebb and flow of the tides, which at full moon rise about nine feet, left his boats suddenly on dry land, and as suddenly returned to surprise them. At last he reached the mouth of the stream, and beheld the great Indian Ocean; he floated onward till he was fairly in the open sea, with a view of ascertaining, as he said, if he could spy any land. He next explored the eastern branch, which he found more practicable, and opening into a wide estuary.

Nearchus, the commander of Alexander's fleet, received orders to set out on a voyage along the coast towards the Persian Gulf, as soon as the change of the monsoons would allow him.

To estimate this achievement, we must remember that the Greek knowledge of the geography of these distant regions had advanced little beyond the fables of Homer and the mystical wanderings of Io, as described by Æschylus. The theory that the earth was a flat circle, surrounded by the river Ocean, had a tendency to bring the outer parts of the earth into an imaginary proximity. Thus, when Alexander's soldiers reached the Jaxartes, they thought they were on the banks of the Sandais; and when they saw crocodiles in the Indus, they supposed they had reached the Nile. The better information which Alexander doubtless possessed, from the surveys of the empire made since the time of Darius Hystaspis, only reduces his project within the limits of a sagacious instead of a foolhardy daring; and the achievement of Nearchus was the true opening of the Indian Ocean to the commerce which has since enriched the world. The difficulty of the voyage was enhanced by the barrenness of the shores along which it lay, for navigation was still dependent on communication with the land.

MARCH THROUGH THE DESERT OF GEDROSIA; RETURN TO SUSA.

Alexander himself set out with his army somewhat earlier, about September B.C. 325. The route from the delta of the Indus to Bunder Abbas (Gombroon) on the shore of the Persian Gulf is practicable for elephants and also for an army when attended by a fleet with supplies. This line differs very little from that which Alexander would follow in his sixty days' march from the western limits of the Oritæ to Pura (Furag?). Scarcity of water drove the army on one occasion to seek it by digging on the sandy beach of the ocean, the coast of which they followed for seven days. But the sufferings of the soldiers in this arid desert, if we follow the

accounts of Arrian and Strabo, were almost beyond description, owing, perhaps, as much to the want of supplies for so large a number of men, as to the barrenness of the country itself.

From Pura the army advanced without any difficulty to the capital of Karmania (the modern Kirman). Here Alexander was joined by Craterus with the elephants, and the detachments already spoken of as sent through Candahar. Nearchus also joined the King here, having conducted the fleet in safety to Harmozia, a place on the mainland opposite the barren island of Harmuz.

From Kirman, Hephæstion led the mass of the army, with the beasts of burden and the elephants, down to the coast, as the road along the Persian Gulf was more practicable in the winter season that was approaching. The King himself advanced with his lightest troops and the Companion cavalry to Pasargade, the burial-place of the great Cyrus. He found the tomb rifled by some robbers, who cared not for the honour of the great national hero who for more than two hundred years had slept undisturbed. The golden coffin that contained the embalmed body of the monarch was the object of the plunderers; but after taking off the lid and throwing the corpse from its resting-place, they were unable to carry off the booty on account of its weight. Alexander ordered the mutilated body to be restored to the tomb; and Aristobulus tells us he himself received the King's command to repair the damage that had been done, and secure the remains of the great Persian warrior from any similar insult.

Leaving Pasargade, Alexander came to Persepolis, the city which he is said to have burned at his former visit. If we may trust Arrian, the sight of the mischief he had done gave him no satisfaction. Here he named Peucestas, a Macedonian, satrap or governor of the province of Persis, in the place of the Persian governor, who was hanged for mal-administration. Peucestas forthwith followed a course of policy which Alexander well knew how to appreciate. He adopted the dress and usages of the country, and made himself a perfect master of the Persian language. The Persians, as we are informed by the historian, were naturally pleased with him. His example, to a certain extent, may serve as a pattern to modern nations who occupy a foreign land.

AT SUSA.

At Susa, on the banks of the Ulai or Choaspes, (B.C. 324), the army at last rested from their

labours; and the interval of leisure was employed in enjoying the festivities of marriage. Alexander took to himself another wife, Barsine, the eldest daughter of Darius. If we may trust Aristobulus, he married also at the same time Parysatis, the daughter of Ochus; thus sharing the honours of his Bactrian wife Roxana with two of Persian stock. Eighty of his chief officers at the same time received each an Asiatic wife from their royal master, who seems to have assigned the women to their respective husbands, just as he would have parcelled out so many governments.

The wives of Craterus, Perdicas, Ptolemy, the future King of Egypt, Eumenes, Nearchus, and Seleucus, are specially mentioned by the historian. "The marriages," he adds, "were celebrated after the Persian fashion: seats were placed for the bridegrooms, and after the wine, the brides were introduced, and each sat down by her husband. The men took the women by the hand, and kissed them, the King setting the example. Alexander gave a dowry with each. Every other Macedonian who chose to take an Asiatic wife was registered, and received a present on his marriage: the number who followed the King's example was above ten thousand.

However politic these intermarriages might be as a means of conciliating rival nations, they brought the disgust of the Macedonian veterans to its climax. A mutiny broke out at a review held at Opis on the Tigris; and when Alexander offered to send home the wounded and disabled, the soldiers cried out that he had better dismiss them all, and make his future conquests by the help of his father Ammon. At this taunt Alexander leaped down among the crowd, followed by a few of his guards, and seized thirteen of the ringleaders, who were led off to instant execution. Then haranguing the soldiers, who were cowed by the example, he reproached them with ingratitude to their King, who, having borne the chief part in all their toils and dangers, had given them the substantial rewards of success, reserving for himself only the honours and cares of the tiara. In fine, he ordered them to take their discharge; and he shut himself up in the palace, committing its guard to Persian troops. Soon the veterans came flocking round the palace, throwing down their arms and praying for forgiveness. A solemn reconciliation cancelled the resentment which Alexander had never ceased to feel since the mutiny on the Hyphasis, and 10,000 of the most worn veterans were sent home under Craterus, who was

appointed to succeed Antipater as a viceroy of Macedonia.

The feastings and revelry that attended the marriage celebrations were diversified by every kind of amusement that music, theatrical representations, and all the talents of the most skilful *artistes* of the Greek nations could supply; but in the midst of this scene of perhaps riotous festivity, we must not overlook the wise policy of Alexander, by which he endeavoured to blend the conquerors and the conquered into one nation by the strong tie of intermarriage. It was obviously also a further design of Alexander, as we see from his historian, to train the natives of Asia to European arms and manoeuvres; and by incorporating them with his troops, and forming new bodies, to render himself independent of the control of his Macedonians.

CLOSING EVENTS.

Discovery and works of utility still engaged his attention. He sailed down the Karoon into the Gulf, examined part of the delta of these rivers, and, ascending the Shat-el-Arab, went up the Tigris as far as Opis. In this voyage he removed several of those large masses of masonry, commonly called *bunds*, which were built across the river for the purpose of making a head of water and favouring irrigation; but they proved at the same time an impediment to navigation, which it was the conqueror's policy to improve and extend.

Alexander went about the close of the year B.C. 324 to Ecbatana, the northern capital of the empire, where Hephæstion, his favourite, died. The grief of Alexander, which was, no doubt, sincere, displayed itself in all the outward circumstances of sorrow; but from the mass of contradictory accounts, Arrian found no little trouble in extracting a probable and rational narrative.

On his route towards Babylon from Ecbatana, Alexander diverted his grief by subduing the Cossæi, a mountain tribe of robbers, whom he entirely rooted out, as he thought; but they soon showed themselves again. It seems as if the temperament of Alexander required a feverish excitement, and that rest and inactivity would have proved more fatal to his existence than the most incessant toil. Neither the severity of winter, nor the difficulties of the country, proved any obstacle "to Alexander and Ptolemy the son of Lagus, who commanded part of the army." On his approach to the ancient city of Babylon, he was met by embassies from nearly every part

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

of the known world, who had come to pay their respects to the new lord of Asia.

The priests of the temple of Belus endeavoured to persuade the King that he could not safely enter the city; the great Belus himself had given this warning. Their motives, as Arrian tells us, and as we might readily suspect, were not so disinterested as they appeared. The great temple was in ruins, and the priests had made little progress in rebuilding it, according to the orders given during Alexander's first visit; they enjoyed, however, its ample revenues, which, like prudent economists, they had no wish to expend upon a useless building. The King despised the warning of Belus and his priests, and entered the city.

AT BABYLON.

In Babylon, Alexander proposed to fix the seat of his empire, and to live in a style of splendour unknown even to the monarchs of the East. His projects were grand and characteristic. He sent Heracles to build vessels on the Caspian, and to explore these unknown waters, which Herodotus had a century before declared to be an inland sea, but other opinions connected with the Euxine or the Great Ocean. He excavated a basin at Babylon to hold the vessels that should navigate the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates, while he spared no pains to induce skilful seamen to repair to his new capital. The circumnavigation of the Arabian peninsula, and the subjection of its predatory hordes, were also part of his plan; but no commander of those who were sent out ventured farther than Cape Maketa, at the entrance of the Gulf. The improvement of the agriculture of the fertile Babylonian plains was another object of his policy: as a preliminary to which, the numerous canals for irrigation required repair, and the great drain from the river during the season of the floods, the Pallacopus, was rendered more efficient.

ALEXANDER'S DEATH.

In the midst of these undertakings and the preparation for his Arabian expedition, Alexander died. The immediate cause of his death was a fever, probably contracted whilst superintending the work in the marches round Babylon, and aggravated by a recent debauch. The daily bulletins during his illness may be seen in Arrian. He seems to have had no physician. For nine days he tried to shake off the fever, conversing with his generals about his schemes, playing at

dice with Medius, and rising each day to bathe and offer sacrifice. At last he was unable to make this effort; and by the time his generals had been summoned round his bed, he had become speechless. His last act was to take off his signet ring and deliver it to Perdiccas; but it was reported, that just before his utterance failed him, he was asked to whom he bequeathed his kingdom, and that he replied, "To the strongest!"

The soldiers, hearing of his approaching end, surrounded the palace, and being admitted without their arms, they passed before his bed in mournful and respectful silence, while their dying leader made them signs of recognition. His generals slept in the temple of Serapis, hoping to learn by a dream whether he might be healed if he were transported thither; but the oracle bade him be left where he was.

He died at the early age of thirty-two years and eight months; during the whole of which time his sword was actively employed in diminishing the numbers of the human race.

Of fair complexion, with a glittering eye and features of regal beauty, his frame, strong by nature and moulded into a finer symmetry by the physical culture of a true Greek education, wielding his arms with grace, vigour, and swiftness, the white plume above his princely forehead ever dancing in the thickest of the fight, Alexander was a noble specimen of the ancient Greek soldier. Impelled by a restless and unquenchable desire of empire and fame, that had nourished itself on the glorious deeds of ancient heroes, fiery in his anger, swift in his repentance, and kingly in his generosity, ever aiming to surpass the deeds of Achilles, of Hercules, and of "the great twin brethren," with the poems of Homer and his sword beneath his pillow, Alexander realized the ideal of the ancient martial hero. The old virtue of pride—and it was really, as has been observed, when in a noble form, the best practical virtue the ancients possessed—was his in great measure: he would contend at the Olympian games, he said in his youth, if he had kings for his competitors. Personal valour, an indispensable quality in the old hero, he had even to excess; it set him on the back of the fierce Bucephalus when a boy, and it enabled him when a man to curb and guide his fierce and haughty army. He loved poetry, he loved science; he had the fire and fluency of an orator, and the cool intellectual force of a thinker. He always honoured the gods and aspired to be enrolled among their ranks,—a trait indispensably necessary in the Hellenic hero. A certain

romantic element, indicative of, and produced by, ardency of temperament, and vividness of imagination, played an important part in his character and history. It was precisely such a romantic element which spread out before the eye of Napoleon the magnificent picture of an Eastern empire to rival that of Alexander, and it has, we incline to believe, characterized all great conquerors.

"On the whole," remarks one writer, "we hesitate not to pronounce the character of Alexander morally noble and intellectually great. Judged by a fair standard, his generous and self-respecting conduct towards the loveliest women in the world, his generally mild conduct to the vanquished, and the true chivalric valour of his heart, may still merit our applause. His intellectual powers were certainly of a very high order; the two grand, indispensable components of a great mind, a strong judgment and a clear imagination, he possessed. His utter dauntlessness, embracing this substantial mental framework as his armour embraced his physical frame, lent a certain imposing soldierly aspect to the whole; while the gleam of romance that burned over all, seemed well figured by the white plume which waved over his helmet.

"We have reached a very different era from that of Alexander, and the wheels of the world will roll backwards ere mankind can again consider an Alexander their noblest hero; that vein of ferocity which we think is undesirable, and that occasional yielding to the pleasure of intemperance, which even the Bacchic worship of the day can only palliate and not accuse, set him very far below what we look for in a Christian hero; yet we can still honour his indomitable valour, his moderation, his sympathy with the glories of poetry, his generosity; and not only realise, but to some extent sympathise with, the salutations with which ambassadors from the ends of the earth greeted him, when he finally took his seat on the throne of Asia. One of the highest German authorities affirmed his superiority to Julius Cæsar in tenderness of feeling, in 'generous and lofty disinterestedness of character,' in taste for the beauties of art, and in what he styles 'organic genius of state;' while Arnold, whose profound classic lore and warm, true, sympathetic heart render his opinion of great weight, pronounced him, what we should

not certainly venture to declare him, the greatest man of the ancient world."

Historians have delighted in speculating on what would have been the result had Alexander lived to come into contact with the nations of the West. Considering the vast resources of his empire, his prudent skill in turning them to the best account, and his profound knowledge of the art of war, we may be quite sure that he would have accomplished deeds surpassing any that he had yet achieved. But his success would only have tended to overwhelm the rising civilization of the West beneath the backward wave of that Orientalism which had already been once repelled from the shores of Greece. The world was reserved for another destiny, to be moulded by Roman energy, Roman law, and the stern Roman sense of duty.

Meanwhile the conquests of Alexander had a prodigious and, upon the whole, a most beneficial effect in bringing the East within the sphere of Hellenic civilization. It may be true that the spread of that civilization was due rather to his successors than to himself, and that his one moving principle was the insatiable lust of conquest. But perhaps the reaction from blind admiration of his exploits has led some to a too sweeping denial of those civil qualities which time was not granted him to develop. Even amidst the rapid course of conquest, the pupil of Aristotle, the founder of Alexandria, and the projector of the voyage of Nearchus, was not altogether indifferent to the cause of science; and the genius which organized his army, and so reduced his vast empire to order, had equal capacities for civil administration, though it may be doubted whether his impatient temper could have rivalled the work of Cæsar or Napoleon. The cities that he founded in the distant regions of Asia may have been designed chiefly as the outposts of a great military empire; but they became, in fact, the germs of powerful States, which were influenced by Greek civilization from their very origin, and commercial centres by which communication was kept up between the nations of the West and the distant realm of India, and even China. The increased facility of intercourse—an object at which Alexander was ever aiming—formed a result of his conquests only second in importance to the diffusion of the Greek language.

S. I. A.



ALFRED THE GREAT,

THE ILLUSTRIOUS KING OF WESSEX.

"Alfred was the noblest as he was the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is lovable, in the English temper. He combined, as no other man has ever combined, its practical energy, its patient and enduring force, its profound sense of duty, the reserve and self-control that steadies in it a wide outlook and a restless daring, its temperance and its fairness, its frank geniality, its sensitiveness to affection, its poetic tendencies, its deep and passionate religion. . . . Scholar and soldier, artist and man of business, poet and saint, his character kept that perfect balance which charms us in no other Englishman save Shakspeare."—*Gibbon's History of the English People*.

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A STORY OF SAXON ENGLAND.

A STORY of a thousand years ago; a story of a time when "this England of ours" was not

under the rule and government of one sovereign, but when one king was in the south, another in the centre, another on the east coast, another in

the far north; when what is now Lowland Scotland was not Scotland at all, but most of it was known as Strathclyde, and included in the Northumbrian kingdom, ruled over by a king of Teutonic race. The Britons, descendants of the Cymri and Lœgrians, who invaded the island in the half-mythical times before the Roman galleys touched the Kentish coast, had been driven back to the mountains and moors of the west and north, to the rocky peninsula of Cornwall, to the inaccessible fastnesses of Wales, and to Strathclyde, between which and the huge, frowning mountains of Albin the Clyde and Forth flowed to the western and eastern seas.

A story of a thousand years ago; and across the faint light of the dawn of English history, and many shadows thrown by vague popular traditions and legends formulated into grave chronicles by monkish writers, we see dim figures of kings, churchmen, and warriors, almost as indistinct as the effigies on the antique tombs of the cloisters of the Saxon churches; and the real history of these once powerful men is nearly as illegible to the eyes of the student of our own times as the inscriptions which recorded the dignities and the deeds of those whose bones lie beneath the sculptured slabs. But one figure stands out clearly to all time—a king, a warrior, a lawgiver, a scholar, a wise, brave, and gentle-hearted, God-fearing man, who lived and died as a king should, the foremost of his time, and the consolidator, if not the framer, of the institutions which, amid so many trials, have survived to these later ages, and made England great.

NOT KING OF ENGLAND.

We commonly speak of Alfred, or Ælfred ("the *rede*, or counsel, of the elves"), as King of England. That title he never bore, and never claimed to bear. He was King of Wessex, as his father Ethelwulf and his grandfather Egbert, or Echbright, had been before him. Egbert had, by the vigour of his personal character and his success as a warrior, absorbed into his own dominion the Saxon kingdoms of Kent and Essex, as his predecessor Ceadwalla had subdued and annexed Sussex, and had established a controlling influence over Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumbria; but the latter were, in respect of internal government, independent. Egbert was not, as our school histories tell us he was, the first King of England, that is, the sole King; but he was the most powerful of the Saxon Kings, and as such chosen Bretwada, or Chief King, who, in case of the union of the kingdoms against a common enemy, would act as leader.

THE KINGDOM OF WESSEX.

The history of the gradual fusion of the Heptarchy (seven Saxon kingdoms), or of the Octarchy, which some modern historians prefer to speak of—for Northumbria had been divided into Deira and Bernicia, and there were still contentions and rival claimants—is a tangled thread which we need not stay to attempt to unravel. The fact remains that Wessex was the most powerful of all the Saxon kingdoms, and that its King, Egbert, a direct descendant of Cerdic,—who, in 495, landed on the Hampshire coast, near the mouth of the Avon, and was the first King of Wessex,—exercised an authority greater than that possessed by any of his predecessors. He had been banished from his native country, when, after the murder of King Cynewulf, Bertric, or Brithtric, had contrived to be elevated to the throne, and for thirteen years had served under Charlemagne, the great King of the Franks. At his court, and while accompanying him in his campaigns, he had acquired not only military but political knowledge, which stood him in good stead when he was recalled to assume the kingship after Bertric had been accidentally poisoned by drinking from a cup which his infamous wife, Eadburga, daughter of Offa, King of Mercia, had prepared for a young court favourite of whom she was jealous. There had been a long friendship between the Franks and the Anglo-Saxons. The most earnest of the missionaries of the Christian faith to the semi-savage Franks, and the most eminent of the scholars invited to the Court of the great Charlemagne—Bonifacius, Willibrod, and the learned Alcuin, versed in all the scholarship of his day, and chief teacher at Charlemagne's school at Aix-la-Chapelle—were of British birth. The Saxons of Wessex, or of Mercia and the other States, were nominally Christians. There were churches at Glastonbury, Wimborne, Sherborne, and many other places. Ecclesiastics were the leading spirits of the great council, the Witenagemote (or assembly of wise and noble men), and the ministers and advisers of the King. Charlemagne, too, was a Christian; and an alliance between the Franks of the continent and the Saxons of the island was desirable, in defence not only of their common Christianity, but of their respective nationalities even, against the attack of enemies, heathen, savage, cruel, and remorseless, the renowned Northmen, the Scandinavian pirates, to whom our common histories give the generic name Danes.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

THE GREAT BRETWALDA.

Egbert moulded his policy on that of the great warrior King of the Franks. Dr. Pauli, the famous German historian, who has studied so carefully the history of these times, says: "The rough, honest Saxon not only learnt from the more refined Frank a greater dexterity in the use of arms and a more polished demeanour, but he marked attentively what was passing before his eyes: he saw how, in a skilful hand, the reins of government might be made to unite and hold in a straight course the numerous Teutonic races, between whom originally no political connection subsisted. From the moment when he set foot on his native land as its king, the idea was uppermost in his mind of forming one entire kingdom, which might be able to keep its enemies in check, and effect much internal good, out of the numerous small States, which, in their present state of isolation, had the greatest difficulty in maintaining their existence." If he did not quite realize this design, he at least acquired, in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, such a supremacy that we may fairly claim for him the position of the greatest as well as the last of the Bretwaldas of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms. Mr. Sharon Turner, the historian, says: "The tale that he (Egbert) assembled the Anglo-Saxon States, and, abolishing the distinction of Saxons and Angles and all provincial appellations, commanded the island to be called England, and caused himself to be crowned and denominat^d King of England, seems not to be entitled to our belief."

It was well for Saxon Angle-land, that mother of the England of the future, that in these early years of the ninth century the ruling spirit was a man of clear head and resolute will, of trained administrative and military capacity. The great struggle between the Saxons and the heathen pirates of the North, marked for a hundred years and more by massacre and rapine, by the destruction of cities, monasteries, and churches by flame and sword, was about to commence; and had it not been for the statesmanlike ability in consolidating a national power, and the resolute courage of the great Bretwalda and his greater grandson Alfred, the religion, the laws, and social institutions of his country, in their infancy as yet, but the seed of great developments yet to come, might have been swept away.

THE SEA-KINGS OF THE NORTH.

The Northmen were descended from the same stock as the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks, and the languages spoken were so similar as to be

mutually intelligible; but the conversion of the Teutonic peoples of the South to Christianity had broken every tie of nationality which might once have united them. The Saxon Cerdic, who had established the Kingdom of Wessex, gloried in being a direct descendant of Woden, or Odin, the chief figure of the Scandinavian mythology; and even long after the formal acceptance of Christianity, a superstitious reverence of the name prevailed. But the still heathen Northmen looked upon the Saxons and Franks as renegades from the Scandinavian faith; and to the love of rapine and slaughter, the main occupation of their turbulent lives, added an intense hatred of the Christian faith.

These northern pirates are spoken of by the chroniclers of the time as Danes or Normans, according as they came from the islands of the Baltic or from the coast of Norway. The leaders were allied to the princely races of the north; and their occupation was considered the noblest career in which warriors and men of rank could engage. Among the Scandinavians, the eldest son of a king remained at home to inherit the government, and his brothers were sent to sea to gain their subsistence as pirates, ships and equipments being supplied. They were permitted to assume the name of kings, though possessing no territory; and in legend and ballads they are commemorated as the Sea-Kings of the North. The title, in the northern tongue, was "Viking," king of the bays, from their practice of swooping down on the small craft which might contain treasure, when collected in apparent safety in bays or inlets of the coast. The ocean swarmed with these brigands of the sea, who sometimes landed and attacked towns, and then went away with the gold, silver, and jewels they could collect, leaving behind them burning houses and the bodies of the townspeople they had murdered. The land kings sometimes made a successful resistance to these incursions, and even sent out ships to pursue the pirates. The chronicler Saxo mentions that one Danish king destroyed seventy of the sea-kings' ships.

Not only fierce warriors of royal ace, the Vikings and their sons, were pirates; but the occupation was so lucrative, that men of importance and wealth equipped ships and took to the sea. Young boys were sent out with the Vikings and other leaders of renown, as in the days of chivalry they were sent to act as pages and esquires to famous knights. When a ship, or galley rather, for they were propelled by oars, returned from an expedition laden with ill-gotten spoil, the successful leader was welcomed as a hero and,

those who failed to secure rich prizes were despised.

Witkind, of Scott's poem "Harold the Dauntless," was, we may suppose, a sea-rover of this kind :—

"Count Witkind came of a regal strain,
And roved with the Norsemen the sea and the main.
Woe to the realms which he coasted, for there
Was shedding of blood and rending of hair!
When he hoisted his standard black,
Before him was battle, behind him wrack;
And he burned the churches, that heathen Dane!
To light his band to their barks again."

Mr. Sharon Turner tells us, "The sea-kings of the North were a race of beings whom Europe beheld with horror. Without a yard of territorial property, without any town or visible nation, with no wealth but their crews, and no hope but from their swords, the sea-kings swarmed on the boisterous ocean and plundered in every district they could approach. Never to sleep under a smoky roof, nor to indulge in the cheerful cup over a hearth, were the boast of these watery sovereigns, who not only flourished on the plunder of the sea and its shores, but who sometimes amassed so much booty, and enlisted so many followers, as to be able to assault provinces for permanent conquest."

The land kings themselves not unfrequently resorted to piracy as an amusement for the summer months, or as a means of increasing their resources, attacking one another's dominions with the greatest ferocity. "The victors of one day were the victims of the next; and he who was consigning without pity the women and children of other families to the grave or to famine, must have often found on his return but the ashes of his paternal habitation, and the corpses of those he loved." So prevalent and absorbing was this piratical instinct, that in Iceland and elsewhere, wealthy parents would insist on having their treasures buried with them, in order that their sons, having no inheritance, might be compelled to associate themselves with the Sea-Kings.

CRUELTY OF THE SEA-KINGS.

Some of the Vikings, known as the Berskir, lashed themselves into paroxysms of insanity before conflict, and then rushed like wild beasts to the commission of the most terrible crimes. But the majority, if equally sanguinary and unscrupulous, were more clear-headed, and as remarkable for individual activity and prowess as for rapacity and cruelty. The old Sagas, or ballad poems, chanted by the unknown Homers of the

North, delight in relating how the fierce sea-warriors could run across the oars while they were in motion, or throw three javelins to the mast-head, catching them alternately. Thierry, the French historian, quoting from old Frankish Chronicles, says: "A sort of religion and patriotic fanaticism was thus allied in the souls of the Scandinavians with their disorderly spirit and insatiable thirst of gain. They shed the blood of priests with pleasure, were particularly gratified in pillaging churches, and tethered their horses in the chapels belonging to palaces. When they had wasted with fire and sword some canton of the Christian territory, they would say in derision, 'We have sung the mass of lances; it began at dawn of morning, and has lasted until night.'"

They were as fearless as ferocious. Their descendants—for the Danish blood runs in the veins of our sea-coast population—are the finest and most adventurous seamen in the world, so permanent are hereditary characteristics; and it was the piratical instinct (only now, in some cases, we give it a milder name) which animated the English adventurers who made themselves so formidable on the Spanish main, and so gallantly captured rich galleons in the days when Elizabeth was Queen. At a time when the navigators of other seas were careful not to lose sight of the coast, and sought shelter when gales blew, the bold Vikings ventured into the open and unknown seas, eager for new adventures. "Often," we are told, "were their fragile barks wrecked and dispersed by the violent storms of the Northern seas; often did the rallying sign remain unanswered; but this rather increased than diminished the confidence of the survivors, who laughed at the winds and the waves from which they had escaped unhurt. 'The force of the storm,' they would sing, 'is a help to the arms of our rowers: the hurricane is in our service; it carries us the way we would go.'"

Since the last "Vikinger brave died upon the wave," and his body was borne on his burning ship to the mystery of the horizon, there have been pirates many—buccancers, Greeks (some of them "the mildest-mannered men that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat"), Algerians and Dyaks, rovers of the blue *Ægean* or the Indian Seas,—but none more terrible, none so picturesque, as the Northmen, who kept the British island in turmoil for two hundred years, and whose descendants ultimately conquered it, for the Normans (Northmen) of whom we are so proud were the children of the Scandinavian sea-king Rollo and his band of pirates.

ATTACKS ON BRITAIN.

It was not probable that Britain, which could be reached in fair weather in a few days from the Norwegian or Danish coasts, would be long exempt from the attacks of these daring Norsemen. Three years before the death of Egbert, they had passed the narrow straits beyond the mouth of the Thames, skirted the southern coast of the island, and found a favourable landing-place on the coast of Cornwall. The prudence and skill of Egbert had probably guarded the parts of the Wessex coast most convenient for an invader; but Cornwall was beyond the proper limits of his kingdom, although the British folk there had promised allegiance to the powerful Bretwalda. On some parts of the Cornish coast the Northmen landed, and were welcomed by the people, who perhaps thought the well-armed warriors would help to deliver them from the Saxon supremacy to which they had so unwillingly submitted. It was well for them that, on the contrary, the Saxons were able to deliver them from the Vikings. Egbert soon heard of the arrival of the strangers, and a strong force, led by the eorls and caldermen of Wessex, marched swiftly into the Cornish land, and drove such of the fierce invaders as survived the battle back to their vessels. There was another landing shortly afterwards on the Dorsetshire coast, and for a time the Danes held their own; but on a second visit they were grievously defeated by Egbert.

Wessex was too strong for the pirates; but Wessex was not all the land. The eastern coast, East Anglia and Northumbria, were near to Scandinavia; and not many years after the repulse in Cornwall, Northern pirates made raids in that part of the island. At first they did not attempt to possess themselves of territory, but ascended the great rivers until they found a commodious station, then they quitted their barks, moored them or ran them on shore, and penetrated the country on marauding expeditions. It would not have been safe, perhaps, to attack large towns, but villages and homesteads were ravaged; and if there were not much gold or silver, there were horses and cattle. In some instances small entrenched camps were formed near the coast, to which, after disposing of the booty, the pirates returned. Kent, although at that time annexed to Wessex, was practically remote from the centre of Egbert's power; and in 851, a Danish band passed a winter in the Isle of Thanet, refraining, perhaps, from ravaging, and so provoking the hostility of the Saxon Danes and

churls; and four years afterwards a similar winter camp was formed in the Isle of Sheppey. There are some records of earlier visits to Kent. Ethelwulf, son of Egbert, was at that time nominally King of Kent, really a lieutenant for his father.

ACCESSION OF ETHELWULF.

Egbert died in 838, and Ethelwulf succeeded to the throne of Wessex. Some of the old chroniclers assert that while a youth he had been trained in the cloister, under the care of the famous Swithin, and had become a monk; but that the Pope relieved him from his vow to enable him to become king. This could scarcely have been the case; for, as we have seen, he was made King of Kent many years before his father's death; and, besides, while holding that high office, he married Osburgha, daughter of Oslac, a nobleman of royal descent, who held the high office of cupbearer to the King. It would seem probable, indeed, that there was a previous marriage, for his eldest son, Athelstan, who succeeded him as King of Kent, was so much older than his brothers, that some writers have supposed that he was really a son of Egbert, a younger brother, not child, of Ethelwulf.

BIRTH OF ALFRED.

Osburgha was the mother of a large family; and in 849, at Wannating, one of the royal residences, on the Berkshire downs, now known as Wantage, she gave birth to her fourth son, on whom the name Alfred (appearing in the old chronicles as Ælfred or Alurel) was conferred. Osburgha appears to have been a woman of superior character, loving, of equable temper, and of considerable intelligence, loved by her children, with whom she lived in peaceful retirement, in homely Saxon fashion.

Ethelwulf governed with discretion, and was not deficient in courage. While King of Kent, he had successfully repelled several attempted invasions by the Northmen; and in the government of Wessex had the advantage of the assistance of one of those energetic ecclesiastics who figured so prominently in the middle ages, when Churchmen were almost the sole possessors of the education enabling them to manage the details of public affairs, and were quite as ready, if occasion were, to don the helmet and suit of mail, and acquit themselves in knightly fashion in the field, as to wear alb and rochet in the church. A Churchman of this kind was Ealstan; Bishop of Sherborne; he had been the friend and adviser of King Egbert, who, however, generally managed military matters for himself; but,

both as minister and general, Ealstan was the right hand of Ethelwulf. Another active adviser in ecclesiastical but not in more directly political matters, was the famous Swithin, or Swithun, Bishop of Winchester, whose memory is still preserved in connection with an annual forty days of rain. Dr. Pauli says: "While Ealstan's activity shone forth conspicuously during the earlier years of the King's reign, in warding off his dangerous enemies, the influence of Swithin was paramount in times of peace, when the Church raised her head higher than ever; and whilst the former was never remembered with sufficient gratitude, the name of the latter was ere long enrolled among the saints in the calendar."

INVASION BY DANES.

All the promptness and skill of Ealstan were required when Ethelwulf became King of Wessex. The Danes were harrying the southern coast, and not always unsuccessfully. But at each place of any importance, there were brave caldermen, or governors, who fought well against the pirates. At Hantstone, the precursor of the modern Southampton, twenty-four Danish galleys were repulsed in one day by Wulfherd; but about the same time the Danes, after desperate fighting, effected a lodgment on Portland Island. The year after Egbert's death, they made inroads and perpetrated frightful atrocities in the countries of the East Angles and Kent, Canterbury, Rochester, and London especially suffering. Thirty-five vessels landed bands of Danes on the Dorsetshire coast, near Charmouth, and, although met by Ethelwulf himself, maintained their ground, compelling the West Saxons to retreat. Two years before the birth of Alfred, Bishop Ealstan, and the caldermen Eanwulf and Osric, of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, inflicted a severe defeat on the Danes near the mouth of the river Parret, in Dorsetshire.

THE FIRST NAVAL VICTORY.

Although the little world of Wantage was peaceful enough when the great Alfred was born, there were danger and perplexity at the extremities of the Wessex land; and probably King Ethelwulf was seldom at the side of his wife in the quiet homestead on the Berkshire downs. Alfred was two years old when, in a great battle at Wicombeorg (Wembury), in Devonshire, the invaders were routed; and about the same time Athelstan, King of Kent, who had prepared ships, ventured to encounter the daring North-

men on their own element, off Sandwich. It was the first sea-fight in our annals, and, like nearly every other sea-fight in which the English have been engaged, it was a victory. Eight of the Danish vessels were captured, and the remainder of the fleet scattered. There was great loss of life on both sides; and it is not likely that the prisoners taken by King Athelstan had much mercy shown them. In those days, neither Saxon nor Dane knew much about the quality of mercy. "*Væ vielis!*" woe to the vanquished, was the practical motto of those who fought under the Saxon banner of the white horse, as of those over whose armed galleys floated the effigy of the Northmen's raven.

NEW INVASIONS; THE BATTLE OF ACLEA.

Still they came. The desire for revenge, the lust of plunder, the animosity of those who believed in Woden against those who worshipped, when they worshipped at all, in Christian churches, were too powerful to permit Britain to remain unmolested. In 852, a powerful Danish fleet of 350 vessels made its way up the Thames. A band of pirates landed on the Isle of Thanet. Other and more numerous bands quitted their vessels at places higher up the river, and marched northwards into Mercia, levying as they passed along the tribute of plunder. King Berthwulf was unable to resist them; and, returning to the south, the Danes crossed the Thames into Surrey, whence they could make their way into Kent, and so rejoin their ships with all their plunder. Some writers have asserted that in this expedition London was ravaged; but the fact would appear to be that the river was crossed at a point considerably higher up, perhaps near Chertsey, and that then the Danes took a circuit through the fertile country, pillaging the homesteads on their way. The old Roman road skirted the range of hills of which Leith Hill is the highest point; and along that road marched the blood-stained, booty-laden Danes. Near Leith Hill, the pretty little village Ockley preserves the name of Aclea (the plain of oaks), where King Ethelwulf and his son Ethelbald, then grown to man's estate, and a strong force, awaited their approach. The Saxons were posted on high ground; and when the Danes approached, rushed upon them with determined valour. Each side fought with desperate courage; and the Saxons at length achieved the victory. The Danes were slaughtered or driven from the field. Of those who fled, some perhaps took refuge in the great forest of Andredswald, which then covered what we now know as the Weald.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

of Sussex, there perishing of starvation, or meeting death at the hands of the Saxon churls and keepers of swine who dwelt there. The rich booty was secured by the Saxons; but it is not likely that it was returned to the original owners.

ALLIANCE WITH MERCIA.

For a time the Danish raids ceased in Wessex; and Ethelwulf, feeling secure from invasion in Wessex, assisted the new King of Mercia, Buhred, to subdue the fierce chiefs of North Wales. The two Kings led their forces into the Isle of Mona (Anglesey); and the principal Welsh leader, Roderic Mawr, acknowledged their supremacy. The alliance between Wessex and Mercia was strengthened after this by the marriage of King Buhred with Ethelswitha, daughter of the King of Wessex. This expedition involved the necessity of postponing for a time the execution of a project dear to Ethelwulf's heart,—a pilgrimage to Rome. Better adapted by inclination for an ecclesiastic than a prince, though discharging the duties of his station with sense and manliness, the King desired, as most pious men in these days, to visit Rome and personally receive the blessing of the Pope. He felt that he and his people had much to be thankful for. The victory at Aclea had released the Wessex folk from immediate apprehension of danger. In the words of a modern historian, "the people had again a short breathing-time; the peasant could once more follow his plough unmolested; in churches and cloisters holy men might sing and read, as before, to the glory of God, and instruct the people in their faith and in all kinds of useful learning." The last clause of the sentence, however, must be taken with considerable qualification. Many of the clergy themselves could not have construed a sentence of the Latin Psalms they learned by rote; of all the people who knelt in the churches, scarcely one, even were he an calderman, a thane, or even a princely descendant of the great house of Cerdic, could, if he were required to append his name to a document, do other than make a rude mark, and, indeed, scarcely knew one letter of the alphabet from another. Among the ecclesiastics there were a few fair scholars, though not so many as in the churches and monasteries north of the Humber; and to their hands was entrusted all absolutely necessary literary work.

THE CHILDHOOD OF ALFRED.

Ethelwulf, in his occasional visits to Wan-

nating, had learned to love with an exceptional love the youngest of his children, the boy Alfred; and although not thinking it prudent to own his wishes at present, and so excite the jealousy of his elder sons, desired that he should be his successor on the throne. It is very probable, indeed, that the child had already given precocious evidence of natural ability, which his father, who had been the pupil of Swithin, preferred to the rougher and uncultivated qualities of Alfred's brothers. The cares of state, the duties of his office, made it advisable for Ethelwulf to remain for the present at home; but he resolved that his young son, then five years old, should be sent to Rome. It is doubtful whether the mother, the good Osburgha, had not passed away before this resolve was taken; at any rate she was not within the purview of history, and was probably dead. There is a pretty story told by Asser, the chronicler of Alfred's reign and his most confidential friend, to the effect that the boy was stimulated to commit to memory a considerable amount of Saxon poetry by a promise made to him by his mother, that she would give him the handsomely illuminated book which contained it; but a comparison of dates shows that when Alfred was twelve years old, the age at which the matter is said to have occurred, his father had married a second wife, and Osburgha must either have been dead or divorced; and, in the latter case, it is most improbable that her children should have been permitted to reside with her. Around Alfred, as around other famous men, gathered legends and stories many, growing from hand to hand, affectionately believed in and grafted into history by credulous chroniclers, who trusted very considerably to imagination for the facts of their biographical episodes. It is quite possible, however, that Alfred became fairly acquainted with the productions of the Saxon bards from hearing them, in his childhood, repeated by his mother.

THE YOUNG PRINCE IN ROME.

With an honourable escort, ecclesiastics and men of noble birth, young Alfred crossed the Channel, and passed through the country of the West Franks to Rome. There he was received by the able and patriotic Pope Leo IV., a man of Roman birth, who, possessing more than a slight share of the military spirit of the time, had encouraged his fellow-countrymen to drive back in a very effective manner Moorish pirates who had invaded the States of the Church, and repaired the fortifications which defended the

Vatican quarter of the famous city. The Pope gave the little prince a warm welcome, adopted him as his "spiritual son," or godson, and—perhaps as the result of a private communication from Ethelwulf—anoined him as the future King of Wessex.

It is commonly stated, but the matter is open to some doubt, that Alfred returned to Britain after a brief stay in Rome, returning thither with his father two years afterwards. Some modern investigators of the history of the period have suggested that the young prince remained at Rome until the arrival of his father. If so, he probably benefited by the education given at the Saxon school established in that city by Ina, King of Wessex, a hundred years before, when he and his queen made the pilgrimage from which he never returned.

KING ETHELWULF'S VISIT TO THE POPE.

Be that as it may,—and the history of two years of Alfred's early childhood is not of paramount importance,—his father Ethelwulf, in the early part of 855, made preparations to fulfil the purpose he had so long cherished. He assembled the Witenagemote, entrusted to it the duty of providing for the government of the kingdom in his absence, and made over more than the tenth part of his private income—and as king he had the most land, and was consequently the richest man in his dominion—in favour of the Church, for the salvation of his own soul and the souls of his ancestors. Charles the Bold, King of the Franks, grandson of Charlemagne, gave him a splendid welcome and a royal escort to the boundaries of the kingdom. The royal visitor was entertained at the court of the French King, and rested at the stages of the journey in the castles of powerful nobles. Then the Alps were crossed, and, through the rich plains of Lombardy and the picturesque passes of the Apennines, the Saxon King made a memorable journey to the Eternal City. When he arrived there, Leo was dead or dying, and the great strife between the Popes and the Emperors was beginning. But the reception of Ethelwulf was not affected by political dissensions. All united in giving honour to the powerful Saxon monarch who had given such proofs of his devotion to the Church. On his part, he had taken the surest means to gain favour. His baggage train contained costly gifts, a crown, dishes, and figures, all of pure gold, and robes of exquisite texture, with golden embroidery. He scattered money profusely, rebuilt and re-endowed the Saxon school, and made provision for the annual

payment of sums to supply oil for the Easter lamps on the shrines of St. Peter and St. Paul. The promise of an annual present to the Pope himself was the origin of the famous Peter's Pence. He remained in Rome more than a year, and then, after Easter 856, Ethelwulf and Alfred, then eight years old, started on the return journey.

This memorable sojourn in the ancient capital of Christendom, the most famous city of the whole earth, must have made a great impression on the mind of Alfred, young as he was. "One cannot but feel," says Mr. Thomas Hughes, "that such an episode in his young life must have been full of fruit for him upon whom was so soon to rest the burden of a life and death struggle with the most terrible of foes, and of raising a slothful and stolid nation out of the darkness and exhaustion in which that struggle had left them." Dr. Pauli says: "The impressions which at this period his susceptible spirit received proved indelible; we recognise them in later days influencing the Saxon king, who, next to the love for his own people and their language, which he inherited from his mother, cherished an affection for those we call classic, and who steadily endeavoured to cultivate his desire to become familiar with them in spite of the greatest obstacles."

THE YOUNG BEAUTY, PRINCESS JUDITH.

On the return journey, he learned more perhaps at Paris than he did at Rome itself. Charles the Bold prided himself on reverence for learning, and had assembled at his magnificent court some of the greatest scholars of the age. Grimbald, a Churchman of great learning, famous, among other things, for his skill in music, was there; and John Erigeua, a scholar of Irish birth, resided at the palace as teacher of the royal family and the children of the nobility. Ethelwulf stayed at Paris for six or seven months, and it was soon apparent to his friends that there was an especial attraction in the eldest daughter of Charles. The Princess Judith was a beautiful and attractive girl in her fifteenth year; and by midsummer, the Saxon King had formally proposed to Charles for the hand of his daughter in marriage. The couple, so ill-matched in age—Ethelwulf was at least fifty—were solemnly betrothed in July; and on the 1st of October the marriage took place at the royal palace of Verberie, on the Oise. Archbishop Hincmar, of Rheims, officiated—a statesman as well as prelate; the bold minister who, Churchman as he was,

ALFRED THE GREAT.

resented Papal interference in the temporal affairs of Christian kingdoms.

Judith of France not only became the wife of the King of Wessex, but had a crown placed on her head. Osburgha, her predecessor, had not been crowned, nor had the wife of Egbert; for since Eadburga, the poisoner, had so disgraced queenhood and womanhood, the West Saxons, while they revered the King's wife, would have no queen as sharer of the throne.

TRoubles at Home.

When Ethelwulf returned to England with Alfred, he found his kingdom in a disturbed condition, and ready for a revolt. His son Ethelbald openly denounced his father for permitting his young wife to be crowned; and he was supported by Bishop Ealstan and Ealdorman Eanwulf, certainly the most influential men in the kingdom. Ethelbald was at that time King of Kent, his elder brother Athelstan having, it was supposed, died before the King had started on his visit to Rome. Besides his objection to the coronation of Judith, Ethelbald was provoked by the intelligence of the reception given by the Pope to young Alfred, which he considered a setting aside his own right to the inheritance. The plea, too, was advanced that Ethelwulf had acted unconstitutionally in not formally resigning his crown before visiting Rome, as his predecessors Caedwalla and Ina had done. The three leaders of the revolt, with other nobles, met in the Whitmawr, or Great Wood, the Forest of Selwood, on the borders of Somerset and Wilts, and there bound themselves by a secret oath, the precise nature of which is not known, but it most probably bound them to attempt to dethrone Ethelwulf and place Ethelbald on the throne.

The King was popular with the mass of the people; but those of low rank, dependent on the favour of more powerful personages, were of course compelled to take what course would best please their masters. A civil war seemed imminent; and most kings in the position of Ethelwulf would have asserted their right, collected their followers, and exerted all their power to crush the conspiracy. But he, anxious to avoid a war in which father and son would be opposed, suggested that the great council of the Kingdom should assemble and take the position of affairs into consideration. The result was that an arrangement was arrived at by which Ethelwulf resigned the crown of Wessex to his son, himself becoming King of Kent. He was perhaps the less averse to this arrangement, because the laws

of the Kentish kingdom did not prevent Judith reigning as Queen.

DEATH OF ETHELWULF; A GREAT SCANDAL.

Two years afterwards Ethelwulf died, and by his will (in which a very liberal provision was made for the Church and the poor) arranged that his second son Ethelbert should succeed him as King of Kent, but be excluded from the succession of Wessex; and that if Ethelbald should die childless, the kingdom should devolve on Ethelred and Alfred in succession. The three younger brothers had remained with their father in Kent. At the time of his death, Alfred was ten years old. Judith must have been more like a sister to the youths than a stepmother, and they appear to have lived together very affectionately. But within a year of Ethelwulf's death, a great scandal occurred, Judith actually marrying Ethelbald, the eldest son of her late husband,—a marriage described as “contrary to God's prohibition and the dignity of a Christian, contrary also to the custom of all the pagans.” The clergy, especially Swithin, expressed themselves strongly against the union; but Ethelbald was self-willed and obdurate, and not unpopular with his subjects, and Judith, beautiful and intelligent, seems to have exercised a fascinating influence over the more powerful nobles. In defiance of the custom of the kingdom, she not only maintained the state of a crowned queen, but also signed documents as “Judith Regina.” Her lease of power, however, was short, for Ethelbald died in 860, less than three years after the death of his father. The double widow, then only about nineteen years old, sold all her possessions in this country, and went back to her father's court. Soon afterwards she eloped with a Flemish noble, Baldwin Bras-de-fer, and went direct to Rome, where Judith, who appears to have been irresistible, persuaded the Pope to sanction the marriage, although her father was terribly angry with her. He gave her his forgiveness, however, on the intercession of the Pope, and made her husband Count of Flanders, giving him all the country between the Scheldt, the Sambre, and the sea, that he might be the bulwark of the Frankish kingdom against the Northmen. Friendly relations with the English kingdoms appear to have been preserved, for we find that the eldest son of Baldwin and Judith married Elfrida, the daughter of Alfred, and her daughter was Matilda, who became wife of William the Conqueror, and through her all succeeding sovereigns of England trace a

direct descent both from Alfred the Great and Charlemagne.

Ethelwulf's testamentary disposals of the kingdoms were disregarded. Ethelred did not succeed to the throne of Wessex after the elder brother's death; but Ethelbert, King of Kent, did, and there was a united kingdom, the more necessary as the Danes were renewing their invasions. Alfred resided with his brother, and, after his death in 866, with Ethelred, who then became King.

ALFRED'S YOUTH; SUFFERINGS AND COURAGEOUS PIETY.

When Ethelbert died, Alfred was eighteen years old. Although suffering occasionally from a malady, the nature of which is not known, but probably epilepsy, he was strong and active, and during his years of "enithhood," or preparation for the active, especially military, duties which would devolve on him, he proved himself to be an adept in all the manly exercises in which noble youths were trained. He acquired also a considerable amount of learning, probably more by the exercise of his own active intellectual powers than by direct tuition, and was particularly well acquainted with the Saxon poems and songs which formed the literature of his time. It is quite possible that his young stepmother, Judith, who had been well taught at her father's court, had stimulated his desire to possess some acquaintance with the scholarship of the age. He was comely in appearance, and his attractive manners made him an especial favourite with the people generally. The general assembly of the kingdom, in accordance with the wish of Ethelred, acknowledged him as heir to the throne; and, as second in power, and probably by far the first in natural gifts and acquirements, he occupied the highest position in the kingdom, and was invested with a certain degree of authority in the state. His biographer, Asser, to whom in after years Alfred spoke very freely about his early life, tells us that there was a perpetual struggle in the youth's mind between a strong religious sense of duty and sensual temptations which continually beset him. He prayed earnestly for help to conquer himself; "he used often to rise at cock-crow in the early mornings, and repairing to some church or holy place, he cast himself before God in prayer, that he might do nothing contrary to His holy will." He even prayed that some sickness might beset to him, which would be of use in subduing his body, without rendering him powerless or contemptible in the performance of the duties to which he was called. A small book, in which were written some of the offices of the Church, and many of

the Psalms, was carried constantly in his bosom.

MARRIAGE WITH ELSWITHA.

The epileptic attacks, or whatever was the physical malady which troubled his early years, ceased before he had attained manhood; chroniclers assure us in answer to direct prayer. At twenty years of age, he thought of matrimony, and was betrothed to Elswitha, a descendant of the royal family of Mercia, and daughter of Ethelred, the great Earl of the Gains, a district the name of which is preserved in the modern Gainsborough. The Earl was a man of great influence at the Mercian Court; and as Alfred's sister had been married to the King of Mercia several years before, the two kingdoms were now united by a double bond.

A TERRIBLE THORN IN THE FLESH.

There were splendid festivities in Mercia when the marriage took place, "the guests were innumerable," and the banquet and rejoicings lasted for several days and nights. In the midst of the festivities the bridegroom was attacked by sudden and violent pains, the first symptoms of a terrible and mysterious disease, the nature of which no Saxon physician could understand, and from which he was never permanently relieved. "Such," we are told, "was the dreadful anguish it perpetually produced, that if for one short hour it happened to intermit, the dread and horror of its inevitable return poisoned the little interval of ease." If this description be not greatly exaggerated, it would almost seem a miracle that any man, even one so greatly gifted, resolute, and lofty-minded as Alfred, could have performed not only the ordinary duties of life, but actions which made him the greatest of British sovereigns. Probably, if a guess may be hazarded, the malady was chronic neuralgia, *tic-doloreux*, which causes, especially in individuals possessing a fine, nervous temperament, the most acute pain of which the human frame is susceptible. Whatever its nature, here was indeed a "thorn in the flesh," which all his life long Alfred had to endure. That he did endure it, master it even, by the force of his will and the power of his patience, shows what a great and courageous nature he possessed.

THE DANES AGAIN.

The marriage festivities were scarcely ended when the storm which had been long threatening broke in force. All southern and middle England were arming for the defence of all they loved, all they valued; for their homes, their churches,

their laws, their wives, daughters, and infants in arms. The Danes were there, reeking with blood and raging for further plunder. Six weeks after Mercian Elswitha had become his bride, Alfred, the hope and mainstay of Wessex, of all Saxon England, indeed, in defiance of bodily pain, was in arms as the leader of the people, as the champion of the nation against the pirates of the North.

DEATH OF REGNAR-LODBROG THE SEA-KING.

When in 866 Ethelred became King of Wessex, there were Danish troubles on the north-eastern coast. Regnar-Lodbrog (Regnar of the hairy breeches, as he wore leggings of undressed goat-skin), one of the most ferocious of the sea-kings, had more than a year before made preparations for an attack on Northumbria. Regnar had been for more than thirty years one of the greatest scourges of the North Sea. The Baltic, Friesland, Saxony, and parts of the coast of Gaul had been the scenes of many terrible exploits; and now he contemplated an achievement which would throw all others into the shade. He constructed two ships of greater size than had been before known; and, with a band of several hundred followers, he embarked. "The pirates exultingly cut their cables, and declared, in their usual poetic style, that they had given the reins to their two great sea-horses." They could give the reins, but they could not guide. The huge vessels proved to be unnavigable by the skill at the command of the Norsemen, drifted ashore, and were wrecked on the shoals off the Northumbrian coast. The fierce warriors landed, and, knowing that their retreat was cut off, marched into the country, ravaging and killing as they went was. Ælla, King of Northumbria, gathered a large force, and attacked and defeated the marauders. Lodbrog, after performing prodigies of valour, was taken prisoner, and, having been cruelly tortured and placed in a dungeon swarming with vipers and adders, was put to death. One of the most vigorous and popular of the old Scandinavian poems is supposed to be the death-song of this renowned Viking. It is a chant breathing the spirit of an indomitable savage, whose last words are a taunt and defiance to his slayers: "I laugh with delight; soon shall I be in the halls of Odin, drinking from overflowing cups. I am vanquished; but may the javelin of one of my sons pierce the body of Ælla!"

AN EXPEDITION OF REVENGE.

Such was the burden of the song chanted in the home of the sea-king when his death was

known; and his sons made solemn vows to avenge it. Relatives and friends, and a crowd of adventurers from every kingdom of the North, assisted in the expedition. Eight sea-kings of renown, twenty jarls, or secondary chieftains, equipped their fleets and embarked their bands of desperadoes. Never before had so formidable a force been united in any expedition. By an error of the pilots, the coast of East Anglia, not of Northumbria, was reached. Unable to resist so great a force, the East Anglians received the invaders in a pacific manner. They were not prepared to fight the pirates; but they could endeavour to hurry them off; and as for the Northumbrians, they must take care of themselves. So the Danes waited for reinforcements, accepted presents (not very willingly offered, perhaps, if the truth were known) of provisions and horses, and then set out northwards, crossed the Humber, devastated the country, and made their way to York, leaving a track of blood and flame behind them. The two Northumbrian Kings—for there were two, Osbert, who claimed to be the rightful monarch, and Ælla, who had for a time usurped the supremacy—forgot for a time their own quarrel, and united against the common enemy. A great battle was fought beneath the walls of York, in which the Saxons, who at first had gained some advantage, were defeated. Osbert fell on the field; but Ælla was taken alive. The sons of Lodbrog, Hubbo, Inguar, and Alfden, were among the victorious leaders; and it was but little mercy the torturer of their father could expect from them. Terrible was the death inflicted on King Ælla of Northumbria.

Leaving a strong garrison at York, the victors turned southwards. Northumbria was no longer a Saxon kingdom, for Scandinavian settlers were encouraged to cross the North Sea; and the district between the Humber and the Firth of Forth soon became the head-quarters of the Danish power. Encouraged by their great success, the leaders contemplated nothing less than the subjugation of Mercia, East Anglia, and Wessex, and so obtaining possession of the entire island.

MASSACRES AT CROYLAND AND MEDESHAMSTED.

The famous Saxon Abbey of Croyland, in Lincolnshire, was sacked, and the abbot and monks were massacred; but not before the Saxons of the locality had made a brave attempt to defend it, and three of the northern kings had been slain. The monastery at Medeshamsted (Peterborough), six miles distant, was then attacked and burned. In the fierce fighting which

accompanied the assault, one of the sons of Lodbrog was killed ; and, to avenge his death, his brother Hubbo slew with his own hand eighty-four of the monks, when the place was taken. The superb monastery was then burnt, the conflagration lasting fifteen days.

The scenes of these terrible doings were partly in East Anglia, partly in Mercia. The King of the former state, Edmund, was captured in his royal residence, and taken before the Danish leaders, who demanded that he should acknowledge himself their vassal. This he refused to do ; and then he was bound to a tree, and the warriors, having amused themselves by shooting arrows at him, smote off his head with a battle-axe. The Saxons regarded him as a martyr for conscience' sake ; and so it came about that there is a St. Edmund the Martyr in the ecclesiastical calendar ; and that the town which marks the place of his interment is known as Bury (burgh or town of) St. Edmunda.

A DANISH KING OF EAST ANGLIA.

One of the Sea-Kings, Godrum, was made King of East Anglia, and the people were reduced to a condition of abject slavery. Mercia was then exposed to the attacks of the enemy ; and on the emergency, the King, Burhed, applied to his brother-in-law the King of Wessex to assist him. Ethelred and Alfred at once placed themselves at the head of a large army, recruited from all classes of Wessex men, bishops, abbots, and monks even taking up arms. The Danes had possessed themselves of Nottingham, a strongly situated and fortified town ; and there they defied the attacks of the Saxons, refusing to meet their assailants in the open field ; and, on their side, the Saxons had not the means to undertake a prolonged siege. Ethelred and Alfred therefore withdrew their forces ; and the King of Mercia entered into a treaty with the Danes, by which they promised to withdraw to York, whither they went for a time ; but having recruited their strength, they again appeared south of the Humber. Mercia was unable by itself to stem the torrent ; and on Wessex devolved the task of defending Saxon England.

FIGHTING AT READING.

A powerful force of Danes took ship on the East Anglian coast, and making their way round, entered the Thames. Their boats were shallow, drawing little water, and Reading, situated at the junction of the Thames and Kennet, was taken. A strong fort was erected, and it served as a centre from which predatory excursions were

made. Ealderman Ethelwulf, the same who eleven years before had routed the Danes near Winchester, collected such a force as he could ; and at Englefield, a few miles from Reading, encountered a Danish army. The Danes far outnumbered the Saxons ; but the brave and pious Ethelwulf shouted, " They be more than we, but fear them not. Our Captain, Christ, is braver than they ! " The fighting was long and furious, but the Danes were driven back behind the entrenchments at Reading.

THE BATTLE IN THE VALLEY OF THE WHITE HORSE.

While these events were taking place, Ethelred and Alfred were preparing their forces. They reached Reading four days after Ethelwulf's success, and slew a number of the Danes, whom they surprised outside the entrenchments ; but before they could prepare their camp, the Danes sallied out and a fierce battle ensued. The Saxons fought bravely for many hours ; but the Danes, trained warriors, at length gained the day, and the Saxons were compelled to retreat westward along the south bank of the river, and then over the downs towards Wantage, Alfred's birthplace. The main army of the Danes followed them in two divisions, one commanded by two Kings, Bagseg and Halfdene, the other by the Jarls. The Saxons adopted a similar arrangement, Ethelred, himself leading one body, and his brother Alfred the other. The Danes were posted on an eminence at Aescesdune (Ashdown, in Berkshire), and were protected by a thick underwood. King Ethelred, who, like his father, was slow in action, and scrupulously observant of religious duties, heard mass in his tent, while the well-aimed darts of the Danes were falling thick and fast among his soldiers, who dared not move without the King's orders. He was urged to give the word to advance, but replied that no human work should interfere with his religious duty. Alfred was more alert. The Danes were preparing to swoop down on the inactive Saxons ; but the young Prince took upon himself the responsibility of giving the word to advance, and, forming his army into a solid phalanx, dashed forward. The armies met, and a desperate hand-to-hand encounter ensued. Each side fought with desperate courage, and the hill-side was soon strewed with Danish and Saxon corpses. Mass being finished, Ethelred went to the aid of his brother and fought bravely, killing the Danish King Bagseg with his own hand. The Danes wavered, then broke, and retreated in confusion, followed by the victorious

Saxons as far as Reading. The slaughter was terrific. Ethelwerd, a chronicler of the time, says, "From the time the Saxons first landed in Britain, never was there such a battle known." There still may be seen, on the Berkshire downs, an enormous white figure supposed to represent the Saxon white horse, formed by the removal of the turf and exposure of the chalk beneath. This was first done nearly a thousand years ago; and for further history of the matter we must refer to Mr. Thomas Hughes' "Scouring of the White Horse."

Great, however, as was the victory, it was far from decisive. The Danes rallied at Reading, reinforcements arrived, and there were other fierce battles, in which they were the victors, especially at Basing and Merton (perhaps Morton, near Reading), King Ethelred being slain in the latter encounter.

ALFRED, KING OF WESSEX.

Alfred was now, at the age of twenty-three, the King of Wessex. Ethelred had left two young sons; but the principle of succession settled by King Ethelwulf, that his sons should succeed each other on the throne, to the exclusion of the children of any one of them, was adhered to; and, indeed, in those days of danger, there could be little question as to the propriety of Alfred, who had already exhibited so much ability and courage, being chosen king.

Some of the chroniclers of the time tell us that Alfred, when he had laid his brother in the tomb at Wimborne Minster, and felt that the responsibility of government was now to be borne by himself, "lost heart and hope, and suffered himself to doubt whether God would by his hand deliver the afflicted nation from its terrible straits." The Danes penetrated into his kingdom, and, summoning all his strength, Alfred encountered them near the fortress of Wilton, in Wiltshire. At first it seemed as if victory would declare for the Saxons; but a feigned retreat by the Danes led Alfred and his army into a position where they were attacked by a concealed force, and defeated.

In the first year of his sovereignty, eight or nine pitched battles were fought, generally with disastrous results to the Saxons. The resources of the country were exhausted; and, with the concurrence of his nobles and advisers, Alfred arranged terms with the opponents he could not subdue. The Danes, on terms favourable to themselves, withdrew from Wessex, embarked on the Thames, and coasted round to Northumbria, where they landed, afterwards invading Mercia,

and committing such ravages that King Burhed abdicated, and went on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he soon afterwards died. His wife, it is supposed, took refuge with her brother Alfred, who, weakened and dispirited, was unable to afford assistance to the Mercians.

SUCCESSSES AT SEA.

Seeing the advantage to be derived from being able to encounter the Danes on the sea, Alfred had constructed a small fleet of ships, and in 875 successfully attacked and dispersed piratical cruisers off the coast of Dorsetshire. In the following year, a large force of the Danes landed at Wareham, and ravaged that part of the country, forming a strongly entrenched camp for their head-quarters. Alfred hurried to the scene, but the enemy were too strongly posted to permit him to attack them with any hope of success. Negotiations were entered into, and the Danes promised, on condition of the payment of a certain sum of money, to quit the country. The most solemn oaths were taken to bind each party to the fulfilment of the contract. Alfred swore on holy relics; the Danish leaders on a bracelet supposed to have belonged to Woden, and smeared with the blood of sacrifices. Before twelve hours had passed, the Danes had broken the contract. They attacked a body of Saxon horsemen, killed the men and seized the horses. They then entered Devonshire, and established themselves behind fortifications in Exeter.

SIEGE OF EXETER.

It was a critical time for Wessex, but the young King was equal to the occasion. He manned his ships with men accustomed to the sea; he collected a large force of his countrymen, and marched to Exeter, which he besieged. The Danes who had been left at Wareham embarked instantly to reinforce the garrison at Exeter. A hundred and twenty vessels formed the Danish flotilla; but from the occurrence of storms and fogs they were unable to reach the mouth of the Exe. Alfred's sailors, taking advantage of the condition of the enemy, attacked them boldly and with success. Some of the Danish vessels were captured; but the greater portion struck on the rocks at Swanage, where they were dashed to pieces. The Danes at Exeter offered to surrender on conditions to which Alfred acceded. There were more promises and solemn oaths, and they quitted Wessex, and made their way, some into Mercia, now virtually a Danish kingdom, and others into Gloucestershire, where for a time they remained at peace. Soon, however, a fresh

band of invaders landed on the coast of South Wales, and an alliance with the Danes in Gloucestershire was soon brought about. Disregardful of promises and oaths, they again invaded Wessex with an enormous force. The royal castle at Chippenham, on the left bank of the Avon, was seized; and from this rallying-point their bands ravaged the country, destroying everything with fire and sword. Henry of Huntingdon says, "They overspread the land like locusts, and seemed, like them, to rise out of it."

A PANIC IN WESSEX.

Alfred, with all his energy, was unable to raise a force to cope with the enemy. A general panic seized all classes. In Devonshire alone was anything like a stand made. Some of the bravest followers of the King had collected in a fortress known as Kynwith. They were besieged by the Danes, who hoped that the want of provisions—there was not even a well in the place—would force them to surrender; but the gallant garrison made a sudden sortie at the dawn of day, surprised the Danes, and slaughtered the greater number of the besiegers. But this was only one brave episode of the disastrous time. The people generally had lost heart. In the words of Dr. Pauli, "the inhabitants, once so brave, but whom no hero-hearted calderman now gathered under his banner, were seized with fear and terror; those who were able took their few remaining goods, and hastened to the sea-coast, to find a passage to the opposite kingdom of the Franks, and there seek refuge. In particular, bishops, priests, and monks endeavoured to convey to a safe asylum beyond sea the relics, precious stones, and ornaments belonging to their monasteries. The people who remained were reduced to the condition of servants and beggars by their cruel oppressors, and both country and people were in the wildest disorder."

Certainly Alfred was no longer the trusted leader of the Wessex men. The small landowners, losing their trust in his power to help them, submitted without resistance to the invaders, hoping to be permitted to retain some portion at least of their property. "No command, no prayers, no entreaties of their once beloved King could move them to sacrifice their small possessions and their own personal safety for the preservation of the whole State." In scarcely any of the districts was there an earl, a noble, or a bishop who would place himself resolutely at the head of his property or diocese, and set a bold example of venturing on one last and desperate struggle.

IN THE ISLAND OF ATHELNEY.

Alfred was vanquished for the time, and deserted by his subjects; but he did not desert. A few faithful adherents still remained with him; he concealed himself from the Danes, but on the north bank of the Tone, in Somersetshire, was a marshy district, such as abounded throughout the island in those unscientific days. Stagnant water, rushes, and willows, were the chief features, but there were small plots of land, a little elevated, where a few poor peasants dwelt miserably. To one of these spots, Atheling-eye, or the royal island as it came to be named, and to this day known as Athelney, came Alfred with his wife, and, as is supposed, her sister, the former Queen of Mercia. He was joined by some of his friends, and for five months remained there in obscurity, living as he best could on fish and such supplies as the poor but faithful friends of the neighbourhood could procure. Of course legends enough have gathered about the records of this time of concealment, and are far more familiar now than actual events; but they need not be reproduced here. We have to deal with a real man, so far as we can discover traces of him; and we have evidence enough that in the marshes of Athelney he was planning some means by which he could relieve his kingdom from the cruel enemy that was feeding on its vitals. The Danes probably thought the young King was dead; some of the Saxons, perhaps, thought he had fled to France or Rome; and neither, we may well suppose, imagined that the leader of the little band that not unfrequently made a raid on some weak outlying post of the Danes in the neighbourhood of Athelney, and carried away provisions, was other than a petty marauder, certainly would not suspect that it was Alfred himself, who, by such exploits, provided food for the refugees in Athelney. In after life, he related to his friend Asser many incidents of this dreary time; and the good chronicler easily exaggerated them into stories of mysterious visions of encouragement from St. Cuthbert and other saints, which lost nothing in transmission from chronicler to chronicler.

THE KING HAS COME AGAIN!

That Alfred had means of knowing what was going on in the country around is most likely. The fishermen of the Parret and the Tone, whose huts were in the island where the King was hidden, had eyes and ears; and the Danes little thought that the wretched Saxon peasant whom they would scarcely notice except to wantonly

maltreat, was watching their movements, and that the acutest brain in all Wessex was pondering over the scanty items of information so brought, and preparing slowly but very effectively for action. By the spring of 878, Alfred and his followers had constructed unobserved strong fortifications on an eminence near the island, naturally protected by the marshes amid which it was situated; and suddenly the royal standard, the golden dragon of Wessex, was there unfurled, and Saxons and Danes alike knew that "the King was alive again." The revulsion of feeling was amazing. The courage of the people revived almost as if by miraculous influence. "They all joyfully hastened to him," we read, "and courage began to return to the fainthearted." The nobles of Somerset hastened to the King with such forces as they could collect; and soon from all parts of the country came armed men to strengthen the Saxon army. A few preliminary successful skirmishes with the Danes gave confidence; and then Alfred, at the head of a large force, moved from the fortress to a place known as Egberts-stan (now Buxton-Deveril, near the Forest of Selwood, in Wiltshire. Here he was joined by many from Somersetshire, Wiltshire, and Hampshire; and thence he marched towards Chippenham, the stronghold of the Danes, who had received with alarm the intelligence of the reappearance of Alfred at the head of a large army. At Ethandune (near Westbury), the former met. Alfred kept his army in close order, adopting the phalanx formation he had previously found to be so effective. The Danes fought furiously, but their fierce onslaughts were repelled; and, after a fierce fight, they were defeated, and those who escaped slaughter, fled in confusion towards Chippenham. The conquering Saxons were in no mood for mercy. Alfred had steelled his heart for the work he had to perform. The prisoners were killed, the fortress was besieged, and, after fourteen days, the Danes in Chippenham surrendered, and Alfred was once more lord of Wessex.

THE DANES ACCEPT CHRISTIANITY.

An unexpected incident now occurred. Guthrum, the Danish leader, the most powerful and famous of his race then in England, not only formally submitted to Alfred, but offered to adopt the Christian religion. Alfred joyfully acceded to the proposition, and shortly afterwards Guthrum, with thirty of his chief followers, was solemnly baptised, Alfred himself being his sponsor, and giving him the name of Athelstan. There was, however, a political treaty to be

arranged. Alfred, satisfied with recovering the independence of his own kingdom, did not attempt to interfere with the Danes in other parts of the island. It was agreed by Alfred and the Saxon Witanagemote on the one hand, and Guthrum and the nobles of East Anglia on the other, that a definite boundary should be fixed, dividing England into two parts, from the mouth of the Thames, along the river Lea to its source, and then along the course of the Ouse till the Roman Watling Street, the broad road leading to Chester, was reached. North and east of this line was to be the Danelagh, or Danes' land; south and west Alfred was King of the Saxon people.

ALFRED A LAWGIVER.

To consolidate the kingdom which he had so bravely re-created was the next work of Alfred. He reconstructed fortifications, and built many new fortresses; organised an army, in which one-half of the able-bodied natives of his kingdom were always ready for service, and established a regular and well-provided naval force, the fleet being composed of far larger and better equipped ships than had ever been seen on British waters. He established a code of laws, not, as some have asserted, first introduced by him in their entirety, but collected from the laws made in the times of the earlier kings, but in the late troubled times allowed to fall into disuse. To these laws he made additions, and, what was of more importance, established means by which they could be enforced. Although judges nominally existed, they had allowed their functions to devolve on servants and inferior officers, who were for the most part grossly inefficient and corrupt. It has been stated the King caused more than forty of them to be hanged for misconduct. He limited the power possessed by the nobles of summary jurisdiction, and put a restraint upon their exercise. It has often been stated that he originated trial by jury, but that institution existed long before his time. There is no doubt, however, that he adopted means by which juries were made more independent and efficient. He rebuilt London, which had been almost destroyed by the ravages of the Danes, and he appointed a governor, armed with power to preserve order and encourage trade.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF LEARNING.

Alfred clearly saw that the education of the people was an important element in the well-being of a State. He studied hard himself, and he encouraged others to study, appointing

ALFRED THE GREAT.

teachers to instruct men of position, in order that they might be better able to discharge their duties. He invited to his court scholars of eminence, and endeavoured by all the means in his power to raise the standard of education among the clergy. It has been often asserted, but on very slight authority, that he established the schools which afterwards developed into the University of Oxford; but it is beyond question that he gave a wonderful impulse to learning, and that his own writings contributed greatly to its promotion. He was nearly forty years old when he began to study Latin; but such progress did he make that he was soon able to translate many works into the Anglo-Saxon language. Among the translations by him which are still in existence are Pope Gregory's "Pastorale," a directory and manual for bishops and other clericals, to which the King himself contributed a very remarkable preface; the great treatise by Boethius, "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*;" and the "General History" of Orosius, one of the earliest attempts to write a history of the kingdoms of the world and their geographical positions; a free translation of Bede's "*Ecclesiastical History*;" and a selection from the works of St. Augustine. Other works are mentioned by his biographers, but no copies of them are known to be in existence.

When it is recollected that these literary studies and achievements were carried out amid the pressure of arduous duties of statesmanship, and by a man who almost incessantly suffered intense physical pain, we cannot but wonder at and admire his firmness of will and incessant mental activity. He was expert in mechanical science, and designed buildings. His zeal for the Church was great, and he sent embassies to Christian Churches in foreign lands, even to the Nestorian Christians in remote India.

ANOTHER INVASION AND DEFEAT OF THE DANES.

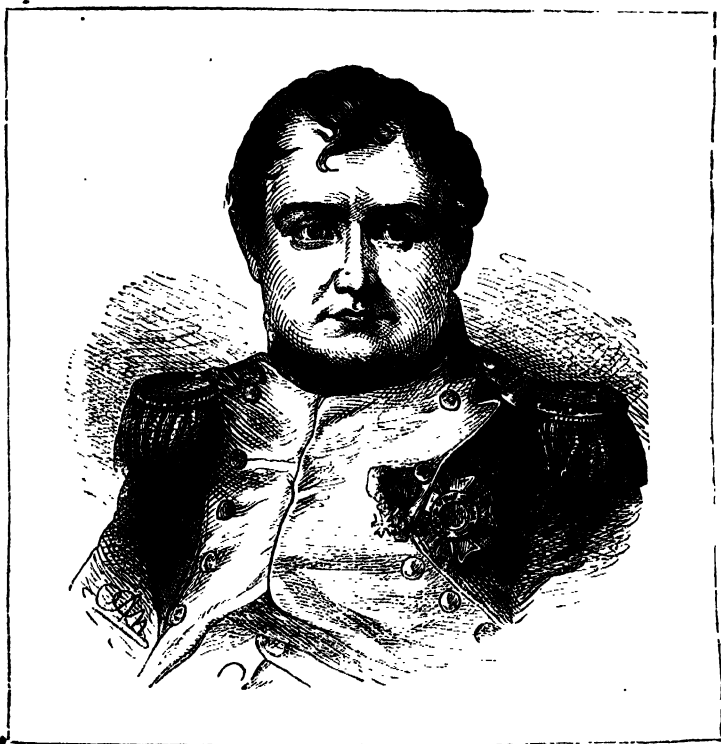
In 894, sixteen years after the treaty by which England was divided between the Saxons and the Danes, there was a new invasion by the Northmen. An attempt had been made in 885, when a band landed in Kent, and besieged Rochester, but were driven away by the King's soldiers. About 894, one of the most renowned of the sea-kings, Hasting (whose name is still preserved in the well-known attractive place of resort on the south coast), made another attempt, with about three hundred vessels. He divided his force into two bodies. One landed in Kent, near Romney; Hasting himself led the other

up the Thames and Swale, and disembarked near Sittingbourne. Alfred, at the head of a powerful force, followed his line of march, and at last overtook him and utterly routed him at Farnham, pursuing the fugitives with great slaughter. While so engaged the news reached him that descents were being made on the southern, especially the Devonshire, coasts. By rapid marches, Alfred reached Exeter, then besieged by the Danes, and defeated them. Hasting had quitted the Thames, and his ships had reached the Severn, where Alfred gained another victory. The Danes retreated into Northumbria and East Anglia, and again made their way to the Thames, and sailed up the little river Lea. Alfred followed, and, by diverting the water of the stream, compelled them to abandon their ships. Defeated in every encounter by the energy and ability of Alfred, the Danes retreated, and Wessex was at peace, except from a few desultory attacks by Danish pirates, easily captured by the large ships and bold seamen of the Saxon fleet.

DEATH OF ALFRED.

On the 28th of October 901 (or 900, the record is rather uncertain), Alfred the Great died, and was buried in the monastery at Winchester, which he had founded. In 1642, the Parliamentary troops broke open the tomb and scattered the ashes of the dead, the great Alfred's among others. He was happy in his domestic relations, and left behind him three sons and two daughters, each of whom exhibited marked ability and energy of character. Asser, the father's friend and biographer, says of the sons (the elder of whom, Edward, succeeded to the throne):—"They had the love of all about them, and showed affability and gentleness to all, both natives and foreigners, and were in complete subjection to their father. Nor amongst those other studies which pertain to their life, and are fit for noble youths, were they suffered to pass their time idly and unprofitably, without learning the liberal arts; for they have carefully learned the Psalms and Saxon books, especially the Saxon poems, and are continually in the habit of making use of both." The girls of the royal family were trained, we are informed, "in all kinds of womanly work." His admirable wife, Elswitha, survived him six years, and died at the court of her son. She was amply provided for by her loving husband, the Great Alfred, as we name him "Alfred the truth-teller," as he was reverently designated by an author of the Norman time.

G. R. E.



NAPOLÉON.

"The jest of Fame,
Who wooed thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself."

BYRON.

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VARIOUS ESTIMATES OF A GREAT MAN.

THAT wonderful delineator of human nature in its strength, and weakness, its wisdom, and its folly, the late William Makepeace

Thackeray, was fond of relating to his friends a certain notable reminiscence of his childhood and has indeed introduced the incident in the preface to his most famous work. It appears that in the year 1819, the future great novelist,

then a little pale-faced, Anglo-Indian child, of seven years, was brought from Bengal to England, in obedience to the inexorable sanitary law which forbade the rearing of the children of English parents under the burning Indian sun. On the way, the ship put in at St. Helena; and the native bearer, taking little Sahib William for a walk into the interior, halted beside the fence of a garden, within which a stout man might be seen walking to and fro, with his hands behind him. "That's Bonaparte," whispered the dusky cicerone, eagerly; "he eats a sheep every day, and as many children as he can catch."

Such was the aspect under which the greatest personage of modern history was first represented to little Thackeray; and the character ascribed to Napoleon the First by the Indian bearer was hardly an exaggeration of the popular notion concerning him. In England especially, "Boney" among the people generally was synonymous with "Bogey"—a kind of abstraction—a monstrous chimera, made up of all manner of contradictory vices and horrors. "Corsican upstart," "Corsican thief," "homicide," "ogre," "tiger" (sometimes, as in the *Burning Chronicle* of 1815, spelt tygor). Were among the opprobrious epithets flung upon him in the days of the consulate and empire; and so great was the jealousy lest the favorable impression should increase, which, in spite of all the terrible tales about "Boney," undoubtedly existed in many parts of the United Kingdom, that young Bianconi, a travelling pedlar, who afterwards introduced "long cars" in Ireland, was arrested, and seriously warned to desist from selling little leaden effigies of Bonaparte, as a seditious and treasonable proceeding. And yet for this ogre the French nation continued, year after year, to make colossal sacrifices in men and money! Led by this "tygor," veteran soldiers faced enemy after enemy with a devotion worthy of the followers of Leonidas at Thermopylæ. The name of this "upstart" represented to the great majority of the French nation, not only victory and triumph in the field, but safety and success at home; and sacrifices, perils, and difficulties were alike forgotten, when the shout of "Vive l'Empereur" burst forth, and the well-known figure appeared, so conspicuous in a plain attire among the glittering throng of surrounding marshals. Never was a public character the theme of so much panegyric and of so much obloquy, as this wonderful man—whose fate it was to prove the very heights and depths of prosperity and misfortune—to stand for a while before the nations, a wondrous example of the space a single man may fill, and the influence he may

exert over the destinies of his time,—and to furnish in his fall the most tremendous lesson the world has seen of the instability of earthly power, and the frailty of human greatness.

In looking back at the history of Napoleon the Great, nothing is more remarkable than the almost diametrically opposite views taken by his various biographers, alike concerning his character and influence. Some can see in him only the reckless soldier of fortune, subordinating all interests to his own selfish advancement, "wading through slaughter to a throne," and "shutting the gates of mercy on mankind;" others recognize in him the statesman no less than the warrior, and point approvingly to the mark of his hand on the whole social life and well-being of France. Some can see nothing but the glory in his career; others, nothing but the wrong. Of Hazlitt, for instance, and the American Abbott, it may be said, as Macaulay said of Malcolm, the writer of the *Life of Clive*, that "their love passes the love of biographers, and they can see nothing but wisdom and justice in the actions of their idols." On the other hand, Lamartine, the republican, detests the French Emperor as the personification of tyranny; and Sir Walter Scott, whose lengthy "*Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*" is utterly unworthy of his genius and reputation, twists the facts to the advantage of the legitimate sovereigns, and mingles authentic proof and mere hearsay, in the fashion of a hasty and prejudiced compiler, holding a brief for a political party. And yet these portraits of Napoleon are all like him to a certain extent. Partiality and prejudice have warped them, and in many instances they are caricatures; but each represents, with tolerable accuracy, one phase of that character, in which good and evil, strength and weakness, were strangely mingled. That Napoleon committed great faults, and even crimes, no one who dispassionately reviews his history can deny; but it is equally certain that a positively bad man could never have gained the affections of his followers to the extent of making them forget all ties in the one engrossing idea of following him. "He had the genius to be loved," wrote the greatest female poet of our century; "then let him have the justice to lie honoured in his grave."

And here we propose to give a sketch of his marvellous career and his strangely compounded character, as they appear at a sufficient distance to remove the distortion produced by a near view of great objects. Sixty years have elapsed since the grave closed over the captive, before whom, in his days of greatness, emperors and kings had

abased themselves. Time has cleared away much prejudice; and now in the light of fuller and clearer information, we will endeavour to bring before our readers Napoleon the ruler and the man, taking care to "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

EARLY YEARS AND EDUCATION.

Napoleon Bonaparte, or, as the name was generally written, "Buonaparte," the second son of Carlo Bonaparte, advocate, and his wife Letitia, was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on August 15th, 1769. The family was of great antiquity, and undoubtedly noble, the name appearing in more than one libro d'oro, or Golden Book, as the Italian records of nobility were called, from the fourteenth century downwards. At the time of Napoleon's birth, Corsica had recently been annexed to France; and Pasqualide Paoli, afterwards known, during his visit in England, as the friend of Johnson and Goldsmith, and a distinguished member of the literary club, was carrying on a desperate struggle to free his country from the yoke of France. Carlo Bonaparte was a friend, and, for the time, the aide-de-camp of Paoli; but he afterwards wisely acquiesced in the new order of things; and in time was sent to the French Assembly of Notables as a Corsican deputy. The chief care of Napoleon and his four brothers, Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome, and his three sisters, Elise, Caroline, and Pauline, fell upon his mother, a woman of heroic stamp, worthy to have been a Roman matron. Napoleon, in his later days, frequently bore testimony to her admirable qualities, her firmness, courage, and wisdom. "Nothing overawed me," he said; "nothing disconcerted me. I beat one, I scratched another; I made myself formidable to the whole family." His petulance was restrained, however, with a strong hand, by Mamma Letitia, "who abhorred falsehood, was provoked by disobedience, and passed over none of the children's faults." We have a humorous picture of him at the age of six, with his stockings about his heels, the pet and plaything of a girl's school, to which he was sent, clinging to the hand of a certain charming Giacominetta, and making angry and desperate charges, with sticks and stones, upon the graceless boys, who followed him in the streets, singing satirical rhymes about his untidy stockings, and his dangling after a girl. "Napoleone a mezza calzetta, fa l'amore a Giacominetta," sang these young satirists.

To bring up this numerous family suitably was a task of no small difficulty; for Carlo Bonaparte was poor. He was very glad to pro-

cure a nomination for young Napoleon as a pupil in the military school at Brienne; and here the boy remained from March, 1779, till the end of 1784. Here he gained a most undoubted character for ability, and was by far the best mathematical scholar; Bourrienne, his schoolfellow, and afterwards his secretary, speaks of him as an *écolier très-distingué*. In his general behaviour he was proud and reticent. Conscious of being at a certain disadvantage from his poverty, he kept aloof from the sports of the rest; employing his leisure hours in reading Plutarch's Lives and similar works. He cared nothing for ornamental literature, and hated Latin. The attempted infliction of a degrading punishment threw the proud boy into a violent hysterical fit. During a severe winter he proposed to the pupils the construction of a fort of snow, which was attacked and defended with equal courage, until the mingling of stones in the snowballs, and consequent severe contusions, caused the authorities to interfere with prohibition. In 1783 he was selected, as one of the then best scholars, to be sent to the military school at Paris in the following year; and thither he accordingly proceeded towards the end of 1784.

Bonaparte was just fifteen years old when he entered the military college at Paris; but he was already a man in intellect and judgment. Disgusted at the extravagance and luxury that prevailed in the college, he addressed to the sub-principal, Berton, after a residence of a few months, a remarkable document, in which he pointed out the folly of accustoming cadets, destined for a military career, to luxuries, as entirely new, to the majority of them, as they were unnecessary; and boldly suggested that, excepting matters of household drudgery, these young men would do better to wait upon themselves, than to depend on an expensive staff of servants. "Inured to a sober life, and accustomed to keep themselves neat," he wrote, "they would become more robust, would learn to brave the inclemencies of the seasons, and to bear with courage the fatigues of war, and they would inspire with respect and blind devotion the soldiers under their command."

MILITARY CAREER BEGUN; TOULON.

The authorities of the college lost no time in putting the young critic forward for examination. He obtained a sub-lieutenancy in an artillery regiment, before he had been in the military school a year; and the military college went on as before. Long afterwards, at a banquet where kings and princes were the guests, at Weimar,

Napoleon startled the illustrious circle by commencing an anecdote: "When I was a *sous-lieutenant* in the regiment of la Frère-justas Goldsmith, at courtly Sir Joshua's table, I horrified the company by the exordium 'when I lived among the beggars in Axe Lane.'"

At Valence in Dauphiné, at Douay in Flanders, and at Auxonne in Burgundy, where his regiment was successively quartered, the traditions concerning the young artillery officer uniformly speak of his strict sobriety, energy, and marvellous devotion to study. As at Brienne, he was now preparing himself for his future career, while his brother officers were taking their pleasure. At Auxonne he lodged at a barber's. Years afterwards, passing through the town as a general, he paused at the door of his old quarters, and asked the barber's wife if she remembered, as a former lodger, a young officer named Bonaparte. "Yes," she replied, "and a very disagreeable young man he was. He was always shut up in his room; and if he did walk out, he never condescended to speak to any one." "Ah, my good woman," rejoined her questioner, "if I had passed my time as you would have had me do, I should not now have been in command of the army of Italy."

Then came the French Revolution, sweeping away with its tremendous tempest blast the landmarks of the wicked tyranny that for centuries had reduced the mass of the people to the condition of beasts of burden. In the terrible period of the Reign of Terror, the young officer became a lieutenant-colonel (*chef de bataillon*). While the republican government was maintaining a desperate struggle for existence against foreign foes from without, and disaffected royalists within its own quarters, various important cities—Marseilles, Lyons, Toulon—revolted. The last-mentioned town, which contained enormous military stores, had received an English fleet into its harbour; and the Committee of Public Safety, to whom the conduct of the war had been entrusted, were resolved to retake the place at all hazards. After Generals Cartaux and Doppet, two military incapables, one of whom had been a painter, the other a physician, had utterly failed to take the place, brave old General Dugommier was invested with the chief command before Toulon; Bonaparte commanded the artillery. "Let that young man alone, he knows more than thou," was the unceremonious injunction of Madame Dugommier, to her husband, who was startled at the boldness and novelty of the young colonel's plan of attack. This plan consisted in concentrating all

efforts against a work called the "Little Gibraltar," which was so situated that it commanded the harbour; consequently the capture of it would expose the British fleet to bombardment, and compel the ships to stand out to sea. Napoleon was the life and soul of the siege, looked to everything, and even, with his own hands, loaded a cannon, where a cannoner had been shot dead. Doppet himself says that at each visit to the outposts of the army, he was always sure to find the commandant of artillery at his post; "he slept little, and that little he took on the ground, wrapped in his mantle; he hardly ever quitted his batteries." The siege of Toulon was the first chance afforded to Napoleon to distinguish himself; and he seized the occasion with an energy and ambition all his own.

HIS RULES FOR ENSURING SUCCESS.

He next became general of artillery in the army of Italy; and here again General Dumerbion, to whose division he was attached, wrote to the convention to say that "it was to the skilful dispositions of the general of artillery that all the great measures owed the success of the expedition." Never was there such a persistent worker as this indomitable young general. At a later period he became intoxicated with success, and giddy with the incense burnt before his shrine by unthinking worshippers; but in the earlier part of his career he was severely practical. "Victory," he was accustomed to say, "belongs to the most persevering;" and with him, this applied to victory over fortune generally, as well as to triumphs in the battle-field. He counted nothing done while anything was left to achieve. "There have been working kings," an American writer remarked, "such as Alfred, Gustavus of Sweden, and Charles the Twelfth; but not one of them achieved a tithe of what this man did." Thoroughness and efficiency with him were the passports to honour and success. In his school-days he had suffered by favoritism exercised towards those recommended by high birth or influential connections; and his sensible motto was, "The career should be opened to talent." By careful study, and the exertion of that luminous Italian intellect of his, he made himself thoroughly master of whatever work he had to do, and then he threw himself into the work heart and soul, with a confidence in his own powers, fully justified by the event. No fine theory that could not be worked out to a practical result, found any favour with him. He had a profound contempt for the visionary schemers—the *ideologists* he called them—who devised impossible nostrums

for the ills of the state. "I want more head and less tongue," he said, when choosing men to fill the various departments of state. He cared nothing for oratory and eloquence, though he understood how to fire the enthusiasm of his soldiers by appealing to their passions. Of the chief speakers in parliamentary assemblies he said, "Their strength lies in vagueness. They should be brought back to the reality of facts. Practical arguments destroy them. In the Council there were men possessed of much more eloquence than I had. I always defeated them with the simple argument *two and two make four*." He inculcated undeviating industry and despatch in matters of business, on all with whom he came in contact. "I worked all day," was the excuse made to him by a man who had left his duty unfinished. "Had you not the night also?" asked Napoleon. "Ask whatever you please of me except *time*," he said to another; "that is beyond my power."

DAY OF THE SECTIONS; MARRIAGE.

The Jacobins and extreme revolutionists of the faubourgs were profoundly dissatisfied at the reaction that had set in, after the Reign of Terror. To their intense disgust, the howling sansculottes found themselves disarmed, driven from the public courts and tribunals they had clamorously dominated, and deprived of the daily stipend paid to them by the terrorists, whom they had supported. Several attempts at insurrection, made by the Jacobins, had been put down by military force; but now a far more formidable, because a better organized, opposition arose from the sections of Paris, among which a royalist spirit had spread; and it was the Faubourg St. Germain, the haunt of many concealed royalists and returned emigrants, from whence the Convention was now threatened with an organized attack, that should destroy it, as the 10th of August, 1792, had destroyed the monarchy. The "Lepelletier" or "Filles St. Thomas" section stood at the head of the conspiracy, and forty thousand men prepared to join in the contest. General Menou, who was in command of the troops who should have defended the Convention, was feeble and vacillating; indeed, he made such concessions to the armed insurgents, that his own side, suspecting him of treachery, arrested him. In great trepidation, the Convention nominated Barras, the principal of the Thermidorians, to the chief command; and Barras proposed his name to the Convention, as that of the best man to hold command

under him. "Are you willing to undertake the defence of the Convention?" asked the president. "Yes," answered the young general. "Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" resumed the president, apparently wondering how Barras could have selected this under-sized stripling for such a duty. "Perfectly," was the reply, "and," continued Napoleon, fixing his deep grey eyes upon the speaker, "I am in the habit of accomplishing what I undertake."

There was no question as to the resolution of such a man. The five thousand troops available to confront the forty thousand national guards of the sections were put under his command. The sectionaries were highly incensed, and, under the command of General Damian, determined to attack the Tuileries, as on the celebrated 10th August. But Napoleon had posted his troops with such skill, and such consummate knowledge of the positions to be occupied, that the various columns of the sectionaries could not unite. Bonaparte's cannon swept the streets; and on this, the 13th Vendémiaire (5th October, 1795), he carried out the course he had recommended on the 20th June, 1792. The affrighted sectionaries fled, leaving nearly two thousand of their number dead in the streets. That evening Paris was quiet. The next day the Section Lepelletier and another were disarmed, and no further disturbance was to be feared. Bonaparte was rewarded for his services by being nominated second in command of the army of the interior; and early in the next year he was made commander-in-chief of the army of Italy.

The year 1796 was memorable in Bonaparte's career as that in which he held his first separate command, and first astonished Europe with the splendour of his genius. It is remarkable also as the year of his first marriage. This event took place on the 11th of March, a few days before his departure to join the army. His wife, Josephine, the widow of General Beauharnais, a French commander, who had perished by the guillotine in the Reign of Terror, was a Creole by birth. She was born in the island of Martinique, the daughter of a planter named Tascher de la Pagerie. She used in her later days to be fond of telling how an old negress had once prophesied to her that she would become "greater than a queen." She was somewhat older than her husband, who was devotedly attached to her, though he never permitted her to influence him in practical affairs. She was kind-hearted, amiable, and fascinating, but somewhat thoughtless and terribly extravagant, especially with regard to dress.

Bourrienne, who became Napoleon's secretary soon after this time, gives a tragical report of the disquietude, the alarm, and the fears of Josephine when her debts had reached some tremendous sum, and it became necessary to tell her husband about half their real amount. Once, under the Consulate, she was in debt 1,200,000*fr.*, about £48,000. Bourrienne got half the sum from the First Consul, from whom Josephine concealed the whole truth. Bourrienne, who had the duty of negotiating with the tradesmen, stared in wonder at the number of articles and at the prices charged. There were thirty-eight hats within a month, the feathers alone amounting to 1,800*fr.* The abatements made by the purveyors showed the exorbitant nature of their charges. One equitable dealer, who took 35,000*fr.* in payment of his account of 80,000*fr.*, boasted that he had still made "a very good profit."

HOW TO CONQUER ; CAMPAIGN OF 1796-7.

Nothing in all Napoleon's career produced a more splendid effect than the Italian campaigns of 1796 and 1797. At a later period he made war on a larger scale, and occupied a higher position ; but as yet the people had not grown accustomed to his victories, which, like the tactics by which he gained them, had all the exciting qualities of novelty. "He came to an army in rags ; our general was but a boy," says old Pierre in Thackeray's "Chronicle of the Drum ;" and, indeed, seldom has a commander been called upon to take charge of an army in so deplorable a state. "Soldiers, you are naked and ill-fed," said the young general in his first address to the troops. "Government owes you much, and can give you nothing. . . . It is my design to lead you into the most fertile plains in the world. Rich provinces and great cities will be in your power. There you will find honour, glory, and wealth. Soldiers of Italy ! will you be wanting in courage or perseverance ?" This, as perfectly well understood by the soldiers, meant—"It is useless depending on the weak Directory in Paris. What you want—food, clothing, and money—you must win for yourselves from the enemy." To make war pay for war, and to render his army self-supporting was Napoleon's motto, as it had been Wallenstein's a century and a half before. Strength and swiftness have been with justice declared the two essentials of successful warfare ; and sometimes celerity of movement may in some degree be made a substitute for numerical force. Bonaparte's policy was to attack his foes in detail in unexpected positions, to endeavour to annihilate one division of the foe

before another could come to its assistance. He thus exacted from his men an enormous amount of labour in the way of marching ; but, as he himself declared, he worked their feet to save their heads. When he first joined the army, his youth—for he was only twenty-six—inspired some of the old generals who were to serve under him to attempt to give him some hints on policy and tactics. They little knew with whom they had to do. "Gentlemen," said the young commander-in-chief, "the art of war is in its infancy. The time has passed in which enemies are mutually to appoint the place of combat, advance hat in hand, and say, 'Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire ?'" (Alluding to the courtesies interchanged between the English and French at Fontenoy.) "We must cut the enemy to pieces, precipitate ourselves like a torrent upon their battalions, and grind them to powder. Experienced generals lead the troops opposed to us. So much the better. Their experience will not avail them against me. Mark my words ; they will soon burn their books on tactics, and know not what to do." And this was no vain boast. No man ever cared less for prescription and rule than Bonaparte, where he saw a shorter way than the usual one to his object. The whole campaign was a series of disastrous and bewildering surprises to the veteran generals opposed to him. No leader more fully possessed the invaluable art of concealing his intentions from the foe. Where he was least expected, he rushed suddenly, and, if possible, with superior numbers, on the foes' weakest point,—and succeeding in utterly bewildering his opponents by the rapidity and force of his blows ; at Montenotte, on the 12th of April, he inflicted a great defeat on the Austrian general, D'Argenteau. This was the first of a long series of successes. "My title of nobility," he said long afterwards, "dates from the battle of Montenotte." Pushing onward to make the most of the victory, he attacked and vanquished the Austrians again on the 13th and 14th at Dego and Millesimo, thus preventing the proposed junction of the Austrian and Sardinian armies. The veteran Beaulieu, the Austrian general-in-chief, after losing 12,000 men in a few days, was obliged to retreat into Lombardy, while General Colli, with his Piedmontese troops, was to defend the territory of his master, the King of Sardinia. But on the 20th the indefatigable young general defeated him at Ceva ; and on the next day gained the important battle of Mondovi. Important magazines fell into the victor's hands, besides ten colours and 1,500 prisoners ; and, true to his policy, Bonaparte im-

mediately pushed forward towards Turin, disregarding the hostile fortresses in his rear.

These events had come with startling suddenness upon the King of Sardinia, who had no idea how much of victory could be crowded into a single fortnight by a half-starved army, with a stripling for a commander-in-chief. To secede from the coalition, and propose first an armistice, and then a peace under conditions which left the French free to pursue the campaign against the Austrians in Lombardy, was the only method of preserving his own crown. He made peace accordingly, and Bonaparte led his troops onward to the Adige. The young general told his soldiers plainly, in a spirited address, that "they had as yet done nothing, because much still remained to be done." What he had already done, however, was more than the Convention had effected in three years. He had broken the coalition, and compelled the King of Sardinia to put his army on a peace footing. The cession of Nice and Savoy to France, and the expulsion of the Royalist emigrants from his dominions, with the surrender of important fortresses to the French, were the conditions on which peace was granted to the king. Old General Beaulieu fell back as the victorious French advanced. On the 3rd of May, the victory of Fiombo, and on the 10th, the exploit at the Bridge of Lodi, where, to the surprise of his enemies, he charged at the head of a column of grenadiers across a narrow bridge over the Adda, in the face of a murderous cannonade, gained him fresh reputation; and here it was that the soldiers, delighted at his courage, gave him the honourable nickname of the "Little Corporal." "There's no understanding it at all," grumbled an old Hungarian officer, a prisoner with whom Bonaparte conversed *incognito* in the camp. "We have against us a young general who is in front of us at one moment, harassing our rear in the next, and presently hovering on our flanks. There's no knowing where to take position. Now, this way of carrying on war is insufferable, for it's against all rule."

The victory of Lodi opened all Lombardy to the French; and soon afterwards Bonaparte made his triumphal entry into Milan. Parma and Modena, small duchies, were glad, like Sardinia, to make separate treaties; and the Neapolitan and the papal governments followed their example. By the end of June the tricolor of the French Republic was waving over every fortress in Lombardy, save Mantua alone. Here the Austrians determined to make a last stand for the possession of Italy. Beaulieu had thrown up his command, after being discouraged by numerous

reverses. Four Austrian armies were successively despatched by Austria for the relief of Mantua. The first, under the veteran Wurmser, was beaten by Bonaparte at Castiglione, on the 5th of August; the second was destroyed in the battles of Roveredo and Bassano. The third, under Alvinzy, perished in the tremendous three days' conflict at Arcola. The fourth army represented the final effort of the Austrian Court against those whom it called the French Banditti. The genius of Bonaparte triumphed once more at Rivoli, where a crushing defeat put an end to the efforts of Alvinzy, who retreated to Tyrol, with the loss of half his men. Provera, in command of the Vienna volunteers and the rest of the army, was obliged to surrender with his troops, and Mantua fell into the conqueror's hands, after a four months' siege, during which the garrison of 30,000 men had diminished to 12,000.

BONAPARTE CONCLUDES TREATIES.

The Papal Government, that had commenced hostilities against the French, in the hope that the victory would be with Austria, was now glad to obtain peace by the treaty of Tolentino. The Directory, thinking Austria would be anxious for peace, sent General Clarke into Napoleon's camp as an envoy to conduct the negotiations. The young commander haughtily repudiated any interference with what he considered his rights. "If you come here to act under my instructions," he said to Clarke, "I shall always be happy to see you; if not, the sooner you return to those who sent you the better." But the idea of making peace with the Directory was still too bitter to be entertained by Austria. "In Vienna we know nothing of a French Republic," was the reply, at once haughty and childish, made to the first proposal of the French to negotiate. But the other Powers had by this time learned the necessity of recognising that new but exceedingly real and formidable power. Prussia and Saxony had come to separate accommodations with the French; and Russia, where the crack-brained Emperor Paul had just succeeded to the unscrupulous Catherine, was disposed to remain neutral. Still it required further defeat and humiliation before Austria at length, when Vienna itself was menaced, yielded to necessity; and the preliminary peace of Leoben was followed by the definite treaty of Campo Formio, the first great triumph of Napoleon as a negotiator. In the first article of their treaty the Austrian commissioners set down that their emperor recognised the French Republic. "Strike that out," said Napoleon. "The Republic is like the sun. None but the

blind can fail to see it. We are our own masters, and shall establish any government we prefer." Perhaps he already contemplated in his secret soul the day when the French Republic should be changed into an Empire. He himself relates that after the terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi he became conscious of his own strength ; and, confident in the unbounded attachment and devotion of his soldiery, the idea entered his mind that he might become a decisive actor in the political arena. "Then first," he says, "arose the spark of great ambition."

THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION.

He returned to Paris paramount in reputation and fame. Not only did he, like Coriolanus, "bring victory in his pocket ;" he had negotiated a treaty which put France in a new position before the world. No one could affect to despise or undervalue the Republic that had dictated peace to Austria. He was now the idol of the Parisians, who crowded the streets when he was expected to pass, and shouted his praises in the streets. The Institute enrolled him among its members ; the Directory gave entertainments in his honour. He seemed rather to withdraw himself from these demonstrations, and declined more than one intended fête. Concerning the people, he declared bitterly that they would shout just as noisily if he were being taken to the guillotine. Excepting in a military sense, he had little taste for outward pomp. But though he bore his honours modestly enough, a deep distrust was engendered in the hearts of the Directors, who could not but feel apprehensive when they contrasted their own waning influence with his popularity ; nor could they fail to note the outspoken sentiments of the soldiers now returning from Italy ; for not a few of these rough-and-ready swordsmen were for turning the lawyers out, and making the "Little Corporal" king. But he was not a man to spoil a chance by impatience. "The pear is not yet ripe," he said, and allowed the Directory to nominate him as commander-in-chief of a new warlike undertaking—an expedition for the conquest of Egypt, with the ultimate intention of operating against the possessions and influence of the English in India.

When Bonaparte embarked for Egypt from Toulon, in May, 1798, he was fully aware that the Government in France was tottering. "They cannot long retain their position," he said to Bourrienne, speaking of the Directors. "They know not how to do anything for the *imagination* of the country." He knew the French people well.

From the first, the enterprise was surrounded

with great perils. Nelson was in the Mediterranean, with a fleet, in search of the French. The fleet, with the army of 14,000 men on board, however, succeeded in crossing to Africa. Here Bonaparte signalled himself by deeds greater than the achievements of Italy ; for he had to fight against the climate, the superstitious fears of his soldiers, and the hatred and fanaticism of the natives. He marched onward, conquering, to the cataracts of the Nile. At the battle of the Pyramids he inflicted a heavy defeat upon the Mamelukes, his ingenious plan of battle here being founded on his observation of the clumsy nature of the enemy's artillery. Early in 1799 he marched into Syria, occupied El Arish and Gaza without much difficulty, and took Jaffa by storm. His soldiers faced the horrors of the simoom and of the waterless desert as heroically as they encountered the foe ; and their leader, by cheerful participation in their hardships and toils, attached them still more closely to him. When the order was given that the army should march on foot, the horses and mules being reserved for the sick and wounded, he refused to have a horse retained for his own use, but walked at the head of his men. When the plague broke out at Jaffa, and despondency among his army increased almost to despair and panic, he visited the hospitals himself, examined the poor stricken sufferers, and shamed many waverers into courage by his intrepidity. At St. Jean d'Acre he met with an unexpected and serious check in besieging that fortress, the chief stronghold of the Pacha Ahmed, known as Djeddar, the butcher. Here he found himself opposed to the English sea-lion, Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, who had thrown himself into the fortress, and was the life and soul of the defence. For two months Bonaparte perseveringly continued the siege—a great army advancing to raise it was defeated by him at Mount Tabor—but was compelled to retrace his steps to Egypt. Then Capitar Pasha appeared with a great force before Aboukir, which he took. Napoleon, however, inflicted a tremendous defeat upon him, and re-took the place. It was at the end of July, 1798. Brave General Desaix had also had good success in Upper Egypt ; but it could not escape the sagacity of Napoleon that the whole great enterprise was a failure. Immediately after the landing of the army in Egypt, Nelson had appeared and annihilated the French fleet in the battle of the Nile on the 1st of August, 1798. The blow inflicted on the French had been terrific, and so far as the prospects of the Egyptian expedition were concerned, fatal. The communication between France and Egypt was

cut off; and sooner or later the army, weakened by war and sickness, must be at the mercy of the enemy.

BONAPARTE'S RETURN; THE 18TH BRUMAIRE.

Events were also happening in France which convinced Bonaparte, even through the fitful snatches of intelligence he obtained, that the pear was ripening, and might be plucked by another, if he remained absent. The powerlessness and inefficiency of the Directory, with its two Houses of the Ancients, and the Five Hundred, became more manifest every day. In Italy there had been loss upon loss, and not even the heroic death of Joubert at Novi had been able to bring back victory to the French arms. Accordingly Bonaparte quitted Egypt secretly, after transferring the command of the army to brave outspoken Kleber, destined soon to perish under the hand of an assassin. On the 22nd of August, Napoleon embarked with a few friends at Alexandria, and thence made his way to his native Ajaccio, and so home to France by way of Frejus.

He was received by the people with acclamation, and his journey to Paris was a triumphal progress. The Directory received him with sickly smiles of distrust, and with that welcome "which the faint heart would fain deny, but dare not." A well-organized conspiracy enabled him, on the celebrated 18th Brumaire (9th of November, 1799), with the assistance of his brother Lucien, and backed by the troops, to effect a *coup d'état* to overturn the government of the Directory, the Council of the Five Hundred being driven out of their hall of assembly at the point of the bayonet. Some of the more tardy of the deputies had even to escape by the windows. It was a modern adaptation of Cromwell and the Long Parliament—a piece of brilliantly successful treason. The semblance of patriotism and zeal for the public good was maintained, as a cloak for ambition. Bonaparte professed himself full of indignation against the unfaithful guardians who had lost the fruits of the brave soldiers' victories. Lucien summoned an assembly of the most tractable of the members of the two councils; and after Bonaparte and the soldiers had been thanked for what they had done, a new government was instituted. Three consuls, of whom Bonaparte was to be the first, should stand at the head of the state. Two commissions were appointed to decide on a new constitution. A new ministry was appointed, and the consulate began. From this time we have to look upon Napoleon as a ruler; for as first consul he held the whole power in his hands;

his nominal colleagues were entirely swayed by his will; and of the republic, the name alone remained. A phantom council, a senate, existed, but it was only to give a constitutional colour to the dictator's will. From the establishment of the consulate, until that transitional form of government merged into the empire, Bonaparte was gradually but surely doing away with everything that bore the republican stamp. This could not escape the observation of many; and yet his popularity was immense. All seemed to look to him. The great mass who desired peace, thought his strong hand could best maintain it. The soldiers, smarting under the disgrace of the last two years, looked to him to re-establish their former renown. Even the Royalists indulged a whimsical expectation, that as he had acted the part of Cromwell, he would take up the character of General Monk, and pave the way for a Restoration, in the person of the Bourbon Louis XVIII.; and propositions in this direction were absolutely made to him by agents of the exiled family. He repulsed them with contempt. He had not gathered the pear to hand it over to another.

THE CONSULATE; CAMPAIGN OF 1800; GREATNESS OF BONAPARTE.

The Consul began his administration of affairs by making proposals of peace to Austria and England. The autograph letter he addressed to George III. was answered by a dry, formal despatch, by an under-secretary of state. George III. with his old-world prejudices, was not the man to respond to a personal advance from the upstart Corsican. From Vienna he experienced a similar repulse; and now he had put himself in the right with the French people, who fully believed the war to be forced upon him against his will. The martial spirit revived in France in full force. Masséna was fighting in Italy against terrible odds. Mélas, the Austrian, had 180,000 men to oppose to his 40,000. A great army of reserve, 60,000 strong, was raised in France. Napoleon, led this force over the great St. Bernard in May, 1800, and then by the Simplon and the St. Gotthard into Italy. Thoroughly planned, and elaborated with masterly strategy, the campaign of 1800 was brilliantly successful, and the great battle of Marengo, on the 14th of June, made Napoleon once more master of Italy. The victorious army was put under Masséna's command; and Bonaparte returned to Paris, higher than ever in the estimation of France and of Europe.

Brilliant successes of other generals, especially of Moreau, compelled the Austrians to make over-

tures for peace. Moreau's splendid victory at Hohenlinden (Dec. 3rd, 1800), paved the way to the treaty of Luneville, and at length, at the beginning of 1802, the treaty of Amiens was signed, the only peace ever made between Napoleon and the English Government.

But the peace of Amiens, the result of the short supremacy of a whig ministry, was not likely to be of long duration. Between the governments of England and France there was a rooted antipathy. George III. and his court could not frankly acknowledge the title of Bonaparte as head of the State, where the indispensable qualification of legitimacy was wanting. In their eyes he was from first to last the Corsican usurper, against whom every stratagem was permissible. "I did not usurp the crown," was Napoleon's defence. "It was lying in the mire. I picked it up. The people placed it on my head." And here he was right. The people looked upon him as identified with the triumph of the republic over invading kings—as the man who having risen by his transcendent talents, had declared that the career should be open to talent, and showed himself ready to promote men on their merits, without reference to birth or station. "The old privileged classes and the foreign cabinets," said Napoleon, "hate me worse than they did Robespierre." And here again he was right; for the very extravagance of the hideous "Terror" enabled them to hold up that wretched fanatic as a warning example of the evils of democracy, while under the Consulate the Republic flourished, and the work of reconstruction went steadily on. Neither side had confidence in the other. England saw with natural distrust how the consul's ambition grew with his fortunes. It was evidently his intention to make France the dominant power in Europe, and himself the despotic ruler of the French nation. To this end he worked with marvellous perseverance and sagacity; and in many respects the four years during which he ruled over France as first consul were marked by great and signal benefits that have left the mark of his hand upon the best institutions of the land he governed, in such a way, that in common justice they should be to some extent set against his subsequent errors and crimes. He aspired to be the head, not of a faction, but of the whole nation, and therefore at the outset of his rule set himself to conciliate all parties alike. Gradually he cleared the Government of the absurdities with which the revolutionary period had surrounded it. The ridiculous revolutionary calendar, with its *decades and rain month, wind month, and fog*

month, was abandoned; many of the emigrants were allowed and even encouraged to return to France. Public worship was re-established in churches. Furthermore, during the consulate, and indeed during his whole rule, a spirit of unflinching energy was shown, in the improvement of agriculture, commerce, and manufacturing industry. Great public works were undertaken in France and in the countries subordinate to her rule. The road over the Simplon, for instance, is a monument of the greatness of Napoleon in this direction. Education, science, and art were all promoted by encouragement and reward; and by healing the wounds of the revolution, and working incessantly for the prosperity of France, the first consul built up his power in the hearts of millions of the French people.

But alas for the other side of the picture!—When the nation's confidence had once been fully gained, it was lamentably abused. Ambitious this man had always been—ardent, strenuous and aspiring; but while engaged in the hard struggle with fortune, prudence and sagacity had kept that ambition in check. But he had now, like Wolsey, to bear on his shoulders "a weight which would sink a navy—too much honour;" and, as Shakespeare says of the great Cardinal, it proved with him also "a burden too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven." His ambition became more and more ungovernable, and developed at last into the perfection of selfishness. He no longer looked upon himself as the trustee of the enormous empire whose destinies he wielded; but regarded that empire, and indeed the whole world, as bound to minister to his greatness. "Ye have my glory!" was in substance his answer to the exhausted but devoted people who appealed to him for rest and freedom. France, like a generous horse, bore him bravely through the burden and heat of a long battle day; he, like a merciless rider, pressed the willing horse until it fell exhausted beneath him.

FROM AMIENS TO AUSTERLITZ; NAPOLEON THE EMPEROR.

The peace of Amiens was not ten months old when its approaching termination was seen. The English had promised to evacuate Malta, but hesitated to do so in view of the warlike preparations of France, and that power's negotiations with Spain. Napoleon, already irritated against England by the attacks upon him in the newspapers, for he hated anything like a free press, insisted on a literal carrying out of the treaty, and resented the interference of England in continental politics. Lord Whitworth, the

NAPOLEON.

English, and General Andreassy, the French, ambassadors, left Paris and London almost simultaneously, so that they met at Dover. On the 18th of May, the English Government declared war. The French ships in English ports were seized and declared forfeited; the first consul, on his part, detained as prisoners of war all English residents in France. This renewal of the war was thus surrounded with circumstances tending to embitter the contest which continued until the fall of the Empire.

A new coalition of nations against France was now brought about—the third since the fall of the monarchy. The prime mover in this measure was Pitt, who had once more been called to the head of affairs. The powers who united with England were Sweden, Russia, and Austria. There was good reason, on the part of England at least, for making every preparation. Napoleon had publicly declared his intention of invading that country. He had assembled a large army on the heights near Boulogne, with the avowed purpose of crossing the channel, for which purpose a number of flat-bottomed boats had been prepared. The "army of England" was a standing menace; and the excitement in England was shown by the enrolment of 150,000 volunteers, and the augmentation of the regular army. In 1804, the Consulate gave place to the Empire. By an enormous majority of votes it was declared by the French people that the head of the state should assume the title of Emperor. Accordingly, Napoleon was crowned, with Josephine, at Notre Dame, in December, 1804. The state now assumed a more military aspect than ever. A new nobility was created, of generals who had distinguished themselves. From among these also were chosen those famous marshals who surrounded the Emperor's throne. The establishment of the legion of honour, into which the private soldier who distinguished himself by courage, could equally with the general gain admittance, was another step indicative of military achievements in contemplation. It was evident that the year 1805 would be a stirring and memorable time.

Whether Napoleon ever seriously intended this descent upon England will always remain doubtful. Many considered the threat to be simply a stratagem to divert attention from the real point of attack; but Pitt thoroughly believed in it, and would hear of nothing else. A parliamentary follower told him of the receipt of a letter from a correspondent, speaking of a great massing of troops on the Rhine frontier. "Then, sir," said the Prime Minister, "you have a very disaffected

correspondent." Very suddenly and rudely was the illusion dispelled. At the end of August the Emperor suddenly broke up his camp, marched his army with unexampled speed across France, formed a junction with the armies raised by several of his marshals, and led 300,000 troops against southern Germany.

The allies were completely taken by surprise. Würtemberg and Baden made a treaty with Napoleon; who, advancing in his usual rapid way, completely surrounded the army of the veteran Austrian, General Mack, near Ulm. Mack was obliged to surrender, with all his force, and Ulm fell into the victor's power. Thence he marched to Vienna, which had no alternative but to receive the victorious invader within its walls. Meanwhile the great Russian army was coming to the scene of action. Napoleon, who loved to choose his own fighting-ground, took up a new position in Moravia, near the capital Brunn; and here was fought, on the 2nd of December, the tremendous battle of Austerlitz. The victory he here gained threw all Napoleon's previous triumphs into the shade. Fifteen thousand prisoners and a hundred pieces of artillery fell into his hands. Austria was humbled, and compelled to sue for peace; and the Russian army had to retreat in such confusion as precluded its rallying for some time.

The treaty of Presburg, signed on the 20th of December, after the Emperor Francis had personally visited Napoleon in the camp, broke the power of Austria, and made France the arbiter of the Continent. Thus the campaign closed with brilliant triumph for the Emperor.

But there was one notable exception. On the 25th October, the very day of the capitulation of Mack, at Ulm, the combined French and Spanish fleet had been attacked by Nelson at Cape Trafalgar, near Cadiz. Every Englishman knows the glorious story of that day. The victory that Nelson purchased with his life involved not only the defeat but the utter destruction of the French fleet, and from that day until the end of the war, ten years later, the French were never able to meet the English in a general engagement at sea. It has been well said of Napoleon's power, that it resembled the fabled might of those goblins who were struck helpless when they encountered a stream of running water. On land his word was omnipotent; but while France was gaining victories all over the Continent, her ships were hiding in harbour or hurrying from port to port, flying from British cruisers. The Nile had been a noble triumph for England, but the victory of Trafalgar was greater still, and

might have taught a lesson to Napoleon of the uncertainty of success, had he been sufficiently master of himself to receive it.

JENA, EYLAU, FRIEDLAND, TILSIT.

In the year 1806, after these great victories, Napoleon had chiefly to deal with Prussia. This state had played an unworthy part during the struggle; consenting to stand aloof, lured by the promise of receiving Hanover. When, however, Austria had been vanquished, and Prussia put out of the field for a time, Napoleon showed no alacrity to cultivate the friendship of Prussia, whose weak, vacillating king he cordially despised. The defeat of Austerlitz and the consequent destruction of the coalition had broken the heart of Pitt, who came to London to die in February, 1806; and his great rival, destined to follow him to the grave in a few months, once more applied himself to the task of endeavouring to bring about peace with France. When, in the negotiations which ensued, Prussia found France ready to give back Hanover to England, her eyes were at length opened; and the national party, which had been for some time gathering strength, at length procured the declaration of war. England, ready to take part with any power against France, became reconciled to Prussia, with whom and Sweden she formed the fourth coalition.

The Prussian army, strong in numbers, was badly officered, and led by men of a bygone school, at whose antiquated notions Napoleon laughed. "*Ils se tromperont furieusement, ces perruques*" (they'll find themselves horribly mistaken, these old fogies), was his sarcastic remark, on discovering their expectation of his basis of attack. Even of Blucher, perhaps the best of them, Napoleon said, "He is a very brave soldier, a good fighter (*un bon sabreur*). He is like a bull who shuts his eyes and rushes forward, and sees no danger. As a general, he is without talent." On the 14th October, two battles were gained, one by Napoleon at Jena, the other by Davoust at Auerstadt. On that day of misfortune Prussia lost 50,000 men; and even this was not the worst. A wretched panic, favoured perhaps by the disaffection that existed towards the Government, seized upon the whole country. Strong fortresses yielded to the French without even a show of resistance; large army corps surrendered with suspicious alacrity. Napoleon entered Berlin as a conqueror, and had now only Russia to contend with. Thus 1806 closed with increased glory to the Empire; and the French people, intoxicated with glory, did not as yet

murmur at the cost of these victories, though there was wailing in many a home over fathers, brothers, and sons whom the war had devoured. It is told how at this period Napoleon, during one of his progresses, having alighted with the Empress to walk a short distance on foot, met a peasant woman, who, being interrogated, said she was going to see the Emperor, who was to pass that way. "Why do you wish to see him?" asked Napoleon; "what have you done, but exchange one tyrant for another? You have had the Bourbons, now you have Napoleon." "No matter," rejoined the woman, "Napoleon is our king; but the Bourbons were the *kings of the nobles*." "This," said Napoleon, afterwards relating the anecdote, "comprehends the whole matter."

Russia had by this time recovered from the injuries of Austerlitz; and the campaign of 1807, which began with the new year on the plains of East Prussia, was directed against the armies of the Czar Alexander. The stubborn valour of the Russian foe was proved in two days' desperate fighting at Eylau, in which 30,000 men were slain and 50,000 prisoners taken. A panic of exhaustion followed this tremendous conflict; but on the 14th June, the seventh anniversary of Marengo, victory declared once more for Napoleon, and Alexander now made proposals for peace. The treaty of Tilsit degraded Prussia to the rank of a third-rate power, while it left Russia almost untouched. Napoleon thought it to his advantage to cultivate the friendship of the Emperor of Russia, who might aid him in carrying out colossal schemes of conquest, especially towards the East; for the King of Prussia he had a very hearty contempt, which he took no pains to disguise. He at once perceived the strong point of the Russian soldiers, their stolid obedience to orders, and their imperturbable coolness. "My soldiers," he said to Alexander, "are as brave as it is possible to be, but they are too much addicted to reasoning on their position. If they had the impassable firmness and docility of the Russians, the world would be too small for their exploits."

NAPOLEON AT HIS ZENITH; HIS ERRORS.

This may be looked upon as the highest period of the Emperor's power. In three successive years he had compelled the three greatest continental powers—Austria, Russia, and Prussia—to sue for peace. His will was paramount over the Continent of Europe. Not only had he raised himself to a position such as no soldier of fortune had ever attained; he had absolutely put his nearest relatives on thrones, where they sat

"state statues only," for they were expected to be utterly subservient to the will of the great Emperor. Lucien, the republican, the most resolute of the family, had quarrelled with his imperial brother, to whom he spoke his mind in a fashion Napoleon would not brook; but Joseph, Louis, and even Jerome, whom the Emperor was accustomed contumeliously to designate as "*le petit polisson*" (the little scamp), were accommodated with kingdoms; Joseph receiving Naples then, and afterwards transferred to Spain; Louis becoming king of Holland, and "*polisson*" Jerome receiving the brand-new kingdom of Westphalia, constructed out of territory plundered from the unhappy monarch of Prussia. Murat, Napoleon's brother-in-law, and Eugène Beauharnais, his stepson, were also remembered in this grand distribution of crowns and sceptres. And here the conqueror committed a grievous blunder. "*La carrière pour le talent*" had been his motto; the promotion of the deserving, irrespective of family claims; and here he put men like the listless Joseph and the hot-headed Murat into positions requiring the greatest circumspection and sagacity, because they were related to himself. And so now also the reaction began to set in. He had been guilty of acts of which his enemies made the most to his disadvantage. The Duke d'Enghien, a distinguished royalist, had been illegally captured, tried in an utterly irregular manner by a hurried court-martial, and shot in the ditch of Vincennes; an unhappy German bookseller, Palm, met a similar fate for distributing a pamphlet of a seditious character; the conscription weighed heavily upon France, and the immense sums exacted as "contribution" from Germany aroused the feelings of hidden anger in the population. Outwardly all was glitter and triumph; but the foundation of all this grandeur was unsound.

The insatiable ambition that made him interfere in the wretched politics of Spain now led the Emperor into a series of difficulties from which he never extricated himself. The long struggle in the Peninsula caused a continual drain upon the resources of the empire; and while this contest was going on, and the marshals were being wearied out by the imperturbable tenacity of Wellington, a new coalition was brought about; and in the campaign of 1809 the Emperor had once again to lead his legions to the Danube against the armies of Austria. The campaign of 1809 might have afforded food for reflection to the conqueror, had he not been too haughty and arrogant to profit by its teachings. The armies

who now opposed him seemed animated by a new spirit; for Austria, the most persistently despotic of states, had actually begun, as an exorcist, to conjure up the mortified spirit of her soldiers with a new word, a word most unfamiliar on the lips of her statesmen—freedom. The arrogance of the invading armies, the boastfulness of the victors of Marengo and Austerlitz and Jena, had excited a feeling of anger in Austria; and by representing the combat as one of nationality against foreign usurpation and the domination of an alien race, the Austrian leaders excited an enthusiasm amongst their men that astonished their opponents, whose task was rendered exceedingly difficult. Indeed, the Archduke Charles astonished Europe by the tremendous energy of his attack on the French at Aspern and Esslingen, where the invaders left 11,000 men dead on the field, and had 30,000 wounded, Marshal Lannes being among the slain. But both sides had suffered alike, and during an armistice of six weeks Napoleon received such reinforcements as enabled him to fight the battle of Wagram, which once more put Austria in his power; and in the treaty of Vienna, signed at Schönbrunn, the Emperor Francis was obliged again to submit to the dictation of the imperious soldier of the iron hand. And now Napoleon, the child of the Revolution, the chosen of the people, the man who owed everything to the fidelity of the nation towards him, sought to strengthen and secure his throne by a marriage alliance with the imperial family of Austria. He divorced Josephine, who had borne him no children, and married, in 1810, Maria Louisa, the daughter of the Emperor Francis. In the next year his hopes of succession were crowned by the birth of a son, who in his cradle was invested with the title of the King of Rome.

THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN; DISASTER.

The continental system by which Napoleon endeavoured to ruin Great Britain through her commercial interests, by closing all the ports of Europe against her, had been carried out with unvarying tenacity under his orders. The injury inflicted upon Russia by the closing of her chief market, and the efforts of England and Sweden, brought about an alliance between the three countries. Napoleon, who had believed in the sincerity of the friendship of Alexander, was not unnaturally indignant. He declared war against Russia, and in his anger resolved upon the enterprise that proved his ruin—the invasion of the vast empire of the Czars and an expedition against Moscow. Europe had never seen such an army as Napoleon led into Russia in 1812. The nature

of its composition showed the supremacy its leader had attained in Europe. Five hundred and seventy-five thousand warriors, with 1,200 pieces of artillery, crossed the Russian frontier at the end of June, 1812; and each of the vassal states had been obliged to contribute its quota. Prussia sent 20,000, Austria 30,000, Poland 60,000 men to swell the French forces, and the monarchs of Austria and Prussia, with a number of vassal princes, attended the levee of the master of the *grande armée* in Dresden, where he held his court before starting on the expedition which was to be his ruin. Never had the monarchs been so subservient to him. Some time before he had invited his former friend, Talma, the actor, to come to Erfurt, and play before a pit-full of kings (*un parterre de rois*). He could have repeated the invitation here, for never had the monarchs of Europe appeared so completely his obedient humble servants.

The plan of the Emperor was to advance with all speed, to bring the enemy to a general engagement as quickly as possible, and then to dictate a peace in the Russian, as he had done in the Austrian and Prussian capitals. The Russian plan, on the contrary, was to avoid a battle as long as possible; to retreat before the advancing foe, and draw him into the interior of a country whose barren and desolate wastes would yield but little provision or forage to that mighty host; and then the winter would come on; and as the Czar Nicholas said in after years, Russia had two leaders on whom she could rely—grim Generals January and February. Accordingly, as the French pressed forward, their foes fell back; and, compelled as they were to advance by different routes, their numbers were rather a hindrance than an advantage to the invaders.

The Russian soldiers, however, not understanding the Fabian tactics of their commanders, loudly demanded to be led against the foe, and were at length in a state of mutiny, refusing the "hourra" or salutations of welcome with which they were accustomed to receive their officers. Accordingly, a stand was made at Smolensk, when the victory was gained by the French, but with great loss; and again the enemy retreated, and the French followed them up. On the 7th September, the fierce General Kutusoff having taken the command from Barclay de Tolly, a final stand was made at Borodino, to protect the capital; and a contest more obstinate than that of Eylau was maintained all day on the banks of the Moskwa. With the loss of more than 20,000 men, the enemy having lost 30,000, Napoleon advanced towards the ancient capital. When

the gilded cupolas of Moscow were seen in the distance, the soldiers burst forth in shouts of triumph. Napoleon himself rejoiced at the sight of what appeared to be the goal of their enterprise. "It was high time," he observed.

The conquerors entered a deserted city. The streets were empty; in the houses costly goods and furniture were found in abundance, with none to claim them. Only tattered wretches were seen slinking about at street-corners, fleeing before the advancing soldiery. Napoleon took up his quarters in the Kremlin, and the army bivouacked in the streets. That night various fires broke out. At first they were attributed to accident; but the capture of some incendiaries, who boldly declared that they had been ordered by the governor, Rostopchin, to set the city on fire, showed to what lengths a fanatical people could go in their desire to destroy an enemy. Moscow, the ancient capital, the depository of the chief treasures of the Empire for centuries, the dwelling-place of 300,000 Russians, was to be sacrificed to ensure the destruction of the invaders who had dared to profane the soil of Holy Russia. Four-fifths of the city were reduced to ashes. The Emperor himself was obliged to flee from the Kremlin, and was in imminent danger of being suffocated by the smoke. When the fire had burnt itself out, the soldiers once more returned to encamp among the ruins. Discouragement and doubt had already begun to spread among them. Napoleon wrote to Alexander, reminding him that he was still his friend, and evidently anxious for peace; but the war party, in whose hands the weak, vacillating Czar was, sternly replied that no negotiations could be begun while a single French soldier remained on Russian soil.

The position was growing critical. For some time no news had reached the Emperor from Paris, and he dreaded, not without reason, as the sequel proved, that his enemies might endeavour, in his absence, to overturn his government. His troops were unprovided with winter clothing, and provisions were very hard to get; so, after a period of indecision, Napoleon resolved to retreat. "This war resembles no other," said the Emperor gloomily. "At Eylau, at Friedland, we had to contend only with soldiers; here we have to conquer a whole nation."

Of that fatal retreat the story has been told a hundred times by men who themselves experienced its horrors. Nothing in the world's chronicle of human woe exceeds in horror the miseries of that fearful journey through the endless snow-covered plains, amid the aggravated

terrors of a pursuing army, hot for vengeance, and plundering skirmishers, with lance and pistol, hovering on the outskirts of the retreating masses, cutting off, with cruel pertinacity, every unhappy straggler whom famine or exhaustion compelled to lag behind his comrades. Haggard, famine-stricken, and in rags, afraid to sleep by night for the deadly frost, afraid to halt by day for needful rest, for the murderous Cossacks hovering around them, they stumbled on, like overdriven cattle, until all bonds of discipline were loosed, and in brutal selfishness, engendered of misery, the soldier thrust his officer away from the camp-fire, and the famished wretches fought for the loathsome scraps with which they strove to keep themselves alive. At the passage of the river Beresina, where the pursuing army of Kutusoff came up with them, thousands perished in the half-frozen river. On the 5th December, Napoleon himself quitted the remains of the army; and, accompanied by two of his marshals, set out for Paris, by way of Warsaw, Dresden, and Mayence. The miserable relics of the army arrived at Wilna, where they were enabled to take some rest, and thence they hurried on to recross the Niemen. Talleyrand, the archtraitor, who served each party in turn, and betrayed them all round, marked the extent of the disaster, and declared it to be "the beginning of the end."

1813; EUROPE AGAINST FRANCE.

The subservient senate readily agreed that the armies were to be raised, for the campaign of 1813, to a strength of 800,000 men. A conscription, severer than any former levy, provided the necessary numbers; but the soldiers of 1813 were not like the veterans of former years. Brave they were, those poor conscripts, even to temerity, ready to encounter any danger, and inspired with a patriotism truly heroic; but many of them were mere boys, utterly wanting in the physical strength necessary for a long campaign. Selection had become impossible, and hardly any man who could carry a musket escaped enrolment. Meanwhile, Europe had marked the discomfiture of the great soldier until then considered invincible. The Prussian and Austrian auxiliary corps hastened to effect an accommodation with the enemy; and in Prussia a general uprising and revolt took place. The young men came by thousands to enrol themselves as volunteers, to fight for the freedom of their country. Contributions of money, and even of jewels and valuables, for the equipment of troops, poured in. A general enthusiasm had seized the country.

"Das Volk steht auf, der Sturm bricht los!" "The people rise—the storm's unchained," sang Theodore Körner, the Tyrtæus of the camp, himself destined to fall for his country in the struggle. A sixth coalition was formed against France, England again bearing a great part of the financial burden.

Napoleon showed all his former energy and resolution in the face of this great danger. He signalized the beginning of the campaign by gaining the three victories of Lützen, Wurtzen, and Bautzen, in Saxony; and then he occupied Dresden, and the King of Saxony renewed his treaty with him. This startling evidence that the great soldier still knew how to conquer made his foes pause. An armistice, and a congress at Prague, ostensibly for arranging a peace, gave them time to recover from their discomfiture, and to gain a most important ally in the person of Austria. When, on the breaking off of the conference and the renewal of the war, Austria declared on the side of the allies, it was felt that only exceptional good fortune, combined with consummate skill, could save Napoleon from ruin. Once again he inflicted defeat on his foes at Dresden; and here perished Moreau, who to his shame had taken service with Russia against his own country. But meanwhile Napoleon's marshals were blundering. Macdonald and Ney were separately defeated, and Vandamme, with 8,000 men, was taken prisoner. Retreat or a general battle formed the only alternative. Napoleon chose the latter, and at Leipsic, in the great Völkerschlacht, or battle of the nations, he encountered, with 170,000 men, the armies of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, and their allies, amounting to 300,000 men. From the 14th to the 18th, in a series of tremendous conflicts, the French struggled for victory; but on the 19th, Napoleon was obliged to retreat, with a loss of 80,000 men. One more gleam of success illumined the campaign for him. The Bavarians tried, at Hanau, to intercept his retreat, and he inflicted a crushing defeat upon them. But the end was near.

1814; USELESS STRUGGLE AND ABDICATION.

The allies had now 400,000 troops in Holland and along the banks of the Rhine; and the crows could now venture to attack the eagle in his nest. The commencement of 1814 saw foreign armies once more encamped on the soil of France. Never had Napoleon's military genius shone more brightly than now, and never had the French shown more clearly how much their success in war depends on a great leader. Like

a hunted lion, he strove desperately to break the net which his enemies were drawing around him. Prussians, Russians, and Austrians were in turn overthrown at Champeaubert, Montmirail, Joinville, Nangis, and Montereau. But his generals deserted him, to make terms for themselves; the Senate, once so servile, declared against him; Talleyrand the archtraitor matured a scheme for the restoration of the Bourbons; while Napoleon was engaged near the frontier against one army of the allies, another made its way to the capital; and at length, while he was hastening to relieve the beleaguered city, he received the news at Fontainebleau, that Paris had surrendered, and he knew that the game was lost.

The island of Elba for an empire, four hundred of his old guard for an army, the retention of his title as emperor, and a large pension (which was not paid) for the maintenance of his little court—such were the terms offered to the fallen Cæsar by the allies, and perforce accepted by him. Napoleon quitted France, and Louis XVIII. ruled in the Tuileries. Louis was a good-natured, fat, indolent gentleman enough, strongly resembling his elder brother, the unhappy Louis XVI., in person and in character. “Il ny a rien de changé; il n’y a qu’un français de plus,” he said; and would have been content to let things remain much as they were. But the men around him were “far more royalist than the king;” they insulted and disgusted the army; they cashiered the old officers who had fought against the invader, and put in their places the emigrants who had intrigued in safety beyond the frontiers, and who now returned in swarms, hungry as locusts, for pensions and places. Such a wonderful amount of misrule and blundering did they concentrate into a few months, that before a year had fully gone, Napoleon was back again to strike once more for crown and empire.

THE LAST EFFORT; FAILURE AND RUIN.

The year 1815 will always be memorable for the famous Waterloo campaign. It was a desperate venture; and in view of the determination of the allies to stand together, and to enter into no treaty with Napoleon, could hardly succeed. Even if the French army had not suffered that crushing defeat on the 18th June, if the Emperor had succeeded in defeating the English and the Prussians, he would still have had to reckon with the enormous hosts of Austria and Prussia, aided by the large contingents, the states of Germany, Sweden, and the Netherlands would have been called on to supply. Exhausted as he was, through the enormous warlike drain on

her population for years, France would have been quite unequal to such a tremendous task. Napoleon in former days had been the king of the people; but he had betrayed his trust, and was, in 1815, only the king of the army.

It would have been well for him had he died at Waterloo; for those six years of captivity at St. Helena are miserable to look back upon, and reflect no honour on the petulant captive anxious to parade his grievances, or on the great English government who surrounded him with infinitely petty restrictions, or the military governor who treated him like a convict. To guard with jealous care the man who had returned from Elba was necessary, and right but to refuse to address him except as “General Bonaparte” was petty; and the refusal to allow the single word “Napoleon” as an inscription on the tomb of the dead lion, showed a meanness of spirit worthy of the ministry who sent the “imperative orders” that no words should appear on the stone but the obnoxious name “General Bonaparte.” During that long agony the captive had one thing that had been denied him during the greater part of his heated, busy, toilsome career—time for reflection. Already at Elba he had begun to distinguish causes and effects more clearly, when the false glare thrown upon events by conquest and success had passed away. “I committed three great political faults,” he said. “I ought to have made peace with England by abandoning Spain. I ought to have restored the kingdom of Poland, and not have gone to Moscow. I ought to have made peace at Dresden (in 1813), giving up Hamburg and some other countries that were useless to me.”

The most convincing proof that his long captivity gave him time for profitable reflection is found in his remarks to Bertrand on the Christian religion. Dimly, and afar off, the captive seems to have seen the great fault in his own character, the devouring egotism which had made him look upon all things as revolving round him, in contrast with the love that forms the essence of gospel teaching. “The soul can never go astray,” he said, solemnly laying his hand on the Bible, “with this book for its guide.”

On the 5th May, 1821, Napoleon died. From the broken words that escaped him, the faithful watchers round his bed could gather that his last thoughts wandered to the land of France, to the son who had been his pride and hope, to the army he had led so often to victory. But mingled with these trembled on his dying lips the name of Him before whom the glory of the kings of the earth passes away as a tale that is told. H. W. D.



JULIUS CÆSAR, THE HERO OF THE ROMAN WORLD.

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CÆSAR'S BIRTH AND DAILY LIFE.

THE subject of the following pages is without question one of the greatest of the great men who have played a part on the stage of this world. The deeds performed by Cæsar, and the much vaster enterprises which he mediated, bear witness to his transcendent genius alike in war and peace. "He was great," says a modern

historian, "in everything he undertook,—as a captain, a statesman, a lawgiver, a jurist, an orator, a poet, an historian, a grammarian, a mathematician, and an architect."

Caius Julius Cæsar, the son of Caius Julius Cæsar and Aurelia, was born B.C. 100, on the 12th of Quintilis, which afterwards in his honour got the name of Julius. His aunt Julia was the

wife of Caius Marius, who was seven times Consul. His early life was spent at a time when the successes of Sulla had restored the government of the nobles ; and the list of Consuls at this period shows for several years the position which the great families had recovered in the State. It was the destiny of Cæsar to lead a revolutionary movement, and take the last step in the downfall of the Republic.

In his seventeenth year Cæsar married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, by whom he had a daughter, Julia. This connection with Marius and Cinna, the two great opponents of the Dictator Sulla, exposed him to the resentment of the opposite faction. By Sulla's orders he was deprived of his wife's dowry, and of the fortune which he had inherited by descent, stripped of an office he held as Priest of Jupiter, and compelled to seek safety in flight. Sulla is said to have spared his life with great reluctance, observing to those who pleaded his cause that the youth "would be the ruin of the aristocratic party, for there were many Mariuses in Cæsar."

A MILITARY CAREER BEGUN.

Cæsar first served under M. Thermus in Asia, and distinguished himself at the capture of Mitylene (B.C. 80 or 79), but his reputation suffered by a report (possibly an unfounded one) of scandalous profligacy during a visit which he paid to Nicomedes, the King of Bithynia.

In the following year he served under Servilius Isauricus in Cilicia. The news of Sulla's death soon brought him back to Rome, but he took no part in the movements of M. Æmilius Lepidus, who made a fruitless attempt to overthrow the aristocratic party, which had been firmly established during the tyranny of Sulla. It is not unlikely, as is observed by Suetonius, that he had no confidence in Lepidus, and that he had penetration enough to see that the time was not come for humbling the aristocracy. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to Cæsar having very early formed a design to seize on the sovereign power, it is at least certain that from his first appearance in public life he had a settled purpose to break the power of the aristocracy, from which he and his relatives had suffered so much.

On his return to Rome he had an opportunity, of which he readily availed himself, of displaying those powers of speech, which were only second to his powers of action, in the prosecution of Dolabella for maladministration in his province of Macedonia. After this successful impeachment he retired to Rhodes, and for a time became a

pupil of the rhetorician Molo, one of the greatest masters of the art, whose instructions Cicero had attended probably a year or two before Cæsar's visit.

Fortune seemed at once to claim him as a man of action. On his way to Rhodes his ship was captured by the pirates who had then undisputed mastery of the Mediterranean and Ægean. His ransom was fixed at the enormous sum of fifty talents (about £12,000), which he obtained from the maritime cities of Asia. Whilst he was their prisoner he often made threats of vengeance, as it seemed to them in sport ; threats which would seem doubly ludicrous from that puny frame which Shakspeare makes Cassius deride. But Cæsar soon proved that he was terribly in earnest. Before proceeding to qualify himself for being an orator, he manned a small squadron at Miletus, assailed the pirates in their haunts, carried them prisoners to Pergamus, and crucified them.

For some time after this Cæsar seems to have had little concern in public life, being kept in the background by the predominance of the aristocratic party, and the successful career of Metellus, Lucullus, Crassus, and Pompey.

About B.C. 69, being elected one of the military Tribunes, he had sufficient influence to procure an enactment for the restoration of L. Cinna, his wife's brother, and of those partisans of Lepidus who after his death had joined Sertorius in Spain. The following year he was Quæstor in Spain, and on his return to Rome he was elected Ædile for B.C. 65.

Just before entering on office he fell under some suspicion of being engaged in a conspiracy to kill the Consuls Cotta and Torquatus, and effect a revolution. Whether there really was a conspiracy or not may be doubted : Cæsar's share in it at least is not clearly established.

The office of Ædile gave Cæsar an opportunity of indulging his taste for magnificence and display, by which at the same time he secured the favour of the people. He beautified the city with public buildings, and gave splendid exhibitions of wild beasts and gladiators. He lived at an expense which his income certainly did not warrant. "Many people observing this," says Plutarch, "thought that he was purchasing a short transient honour very dear ; but the fact was, he was gaining the greatest things he could aspire to at a small price. It is said that he was one thousand three hundred ducats in debt before he got any public employment. When he had the superintendence of the Appian Road he laid out a great deal of his own money ; and when

Ædile, he not only exhibited three hundred and fifty pairs of gladiators, but in the other diversions of the theatre, in processions and public tables, he far outshone the most ambitious who had gone before him. These things attached the people to him so strongly that every one sought for new honours and employments to recompense his generosity."

Cæsar, who was now thirty-five years of age, had enjoyed no opportunity of distinguishing himself in a military capacity; while the more fortunate Pompey, who was only six years older, was spreading his name and the terror of the Roman arms throughout the East. A favourable occasion seemed to present itself in Egypt. Alexander, the King, who had been honoured with the name of friend and ally of the Roman people, was ejected from Alexandria by the citizens. The popular feeling at Rome was against the Alexandrians, and Cæsar thought he had interest enough, through the Tribunes and the democratical party, to get appointed to an extraordinary command in Egypt. But the opposite faction was strongly united against him, and he failed in his attempt.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS EMPLOYMENTS.

The following year he was more successful. By a judicious application of money among the poorer voters, and of personal influence among all classes, he obtained the *Pontificatus Maximus*, or wardenship of the ecclesiastical college of Pontifices, a place no doubt of considerable emolument, to which an official residence in the *Sacra Via* was also attached. This union of civil and religious functions in the same person, at least in the higher and more profitable places, was a part of the old Roman polity, which, among other consequences, prevented the existence of a hierarchy with a distinct and opposing interest.

At the time of the important debate on the conspiracy of Catiline (B.C. 63), Cæsar was *Prætor Designatus* (*prætor elect* for the following year), and accordingly spoke in his place in the senate. He was the only person who ventured to oppose the proposition for putting the conspirators to death: he recommended their property to be confiscated, and that they should be dispersed through the different municipia of Italy, and kept under a strict surveillance. The speech which Sallust has put into his mouth on this occasion, if the substance of it is genuine, will help us to form some estimate of Cæsar's character and policy at this period. The address is singularly well adapted to flatter the dominant party, as well as to keep up his credit with those

who were hostile to the aristocratic interest. His object was to save the lives of the conspirators, under the pretext of inflicting on them a punishment more severe than that of death. But for Cato he might probably have carried his motion.

According to Suetonius, Cæsar persevered in his opposition till his life was actually threatened by the armed Roman Equites, who were introduced into the senate-house under the pretext of protecting the senate during their deliberations. Cicero, who was their Consul, and in the height of his prosperity and arrogance, might, it is said, by a single nod have destroyed this formidable opponent of the order of which he had become the devoted champion, but either his courage failed him, or some motive, perhaps more worthy, led him to check the fury of the Equites.

In the following year, during his *prætorship*, the opposite faction in the senate, who were bent on crushing Cæsar's rising influence, actually passed a decree (*decretum*), by which Q. Cæcilius Metellus Nepos, one of the Tribunes of the plebs, and Cæsar, who strongly supported him in his measures, were declared incapable of continuing in the exercise of their official duties.

Cæsar, however, still went on discharging the judicial functions of his magistracy, till he found that force would be used to compel his submission to this illegal and impolitic act of the senate. The populace were roused by this strange proceeding, and Cæsar apparently might have had their best assistance against his enemies; but prudence for the present induced him to check the zeal of his partisans, and the senate, apparently alarmed by this demonstration, repealed their own decree, and thanked him for his conduct.

An affair which happened during Cæsar's *prætorship* caused no little scandal at Rome. While the ceremonies in honour of the *Bona Dea* were performing in the house of Cæsar, the profligate Clodius, putting on a woman's dress, contrived to get admission to these mysterious rites. On the affair being discovered, Cæsar divorced his wife Pompeia, whom he had married after the death of Cornelia, and Clodius, after being brought to a public trial on a charge of impiety, only escaped by bribing the judges, or jury. When called as a witness at the trial Cæsar declared that he knew nothing of what was alleged against Clodius. As this declaration appeared rather strange, the accuser demanded why, if that was the case, he had divorced his wife. "Because," said he, "I would have my wife above suspicion."

From motives of policy Cæsar did not break

with Clodius ; he probably feared his influence, and already saw that he could make him a useful tool and a bugbear to Cicero.

CONSUL FOR THE FIRST TIME ; A GOOD
STROKE OF POLICY.

The year B.C. 60 was spent by Cæsar in his province of Hispania Ulterior, or Southern Spain, where he speedily restored order, and before his successor came, hurried back to Rome to canvass for the consulship. He had now begun to indulge in dreams of ambition. When he was in Spain, we are told by Plutarch, he bestowed some leisure hours on reading part of the history of Alexander, and was so affected by it, that he sat thoughtful for a long time, and at last burst into tears. As his friends were wondering at the reason he said, "Do you think I have not sufficient cause for concern, when Alexander at my age reigned over so many conquered countries, and I have not one glorious achievement to boast?"

The aristocratical party saw that it was impossible to prevent Cæsar's election : their only chance was to give him a colleague who should be a check upon him. Their choice of Bibulus seems to have been singularly unfortunate. Bibulus was elected with Cæsar in opposition to Lucceius, with whom Cæsar had formed a coalition, on the condition that Lucceius should find the money and that Cæsar should give him the benefit of his influence and recommendation.

The scheme of Cæsar's enemies proved a complete failure. Bibulus, after unavailing efforts to resist the impetuosity of his colleague, shut himself up in his house, and Cæsar, in fact, became sole Consul. In order to stop all public business, Bibulus declared the auguries unfavourable ; and when this would not answer, he declared they would be unfavourable all through the year. This illegal conduct only tended to justify the violent measures of his colleague. The affair, though a serious one for the hitherto dominant faction, furnished matter for the small wits of the day, who used to sign their notes and letters in the consulship of Julius and Cæsar, instead of naming both Consuls in the usual way. Cæsar entered on the first of his consulships in the year B.C. 59, and pursued for exactly fifteen years that marvellous political and military career to which history has since furnished but one, and that an unequal, parallel.

Cæsar had contrived, by a masterly stroke of policy, to render ineffectual all opposition on the part of his opponents. Pompey was dissatisfied because the senate delayed about confirming all

his measures in the Mithridatic war, and during his command in Asia. Crassus, who was the richest man in the State, and second only to Pompey in influence with the senatorial faction, was not on good terms with Pompey. If Cæsar gained over only one of these rivals, he made the other his enemy ; he determined therefore to secure them both.

He began by courting Pompey, and succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation between him and Crassus. It was agreed that there should be a general understanding among the three as to the course of policy : that all Pompey's measures should be confirmed, and that Cæsar should have the consulship. To cement their alliance more closely, Cæsar gave Pompey his daughter Julia in marriage, though she had been promised to M. Brutus. Cæsar also took a new wife on the occasion, Calpurnia, the daughter of Piso, whom he nominated one of the Consuls for the ensuing year. This union of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar is often called by modern writers the first triumvirate. The effect of it was to destroy the credit of Pompey, throw disunion among the aristocrats, and put the whole power of the State in the hands of one vigorous and clear-sighted man.

It is unnecessary to detail minutely the acts of Cæsar's consulship, which rather belong to a history of Rome. From the letters of Cicero, which are contemporary evidence, we perceive that the senate at last found they had got a master whom it was useless to resist : Cato alone held out, but he stood by himself.

One of the most important measures of Cæsar's consulship was an agrarian law for the division of some public lands in Campania among the poorer citizens, which was carried by intimidation. Pompey and Crassus, who had given in to all Cæsar's measures, accepted a place in the commission for dividing these lands. Clodius, the enemy of Cicero, was, through Cæsar's influence and the help of Pompey, adopted into a plebeian family, and thus made capable of holding the office of Tribune ; an event which Cicero had long dreaded, and fondly flattered himself that he could prevent by a temporising policy. Clodius, the next year, was elected a Tribune, and drove Cicero into exile.

GOVERNOR OF GALLIA CISALPINA, AND
GALLIA TRANSALPINA.

The Roman Consuls, on going out of office, received the government of a province for one year. Cæsar's opponents unwisely made another and a last effort against him, which only resulted in putting them in a still more humiliating position ;

they proposed to give him the superintendence of the roads and forests. Vatinius, one of his creatures, forthwith procured a law to be passed, by which he obtained for Cæsar the province of Gallia Cisalpina, or North Italy, and Illyricum, for five years: and the senate, fearing the people might grant still more, not only confirmed the measure, but, making a merit of necessity, added the province of Gallia Transalpina.

"From this moment," it has been well said, "the history of Rome presents a striking parallel to the condition of the French Republic during Bonaparte's first campaigns in Italy. In both cases we see a weak republican administration in the capital involved in continual broils, which the rival factions are more interested in fostering than in securing the tranquillity and peace of the empire. In both cases we find a province of the distracted Republic occupied by a general with unlimited power,—the uncontrolled mastery of a territory which, in extent and importance, is equal to a mighty kingdom; a man of superior understanding, desperate resolves, and, if circumstances rendered it necessary, of dreadful cruelty,—a man who, under the show of democratical opinions, behaved like a despot, governed a province at his pleasure, and established an absolute control over his soldiers by leading them to victory, bloodshed, and pillage."

The Gallie provinces, at this time subject to Rome were Gallia Citerior, or Cisalpine Gaul (North Italy); and Gallia Ulterior, or the southern part of Transalpine Gaul, also called emphatically "Provincia" (whence the modern Province), whose capital was Narbo, now Narbonne. The Provincia extended from the Mediterranean to the Cevenna Mountains, and included what afterwards became Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphiné. On the north it joined the Allobroges, then lately subjected to Rome. When Cæsar, in his Commentaries, speaks of Gaul, which he divides into Aquitania, Celtica, and Belgica, he means the Gaul which was then independent, and which he conquered, exclusive of the Provincia already subject to Rome.

CÆSAR'S WARS IN GAUL BEGUN.

We now come to the beginning of those wars in Gaul of which Plutarch writes: "The wars Cæsar conducted there, and the many glorious campaigns in which he reduced that country, represent him as another man: we begin here as it were with a new life, and have to follow him in a quite different track. As a warrior and a general, we behold him not in the least

inferior to the greatest and most admired commanders the world ever produced. For whether we compare him with the Fabii, the Scipios, the Metelli, with the generals of his own time, or those who flourished a little before him, with Sylla, Marius, the two Luculli, or with Pompey himself, whose fame in every military excellence reached the skies, Cæsar's achievements bear away the palm. One he surpassed in the difficulty of the scene of action, another in the extent of the country he subdued; this in the number and strength of the enemies he overcame, that in the savage manners and treacherous disposition of the people he humanized; one in mildness and clemency to his prisoners, another in bounty and munificence to his troops; and all, in the number of battles that he won and enemies that he killed. For in less than ten years' war in Gaul, he took eight hundred towns by assault, conquered three hundred nations, and fought pitched battles at different times with three millions of men, one million of which he cut in pieces, and made another million prisoners.

"Such, moreover, was the affection of his soldiers, and their attachment to his person, that they who under other commanders were nothing above the common rate of men, became invincible when Cæsar's glory was concerned, and met the most dreadful dangers with a courage that nothing could resist."

In March B.C. 58, while Cæsar was still at Rome, news came that the Helvetians, united with several German tribes, were leaving their country with their wives and children in order to settle in South Gaul, and were directing their march upon Geneva to cross the Rhone at that place.

Cæsar hastened to Geneva, cut the bridge, and raised a wall or entrenchment between the Rhone and the Jura, in order to close the passage against the Helvetians. The Helvetians asked permission to pass through the Roman province on their way to the country of the Santones (Saintogne), as they said, and on Cæsar's refusal they resolved to cross the Jura higher up, into the country of the Sequani (Franche Comté), with whom they entered into negotiations to that effect.

Cæsar foresaw danger to the Roman province if the Helvetians succeeded in settling themselves in Gaul, and he resolved to prevent them at all risks. He left his lieutenant Labienus at Geneva, with the only legion he had in the province, and hastened back to Cisalpine Gaul, where he raised two fresh legions, and sum-

moned three more which had wintered near Aquilia. With these five legions (about 30,000 men) he took the most direct road to Gallia Ulterior, crossing the Alps by Occlum (Exilles, between Susa and Briançon), and marched through the province to the country of the Segusiani, the nearest independent Gaulish people, who lived near the confluence of the Rhone and the Arar (the Saone).

The Helvetians meantime having crossed the country of the Sequani, had reached the Arar, which divided the Sequani from the Ædui, a considerable nation of Celtic Gaul, who extended from the Arar to the Ligeris, and who were friendly to Rome. The Ædui applied to Cæsar for assistance. He watched the motions of the Helvetians, and having learned that three-fourths of their number had crossed the Arar, he marched at night with three legions, and fell upon those who still remained on the eastern bank with the baggage, and killed or dispersed them. These were the Tigurini, who, about fifty years before, having joined the Cimbri, had defeated and killed the Roman Consul L. Cassius.

Cæsar crossed the Arar in pursuit of the Helvetian main body. After a useless conference between Cæsar and old Divico, the Helvetian leader, the Helvetians continued to advance into the country of the Ædui, and Cæsar after them. Cæsar's cavalry, 4000 strong, composed of Gaulish horsemen raised in the Provincia and among the Ædui, had the worst of it in an engagement against 500 Helvetian horsemen.

Cæsar discovered that there was a party hostile to Rome among the Ædui, at the head of which was Dumnorix, a young man of great wealth, influence, and ambition, who secretly favoured the Helvetians, although he actually commanded a body of the auxiliary cavalry under Cæsar. At the same time the provisions which the Ædui had promised to supply to the Roman army were not forthcoming. Cæsar sent for Divitiacus, the brother of Dumnorix, a Druid, who was friendly to Rome, and told him all he knew about his brother's double-dealing. Divitiacus acknowledged his brother's fault, and obtained his pardon. We find afterwards that Dumnorix continued in his heart hostile to the Romans, and at the time of Cæsar's first expedition into Britain, refused to embark with his auxiliaries, left Cæsar's camp, was followed, overtaken, and put to death.

The movements of the Helvetians through the country of the Ædui must have been very slow and circuitous, for we find that Cæsar, after following them for a fortnight, was about eighteen

miles from Bibracte (Autun), which is not above eighty miles from the most distant point of the Arar, where they could have crossed.

Cæsar, who had now only two days' provisions left, gave up the pursuit, and took the road to Bibracte, the principal town of the Ædui. The Helvetians, mistaking this movement for a retreat, turned round and followed the Romans. Cæsar halted on a hill, formed his four old legions in three lines half-way up the hill, and placed in their rear higher up the two new legions, as well as the auxiliaries. The baggage he assembled and entrenched on the summit of the hill.

The Helvetians, whom Cæsar on this occasion calls Gauls—for they were in fact a Celtic race—having left all their baggage-waggons and families in one spot, closed their ranks and formed their phalanx, repulsed Cæsar's cavalry, and advanced to attack his first lines. Numbers were vastly in their favour. Cæsar having dismounted, sent away his own and all the other horses, to preclude all hope of flight, and having harangued his men, gave the signal for battle. The legionaries, from their elevated position, threw their javelins with great force upon the advancing Helvetians, and having disordered their phalanx, rushed sword in hand upon them. Owing to the close order of the Helvetian ranks, it happened that, in many instances, the Roman javelins transfixted two shields at once, so that the bearers, being unable to extricate themselves one from the other, were obliged to throw their shields away, and fight unprotected. At last, covered with wounds, the Helvetians retired towards a mountain a mile distant.

The Romans followed them, but were attacked in flank by the Boii and Tulingi, 15,000 strong, who formed the Helvetian rear-guard. Cæsar ordered his third line to face about and repel these new enemies, while the other two were engaged against the Helvetian main body, who had halted and returned to the charge. This double fight lasted from noon till sunset, during which time none of the Helvetians were seen to turn their backs. They withdrew at last, one part to the mountain and the rest to their baggage, where they continued to fight desperately behind their carts during the night, till they were nearly all killed. The other part, to the number of 13,000 individuals, moved off during the night, and marching in a north direction, arrived in the country of the Lingones (Langres). The Romans were unable to follow them, being detained three days on the field of battle in attending to their wounded and burying their dead.

In the Helvetian camp were found written

tablets containing the muster of the different tribes which composed the emigration, to the number of 368,000 individuals, of whom 92,000 were fighting men. Cæsar says the tablets were written in Greek characters: it has been supposed by some that they were Etruscan letters, somewhat resembling the old Greek, and perhaps introduced into Helvetia by the Rhaeti, or Rasena, an Etruscan people.

After three days, Cæsar marched in pursuit of the Helvetians, who threw themselves on his mercy. Cæsar demanded their arms, hostages, and the surrender of their slaves and other fugitives who had taken refuge among them; and they were ordered to return home and cultivate their lands. The Boii alone, distinguished for their bravery, were allowed to remain among the Ædui at the request of the latter.

A part of the Helvetian tribes, pagus Verbi-geneus, 6,000 in number, having marched off in the midst of the confusion and darkness of the night, and taken the way towards the Rhine and Germany, were pursued by Cæsar's orders, brought back and "treated as enemies," which then meant that they were either put to death or sold as slaves. The Helvetians who returned home were mustered by Cæsar, and found to be 110,000 individuals, men, women, and children.

Cæsar says* that his principal object in sending the Helvetians back was to prevent the Germans beyond the Rhine from occupying their country and becoming formidable neighbours to the Roman provinces. The report of Cæsar's victory spread rapidly through all Celtic Gaul, the various tribes of which began to look up to him as their arbiter in their internal differences. The Ædui complained to him that Ariovistus, a powerful King of the Germans, being invited by the Sequani and the Arverni, between whom and the Ædui there was an old rivalry, had crossed the Rhine some time before with 15,000 men, who had afterwards increased to 120,000, had defeated the Ædui and their allies in a great battle, had occupied several provinces of Gaul, exacted hostages of them, and was in fact oppressing the country. The Gauls described the Germans as an athletic, fierce, and formidable people.

Cæsar, who during his consulship in the previous year had induced the senate to acknowledge Ariovistus as a King, and friend of Rome, now sent to him requesting an interview, which the German declined. Cæsar then required him by message to desist from bringing over the Rhine fresh bodies of Germans, and from molesting the Ædui and their allies, who were neighbours to the Roman province, and to restore

their hostages. Ariovistus replied that as he had never dictated to the Romans what use they should make of their victories, he would not be dictated to by them; that the Ædui were his tributaries by force of arms.

Cæsar, learning that other Germans, and particularly the Suevi, a powerful nation, were approaching the Rhine to join Ariovistus, determined on attacking him. He occupied Vesontio (Besançon), a strong town of the Sequani, before Ariovistus could seize it.

The fearful reports of the Gauls about the Germans spread alarm in Cæsar's camp, especially among the young officers, military Tribunes, prefects, and others, accustomed to the luxuries of Rome, and who had followed Cæsar out of personal friendship. Skulking in their tents, they lamented their fate, and were busy making their last wills. The panic spread to the veterans, and Cæsar was told that it would be impossible to advance farther; that the roads were impracticable; that no provisions could be collected; and, in short, that the soldiers would not follow him if he raised his camp.

Having assembled the officers, Cæsar told them that it was not their business to discuss the measures and orders of their General, ridiculed their fears of the Germans, since the Cimbrî and Teutones, the most formidable of that race, had been defeated by the Roman arms, and signified to them that he would raise the camp next morning, and if they refused to follow him, would march forth with the tenth legion alone. This was Cæsar's favourite legion.

This harangue had its full effect, and Cæsar marched from Vesontio to meet Ariovistus. After a fruitless interview between the two chiefs, which is graphically described by Cæsar, Ariovistus arrested and put in chains Valerius Procillus, Cæsar's friend and confidential interpreter; and Mettius, who had gone to the German camp to renew the negotiations.

Cæsar prepared for battle, but Ariovistus remained in his camp for several days, because, as Cæsar was informed by the prisoners, the German matrons had declared that their countrymen would be losers if they fought before the new moon. Accordingly, the Roman general determined to make the attack. The Germans came out and formed for battle in phalanxes by order of nations, the Harudes, Marcomanni, the Tribocci, the Vangiones, the Nemetes, the Sedusii and the Suevi; and they placed their waggons, baggage, and women in a semi-circle behind them, so as to prevent escape.

The signal being given, both armies rushed to

the encounter with such rapidity that the Romans had not time to throw their javelins, and at once resorted to their swords. Cæsar, perceiving that the left of the enemy was the weakest, commenced the attack on that point; many of his soldiers went up and, grasping the shields of the enemy, tried to snatch them away. Meanwhile the German right was pressing hard upon the Romans, who were much inferior in numbers, when young Crassus (the son of Licinius), who commanded the cavalry, moved the third or rear line obliquely to the support of the left, and thus recovered the advantage.

The Germans gave way, and fled towards the Rhine, which was fifty miles distant, being pursued by Cæsar's cavalry. Many fell, some swam across the river, others, and Ariovistus among the rest, passed it in boats. Ariovistus' two wives and one daughter were killed in the flight; another daughter was taken. Valerius Proculus and Mettius were both rescued, to the great satisfaction of Cæsar.

Cæsar, having thus terminated the campaign, put his troops in winter quarters among the Sequani, and himself crossed the Alps to Citerior, or Cisalpine Gaul, to hold the usual courts for the administration of justice and the civil business of the province.

THE CAMPAIGN OF B.C. 57.

The campaign of B.C. 57 was against the Belgic Gauls, a powerful race of German origin, who had been long settled in the country between the Rhine and the Sequana (Seine). Alarmed by the advance of the Romans through Celtic Gaul, the Belgæ had during the winter formed a confederacy, and prepared themselves for resistance.

Cæsar, with the usual logic of conquerors, found in these preparations a pretext for attack. He raised two more legions in Cisalpine Gaul, and proceeded at the beginning of summer to his camp in the Sequani. He then advanced with eight legions, and in fifteen days reached the country of the Remi, the first Belgic people on that side. The Remi made their submission, and gave him every information concerning the extent and the strength of the confederacy, which amounted, they said, to 800,000 fighting men.

After crossing the river Axona (Aisne), Cæsar fixed his camp on the right or farthest bank, and fortified it with a rampart twelve feet high and a ditch eighteen feet deep. The Belgæ meantime besieged the town of Bibrax (Bièvre?) belonging to the Remi, eight miles from the Roman camp. Cæsar sent to its relief his light troops, namely, his Numidians, the Cretan archers

and the Balearic slingers. The Belgæ, raising the siege, advanced towards Cæsar's camp and made some demonstrations, but Cæsar kept quiet in his entrenchments, and the Belgæ broke up for want of provisions, and resolved to fight each in his own territory.

After subjecting the Suessiones, the Bellovaci, and the Ambiani, Cæsar marched against the Nervii, the most powerful of the Belgic nations. A desperate battle was fought on the banks of the Sabis (Sambre?), in which the Nervii actually surprised the Roman soldiers while in the act of tracing and entrenching their camp, and before they had time to form or put on their helmets. Cæsar's cavalry, auxiliaries, servants, drivers, and followers of the camp all ran away, spreading the report of the defeat of the Romans. Cæsar hurried from legion to legion, encouraging the men, and finally succeeded in establishing order. The tenth legion came to turn the scale. The Nervii fought desperately to the last, and "their nation and name," says Cæsar, "was nearly extinguished on that day." It was reported that out of 60,000 fighting men only 500 remained. The women and children sued for mercy, and Cæsar restored to them their territory and towns.

The Aduatici were the descendants of a body of Cimbri and Teutones, who had set led towards the confluence of the Sabis and the Mosa. While on their march to support the Nervii, they heard of the total defeat of their allies; upon which they retired to a strong natural hold, where they were regularly besieged by Cæsar, who formed a line of circumvallation. When they saw the movable towers and the lattering ram approaching their walls, engines of which the Gauls had no idea, they sued for peace.

Cæsar required them to throw their arms outside of their ramparts. They did so, but concealed one third of them; they then opened their gates and mixed with the Roman soldiers. In the evening Cæsar withdrew his men within his lines, but at midnight the Aduatici came out in arms, and attempted to scale Cæsar's entrenchments. Being repulsed with great loss, their place was entered the next day, and the people were sold as slaves, to the number of 53,000.

Crassus, being detached by Cæsar across the Sequana into Western Gaul, received the submission of the Auleri, Unelli, and Veneti, and other maritime people on the coasts of the ocean; and as the season was growing late, the army went into winter quarters in the country of the Carnutes (about Orleans), Turoñes (Tours), and other parts of central Gaul.

Cæsar set off, according to his custom, for

Cisalpine Gaul, where his friends flocked from Rome to congratulate him on his successes. The senate, on receiving from the victorious general the usual official letters, ordered fifteen days of public thanksgiving to the gods, a period never granted before to any other general.

THE CAMPAIGN OF B.C. 56.

Cæsar's third campaign, B.C. 56, was against the Western Gauls. Crassus, while wintering with one legion among the Audeci (Anjou), sent Tribunes and other officers to the Veneti (Vannes in Brittany), and other people on the Atlantic coast, to ask for provisions. The Veneti, a powerful commercial seafaring people, who had numerous ships, in which they traded with Britain and other countries, having recovered from the alarm of Cæsar's conquests, arrested the officers of Crassus, and refused to give them up until their own hostages were restored. All the neighbouring maritime tribes made common cause with the Veneti.

Cæsar immediately ordered galleys to be constructed on the Ligeris (Loire), and sent also to collect ships on the coast of the Pictones and Santones (Poitou and Saintogne), who were friends with Rome. He directed the fleet to attack the Veneti by sea, while he marched against them by land. He exclaimed loudly against the breaches of treaties, and the arrest of the Roman officers after the Veneti had made submission and given hostages, while he acknowledges in his "Commentaries" that he was afraid other nations would follow the example:—"Knowing that it is the nature of all men to love liberty and hate servitude."

This was a critical time for the Roman General, but his presence of mind never forsook him in difficulties. He sent Labienus towards the Rhine to watch the Belgians and the Germans, Crassus into Aquitania, gave the command of the fleet to Decimus Brutus, and himself marched against the Veneti, taking several of their towns on the coast.

He soon found, however, that by means of their ships they easily moved from one point to another, and that the only way to conquer them effectually was by sea. The description of the ships of the Veneti, their naval tactics, and their habits and mode of life, is one of Cæsar's most interesting sketches.

A great naval battle, which lasted all day, ended with the destruction of the fleet of the Veneti, to the number of above 200 ships. Cæsar, determining to strike terror into the neighbouring people, put to death all the senators or chief men of the Veneti, and sold the rest as slaves.

The Unelli, in the neighbourhood of Cherbourg,

were likewise conquered by Titurius Pibinus; and Crassus defeated the Aquitanians, though with considerable difficulty, and received hostages from various tribes in that region. Cæsar himself marched against the Morini and Menapii, (Boulogne, Calais, etc., and farther to the north and east), but the rainy season setting in, the soldiers could no longer remain under tents, and accordingly, after ravaging the country he placed his troops for the winter among the Aulerci, Lexovii, etc. (Normandy). It would appear that he went, as usual, to pass the winter in North Italy.

THE CAMPAIGN OF B.C. 55; THE INVASION OF BRITAIN.

The following year, B.C. 55, Pompeius and Crassus being Consuls, two German tribes, the Usipetes and the Trenchteri, being harrassed by the Suevi, crossed the Rhine near its mouth into the country of the Menapii, between the Mosa and the Sculdís (Scheldt). Cæsar gives an interesting account of the Suevi, the principal German nation with which the Romans were then acquainted.

Being resolved to check any disposition on the part of the Germans to cross the Rhine, he set off for the army earlier than usual. He found, as he suspected, that several Gaulish nations had an understanding with the Germans. The Usipetes sent to ask permission to settle in Gaul. Cæsar answered that there was no vacant place in Gaul for fresh emigrants, but that if they chose to settle among the Ubii on the banks of the Rhine, who were themselves at war with the Suevi, he would employ his good offices for the purpose.

While negotiations were going forward, Cæsar's Gaulish cavalry, 5,000 strong, was suddenly attacked, near the banks of the Mosa, by 800 German horsemen, and, as usual, routed. The next day a number of German chiefs and elders came to Cæsar's camp to apologise for the affray. Cæsar arrested them all, and immediately marched against their camp, which, being thus surprised and unprepared, was easily entered, when the Romans made a dreadful carnage of the Germans. The survivors fled as far as the confluence of the Mosa and the Rhine, where most of them perished. About this action Cato exclaimed loudly against Cæsar in the Roman senate.

The Ubii being annoyed by the Suevi, appealed to Cæsar, and offered him boats to cross the Rhine. Declining this offer, he constructed a bridge, by means of piles driven in the bed of

the river. He gives a minute description of the process of building the bridge. It was finished in ten days, when Cæsar marched across, ravaged the country of the Sicambri, and reassured the Ubii by his presence. Hearing that the Suevi had assembled all their forces in the interior of their country, and considering he had done all that the honour and interest of Rome required, he re-crossed the Rhine, after spending eighteen days on German ground.

He next made his first expedition into Britain. Before the arrival of Julius Cæsar in Britain the island was but imperfectly known to the more civilized nations of the ancient world. The people of Carthage and Massilia (called Massalia by the Greeks), or Marseilles, traded for tin with certain islands called by Herodotus *Κασσιτερίδες* (Cassiterides), "the Tin Islands," which are supposed by some to have been the British Isles, or, at least, Cornwall and the Scilly Isles.

Cæsar is the first writer by whom any authentic particulars respecting the island are given. Stimulated probably by the desire of military renown, and the glory of first carrying the Roman arms into Britain, provoked also, as he tells us, by the aid which had been furnished to his enemies in Gaul, especially to the Veneti (the people of Vannes in Bretagne), and other maritime people of Western Gaul, he determined upon the invasion of the island. As a preliminary step, he summoned to his camp a number of the merchants who traded to the island (who alone of the Gauls had any acquaintance with it), and to them he addressed his inquiries. Their caution, however, or their ignorance, prevented his learning much from them. Failing in this quarter, one of his officers, C. Volusenus, was sent to reconnoitre, but he did not venture to leave his ship and trust himself on shore among the natives. Cæsar, no way deterred by this want of information, collected a fleet, and disposed his forces with a view to the descent.

In the autumn of B.C. 55, Cæsar, embarking with the infantry of two legions (about 8,000 to 10,000 men) at the Portus Itius (somewhere in the Boulogne and Calais country), arrived with part of his fleet, after a passage of about ten hours, on the coast of Britain, and beheld the steep cliffs which skirted the shore covered with armed natives ready to dispute his landing. Judging this to be an unsuitable spot for his purpose, after a delay of several hours to enable the rest of his fleet to come up, he proceeded about seven miles farther, and prepared to disembark on the open and level beach which presented itself to him. The place at which Cæsar first

touched was probably near the South Foreland, and he landed somewhere on the flat shore which extends from Walmer Castle towards Sandwich. Some, however, have tried to prove that it was Romney Marsh, or the neighbourhood of Hythe. He did not make good his landing without a severe struggle. The success of the invaders, however hardly earned, and though somewhat incomplete, disposed the natives to submission; but the dispersion in a storm of some vessels, which were bringing over the Roman cavalry, and the damage sustained by the fleet which had conveyed Cæsar, induced them to renew the contest, and to attempt, first, the surprise of one of the legions which had been sent out to forage, and next the attack of the Roman army. They were again beaten, and compelled to sue for peace; and Cæsar, anxious to return, contented himself with requiring an increased number of hostages, whom he commanded to be brought to him on the continent, for which he immediately embarked. Two of the British States sent their hostages: the rest did not.

On his return to the continent, Cæsar chastised the Morini, who had attacked some of his detachments, put his troops into winter quarters in Belgic Gaul, and then repaired to Cisalpine Gaul as usual. In this year Cæsar's government was extended for five years more by a *Senatus Consultum*.

THE CAMPAIGN OF B.C. 54: THE SECOND INVASION OF BRITAIN.

The next year, 54 B.C., Cæsar, after making an excursion into Illyricum, which formed also part of his government, returned into Gaul, where he had ordered a fleet to assemble at Portus Itius for a second attempt upon Britain. Meantime he visited the Treveri, the most powerful nation in cavalry in all Gaul. A dispute had arisen between Indutiomarus and Cingetorix about the supreme authority. Cæsar, knowing the latter to be well disposed to the Romans, supported his claims.

Immediately after this, Cæsar, embarking again at the Portus Itius, invaded Britain with a much larger force than the previous year. His fleet consisted of 800 vessels of all classes, including some which belonged to private individuals; and the natives who had assembled to oppose his landing, terrified at the magnitude of his armament, retired in alarm from the coast. He landed in the same place as on the former occasion; and setting out about midnight in pursuit of the natives, found them drawn up on the bank of a river (probably the Stour, near Canterbury), to oppose his further progress. His

cavalry drove them into the woods in the rear of their position, and one of his legions (the seventh) stormed a stronghold, formed of timber, which had been formerly constructed probably in some domestic war. This stronghold is supposed by Horsley to have been subsequently the Roman station of Durovernum, now Canterbury. Intelligence that his fleet had been damaged by a storm obliged Cæsar to recall his troops from the pursuit of the enemy, and his own return to the coast to ascertain the extent of the damage and take measures for repairing it delayed his operations for some days. Upon his return to his former post he found that the natives had augmented their forces from all parts, and had entrusted the command-in-chief to Cassivellaunus (we use Cæsar's mode of writing the name, perhaps the native form of it was Cass-wallaun, or Caswallon), a prince whose territories were divided from the maritime States by the river Tamesis or Thames, at a part which was eighty Roman, or about seventy-four English, miles from the Kentish coast. This prince had been engaged previously in incessant wars with his neighbours; but the common danger compelled them to forego their disputes, and it is likely that his talents for war pointed him out as the most suitable person for general. But neither his caution and skill, nor the undaunted valour, nor the increased number of the Britons, enabled them to withstand the superior discipline and equipment of the Romans. After some severe but unsuccessful struggles, Cassivellaunus dismissed the greater part of his forces, detaining about 4,000 charioteers, whose skill in the management of their chariots rendered them very formidable, and retired, as it appears, into his own dominions across the Thames. That river was fordable only in one place in the line of Cæsar's advance; and the natives had planted stakes, sharpened at the point, on the bank and in the bed of the river. All obstacles were however overcome; Cæsar, crossing the river, put the enemy to flight, received the submission of several tribes, and took by storm the town of Cassivellaunus. These disasters, combined with the entire defeat of the princes of Cantium (Kent) in an attack upon the maritime camp, which the Romans had formed to protect their fleet, induced Cassivellaunus to submit. The conqueror demanded hostages, fixed a tribute to be paid by the subject Britons, and returned to Gaul with all his forces and a number of captives.

On his return to the continent he repaired to Samarobriua (Amiens), where he held a council of the Gaulish deputies. On account of the bad

harvest and scarcity of provisions he was obliged to disperse his legions in various parts of the country for the winter.

This proved nearly fatal to the Roman arms. Cæsar himself remained in Belgic Gaul to see his legions properly quartered. A fortnight only had elapsed when the Eburones (Tongres), excited by Induciomarus, revolted, and attacked the camp of Titurius Sabinus and L. Cotta, who had one legion and five cohorts with them. Ambiorix, King of the Eburones, alarmed Sabinus by telling him that the whole country was in arms, and that the Germans were coming. Much against Cotta's opinion, Sabinus resolved on retiring towards the next Roman garrison, which was exactly what Ambiorix wanted. The Romans were attacked on their march by numerous forces, surrounded, and all cut to pieces.

Ambiorix, elated with this success, next attacked the camp of Quintus Cicero, brother to the orator, who was stationed with one legion in the country of the Nervii. Quintus made a brave defence. After several days' siege, the Gauls threw combustibles into the camp, and set fire to the huts of the soldiers, which were thatched after the Gaulish fashion. At the same time the Gauls advanced to scale the ramparts. But the legionaries stood firm at their post, and Cæsar, having at last received news, through a Gaulish slave, of the danger of his men, marched with two legions to their relief, defeated the Gauls, and entered Cicero's camp, where he found not one-tenth of the soldiers free from wounds. He praised Cicero, he praised the men, he spoke of the catastrophe of Sabinus and Cotta as a consequence of imprudence and a lesson to other commanders. He then resolved to pass the winter in Gaul, and stationed himself with three legions at Samarobriua. Induciomarus, having attacked Labienus, was defeated and killed.

THE CAMPAIGN OF B.C. 53.

The following year, B.C. 53, which was the sixth of Cæsar's government, symptoms of general disaffection manifested themselves throughout Gaul. The people had been overawed, but not subdued. The harshness and rapacity of the conquerors made the Gauls wish to throw off the yoke; but all their attempts were detached and partial, and they failed, after giving, however, full employment to the Romans. It was a year of desultory though destructive warfare.

Cæsar obtained of Pompey the loan of one legion, and had recruited one legion more in the Cisalpine province. He had now ten legions—

sixty thousand men—under his orders, which was considered a large Roman army. He first defeated the Senones, the Nervii, and the Menapii; the Treveri were defeated by Labienus. Cæsar then crossed the Rhine again from the country of the Treveri, having constructed a new bridge a little below the former one. He expected that the Suevi would attack him, but that wary people withdrew inland to the entrance of the great forest called *Bacenis* (the *Hartz*?), which lay between their territory and that of the Cherusci, and there waited for Cæsar to advance. But the Roman avoided the snare, and withdrew his army across the Rhine, leaving part of the bridge standing for a future occasion.

The disturbance which occurred at Rome in consequence of the murder of Clodius made Cæsar turn his attention towards that quarter, and he raised troops in every part of the Cisalpine province.

The Transalpine Gauls, exasperated as they were by the execution of Acco and Cæsar's fearful vengeance upon the Eburones, thought the time was now come for making one great effort while Cæsar was engaged in Italy. The Carnutes began by massacring all the Romans whom they found in the town of Genabum (Orleans). Vercingetorix, a young man of one of the first families of the Arverni, was placed at the head of a confederacy of the whole of Celtic Gaul. The Bituriges joined the league, and the Ædui themselves wavered in their allegiance.

THE CAMPAIGN OF B.C. 52.

Cæsar, hearing this news, and seeing that the affairs of Rome had, through Pompey's influence, assumed a quieter aspect, set off in the middle of winter (beginning of B.C. 52) for the province of Ulterior Gaul, repaired to Narbo, which was threatened by the Gauls, and having collected some troops, crossed the Cebenna, and spread alarm through the country of the Arverni, who hastily recalled Vercingetorix to their defence. Having thus effected his object of causing a division, Cæsar moved quickly northwards to the country of the Lingones, from whence he went through the Carnutes, attacked and took Vellaunodunum, Genabum, and Noviodunum.

Vercingetorix, in a great council of the chiefs, advised, as the only means of harassing the Romans, to burn and destroy the whole country around them. This was executed in the country of the Bituriges, the villages and town of which were set on fire, except the town of Avaricum (Bruges), which was garrisoned by the Gauls. Cæsar laid siege to Avaricum, and took it after

a most brave defence, when the Roman soldiers killed all old men, women, and children. The next siege was that of Gergovia (near Clermont, in Auvergne), which, after a murderous attempt to storm the place, Cæsar was obliged to raise. The Ædui, till then the firmest ally of Rome, had now thrown off the mask, joined the league, massacred the Romans at Noviodunum (Nevers), and seized the depôts, the baggage, and the treasury, which Cæsar had deposited there.

Cæsar's next movement was to the north, into the country of the Senones, in order to join Labienus and the legions under him. The defection of the Ædui rendered Cæsar's position in the centre of Gaul very difficult. Having effected a junction with Labienus, he directed his march towards the Lingones and the Sequani. Meantime, he was enabled to collect a body of German cavalry from beyond the Rhine, which was of the greatest service to him during the rest of the campaign. Vercingetorix, who followed Cæsar closely, had his cavalry defeated by these new auxiliaries of the Romans, upon which he retired to Alesia (now a village called Saint Reine, and also Alise, near Flavigny and Semur, about ten leagues north-west of Dijon). Cæsar immediately invested the place, and began his lines of circumvallation.

The whole forces of the Gallic confederation, stated at about 300,000, advanced to the relief of Alesia. Cæsar found himself besieged in his own lines, having to fight Vercingetorix from within and the confederates from without. After a desperate battle, in which the Gauls penetrated into the Roman intrenchments, they were at last repulsed by Cæsar, who was well supported by his lieutenant Labienus. The Gaulish confederates, having sustained a tremendous loss, broke up the camp and returned home. Next day Vercingetorix assembled his council in Alesia, and offered to devote himself to save their lives by giving up himself to Cæsar. Alesia surrendered, and Vercingetorix was afterwards taken to Rome. Several years after he walked before the triumphal car of his conqueror, after which he was put to death in prison.

The Ædui and the Arverni now made their submission to Cæsar, who took their hostages and restored their prisoners. After putting his army into winter quarters he stationed himself at Bibracte for the winter. This was the hardest-fought campaign of all the Gallic war.

CÆSAR'S EIGHTH AND LAST CAMPAIGN IN GAUL, B.C. 51.

Cæsar's eighth and last campaign in Gaul—

that of B.C. 51—is related by Hirtius, who has continued his “Commentaries” by writing an eighth, or supplementary book. After the great but unsuccessful exertions of the Gauls in the preceding year, their spirit was broken, but they still made some expiring efforts. Cæsar easily defeated the Carnutes, when his soldiers made an immense booty. He had more trouble with the Bellovaci (Beauvais), a Belgic nation, who at last submitted and gave hostages, all except Comius, the chief of the Atrebatæ, who had once been a friend to Cæsar. He had joined in the general revolt of the preceding year in consequence of his life having been attempted by Labienus, who sent to him Volusenus Quadratus, under pretence of a conference, but in reality with orders to kill him. During the interview a centurion of Volusenus’ escort struck Comius and wounded him on the head, when the Gaulish escort interposed and saved Comius’ life. From that time Comius swore he would never trust himself to a Roman. This disgraceful transaction, not mentioned by Cæsar, is related by Hirtius.

A revolt in Western Gaul was quelled by C. Fabius, who subjected all Armorica. Gutruatus, chief of the Carnutes, who had joined in the revolt, was taken to Cæsar’s camp, whipped with rods till he fainted, and then beheaded. Hirtius says that this inhuman act, repugnant to Cæsar’s nature, was forced upon him by the clamour of his soldiers.

Cæsar next besieged and took Uxellodunum, a stronghold of the Cadurei (Cahors). Here Cæsar’s clemency, which Hirtius repeatedly extols, did not prevent him from sentencing all the men who had shared in the defence of Uxellodunum to have their hands chopped off. Cæsar next entered Aquitania, the people of which gave hostages. From thence he repaired to Narbo, and there he distributed his army in winter quarters. He placed four legions among the Belgæ, under M. Antonius, afterwards the celebrated triumvir, Trebonius, Vatinius, and Q. Tullius Cicero; two among the *Ædi*; two among the Turones, and two among the Lemovices, near the borders of the Arverni. He then visited the Provincia, held the courts, distributed rewards, and went to winter at Nemetocenna (Arras). During the winter he endeavoured to heal in some measure the wounds which he had inflicted upon the unfortunate countries of Gaul. He tried to conciliate the principal inhabitants by large rewards, treated the people with kindness, established no new taxes, and by rendering the Roman yoke smooth and light, he succeeded in

pacifying Gaul, exhausted as it was by so long a struggle.

IN ITALY; CROSSING THE RUBICON.

In the spring of 51 B.C. he set off for Italy, where he was received by all the municipal towns and colonies of his government with great rejoicings. On his return to Belgic Gaul he reviewed his troops, and soon after returned to the north of Italy, where the dissensions between him and the senate had begun which led to the civil war. This was the ninth and last year of Cæsar’s government of the Gauls.

Before the close of his Gallic campaign, Cæsar had probably determined not to divest himself of the command of his army. He feared, and apparently with good reason, that if he were once in the power of his enemies at Rome, his life would be in danger. His connection with Pompey had been dissolved by the death of Julia without any surviving off-spring, and by the growing jealousy and fear with which his success in Gaul and his popularity with his army had filled all the aristocratical party. Cæsar’s object now was to obtain the consulship a second time, and a special enactment had been already passed enabling him to stand for the consulship in his absence. But Pompey, who at last was roused from his lethargy, prevailed upon the senate to require him to give up the command of the army, and come to Rome in person to be a candidate.

Cæsar, who was now at Ravenna, in his province of Gallia Cisalpinæ, sent Curio to Rome with a letter expressed in strong terms, in which he proposed to give up his army and come to the city if Pompey would also give up the command of the troops which he had. These troops of Pompey comprised two legions, which had been taken from Cæsar, and by a decree of the senate were designed for the Parthian war, but had been illegally put into the hands of Pompey by Marcellus the Consul.

The senate, acting under the influence of Pompey and Metellus Scipio, whose daughter Pompey had married, passed a decree that Cæsar should give up his army by a certain day or be considered an enemy to the State. The Tribunes, M. Antonius and Q. Cassius, the friends of Cæsar, attempted to oppose the measure by their *intercession*, which was perfectly legal; but their opposition was treated with contempt, and thus they gained—what they were probably not sorry to have—a good excuse for hurrying to Cæsar with the news.

Upon receiving the intelligence Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, a small stream which formed the

southern limit of his province, and directed his march to the south. Some writers tell how he hesitated on the banks of the Rubicon, and how, at last, after hours of deliberation, he rose up with the exclamation, "*Jacta est alea*"—"the die is cast!"—and passed the river. The story is such a one as a rhetorician would invent, but it is one also which may have been handed down as a true tradition.

The city was filled with confusion; councils were divided and hesitating; and Pompey, who was the Commander-in-Chief on the side of the senate, was unprovided with troops to oppose the veterans of the Gallic wars. Domitius, who had thrown himself into Corfinium to defend the place, was given up to Cæsar by his soldiers, who joined the invading army. The alarm now became still greater, and it was resolved by the senatorial party to pass into Greece, and for the present to leave Italy at the mercy of Cæsar's legions. Pompey, with a large part of the Senate and his forces, hurried to Brundisium, whence he succeeded in making good his escape to Dyrrachium, in Epirus, though Cæsar had reached the town some days before Pompey had left it.

From Brundisium Cæsar advanced to Rome, where he met with no opposition. The senate was assembled, with due regard to forms, to pass some ordinances, and there was little or nothing to mark the great change that had taken place except Cæsar's possessing himself of the public money, which the other party in their hurry had left behind.

His next movement was into Spain, where Pompey's party was strong, and where Afranius and Petreius were at the head of eight legions. After completely subduing this important province, Cæsar, on his return, took the town of Massilia (Marseilles), the siege of which had been commenced on his march to Spain. This ancient city, the seat of the arts and of polite learning, had professed a wish to maintain a neutral position between the two rival parties and their respective leaders. We might infer from one passage in Strabo, that Marseilles suffered severely either during or immediately after the siege; but another passage seems to imply that the conqueror used his victory with moderation.

CÆSAR ASSUMES THE TITLE OF DICTATOR.

The title of Dictator was assumed by Cæsar on his return to Rome; but he made no further use of the power which it was supposed to confer than to nominate himself and Servilius Consuls for the following year (B.C. 48).

The campaign of the year 48 B.C. completed the destruction of the senatorial party. It is given at length in the third book of the *Civil Wars* (where, however, there appears to be a considerable lacuna), and comprises the operations of Cæsar and Pompey at Dyrrachium (now Durazzo) and the subsequent defeat of Pompey on the great plain of Pharsalus in Thessaly. Surrounded by nearly two hundred senators, who acted like a controlling council, with an army mainly composed of raw undisciplined recruits, the Commander-in-Chief, whose previous reputation was more due to fortune than to merit, was an unequal match for soldiers hardened by eight years' campaigns, and directed by the energies of one skilful general.

It seems difficult to comprehend the movements of Pompey after the battle. He turned his face to the east, once the scene of his conquests; but he had no friends on whom he could rely, and instead of going to Syria, as he at first intended, he was compelled to change his course, and accordingly he sailed to Pelusium, in the Delta of Egypt. Cæsar, who had pursued him with incredible celerity, arrived a little after Pompey had been treacherously murdered by Achilles, the commander of the troops of the young King Ptolemy, and L. Septimius, a Roman, who had served under Pompey in the war with the pirates. Pompey was fifty-eight years old at the time of his death.

AFTER THE DEATH OF POMPEY.

The events which followed the death of Pompey need only be rapidly glanced at. The disputes in the royal family of Egypt, and the interference of Cæsar, brought on a contest between the Romans and the King's troops, which ended in a new settlement of the kingdom by the Roman general. Here Cæsar formed an intimacy with Cleopatra, then in her twenty-third year.

By her father's will Cleopatra and her elder brother were to be joint sovereigns of Egypt, but they soon disagreed, and Cleopatra was obliged to take refuge in Syria. In B.C. 48, when Julius Cæsar arrived in Egypt, the youthful queen, who probably knew the character of the Dictator, contrived to get herself privately conveyed into his presence, and by her fascinating manners completely gained his favour. Though not remarkable for beauty, according to the testimony of ancient writers, which is confirmed by her medals, she possessed great natural abilities, which had been carefully cultivated. She is said to have spoken with facility several languages, besides her native Greek; a circum-

stance in itself well calculated to give an artful woman a great ascendancy over all with whom she came in contact. Cæsar decided that Cleopatra should be restored to her equal share of power. This decision giving dissatisfaction to the young prince and his advisers, led to an attack upon Cæsar's quarters under Achilles, the commander of the King's troops. After a blockade of some months Cæsar received reinforcements, and completely defeated the party of the King, who was drowned in the Nile. The sovereign power was now given by Cæsar, in conformity with the meaning of Ptolemy's will, to Cleopatra and her younger brother Ptolemy. On Cæsar's return to Rome, Cleopatra shortly after followed him, and remained there till his assassination (B.C. 44), when she hastily quitted the city and returned to Egypt. With her subsequent history every one is familiar. We may add that she had by Julius Cæsar a son, who was put to death by Octavianus.

Early in the following year, B.C. 47, Cæsar marched into the province of Pontus and entirely defeated Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, who had exercised great cruelties on the Roman citizens in Asia. He returned to Italy in autumn, by way of Athens. At Brundisium he was met by Cicero, who was glad to make his peace, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with his reception.

On his return to Rome, Cæsar was named Dictator for one year, and Consul for the following year with Lepidus. During the winter he crossed over into Africa, where the party of Pontus had rallied under Scipio, gained a complete victory at the battle of Thapsus, and was again at Rome in the autumn of B.C. 46.

In the year B.C. 45 Cæsar was sole Consul and Dictator for the third time. During the greater part of this year he was absent in Spain, where Cn. Pompey, the son of Pompey the Great, had raised a considerable force and was in possession of the southern part of the Peninsula. The great battle of Munda, in which 30,000 men are said to have fallen on the side of Pompey, terminated the campaigns of Cæsar. Pompey was taken after the battle, and his head was carried to Cæsar, who was then at Hispalis (Seville). On his return to Rome Cæsar was created Consul for ten years, and Dictator for life.

THE FATAL IDES OF MARCH.

The universal opinion among the free States of antiquity in favour of tyrannicide caused a life like Cæsar's to be held ever at the dagger's point, and some even of his leading adherents had

been accused of plotting his murder. The conspiracy to which he at length fell a victim was concocted by men of all parties in the State—the old nobles, who had been his enemies from the first, and nearly all of whom owed their position or their life to his clemency; his own adherents, some of whom allowed petty disappointments to outweigh all the favours he had heaped upon them, while others were still receiving honours and governments at his hands; and if there were in the number any genuine patriots, the sense of shame and gratitude might have made them hold their hands. "The tradition," it has been well observed, "which represents this medley knot of conspirators as a band of stern vindicators of liberty is so untrue to history that it can only have had its source in the instinctive hatred of the principle of tyranny." The conspirators were about sixty, or, according to some, eighty in number. The prime mover of the plot was C. Cassius Longinus, who had distinguished himself as commander of the Pompeian fleet, and who had submitted to Cæsar soon after the battle of Pharsalia. The semblance of patriotic vengeance was supplied by Marcus Junius Brutus, the son-in-law and panegyrist of Cato.

The fatal deed was done on the Ides of March (March 15th, B.C. 44), a day for which the senate was convened on the eve of Cæsar's departure for the East. Hints of a plot in which so many were engaged could not but get abroad, and some of them reached Cæsar. His wonted magnanimity seems to have mingled with that calm acquiescence in approaching fate which has often characterised the coming end of great men. His Epicurean philosophy, confessing no terrors beyond the grave, was consistent in forbidding life to be marred by the fear of death; and on the very evening preceding his fall he had replied to the question started at table, "What kind of death is the best?" by saying, "That which is least expected." If, however, we may credit the uniform tradition of antiquity, the remnant of Roman superstition in Cæsar's mind was moved by a dreadful dream of his wife Calphurnia, and by the unfavourable auspices which the victims presented in the morning. That was not all, for there were other prodigies which it has greatly exercised the ingenuity of historians and others to attempt to explain.

"The senate," to quote from the Ancient History of Mr. Philip Smith, "was summoned to meet in the Curia of Pompey, a hall adjacent to his theatre; and those of the conspirators who were not already in attendance upon Cæsar were waiting in the portico of that edifice, with daggers

concealed beneath their cloaks. They crowded about him as he entered the hall, while Trebonius detained Anthony in conversation at the door. Cæsar took his seat, and Tullius Cimber approached him to present a petition for his brother's pardon. Under the pretence of joining in the supplication, the conspirators grasped Cæsar's hands, and Cimber pulled his toga over his arms. At this signal Casca struck the first blow. It only grazed Cæsar's shoulder, and releasing one of his arms he seized the hilt of Casca's dagger. For a moment he defended himself with his *stilus*, and wounded one of his assailants. But at the sight of Brutus among his murderers, he exclaimed, "Et tu, Brute!"—"Thou too, Brutus!"—drew his toga over his face, and ceased resistance, while the conspirators fulfilled the oath they had sworn, that each one of them would bathe his dagger in the Dictator's blood. Supported for an instant by the blows struck at him from every side, he staggered a few paces, and fell on a spot which seemed chosen by the very irony of fate:—

"Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell."

THE CHARACTER AND WORKS OF CÆSAR.

Cæsar did not live long enough after acquiring the sovereign power to rebuild the crazy fabric of Roman polity which he had demolished in fact though not in form. But a State which had long been torn in pieces by opposing factions, whose constitutional form served rather to cherish discord than to promote that general unity of interests without which no government can subsist, whose life and property were exposed to constant risk, could find no repose except under the head. A bloody period followed the death of Cæsar, but the fortune of his name and family at last prevailed, and Rome and the world were happier under the worst of his successors than during the latter years of the so-called Republic.

The energy of Cæsar's character, his personal accomplishments and courage, his talents for war, and his capacity for civil affairs, combine to render him one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen. Though a lover of pleasure and a man of licentious habits, he never neglected what was a matter of business. He began that active career which has immortalized his name when he was forty years of age, a time of life when ordinary men's powers of enterprise are deadened or extinguished.

As a writer and an orator he has received the highest praise from Cicero. His Commentaries, written in a plain, perspicuous style, entirely free

from all affectation, place him in the same class with Xenophon and those few individuals who have successfully united the pursuit of letters and philosophy with the business of active life.

His projects were vast and magnificent: he seems to have formed designs far beyond what the ability of one man could execute, or the longest life could expect to see realized. His reform of the Roman calendar, under the direction of Sosigenes, and his intended consolidation of the then almost unmanageable body of Roman law, do credit to his judgment. He established public libraries, and gave to the learned Varro the care of collecting and arranging the books.

Cæsar was far from robust in constitution. He was of a slender make, fair, decidedly delicate, and subject to violent headaches and epileptic fits. He did not, however, make these disorders a pretext for indulging himself; on the contrary, he sought in war a remedy for his infirmities, endeavouring to strengthen his system by long marches, by simple diet, by seldom going under covert. Thus he contended against his epileptic tendency, and fortified himself against its attacks.

Some anecdotes that have been preserved give us an interesting insight into the daily life and habits of this great general. When he slept it was commonly upon a march, either in a chariot or a litter, that rest might be no hindrance to business. In the daytime he visited the castles, cities, and fortified camps, with a servant at his side, whom he employed on such occasions to write for him, and with a soldier behind who carried his sword.

He was a good horseman in his early years, and brought that exercise to such perfection by practice, that he could sit on a horse at full speed with his hands behind him. Of his indifference with respect to diet, the following proof is given. Happening to sup one evening with a friend, there was sweet ointment poured on the asparagus instead of oil. Cæsar ate of it freely, notwithstanding, and afterwards rebuked those at table for expressing their dislike of it. "It was enough," said he, "to forbear eating, if it was disagreeable to you. He who finds fault with any rusticity is a rustic himself."

The three books of the *Civil War* were written by Cæsar, but the single books on the Alexandrine, African, and Spanish wars are generally attributed to another hand, though it is not at all unlikely that Cæsar left the materials behind him. He wrote a number of other things, the publication of which Augustus suppressed.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"The extraordinary man who limited in himself as many kinds of glory as were ever combined in an individual."—GEORGE BANCROFT.

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PARENTAGE AND EARLY YOUTH.

THE most typical man of the "spacious times of Great Elizabeth," who exhibited in himself most of the varied characteristics which distinguished the great men of that remarkable period, is certainly Walter Raleigh. Soldier,

mariner, courtier, scholar, historian, poet, and orator, author of a universal history, and founder of our colonial empire beyond the Atlantic, he represented worthily the military spirit which defied successfully the then colossal power of Spain, emulated the adventurous spirit of the Drakes and Frobishers, was a royal favourite

even in the presence of Essex and Leicester, and a poct of repute in the age which produced Shakspeare and Spenser. Handsome in person, he united to the courage of a Paladin the graces of manner and speech which made him the leading figure of the most brilliant court ever known in England; and when misfortune came, his prison was illuminated with light from antiquity, and his spirit was cheered and ennobled by fellowship with the heroism of the past.

In the parish of East Budleigh, about four miles from Exmouth, Devonshire, and near the sea-coast, is a picturesque and solitary farmhouse still known as Hayes Barton. It has gable and portico, a thatched roof, mullioned windows, and a heavy arched door thickly studded with nails. At Hayes Barton, in 1552, when as yet the youthful Edward the Sixth reigned in England, was born the second son of Walter Raleigh—or Raleigh, Rawleigh, or Rawley, the name being variously spelt in the fashion of the uncertain orthography of the time—a Devonshire gentleman of good family, whose third wife (the mother of the infant to be named Walter in due time) was Catherine, daughter of Sir Philip Champernon, a descendant in the female line of the famous Carewe family, and widow of Otho Gilbert, an esquire of Compton, in Devonshire, by whom she was the mother of Humphrey Gilbert, afterwards so famous as a maritime adventurer, in conjunction with his half-brother, Walter Raleigh. The Raleighs were Protestants, had been so in the days when that faith involved danger, and maintained their principles when the evil days of persecution returned. Walter's mother, described by John Foxe, the martyrologist, as "a woman of noble wit, and of good and godly openness," had the courage to visit and speak words of consolation to a Protestant woman, Agnes Prest, imprisoned for conscience' sake in Exeter Jail, and afterwards burned at the stake. The records of the early boyhood of Walter are scarce. We know that he received his first schooling at Budleigh, and can well imagine that, if not one of the most plodding of the pupils in the little grammar-school, he was one of the most keen-witted, and a leader in boyish adventures of daring. His half-brother, Humphrey Gilbert, thirteen years older, no doubt influenced him, and together they listened to the rumours of gallant achievements by sea and land which reached their secluded home. The wondrous conquest of Mexico by Cortez was still fresh in the minds of men; the voyages of Sir John Hawkins were recent achievements; and young Raleigh, who

read eagerly every book—there were not many accessible to him then, but there were broad-sheets and ballads commemorating rare exploits—that came in his way; and he burned with boyish eagerness to cross the seas, do battle with the Spanish power and policy, which were "the very type and embodiment of evil," and discover cities of gold, and magic fountains of perpetual youth.

At the age of sixteen—some biographers think two years earlier—Raleigh was entered as a commoner at Oriel College, Oxford, where he formed a friendship with Philip Sidney, a fellow student. He did not take a degree, but Anthony Wood, the historian of the University, says "he was worthily esteemed a proficient in oratory and philosophy."

SERVICE WITH THE HUGUENOTS.

He left college early in 1569, for the purpose of joining a company of young English gentlemen, who volunteered to assist the French Huguenots, under Condé and Coligni. A relation of Raleigh, by the mother's side, Henry Champernon, led the expedition. De Thou, the French historian, describes them as "a gallant company, nobly mounted and accoutred, having on their colours the motto, *Finem det mihi virtus*, and many of them rose afterwards to eminence, but the most noted of them all was Walter Raleigh." Young as he was, only seventeen, he was a prominent figure in the gallant troop, and distinguished himself by his courage in the battle of Jarnac (March 13, 1569), in which the Huguenots were defeated. Their leader, Prince Louis of Condé, was taken prisoner, and killed by order of the Duke d'Anjou, his kinsman, who paraded the dead body on an ass through the Catholic lines. On the 3rd of the following October, Raleigh was with the Huguenots, when they were defeated at Montcontour.

Raleigh has left us very little information respecting his six years' military service in France. Oppressed, beaten in many battles, desperate, the Protestant soldiers became nearly as ferocious as their enemies; and the young Englishmen, who shared their fortunes, perhaps also shared their ruthless spirit. Raleigh, after his return, did not probably think it necessary to talk much about the exploits achieved in hot blood; for, as with sagacious caution he remarks in his *History of the World*, "Whosoever, in writing a modern history, shall follow truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out his teeth." One incident is recorded which shows the character of the

stern partisans with whom he was associated. In Languedoc, a Huguenot party discovered a hiding-place of Catholics, a cavern to which a number of refugees (the Huguenots being just then dominant in that part of the country) had fled, with provisions, plate, and jewellery. The Huguenot soldiers fired bundles of brushwood and straw at the entrance of the cave, and the Catholics, unable to endure the suffocating smoke, came out and surrendered themselves and all their property. Whether their lives were spared we know not; but probably their captain, having obtained possession of the rich spoil, was mercifully inclined.

In 1575, at the age of twenty-three, Raleigh returned to England, and entered his name as a student at the Middle Temple. We have no record of his life for the next two or three years; but we may suppose that the handsome and accomplished young Templar, who had seen service abroad, and who possessed such rare gifts of conversation and fascination of manner, was a welcome addition to the society of youthful scholars and men of fashion who made the Temple Gardens and Hall, and the adjacent taverns, their chosen meeting-places. His sympathy with the Protestant cause, and his dislike of Spain, feelings strengthened by his early education, were not diminished, and in 1578 he went as a volunteer in an English expedition under Sir John Norris, to the aid of the Prince of Orange, who had united the northern and southern provinces of Holland in a determined endeavour to shake off the Spanish yoke. He was present at the defeat of the Spaniards on Lammas Day, in that year, and then appears to have returned to England.

PROJECTED DISCOVERY OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Raleigh's half-brother, Humphrey Gilbert, who had served in the Irish wars, and been knighted for his courage and ability, was at this time in London, and earnestly studying the possibility of discovering a north-west passage to China and India. Walter sympathized with the project, but his practical mind grafted on it other objects to be attained—the weakening of the Spanish power in the Western Continent and the foundation of British colonies. The result was the publication of “A Discourse on the Discovery of a New Passage to Cathay and the East Indies,” ostensibly to show the possibility of a north-west passage, but really to suggest an expedition, far more likely to receive general support. The “Discourse” was signed by Gilbert, but it is not

difficult to discern the hand of Raleigh in the composition. Many Spanish, French, and Portuguese ships were employed in the fisheries off the coast of Newfoundland; and on reaching the “banks,” it was customary for the crews to take to their boats, or go on shore to cure the fish, leaving only a few hands on board. The “Discourse” proposed to make a dash at the unprotected vessels, take possession of them, return to Europe, and sell them, for the purpose of providing funds for fitting out a fleet, to be employed in attacking the Spanish possessions in America, and grouping them together as the “United Indies.” A splendid addition indeed to the English domains, could the project be realized. That it savoured considerably of piracy was no valid objection in the estimation of the navigators and adventurers of those days; and the exploits of Hawkins, Drake, and others are only divided by a very fine, almost undistinguishable line, from the adventures of the buccaneers. Gilbert and Raleigh shrewdly conjectured that the open announcement of the project would induce very active measures on the part of Spain against England for infringement of a treaty of peace then existing, and therefore it was probably suggested to Elizabeth that she should affect indignation, describe the writers of the “Discourse” as pirates and agents of the Prince of Orange, and some persons might even undergo a short imprisonment, so as to save the Government from the imputation of faithlessness. Thinking apparently that the Queen might entertain scruples, the writer added, “I hold it as lawful and Christian policy to prevent a mischief betimes, as to revenge it too late, especially seeing that God Himself is a party in the common quarrel now afoot.” This communication is preserved in the State Paper Office. There is a touch of Raleigh's elevated style in the concluding sentence, in which promptitude is urged: “If your Majesty like to do it at all, then would I wish your Highness to consider that delay doth oftentimes prevent the performance of good things, for the wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death.”

Elizabeth evidently privately approved of the enterprise, although she might not think it politic openly to patronize it; for she sanctioned the engagement in it of two of her relatives, Henry and Francis, sons of Sir Francis Knollys. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was the commander, and selected for his officers Walter Raleigh and his brother George, and Denny, one of their Devonshire cousins. By the end of the summer of 1570, a fleet of eleven ships, with five hundred

mariners and soldiers, was collected on the Devonshire coast, a force evidently much too large for the proposed search for a north-west passage. Indeed, very little concealment of the real purpose of the expedition seems to have been attempted. While preparing for the voyage, discord broke out among the chiefs. The Knollyses were arrogant and overbearing, paying little respect to the nominal leader; and the crews, composed chiefly of reckless and profligate adventurers, brawled and rioted in the streets of Plymouth, the disturbances leading to murder. The Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Earl of Bedford, demanded that the murderers should be delivered over to the civil power, but Henry Knollys, to whose ship they belonged, set the authorities at defiance. The quarrels between Gilbert and the Knollyses, who persuaded Denny to take their side, reached such a height, that the former appealed to the Mayor of Plymouth, who decided in his favour, the result being that the Knollyses and Denny sailed away with four ships on a piratical expedition on their own account. The Queen approved of Gilbert's conduct; and on the 19th November, the expedition, with seven ships and three hundred and fifty men, sailed from Plymouth.

The idea of capturing the fishing vessels off Newfoundland appears to have been abandoned, perhaps was expressly forbidden by the Queen; and the West Indies were the destination of the fleet. In the following spring, a Spanish fleet was encountered, and a sharp action ensued. The adventurers were beaten with great loss, one of the best officers, Captain Miles Morgan (whom Henry Knollys had threatened to hang at the yard-arm when at Plymouth), being among the killed. Gilbert and Raleigh, thus discomfited, returned to England. Their designs were not abandoned, but only postponed until a more favourable opportunity.

SERVICE IN THE IRISH WARS.

The energetic mind of Raleigh could not rust inactively. A new field was offered for enterprise. In February, 1580, he obtained the captaincy of a troop of a hundred men, and started for Ireland. An insurrection, headed by the Earl of Desmond, and encouraged, it was suspected, by agents of Philip, the Spanish king, had broken out in Munster, and assistance from England was urgently demanded. Men were enlisted and despatched in haste; but so little provision was made, that when Raleigh reached Cork, the Irish authorities refused to pay his men, whom he was obliged to satisfy from his private means, probably

not very abundant after the losses incurred by the failure of Gilbert's expedition. In August, he was associated with Sir Warham St. Leger, provost-marshal of Munster, for the trial of James Desmond, brother of the Earl, who was executed as a traitor. The insurgent Irish were little better than savages, and their barbarities in warfare were appalling. Then, as in later times, Ireland was almost the despair of English politicians. There was an ineradicable animosity between the conquered and the conquerors; and the descendants of the English settlers who had become allied by marriage with the Irish race, were, as it has been said, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Raleigh speaks of Ireland as "that lost land, that commonwealth of common woe;" and the only method of government English statesmen and soldiers could conceive possible was the most stringent coercion, and extermination by slaughter of the disaffected. Raleigh and other officers showed little mercy to those who fell into their hands. The chief command was held by Sir William Pelham, a man of small ability either as statesman or soldier; and soon nearly the whole island was in a state of insurrection. Pelham was superseded by Lord Arthur Grey of Walton, a man of the sternest Puritan type, rigid in doctrine, uncompromising in his hatred of Papistry, and merciless to his opponents. His private secretary, the poet Edmund Spenser (with that peculiar if somewhat abject gift of perceiving all virtues in patrons, which was the moral weakness of that age of genius) describes Grey as "a most gentle, affable, loving, and temperate lord." If so in England, he certainly changed his nature when he crossed St. George's Channel. He soon discerned the military qualities of Raleigh, and employed him in various services where resolution and activity were demanded. On one of these occasions he was sent to take possession of the castle and lands of Lord Barry, of Barry Court, Cork. The rebels formed an ambush on the road, and it was only by the desperate valour of Raleigh that his little band was saved. He was unhorsed, and for a time, armed only with a pistol, kept twenty of the enemy at bay.

We now approach the most painful incident connected with Raleigh's Irish career. The Fort del Oro, on the shore of Smerwick Bay, Kerry, was garrisoned by six or seven hundred Spaniards and Italians, who had come across the sea to aid the insurgents. Lord Grey determined to attempt the capture of the fort, and arranged with Admiral Winter for a joint attack by land and sea. The garrison was twice summoned to sur-

render, but the Italian commander, San Giuseppa, replied "they were there by command of the Pope, who had taken Ireland from his (Grey's) heretical mistress, and given it to the king of Spain." Irritated by the answer, Grey gave orders for a vigorous bombardment by land and sea, which was so effective that a white flag was shown from the fort, and a messenger was sent to the English commander to tell him that the garrison found they had been deceived, and would yield the fort and return to their own country. Grey replied that they must yield without conditions, and surrender themselves as prisoners, to be disposed of as he thought fit. On the following morning San Giuseppa and his principal officers came bare-headed to the English camp, and were permitted to return with the understanding that they would receive honourable treatment on the formal surrender of the fort, which was to take place on the following day. Early in the morning, sailors from the fleet were landed, and a band of soldiers commanded by Raleigh and another captain, Macworth, entered the fort; and then followed a terrible scene of massacre. The surprised and unarmed soldiers of the garrison, defenceless, in the belief that they would be honourably treated as prisoners of war, were ruthlessly slaughtered, only a few of the officers being spared, in order that the murderers might be enriched by the sums paid for their ransom. There is no evidence that Raleigh shared in this disgraceful spoil; but it is impossible to acquit him of the guilt, not to be palliated by the plea of obeying orders, of being the chief agent in the commission of the ruthless deed. Spenser justified it on the ground that "the short way was the only way to dispose of them;" and Grey calmly reported to the government at home, "I put in certain hands, who straightway fell to execution: there were six hundred slain." Queen Elizabeth replied with equal callousness, thanking him for "the enterprise performed by you, so greatly to our liking."

Shortly afterwards the government of Munster was entrusted by commission to Raleigh, in conjunction with Sir W. Morgan and another. He established his head-quarter first at Lismore, and afterwards at Cork, near which he engaged in a sharp action with a band of rebels, and had his horse shot under him. He displayed remarkable valour, but would have been killed had it not been for the courage of his servant, Nicholas Wright, a Yorkshireman, who rescued him at the risk of his own life.

AT ELIZABETH'S COURT.

In December, 1581, he returned to England, whither his reputation had preceded him. It is said that Lord Grey returned at the same time, and that differences which had arisen between them were discussed at the Council board, in the presence of the Queen, and that Raleigh maintained his views with such eloquence and grace of manner, that he got the Queen's ear "in a trice." It is now known, however, that Grey did not return at the same time, and Raleigh's sudden rise into Court favour was due to other causes. Neither need we place much reliance on the often-told story of Raleigh's throwing down his richly embroidered cloak for the Queen to step on when crossing a muddy path. That Raleigh, or, indeed, any of the young gentlemen about the Court, and ambitious of royal favour, would have done as much or more in that age of fantastic gallantry and obsequious loyalty, is likely enough, but the anecdote rests on a very slight foundation of authority.

We need not, indeed, look far for a reason besides the value of his services in Ireland, why Raleigh should be well received at Court. He was, indeed, remotely connected with Elizabeth's family; for her relative, Lord Hunsdon, was also related to Raleigh. Mrs. Catherine Ashley, the governess, intimate friend, and confidant of Elizabeth when a girl, was his mother's sister-in-law, and aunt of Sir Humphrey Gilbert; and among his other relatives were Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, husband of Mary Sidney, Lord Howard, of Effingham, and other noblemen and gentlemen holding high offices at Court. It must be admitted, too, that he was eminently qualified by person, attainments, and taste for splendour, to occupy an exalted position in the distinguished group which surrounded Elizabeth at Greenwich or Whitehall. Tall and strikingly handsome, his form, developed by manly exercises, was at once strong and graceful; and his facile and winning speech, his vast store of information, never ostentatiously displayed, but always ready when occasion demanded, his quick wit, and readiness in all the arts of adroit and poetic flattery then so fashionable and so acceptable to the Queen, marked him as a candidate for special favour; and soon the whispers of the courtly circle intimated that possibly a powerful rival to the impetuous Essex and the ambitious Dudley would be found in the person of the gallant young adventurer, who already outstripped all competitors in splendour of dress and gallantry of manner. Miss Strickland, in

her biography of Queen Elizabeth, says, "So varied, so brilliant, were the talents of Raleigh, as soldier, seaman, statesman, poet, philosopher, and wit, that it would have been wonderful if a woman so peculiarly susceptible as Elizabeth had not felt the power of his fascinations." The Queen was at this time forty-nine years of age, and Raleigh was thirty.

On his part, Raleigh was not slow to avail himself of the advantages of the favourable position he had attained. His ambitious spirit was restrained by few scruples of modesty in asking for gifts. He was determined to rise in the world, and saw that wealth and influence were means of helping him towards that end. We may well believe that his ultimate aims were large and not sordid, and that his ambition was to be associated with great achievements; indeed, the whole tenor of his life justifies us in assuming so much. The doctrine that the end justifies the means was at that time widely accepted, and certainly Raleigh was not disposed to repudiate it in cases where no flagrant departure from principles of morality was involved.

Elizabeth, proud and sensitive, was annoyed when her partiality was noticed, and took occasion to speak abruptly, almost rudely, to those whom really she most favoured. Raleigh knew her humour, received the "snub" with profound deference, but continued to ask for gifts and promotion, and the Queen continued to confer them. "If," says a contemporary writer, "anything was to be given away, he lost no time in soliciting it of the Queen, to the infinite displeasure of his jealous compeers. Elizabeth herself sometimes was impatient." "When will you cease to be a beggar, Raleigh?" she once said. "When, Madam, you cease to be a benefactress," was the ready reply. Sometimes, indeed, he presumed on her favour, as on one occasion, when the Queen going to Croydon, he took possession of the apartments prepared for Sir Christopher Hatton, the Vice-Chamberlain, who complained to Elizabeth that he could not therefore attend on her as his office required. The Queen was angry, and wrote to Sir Christopher, saying she would "rather see Raleigh hanged than equal him with Hatton, or that the world should think she did." That a man so shrewd and experienced as Raleigh would have ventured so far, had he not been encouraged by Elizabeth herself, is not probable; and an anecdote often told appears to be authentic. Raleigh wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass, taking care that she should see him, in the Queen's apartments, "Fain would I rise, but that I

fear to fall," to which she added, "If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all." Instigated by the jealousy of the courtiers, Tarleton, the jester, in a play performed at Court, ventured to point at Raleigh when saying the words, "See! the 'knave commands the Queen;" for which piece of audacity he was disgraced and punished.

He received another military appointment in Ireland; but the Queen, because "he is for so many considerations by us licensed to stay here," permitted the duties to be performed by deputy, and he was allowed to appoint lieutenants, who were to be "obeyed as he himself would be." His appointment was very distasteful to Lord Grey, who wrote to Walsingham, "As to Captain Raleigh, I neither like his carriage nor his company, and therefore, other than by direction and commandment, and what his rights require, he is not to expect from my hands." Three months afterwards Grey ceased to be Lord Deputy of Ireland, probably by Raleigh's influence.

On one occasion Raleigh got into trouble by engaging in a quarrel, within the Court precincts, with Sir Thomas Perrot, a fiery young man, who probably resented some little display of arrogance on the part of the favourite. The Lords of the Council sent them both to the Fleet prison, where they remained for six days, and then were released, on entering into bonds to keep the peace.

This escapade did not hinder honour and emoluments being showered upon him. He was made captain of the guard, seneschal of the county of Cornwall, and lord warden of the stannaries, and received a grant of twelve thousand acres of the forfeited estates in Ireland of the Earl of Desmond, and a lucrative patent, or monopoly, for licensing keepers of taverns and rectifying wines throughout the kingdom. Afterwards the estate of Anthony Babington, executed for conspiracy, was conferred on him. At all joustings, pageants, and royal progresses Raleigh accompanied the Queen.

"Music and poetry were her delight,
Therefore she had Italian masques by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing strains."

That she permitted Raleigh to address her in the fantastic style of romantic love-making then a fashion among Court gallants and their lady loves, can scarcely be doubted. It was well understood that the Queen and Sir Walter were the "Belphoebe" and "Timon" of Spenser's immortal *Faerie Queen*. Timon is wounded in battle, and lies in sore plight on the ground,

where he is found by Belphœbe and her damsels, who take him to "their dwelling in a pleasant glade." "And what could he do," asks the poet, "but love so fair a lady that his life release?" Afterwards Belphœbe discovers that there is another lady, "Amoret," better loved than herself, and who this Amoret is we shall presently see.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT'S VOYAGE.

The pleasures and splendour of Court life did not induce Raleigh to forget his favourite scheme of establishing colonies in North America. Early in 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert determined to make another attempt to avail himself of the patent obtained five years before; and Raleigh was now in a position to assist him materially, by contributing two thousand pounds towards the equipment of a vessel. The Queen was graciously pleased to approve of the expedition, and sent Gilbert, as a mark of her favour, a golden anchor, to be worn at his heart,—“the only contribution,” remarks a modern writer, “of the great princess to an expedition intended to transplant the arts of England to the waste regions of the new world.” The expedition started from Plymouth on the 11th of June; but two days after sailing, the vessel Raleigh had equipped, and which bore his name, returned to port, the reason given being that an infectious fever had broken out among the crew. Gilbert either did not know of this excuse, or did not believe it, for on arriving at Newfoundland, he wrote, “On the 13th, the bark Raleigh ran from me, in fair and clear weather, having a large wind. I pray you to solicit my brother Raleigh to make them an example to all knaves.” He reached Newfoundland with five ships, and then sailed southwards. Two of the vessels were wrecked, and Gilbert himself perished. He was a man of true heroic cast of mind; and when last seen by those on board the other ships, who were unable to render aid, sitting calmly with a Bible in his hand, he was heard to say to his men, “Be of good heart, my friends; we are as near heaven by sea as by land.” The following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. Longfellow has written a striking poem on the subject.

THE FIRST EXPEDITION TO VIRGINIA.

Raleigh was not discouraged by the fate of his half-brother; but when the remaining ships arrived in England with the sad news, he obtained another charter, incorporating himself, Adrian Gilbert, and John Davys as “The College of the Fellowship for the Discovery of the North-West

Passage.” But colonization, rather than discovery, was his principal object; and in a memorial to the Queen and Council he set forth the advantages to be obtained by establishing settlements on the American continent. The result was that in 1584 he obtained a new charter. Raleigh did not go with the expedition—one writer observes that his presence was too necessary at Court; but his two captains, Amadis and Barlowe, reached the American coast, and took possession, in the name of the Queen, of a considerable tract of country on the Roanoke, a large river flowing into what is now known as Albemarle Sound, in North Carolina. They returned in September, bringing with them skins of buffalo and deer, and a bracelet of large pearls, with two natives of the country they had discovered. Raleigh obtained permission to name the territory Virginia, in honour of the “virgin Queen,” and he had a new seal cut, with the legend, *Walteri Raleigh, militis Domini et Gubernatoris Virginie*. The Queen conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and encouraged him to send out another expedition. By the end of the following March (1585), a fleet of seven ships, well provided, and taking a hundred settlers, left Plymouth. The command of the expedition was entrusted to his cousin, a Cornish gentleman, Sir Richard Grenville, afterwards (1591) so famous for his heroic death in the sea-fight, in which he held at bay for fifteen hours fifteen large Spanish ships, an unparalleled exploit, commemorated by Tennyson in a ballad founded on the account of the fight written by Raleigh and Jan Huygen van Linschoten, a Dutch navigator in the Portuguese service. The governor of the new colony was to be Ralph Lane, with Philip Amadis as deputy; and Harriot, a clever mathematician, who had been tutor to Raleigh, accompanied the expedition for the purpose of making accurate surveys. Grants of land, of not less than a hundred acres to each emigrant, were made, and at first matters promised well; but dissensions occurred, and the Indians, at first described as gentle and friendly, “loving and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age,” afterwards attacked the settlers. At the height of the trouble of the little community, there appeared, off the mouth of the Roanoke, the fleet of Sir Francis Drake, returning from sacking St. Domingo, Cartagena, and other places on the Spanish main. Drake offered to supply the settlers with provisions; but they implored to be taken back to England, and he was induced to receive them on board his vessels. Very shortly afterwards, Sir Richard Grenville arrived with supplies which

Raleigh had thoughtfully provided, and was disappointed to find the place deserted. He left fifteen men, well supplied for two years, to form the nucleus of another colony; and in May, 1587, a hundred and fifty emigrants sailed from Plymouth, under the leadership of Captain John White, who, with twelve others, constituted the incorporation of "Governors and Assistants of the city of Raleigh, in Virginia." The fifteen men left by Grenville had perished—massacred, perhaps, by the Indians; and White's party endured great hardships. The leader returned to England for supplies, but it was difficult to forward them, as, in consequence of the threatening aspect of Spain, ships were forbidden to leave English ports. Raleigh, however, had influence enough to obtain permission for three vessels to take out supplies and new colonists. They were attacked on the way, and compelled to return.

We anticipate events by saying that, between 1587 and 1602, Raleigh fitted out, at his own charge, five Virginian expeditions, for the purpose of relieving, and if need be rescuing, the settlers,—unsuccessfully, it may be added, for the whites were massacred by the Indians; and, in the words of one of his biographers, "Virginia only lost his care and labour when he had himself lost his liberty." At one time he leased his patent to a company of merchants, but they were unsuccessful; and in a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, just before his own fortunes failed, he said, "I shall yet live to see it [Virginia] an English nation." It is estimated that he expended £40,000, an immense fortune in those days, in his various attempts to colonize Virginia.

Raleigh retained the favour of Elizabeth, and took an active part in parliamentary business (representing Devonshire in Parliament), and in many naval enterprises and privateering expeditions. In 1588, being then a member of the Council of War, and commander of the forces in Cornwall, of which county he was lieutenant-general, he furnished a ship and men to the fleet assembled to repel the Armada, for which he was rewarded by an augmentation of his patent on wines, and the right to levy tonnage and poundage on them. In 1589, he accompanied the expedition of Drake and Norris to Lisbon, and on his return made a visit to Ireland, where he associated in intimate friendship with Edmund Spenser, whom he had known when previously in that country, and who commemorated Raleigh's return from Lisbon in the well-known poem, "Colin Clout's come home again." In 1592, he sailed with fifteen ships to intercept the Spanish fleet, but was recalled by the Queen.

MARRIAGE, AND DISGRACE AT COURT.

The hitherto unclouded fortunes of Sir Walter were about this time doomed to experience a reverse. We have mentioned in Spenser's poetry an allusion to "Amoret," and by that name was intended Elizabeth Throgmorton, or Throckmorton, daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who had been ambassador to France. The young lady was one of the Queen's maids of honour; and her beauty—she was tall, with fine features and large blue eyes—attracted the attention of Raleigh. An illicit amour was the result, followed in 1593 by marriage. When the Queen became aware of what had occurred, she gave way to an ungovernable fit of rage. Not only had Sir Walter presumed to discover somebody whom he thought more attractive than herself—an offence for which she could scarcely inflict a legal punishment—but he, a gentleman of the Court, had dared to marry without royal permission; and for that offence he and his wife were committed to the Tower, and several of his offices were taken from him. It is lamentable that a man of Raleigh's greatness should have condescended to the ignoble course he then pursued to obtain forgiveness. He knew well the weakness of Elizabeth, and proffered the most abject flattery. "In a letter to Cecil, which it was arranged should be shown to the Queen, he complained that he endured intense agonies by being deprived of the opportunity of seeing her, whom he had been "wont to behold riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus—the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes playing on the lute like Orpheus." This fulsome adulation so far influenced the Queen, that after two months she gave him his liberty, but forbade him to approach the Court.

About two years previously, the Queen had conferred on him the castle and manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, formerly the property of the bishops of Salisbury, and obtained by the Crown by the strong if not very fair pressure the Queen so well knew how to exert. Thither Sir Walter and his fair and loving wife retired, and for a time he occupied himself with tranquil pursuits, without, however, neglecting his duties in Parliament, where he supported the Crown in its application for subsidies, a loyal course which considerably mollified the arbitrary Queen. Under his management, the Sherborne estate assumed a new aspect. The old castle was repaired, a magnificent mansion erected, and the extensive grounds laid out with exquisite skill and taste.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Gardens and orchards were planted ; a river was made to wind, with cascades and numerous brooks and rivulets, among luxuriant plantations.

EXPEDITION TO GUIANA.

Raleigh's active mind, however, could not be satisfied with such calm pleasures as garden and rural scenes afford, or with such recreations as writing pastoral and amatory poems. He loved the place, however, and in later life spoke with a warm remembrance of the domestic happiness he had enjoyed there. His brilliant Court life was probably ended, but there remained the broad seas and the mysterious lands of the western continent to be explored. While in the Tower, he had heard of the capture of the Great Carrack, the richest Spanish treasure-ship which ever crossed the ocean. It was brought into Plymouth, and even, after a vast amount of the treasure had been carried away surreptitiously by certain dignified persons who had access, and by the officers and crew who captured it, the sale of the contents realized about half a million of money. He pined for the opportunity of achieving a similar prize ; and his old plans for establishing colonies were more ardently cherished than ever. From boyhood he had been familiar with the history of the Spanish conquests. He had read with avidity every available narrative since published, and had heard, and, to a great extent, believed in, the existence of an *El Dorado* in the interior of the vast region watered by the Orinoco and the great rivers of Guiana. His imagination was fired by the exciting stories told of palaces with golden roofs, and rivers washing down golden sands. The failure of the Spanish explorers to reach these wonderful regions, in the existence of which they so firmly believed, Raleigh attributed to the want of knowledge and endurance rather than to a mistaken pursuit of a glittering phantom.

Early in 1595 he bade farewell to Sherborne and the pleasures of domestic life, and prepared for a voyage which he hoped would result in a realization of the visions he had indulged in. Some months previously he had sent a ship commanded by an experienced sailor, Captain Whiddon, to Trinidad, to obtain information respecting the entrance to the Orinoco ; but the Spanish governor of the island, Don Antonio de Berio, had himself made an attempt to reach the phantom *El Dorado*, and not only impeded Whiddon in his inquiries, but seized and imprisoned some of his men.

On the 9th of February, Raleigh, who had

made great preparations and been assisted in the necessary expenses by the Lord High Admiral Howard and Sir Robert Cecil, sailed from Plymouth with five vessels, having on board about a hundred soldiers, hardy sailors, and a few gentlemen volunteers. Towards the end of March he reached Trinidad, and with characteristic vigour took by surprise possession of the town of San Josef, and made prisoner the governor, De Berio. Finding him to be a "gentleman of great assuredness and of a great heart," Raleigh treated him with considerable respect ; and on his part, the governor, supposing that Sir Walter's real destination was Virginia, imparted to his captor a great amount of information respecting the attempts to reach the "golden land," and related many marvellous statements made by persons who professed to have visited it and seen some of its wonders. He showed him his own plans for another expedition, and told him he had sent one of his principal officers to Spain to make preparations. Then Raleigh disclosed his own projects, and De Berio saw to his chagrin how he had been deceived ; was, says Raleigh, "struck with a great melancholy and sadness, and used all the arguments he could to dissuade me," representing the dangers and miseries certain to be encountered.

Nothing daunted, but rather animated, for his was one of those brave natures which delight in difficulties, Sir Walter set sail for the mouth of the Orinoco. His ship was too deep in draught for the shallow channels, and boats were employed. In these frail vessels, exposed without shelter to burning sun and torrents of rain, the expedition navigated, for a month, the labyrinth of streams, and at last was rewarded by a sight of the majestic river. It was ascended for about sixty leagues, and then the rapid rise of the waters rendered further progress impossible. No golden city was seen, and no glimpse afforded of the "Amazons," or female warriors, of whom the early Spanish explorers had heard so much, and who gave a name to the great river of South America. Raleigh made friends of some native caciques and chiefs whom he met, and produced a very favourable impression. Another explorer, Leigh, nine years afterwards, met with a chief who came to him from a long distance to inquire about Raleigh, who was well remembered.

On Sir Walter's return, he published a finely written account of "The Discovery of the Large Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana," in which he expressed his assurance "that the sun covereth not so much riches in any part of the world."

Hume and some others have characterized the narrative as "full of the grossest and most palpable lies." Raleigh appears to have believed implicitly in the stories of golden cities, and amazonian warriors, and even of the savage people who had "eyes in their shoulders and mouths in their breasts."

A map of the regions visited, prepared by Raleigh himself, and signed by him, is preserved in the archives of Salamanca; and he brought home some pieces of quartz, which were assayed in the mint of London, and found to contain gold. He thus describes the beauty of the country over the great fells of the Caroni, or Caroli:—

"I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lovely prospects; hills so raised, here and there, over the valleys; the rivers winding into divers branches, the plains adjoining all fair green grass, without bushes or stubble; the ground of hard sand, easy to march on, either for horse or foot; the deer crossing on every path; the birds towards evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes; cranes and herons, of white, crimson, and carnation, perching on the river-side; the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind; and every stone that we stooped to take up promising either gold or silver, by its complexion."

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Raleigh, with whom the idea of colonization and extension of the empire was a passion, cherished the idea of leading a large army sufficient to conquer the country, and establish commercial companies which would develop a trade by which London would far surpass in wealth the proud city of Seville itself.

His report of the results of his expedition, and perhaps a little of the adroit flattery in which he was so great an adept—such as relating how some of the native chiefs had been struck with admiration when he showed them a portrait of Elizabeth—restored him to Court favour. He was reinstated in his position as Captain of the Guard, and was besides appointed to the lucrative governorship of Jersey; and we are told in the "Sidney Papers" that he rode abroad with the Queen, and frequented the privy chamber "as boldly as he was wont to do before."

THE CADIZ AND AZORES EXPEDITIONS.

In June, 1596, an expedition was sent to attack Cadiz. Lord Howard of Effingham, the admiral who had struck such a brave blow at the great Armada, commanded the fleet; and the forces to be employed on land were under the leadership of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex,

who was then the prime favourite of the Queen. Raleigh was selected with Sir George Carew and other officers of experience to form a council, to whose consideration Essex (whose tendency to rashness was mistrusted) was directed to submit all important operations. The fleet got within the harbour, notwithstanding a vigorous fire from the forts and fifteen Spanish men-of-war, three of which were captured. Essex then landed part of his forces, and the city capitulated, the inhabitants paying a heavy ransom (about four millions sterling) for their lives. The fortifications were razed, and the greater part of the houses burned. In the action Raleigh received a wound in the leg. On his return, he wrote a very animated account of the capture of the city.

Essex and Raleigh were rivals, and on the side of the former especially there was great animosity; but Raleigh generously bore testimony to the great merits of his leader. In a letter to Cecil, written immediately after the action, and still existing in the British Museum, he said, "The Earl has behaved himself both valiantly and advisedly in the highest degree, without pride and without cruelty, and hath gotten great honour and much love of all."

A year afterwards, June, 1597, Essex was appointed to the command of another expedition, in which also Raleigh took part, with the rank of rear-admiral. The fleet sailed from Plymouth, but was driven back by a storm, and it did not make a successful start until August 17. The destination was the Azores, and three Spanish ships were captured, and the islands Fayal, Graciosa and Flores taken possession of. Fayal was taken by a division of the squadron commanded by Raleigh, and his brilliant conduct on that occasion aroused a spirit of jealousy on the part of Essex, who, after his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1599, wrote to the Queen in terms of strong hostility to Raleigh.

We need not enter into the details of the fall of Essex, and the rash resistance he made to the Queen's authority, for which he was convicted of high treason and beheaded. Raleigh certainly showed no friendship towards him, and has been accused of writing a letter to Cecil, urging the execution of his former friend and associate. The letter, however, may bear a more favourable construction, as only advising the policy of reducing Essex to such a condition that he should be unable further to disturb the State. In his official capacity as Captain of the Guard, Raleigh was present at the execution of the brave, but too reckless, Earl. It is certainly not

to his credit that he took sums of money from several gentlemen who were implicated in Essex's outbreak, to use his influence with the Queen on their behalf, and that he succeeded in obtaining pardons for them. Such traffic was not thought disgraceful at the time; and in morals Raleigh was not superior to his less brilliant contemporaries.

WORK IN PARLIAMENT.

About this time he took an active part in parliamentary work, especially in advocating the freedom of capital and labour, anticipating some of the most valuable doctrines of modern political economy. He earnestly opposed the restrictions on cultivation and the compulsory production of certain crops, which were so highly approved by Bacon and other great authorities. "I do not like," he said, "this conspiring of men to misuse or use their grounds at our wills; but rather wish to let every man use his ground for that which it is most fit, and therein follow his own discretion." He also strongly advocated the policy of setting free the trade in corn. "The Hollanders," he urged, "who never sow corn, have by their industry such plenty that they can serve other nations; and it is the best policy to set tillage at liberty, and leave every man free, which is the desire of a true Englishman."

In the popular mind the fame of Raleigh is associated with the introduction of tobacco and the potato plant; but it is well to remember that he was not only the first Englishman who promoted colonization and foresaw the greatness of the English race on American soil, but he was also the earliest English free trader.

DEATH OF ELIZABETH.

On the 24th of March, 1603, the great Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond Palace, and with her faded the star of Raleigh's fortunes. Her passing admiration of the handsome figure and gallant bearing of the man, her womanish weakness which led her to accept flatteries from him and indulge in fantastic gallantries, had long since been forgotten; but to the last the great-hearted and energetic queen appreciated his talents, acquirements, and courage, and no doubt sympathized with the largeness of his political views and ambition. She had rewarded him with honours and ennoblements; and, remembering the servile adulation he had stooped to, it is rather painful to read Raleigh's estimate of his royal mistress. He might have remembered that, if he knew more of her womanly weaknesses than others, she was in her public capacity a

sagacious, energetic, and courageous sovereign, who maintained, as it had scarcely ever been maintained before, the reputation of England. After her death he said, "that, however, she seemed a great and good mistress to him in the eyes of the world, yet she was unjust and tyrannous enough to him to lay many of her oppressions on him, besides seizing on the best part of everything he took at sea for herself; that she took a whole cabinet of great pearls for herself, which he had captured in a Spanish ship, without giving him so much as one pearl."

There is a lamentable alloy of meanness in the composition of some great men; and Raleigh was an instance. He stooped to petty acts to obtain influence and wealth, even if he spent his riches magnificently; and had little scruple in neglecting or even vilifying those who had befriended him most. He strangely united cold, economical reasoning with the glow of a vigorous and exalted imagination; ambitions alike of scraping up wealth and of risking it, and life too, in splendid enterprises. His characteristic love of wealth and power, and the selfishness and "worldly wisdom" which that love engenders even in noble natures, caused him to write in "Instructions to his Son and Posterity":—

"Believe thy father in this, and print it in thy thought, that what virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised. Besides, poverty is oftentimes sent as a curse of God; it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit; thou shalt neither help thyself nor others; thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to shun them; thou shalt be a burden and an eyesore to thy friends; every man will fear thy company; thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others, to flatter unworthy men, to make dishonest shifts; and, to conclude, poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds. Let not vanity therefore, or persuasion, draw thee to that waste of worldly miseries. If thou be rich, it will give thee pleasure and health; keep thy mind and body free, save thee from many perils, relieve thee in thy elder years, relieve the poor and thy honest friends, and give means to thy posterity to live and defend themselves and thine own fame."

CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY.

Raleigh was one of the leading public men who met at Whitehall for the purpose of proclaiming James of Scotland successor to Elizabeth, and he assented to a strongly expressed

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

opinion that James's power of appointing his countrymen to places of trust and emolument in his English dominion ought to be subjected to some limitation. Indeed, Aubrey, the gossiping chronicler of historical small-beer, asserts that Sir Walter boldly proposed to establish a republic, and said at the meeting, "Let us keep the staff in our own hand, and set up a commonwealth, and not remain subject to a mean and beggarly nation." There is a ring of Raleigh's courage, but very little of his sagacity and caution, in these words; and as Aubrey's statement is unsupported by any more competent authority, we may safely reject it. It is, however, quite possible that similar stories were carefully transmitted to the new king; for Cecil and others, long jealous of Raleigh, hitherto supported by the Queen's friendship, lost no opportunity of discrediting him. Sir Walter tried his old method of ingratiating, flattery, but it was far less effective with James than with Elizabeth. The meanness and conceit of the Scotch king prepared him to dislike the brilliant scholar, adventurer, and courtier. He received with delight, and magnificently rewarded (at the cost of others), the abject adulation of the mean creatures who thronged his Court; but in Raleigh he felt the presence of a master-mind, and was shrewd enough to suspect that considerable contempt was mingled with the flattering words. Raleigh no doubt smiled cynically when writing as he did to James, "I took it as a great comfort to behold your Majesty; always learning some good, and bettering my knowledge by hearing your Majesty discourse."

Cecil, eager to be among the first to welcome James, met him at York, on the progress to London, and lost no time in disparaging Sir Walter, who, as an early mark of royal disfavour, was deprived of the distinguished and lucrative office of Captain of the Guard, to make room for the appointment of a Scotch favourite.

Raleigh soon saw that, in presence of the opposition of Cecil and others, and the swarm of northern place-hunters, he had little chance at home of repairing his fortune, seriously impaired by the money he had expended on the various expeditions and the loss of office; and he applied to the king to countenance an attack on the Spanish possessions in America, offering to raise two thousand men, at his own cost, for the purpose. James, however, was not to be interested in the design; and then Raleigh published a tract, remarkable for statesmanship, foresight, and vigour of illustration, on the policy of continuing the protection of England to the United Pro-

vinces of Holland; but this project, too, received no encouragement from the king.

James had been only about three months on the throne when two conspiracies were said to be discovered. One, known as the "Bye Plot," in which Raleigh was not implicated, was to seize the person of the king, carry him to the Tower, and there imprison him until he should swear to reconstruct his ministry, and grant a full toleration of religion. The second, or "Main Plot," originated with Lord Cobham, whose brother-in-law, George Brooke, was deeply concerned in the other project. Cobham applied, through the Spanish ambassador, to the King of Spain for money; and the proposition was to depose James by force of arms, and put on the throne his cousin, Lady Arabella Stuart, daughter of the brother of James's father, Lord Darnley, and equally descended from the royal line of England. Raleigh was an intimate friend of Cobham, and that intimacy was ground enough for Cecil and others to assert that he was concerned in the scheme.

The allegation was that Cobham intended to go to the King of Spain and the Archduke of Austria, and having obtained money for the purpose of bribing public men in England, then to meet Raleigh at Jersey, of which the latter was governor, and concert the means of action. On the 27th of July, 1603, Cobham and Raleigh were arrested and committed to the Tower, where, it is said, the latter attempted to commit suicide. There is some support for this statement in the fact that in a letter from Raleigh to his wife, written at the time, he said, "I cannot live to think how I shall be derided, to think of the expectations of my enemies, the scorn I shall receive, the cruel words of lawyers, the infamous taunts and despites, to be made a wonder and a spectacle. I know," he added, "that it is forbidden to destroy ourselves; but that it is forbidden in this sort, that we destroy not ourselves despairing of God's mercy." He counselled his wife to marry again, "to avoid poverty."

As the plague was raging in London, the trial took place at Winchester in the following September. The indictment against Sir Walter was that "he, with other persons, had conspired to kill the king, to raise a rebellion, with intent to change religion and subvert the government, and for that purpose to encourage and incite the king's enemies to invade the realm." It seems strange to us that anybody should suspect Raleigh, always a consistent Protestant, of a staunch Protestant stock, and always exhibiting an intense hatred of Spain and Spanish influence, of a

design to establish Catholicism, and receive aid for that purpose from the King of Spain. But the desire was to ruin him, and there was little scruple as to the means employed. Not only had he been deprived of his office of Captain of the Guard, but of the profitable licensing monopolies he had enjoyed; and now it seemed that nothing short of his death would satisfy his enemies. With the mass of the nation Raleigh had never been popular. His aristocratic, somewhat arrogant bearing offended them, and the lower classes were unable to comprehend his political theories, his scholarship, or his enlarged views on the questions of the time. That he had been so long the first of Court favourites was perhaps one reason why the mob should feel a pleasure in his downfall; but it was also thought that he had been an enemy to Essex, who was very popular. On his way to Winchester, the coach in which he rode was followed by a yelling mob, who threw missiles (tobacco-pipes among others) at the vehicle.

CONVICTION AND SENTENCE.

The trial lasted from eight in the morning till eleven at night. Lord Chief Justice Popham, a judge notorious for his private vice and venality, presided; and that great lawyer, but unscrupulous man, Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney-General, conducted the prosecution with coarse vindictiveness. Cobham, a weak and timid man, influenced apparently by a hope of saving himself, made a confession implicating Raleigh, but afterwards fully and solemnly retracted his accusation. Sir Walter admitted that Cobham had, on the part of the Spanish ambassador, offered him a sum of money or a pension, if he would use his endeavours to promote a peace between the two crowns; but he wrote a letter to the Lords of the Council, emphatically denying that he was aware of any connexion of this offer with a treasonable design.

Michael Hicks, writing to the Earl of Shrewsbury, says, "Raleigh, at the trial, carried himself so temperate in all his answers, and answered so wisely and readily to all objections, as it wrought both admiration in his hearers for his good parts, and pity towards his person. His answers were interlaced with arguments out of divinity, humanity, civil law, and common law." Coke was unjust enough to refer to the Bye Plot, in respect of which no imputation whatever rested on Raleigh; but, said Coke, "It will be seen that all these treasons, though they consist of several parts, closed in together, like Samson's foxes, which were joined in their tails, though

their heads were separated." He proceeded to abuse Raleigh as "the most notorious traitor ever called to the bar," a "damnable atheist," a "spider of hell," and used other epithets of equal coarseness. Raleigh demanded that Cobham, whose so-called confession was relied on against him, should be produced and confronted with him, and that other witnesses, if any, should be produced; but Popham told him that he was being tried by common law, according to which one witness was sufficient, and that the accusation of confidants, or the confession of others, was full proof. Sir Walter protested against the ruling; but Coke vehemently endeavoured to silence him, and violently said, "I will have the last word for the king!" "Nay," answered Raleigh, with spirit, "I will have the last word for my life." Even Cecil felt that Coke was going too far, and told him he was too harsh. In his reply to the charges, Sir Walter spoke of Cobham as "a poor, silly, base, dishonourable soul;" and for himself, he said, "I was not so bare of sense but that I saw that, if ever the State was strong and able to defend itself, it was now." To Elizabeth he referred, with a fine, courtly, and epigrammatic turn of words, as "a lady whom Time surprised," and of James he spoke as "an active king, a lawful successor to the Crown." "I am not," he said, "such a madman as to make myself, in this time, a Robin Hood, a Wat Tyler, or a Jack Cade."

The jury reluctantly returned a verdict of guilty; and on being asked why judgment should not be recorded, Raleigh replied that he was innocent, that he submitted himself to the king's mercy, and recommended to his Majesty's compassion his wife and son of tender years. In a vituperative speech, in which the accusation of being an atheist was repeated, and the accused was promised "an eternity of hell torments," Popham proceeded to pass the terrible sentence of death by mutilation and disembowelling, the then doom of traitors. Raleigh requested the Earl of Suffolk, the Earl of Devonshire, and Lord Cecil (who, although one of his greatest opponents, was not of a sanguinary disposition, and might be supposed to have some respect for the abilities and character of the illustrious prisoner) to intercede with the king, that his death might be honourable, and not ignominious. Raleigh then followed the sheriff out of Court, "with admirable erection," says Sir Thomas Overbury, who was present, "but yet in such a sort as became a man condemned."

In the gallery of the Court sat the lady whose name had been so frequently mentioned in con-

nection with the "plot," Lady Arabella Stuart; and when sentence had been passed, the Earl of Nottingham, formerly Lord Howard of Effingham, who accompanied her, stood up and said, "the lady, then present, protested on her salvation that she never dealt in any of these things."

Intelligence of the result of the trial was brought to the King by Roger Ashton, and one of the Scotch hangers-on of the Court. One of them affirmed that never any man spoke so well in times past, nor would do so in the world to come, as Raleigh had spoken on his trial; and the other said, that when he first saw Sir Walter he was so led with the common hatred, that he would have gone a hundred miles to see him hanged, but ere he parted he would have gone a thousand miles to save his life. "In one word," he added, "never was a man so hated and so popular in so short a time."

The general public shared the revulsion of feeling, and Sir Walter, a few days earlier disliked, became a popular hero. The King, shrinking perhaps from permitting the sentence to be carried out, and satisfied with the confiscation of the estate and the Virginia patent, decided to spare the life of Raleigh, and not only his, but the lives of the other accused; but could not deny himself the pleasure of a little preliminary cruelty. He sent the Bishop of Winchester to prepare Raleigh for execution, and the scaffold was erected at Winchester; Cobham, Lord Grey, and others were led out as if to the block, and Raleigh was brought out to witness their execution, with the full assurance that his own death would follow. Then the sheriff announced that his Majesty had been graciously pleased "in his princely clemency to spare their lives."

Raleigh had prepared himself for death with the resolution and resignation of a great mind. He wrote to his wife, "God is my witness that it was for you and yours that I sued for life; but it is true that I disclaimed myself for begging it; for know, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who, in his own respect, despiseth death and all his misshapen and ugly forms. May the everlasting and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors, and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom." Such was the language of the "damnable atheist" of Coke and Popham.

IN THE TOWER.

He was taken to the Tower, and then followed another instance of the meanness of the King. Several years before, Raleigh had executed a

conveyance of his Sherborne estate to his son; but the sharp eyes of the infamous and greedy Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, discovered a technical flaw in the deed. He exercised a powerful and mysterious influence over James, possessing, it was believed, the key to some secret disclosure of which the King dreaded; and he asked that the estate might be given to him. Lady Raleigh threw herself at the King's feet, and implored that she and her children should not be reduced to poverty, in addition to being deprived of the companionship and support of her dear husband. James could only mutter, "I mun hae it for Carr;" and Lady Raleigh quitted the ignoble presence a broken-hearted woman.

In the Tower Raleigh appears to have been allowed considerable freedom and the use of books. He had for fellow-prisoners, with whom communication was permitted, Henry Percy, the Earl of Northumberland, who had been an earnest promoter of science and learning; Hoskins, the scholar, wit, and critic; and Daniel, friend and literary corrector of Ben Jonson; and among his visitors were Harriot, the mathematician, whom he had sent to Virginia, and Dr. Burkett, a great Greek and Hebrew scholar and commentator.

Anne of Denmark, queen of James, was a staunch friend of Raleigh; and her son, the accomplished and amiable Henry, Prince of Wales, whose premature death at the age of eighteen caused general sorrow, was one of his most ardent admirers. It is supposed that it was with a view to his instruction that Raleigh began to write the famous "History of the World." The Queen, we are told, "regarded him with pity and interest, and he owed most of his indulgence to her intercession, through which, though a prisoner in the Tower circle, he retained not only his actual property, but the income of £200 per annum as governor of Jersey."

When Prince Henry was dying, in 1612, a general impression was entertained that he was the victim of foul play, and suspicion even pointed at the King. Raleigh, among other means of amusement in the Tower, had erected a small laboratory, where he experimented in chemistry and pharmacy. He had supplied the Queen with an effective remedy for ague, and she, believing in his skill, asked him to send something which might benefit the Prince. He sent a preparation, with the assurance that "it would cure all maladies excepting poison." The Prince took it, and rallied wonderfully for a short time, but again sank, and on the 5th of November,

1612, breathed his last. The failure of the remedy, and Raleigh's words, convinced the Queen that her dear son had indeed been poisoned. Nearly a hundred years afterwards, William the Third was kept alive for several hours by the administration of what the newspapers of the day described as "Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial," which was a strong spirituous compound.

The intercession of the Queen, her brother the King of Denmark, and the Prince of Wales, had been unavailing to obtain the release of Raleigh. James has himself left it on record that he withheld a pardon in order more readily to hold Raleigh in subjection. The captive was not so immersed in literary and chemical labours as to forget the supposed riches of Guiana; and in 1611, when he had been eight years imprisoned, he made an offer to the King, which seems to have been conditionally accepted, that a ship commanded by Captain Keymis should be despatched to Guiana; and if Keymis should fail to bring back half a ton at least of "that slate gold ore, whereof I have given a sample," he (Raleigh) would bear all the expenses of the expedition; but, if that quantity were brought home, he should have a pardon and his liberty." Why this extraordinary proposition was not carried into effect is unknown. Raleigh had contrived in some manner to maintain a communication with Guiana, and even to have some of the natives of the place brought to this country.

SECOND EXPEDITION TO GUIANA.

After he had been thirteen years in the Tower he was released, but without a formal pardon; and he was permitted to arrange for a new expedition. He informed the Government that he intended to open a gold mine; but in the commission given him the place is not mentioned, for fear of the Spaniards preparing an opposition. He afterwards complained that the Government communicated his intentions to Spain, and so thwarted him. It cannot be doubted that buccanering adventures were also privately a part of his scheme; for neither Raleigh nor any other of the maritime adventurers of those days saw any harm in such exploits.

In the following year, 1617, a fleet of thirteen vessels was collected, Raleigh's own ship, the *Destiny*, having been built under his special direction. The expedition reached the coast of Guiana in the middle of November; but, being unwell, Raleigh did not himself ascend the Orinoco. He sent Captain Keymis, with two

hundred and fifty men. After a month, they reached St. Thomas, a small Spanish town, which they captured after a sharp fight, in which Raleigh's son and the Spanish governor were killed. Keymis could not discover the gold mine, and returned to Trinidad, where Raleigh awaited him. The unfortunate captain was received with reproaches, which had such an effect on him that he committed suicide.

EXECUTION.

Raleigh returned to Plymouth in July, 1618, and found that a royal proclamation had been issued, no doubt at the instance of the Spanish ambassador, Gondomar; and he was placed under arrest. He was subjected to most inquisitorial proceedings, and even his private letters to his wife were intercepted and read. James was then desirous to please Spain, for there was a negotiation pending for the marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta; and Raleigh was to be sacrificed. The Government was complaisant enough to revive the old sentence, and on the 29th of October, 1618, the memorable Englishman, unquestionably the foremost man in achievement of that great age, was beheaded in Palace Yard, Westminster, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

He encountered death with a cheerful dignity of deportment. On the scaffold he made a long speech, concluding by saying, "I entreat you all to join with me in prayer that the great God of heaven, whom I have grievously offended—being a man full of all vanity, having been a seafaring man, a soldier, and a courtier, and in the temptations of the least of these there is enough to overthrow a great mind and a good man—that God, I say, would forgive me, and cast away my sins from me, and that He would receive me into everlasting life. I die in the faith professed by the Church of England, and I hope to be saved, and to have my sins washed away by the precious blood of our Saviour Christ. So I take my leave of you all, making my peace with God." The executioner asked forgiveness. Raleigh freely gave it, and then asked to feel the axe. "It is," he said, "a sharp and fair medicine, and can cure all diseases." He knelt and prayed, and then gave the signal by extending his hands. The executioner was unnerved, and struck feebly. "Strike sharper," said Raleigh, and the blow followed, and the head fell to the ground. It was shown to the people, and "a general shudder followed."

His body—the head was long preserved in the family—was buried in St. Margaret's Church,

Westminster, where, in 1845, a tablet was erected with this inscription: "Within the chancel of this church was interred the body of the great Sir Walter Raleigh, on the day he was beheaded in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, October 29, 1618. Reader, should you reflect on his errors, remember his many virtues, and that he was mortal."

A memorial window is now in course of erection in the church, and Americans have contributed largely to the fund.

LITERARY PRODUCTIONS.

Had not Raleigh achieved fame as a maritime adventurer and soldier, he would still occupy a conspicuous place in England's Pantheon. His "History of the World" extends from the creation of man, as recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures, to the end of the second Macedonian war. The five books, written with great force, elegance, and sustained dignity, exhibit a vast amount of rare scholarship and curious speculations and designations. He projected a second and a third part, but, he writes in the Introduction, "Besides many other discouragements persuading my silence, it has pleased God to take that glorious Prince [Henry, Prince of Wales] out of the world, to whom were devoted. . . . O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hast dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*."

Aubrey, however, gives a reason for the non-appearance of the final portion of the work, which may partly explain the phrase, "many other discouragements." He says in a manuscript preserved in the Ashmolean Museum of Oxford, "His books sold very slowly at first, and the bookseller (Walter Bane) complained of it, and told him he should be a loser by it, which put Sir Walter into a passion, and he said that since the world did not understand it, they should not have the second part, which he took and threw into the fire, and burnt before his face." The "History" was published in 1614, while the author was a prisoner in the Tower.

Oliver Cromwell wrote to his son Richard, "Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's 'History;' it is a body of history, and will add

much more to your understanding than fragments of stones." The elder Disraeli says, "He who seeks for power of intellect and grandeur of soul must study profoundly Raleigh's 'History of the World.'"

Only a few poems and the account of the first voyage to Guiana were printed in the author's lifetime. Of the works published after his death, and bearing his name, some few are of doubtful authenticity; but we may accept with confidence, as genuine productions and remarkable evidences of the scope and versatility of Raleigh's talents, the following list of tracts and larger works:—

Political.—"Maxims of State"—"The Cabinet Council"—"The Prorogation of Parliament"—"On a Match between Lady Elizabeth and the Prince of Piedmont"—"On a Marriage between Prince Henry and a Daughter of Saxony"—"A Discourse touching a War with Spain"—"Observations on the Navy and Sea Service"—"On the Seat of Government"—"Spanish Alarm."

Practical and Economical.—"A Discourse on the character of Ships' Anchors, Compasses, etc."—"Observations touching Trade and Commerce"—"Cause of the Magnificence and Opulence of Cities"—"The Art of War at Sea" (lost).

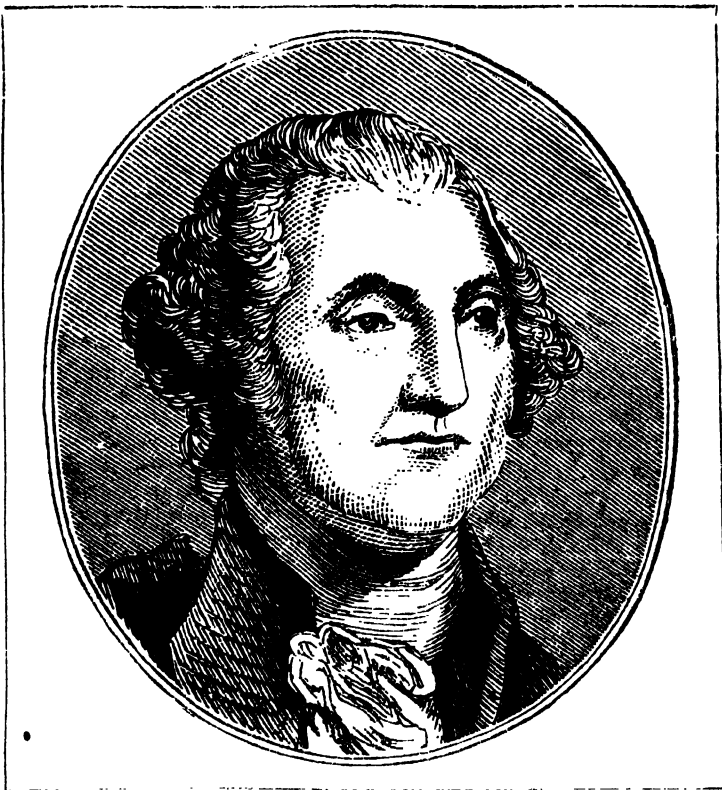
Moral and Miscellaneous.—"A Discourse on War in General"—"The Sceptic"—"Instructions to his Son and Posterity"—"A Treatise on the Soul"—"Poems."

Dugald Stewart refers with admiration to some of Raleigh's metaphysical speculations, and to the "coincidence of thought with the soundest logical conclusions of the eighteenth century." To Milton is due the publication of the "Maxims of State" and "Cabinet Council."

His poetry was graceful and elegant, tinged with the affectation of the day; but less so than the verses of many of his contemporaries.

We conclude with the magnificent eulogium by Edmund Burke: "Sir Walter Raleigh, the most extraordinary genius of his own, or perhaps any other time; a penetrating statesman, an accomplished courtier, a deep scholar, a fine writer, a fine soldier, and one of the ablest seamen in the world. The vast genius that pierced so far, and ran through so many things, was of a fiery and eccentric kind, which led him into daring expeditions and uncommon projects, which, not being understood by a timid Prince, and envied and hated by the rivals he had in so many ways of life, ruined him at last."

G.R.E.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The Washington Family—Emigration to Virginia—George Washington's Youth and Education—Appointed Adjutant—His First Campaign—Marriage and Private Life—Delegate to Congress—Appointed Commander-in-Chief—His Campaigns and Successes against the British—Retires—Elected President—His Retirement and Death.

ORIGIN OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was descended from John Washington, who emigrated from England to Virginia about 1657. His parents were Augustine Washington, and a second wife, Mary Ball; and the future hero was born in a parish called by the family name in Westmoreland County, Va., on February 22nd, 1732. The place is non-existent, but a recording stone, with inscription, marks the locality.

John Washington, the great-grandfather of the

subject of our memoir, was descended from the Washington family of Little Brington, Northamptonshire, whose coat-of-arms, containing as it does three stars and stripes, or bars, with the bird surmounting the shield, no doubt gave rise to the idea of the celebrated "Stars and Stripes." *

Let us now proceed to Brington, — Great Brington, — where, close to Lord Spencer's park,

* The heraldic description of the Washington crest is as follows:—Argent—two bars gules, in chief three mullets of the second, crest a raven with wings endorsed proper, issuing out of a ducal coronet—*or*."

is the church wherein we shall find the interesting monuments we seek ; and if we advance into the chancel, we shall find under our feet a slab. Stoop and read the inscription, which is as follows :—

"Here lieth the bodi of Lavrence Washington, sonne and heire of Robert Washington of Soolgrave, in the countie of Northampton, Esquier, who married Margaret, the eldest daughter of William Buller of Tees in the Countie of Sussex, Esquier, who had issue by her 8 sonns and 9 daughters, which Lavrence Decessed the 13 of December A.Dni. 1616.

"Those that by chance or choyce of this hast sight,
Know life to death resigns as day to night ;
But as the sonne's returne revives the day,
So Christ shall us though turnde to dust and clay."

Beneath are the arms of the husband and wife deeply engraved in the stone. There are graves of other Washingtons in the church, but the foregoing is undoubtedly that of the ancestor of the great President of the United States.

We can then trace the family by Sir William, Lawrence's eldest son, who wedded George Villiers' (Buckingham's) sister. The second son was John, the others respectively Robert and Lawrence. Robert quite drops out of the record, but John (or Sir John) and his brother Lawrence, being implicated in the troubles of the period (1656) between Royalists and Roundheads, and being strictly loyal to the Sovereign's side, emigrated to Virginia, as did many other Royalists. This John Washington was an elderly man at the time of his emigration with his son, or sons. Mr. Simpkinson suggests that it was this son John who wedded Anne Pope, and warred with the Indians—deeds which have been attributed to Sir John. But Americans say George Washington was descended from John, not a titled Washington. This would appear to support Mr. Simpkinson's theory.

But we have now established the fact that the ancestors of the famous George emigrated to America. Augustine Washington died in 1743, when his second son George was twelve years old, leaving a large landed property to his family. To the eldest son he bequeathed the estate afterwards known as Mount Vernon, in honour of the Admiral Vernon under whom Lawrence served in the expedition against Carthayna. George, it is recorded, received an offer to serve as midshipman with the Admiral, but yielded to his mother's wishes and remained at home.

The education of those days did not extend very far. The rudiments of English were the subjects usually taught, but George Washington added land-surveying and book keeping to this course of

study, the latter a particularly useful accomplishment in a country like America at that time. He grew rapidly, and became very tall ; his strength developed, but his moral qualities kept pace with his physical advance ; for at the age of thirteen we read that young George wrote out for his own use one hundred and ten maxims of civility and good behaviour. He afterwards paid some attention to French, but never got far beyond the rudiments of the language. His physical endurance was very great ; he was a fearless rider, and he early acquired a character for justice, veracity, and a high sense of honour among his companions. He passed a great deal of his time with his brother at Mount Vernon, and also employed himself in surveying the extensive territory of Lord Fairfax, who owned great estates in the Virginia valley, of which his cousin William Fairfax (whose daughter Lawrence Washington had married) was agent. George was paid a doubloon *per diem*, and frequently camped out for weeks at a time in the woods, in peril of Indians and more savage squatters, for the majority of the former were then disposed to be friendly. He was afterwards appointed public surveyor.

His life in the woods was an arduous one, but the spirit and determination which had impelled the youth to mount and ride to death a half-wild horse never previously backed, now stood him in good stead.* He kept a journal at this time, and his description of a night passed in his cabin is not unattractive. He says :—

"Worked hard till night, and then returned. After supper we were lighted into a room, and I not being so good a woodman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly and went into bed, as they call it, when, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket, with double its weight of vermin."

George had always been a great favourite of Lawrence's, and was naturally a great deal with him ; and so three years passed—the summers

* The anecdote runs thus :—His mother had a beautiful pair of greys which had never been saddled, and the animal would allow no one to mount him. But one morning George, then about thirteen, watched his opportunity and leaped upon its back. The colt plunged and reared, and, at last despairing of dislodging its rider, darted away at full speed. When almost exhausted with its terrible race, George still urged the animal, which at last burst a blood-vessel and fell dead. His mother, when he told her, said, "My son, I forgive you because you have the courage to tell the truth at once. Had you skulked away I should have despised you."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

spent in surveying for Lord Fairfax, and the winters at Mount Vernon.

So far as the foundation of his fortune depended upon himself, George Washington's was partly laid by the knowledge he picked up in this work, his meetings with the Indians, and his acquaintance with their manners and customs,—a knowledge which afterwards stood him in good stead. Lord Fairfax, an eccentric nobleman, who had built a large house which he called Greenway Court, befriended the lad. Many distinguished individuals were entertained by the noble host, but George was always most cordially received.

The tide of emigration was then setting in fast and rising over the Alleghanies. The English colonists, coarse and cruel, soon began to endeavour to exterminate the Indians. Desperadoes went killing and outraging the natives, till the latter rose, and terrible reprisals were made. The French also claimed dominion, and, in addition to the Indians, the French nation was ready to take up arms against the English. The settlement of Virginia began to make military preparations, for neither the French nor the English nation would give way. The British came across the mountains from the east coast; the French, descending from Canada, constructed a chain of forts on the Ohio, to intercept the projects of the English Ohio Company, in which Captain Lawrence Washington took a great interest.

Before going farther it will be as well to explain briefly the circumstances which led to the outbreak of war, or rather series of wars, which cost England and France so dear, in the loss of their possessions in North America.

After the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle the boundaries between the English and French colonies had been left undecided. The most desirable territory lay west of the Alleghany Mountains, including the valley of the Ohio—a territory of immense extent and of great productive power, with fine hunting and fishing grounds. The French claimed, by right of discovery by Padre Marquette and Juliot, who had sailed down the Mississippi, the right over that river and all its tributaries—the Ohio being one. This, of course, would give them an immense territory, and one practically illimitable.

To this the British replied that by their treaty with the Indians the latter had relinquished to them all title to the land west of the mountains even to the Mississippi, "which had been conquered by their forefathers." "These were the shadowy foundations," says Washington Irving, "of claims which the two nations were determined to maintain to the uttermost."

We may now resume. The Ohio Company was

formed in 1749, to secure a participation in the trade with the Indians; but the French were in the field before the Company, headed by Hanbury, a London merchant, could obtain its charter. The French warned the Indians not to trade with the British; but the natives became suspicious, and Governor Hamilton of Pennsylvania, on receipt of a letter from the French pioneers, determined to make friends with the Indians, who, after an interview, sent back the French ambassadors and declared for the English. The French then determined to make a counter demonstration, which they did. They advanced their vessels upon Lake Ontario, and upon the upper waters of the Ohio.

The British Colonies also aroused themselves, and the hum of war preparation was heard by all who cared to listen. The time had arrived when the question of boundaries must be measured by the sword, and possession would be claimed at the point of the bayonet.

The province of Virginia was at once divided into districts when it was apparent that a war with France was imminent. George Washington was appointed to one district, with the rank of Major; but as his elder brother was soon afterwards taken ill, and ordered to the West Indies, it was arranged that George should accompany him. They sailed for Barbadoes in September 1751, and after a voyage which lasted five weeks, reached their destination in safety. They had not been long in the island when George was attacked by small-pox, from which he recovered, but slightly marked; and subsequently his brother, finding no benefit from the change, determined to remove to Bermuda, and George Washington was commissioned to fetch his sister-in-law to her husband. But in consequence of the rapid increase of Lawrence Washington's malady, the suggested removal could not be carried out. He returned to Virginia, in the summer of 1752, and shortly afterwards died, at the age of thirty-four, leaving a large fortune to an only daughter, who did not long survive. When this child died, George found himself master of Mount Vernon, and subsequently added to it by purchases.

But the time for George Washington to move was now at hand. From this period (1753) he resumed his appointment as adjutant, and the Governor of Virginia was instructed by the Ministry to build forts near the Ohio, and cannon, with ammunition, were sent out from England, the Governor meanwhile determining to communicate with the French Commandant, and demand his authority for acting as he was doing, and his designs. It was a difficult and dangerous mission to undertake, and the individual who could per-

form it must combine tact and ability with a knowledge of the manners of the Indian tribes.

The *desiderata* were supposed, and with justice, to be existent in Major George Washington, who, though only twenty-one, was at once entrusted with this very delicate mission. He first made known to the Indians the object of his expedition, and then boldly advanced to the French posts, with a small Indian escort, to demand an answer to his despatches.

The distance to the French station was one hundred and twenty miles. At Venango certain attempts were made to impede his allies, but Captain Joncaire received Washington with civility, and directed him to the Commandant, M. de Saint-Pierre. The attentions of the French included a very excellent supper, and considerable potations. The latter service Washington deputed to his lieutenant, and keeping his own head cool, listened to and noted all the information he could collect from the French *bon-vivants*, respecting their plans, forces, and general intentions. In this diplomatic encounter, George Washington certainly came off victorious. The Indians, however, were plied with liquor, and Washington had some difficulty to get them out of Joncaire's clutches.

After three days' delay, on the 7th December, 1753, he succeeded in continuing his journey, and, accompanied by a wily Frenchman named La Force, and three soldiers, he pursued his way. After terrible privations and enormous toil, through forests and morasses, in frost and snow, he reached the French head-quarters. Here he was properly received; and while the Commandant was considering his reply, Washington, with his usual perceptions fully alive, went about taking notes of the Fort, counting the canoes and cannon, and, in fact, impressing all the surroundings upon his mind. He subsequently drew a plan of the fort and sent it to the British Government.

The reply of the French Commandant was to the effect that he could not retire, and that the Marquis Duquesne, Governor of Canada, was the person to whom the letter of the Governor of Virginia should have been addressed. Washington then took his leave, and, satisfied that mischief was brewing, he returned by water to Venango; and thence on foot, after numerous perils, including being made a target of by a treacherous Indian, whose intentions, however praiseworthy from his own point of view, were not carried out, Washington reached Williamsburg again, and delivered the reply to Dinwiddie.

The French designs being apparent, preparations for war were hurried on. Two hundred men were raised. Washington was put in command, and a

position upon the Ohio determined upon. Difficulties as to money arose with the other colonies, which were unwilling to move, but at length £10,000 were grudgingly voted, and another hundred men levied. Washington, with native modesty, declined the chief command, and so Colonel Joshua Fry was put in charge, with Washington under him, ranking as Lieutenant-Colonel.

Recruiting went on at Alexandria but slowly, but at length, in April 1754, Washington found himself at the head of 150 men, and marched to Will's Creek. Another party, under Captain Trent, were busy erecting a fort on the Ohio; but the French brought down an overwhelming force from Venango, and compelled the working party to retreat. The French then established themselves in the Fort, which they completed, and called it, after the Governor of Canada, Fort Duquesne, a name destined be known in the future all over two continents.

Ensign Ward, who had surrendered himself, brought the news to Will's Creek, where Washington was now in a critical position. Sending messengers for aid, he occupied his men, advancing into the wilderness, and making a road. After a few days he heard that the French were approaching, and, hastening to a place called Great Meadows, "a charming place for an encounter," as he expresses it in his journal, Washington entrenched his small detachment and waited. But a messenger from his Indian allies informed him that the enemy was approaching their position, so Washington took forty men, and hurried off to assist the Indian "Half-King." A skirmish ensued, the French were defeated, their commander Jumville was slain, and twenty-two prisoners were taken. Washington's loss was one killed and three wounded.

This first success elated our hero, then but just twenty-two; and he wrote in high spirits to his brother, making the subsequently disputed remark about the "charm" in the "sound of the whistling of bullets," which called forth Horace Walpole's strictures on him, as a "brave braggart." Washington himself urged that if he *did* use such a term, he was very young at the time.

The death of Colonel Fry occurring about this time, Washington succeeded to the chief command, and, foreseeing the action of the French when they heard of the defeat of their men, he busied himself at Great Meadows in constructing a fort in a very hurried manner, which he happily termed Fort Necessity. Here his force was augmented to 400 by Captain Mackay and his men, besides a number of Indian families; thus a great demand was made upon his scanty supplies. But internal dissension arose. Captain Mackay held

a royal commission, and considered it placed him in seniority to Colonel Washington, a colonial officer. Mackay declined politely to obey orders from Washington; and so, to cut the Gordian knot, the latter moved out and advanced to the Monongahela River, leaving Mackay and his company at the Fort.

Washington soon heard of the French advance, and requested Mackay to unite with him. Mackay consented, but eventually it was agreed to retire again to Fort Necessity, and prepare for the inevitable collision with the enemy of such superior force. The position had been well chosen. The fort commanded the approaches, and had easy access to the creek. Here the English colonists made every preparation to receive the French troops with all suitable attention.

On the 3rd July, the enemy's force, consisting of 900 men, approached, and at 11 a.m. opened fire, but without effect. After a desultory engagement, which lasted all day, the French commander proposed a capitulation, and sent written articles into the fort. The difficulty of rendering them intelligible was not diminished by the circumstance that they were read, under a pouring rain, by a flickering candle. Vanbraam, the interpreter, endeavoured to explain their purport, but indifferently. At length, however, the conditions were determined on, and the garrison marched out with the honours of war. The baggage was destroyed to prevent the Indians getting possession of it, and so the small army returned defeated, but not dishonoured.

Here ended Washington's first campaign. He had been commended for his conduct, and, considering his age and inexperience, he had certainly displayed high attainments as a commander. Rigid in discipline, but sharing the hardships and solicitous for the welfare of his soldiers, he had, like Colin Campbell in our day, secured their obedience and won their esteem, amid privations, sufferings, and perils that have, says Sparks, seldom been surpassed.

The Governor of Virginia did not in any way abate his zeal for the object he had in view. He gave orders to fill up the ranks lately reduced; he commanded the troops to cross the Alleghany mountains and drive the French from Fort Duquesne. These bold projects, however, it was found impossible to carry out. To fill up the ranks men must be forthcoming: there were none. To cross snow-covered mountains without transport or supplies, without clothing, ammunition, or money, without tents or sufficient arms, Washington naturally condemned as folly, and the scheme was abandoned. The energetic Dinwiddie, how-

ever, employed the winter in enlarging the army, and forming it into independent companies; the effect of which measure was to degrade George Washington to the rank of captain, and put him under the orders of men he had formerly commanded. Of course he could not submit to this arrangement; he accordingly resigned his commission, and retired from the army. Though invited by General Sharpe of Maryland, Commander-in-chief appointed by the Crown, to resume his station and commission, Washington declined to hold what "had neither rank nor emolument annexed to it," for the rule had been made that colonial officers of provincial troops should hold no rank when serving with general and field officers commissioned by the Crown. Washington was also much annoyed by the refusal of Dinwiddie to carry out the terms he had arranged with the French at the capitulation of Fort Necessity. All these circumstances decided our hero to pass the winter in retirement, and he took up his abode at Mount Vernon.

War had now become inevitable between France and England, and both Governments recognized the importance of the struggle. The English Ministers determined to drive the French troops from their positions, and the latter were as equally determined to defend them. General Braddock was sent out with two British regiments in 1755, and, after some delay in transport, commenced his disastrous expedition against Fort Duquesne. The British General fully recognized the value of Colonel Washington, who agreed to serve under him as a volunteer, as a member of the General's household. But he was subsequently nominated aide-de-camp. The utter incapacity of Braddock for such warfare as that in which he was then engaged was evident; and, deaf to the advice of Washington, or only agreeing to his suggestions with scarce disguised ill-humour or contempt, he was led into an ambush, in which his troops only escaped annihilation by the firmness of Washington and his men, who, secreting themselves behind trees, checked the advance of the French and Indian allies, and enabled the defeated British force to withdraw with their wounded commander. Had Washington's advice been taken, and the offer of the Indians, who had volunteered to scout, been accepted, the ambush would have been detected, and the conclusion of the engagement a very different one. In this encounter the bravery of Washington was conspicuous. He attempted to rally the terrified English soldiers, taken by surprise and opposed to savage warriors, but without success. He and a handful of Virginians checked the Indian advance, but two

horses were shot under him, and four bullets pierced his clothing. His escape was miraculous. Five hundred British lay dead upon the field, besides those killed in the retreat.

This defeat of Braddock only served to confirm the good impression Washington had previously made. It was reported how his advice had been given and put aside, and his warnings unattended to. Eighty years after, his gold seal, which had been shot away from his dress, was found upon the field. The result of the victory to the French was of course encouraging, and the objects of the English, to capture Nova Scotia, to drive out the French settlers and to capture their Forts at Niagara, were defeated. The Indians were now encouraged to continue the war, and they perpetrated most fearful atrocities. To protect the frontier, Washington was placed in command of 700 men, and for three years he was engaged in this extremely arduous task.

In 1756, Washington visited Boston, and fell in love with the beautiful Miss Mary Phillips (or Philippe). But she was not his destiny any more than was the Lowland maid to whose graces he wrote poetry when surveying in the woods years before. Miss Phillips married Captain Morris, one of Braddock's aides, and Washington, who had meantime returned to Virginia, was not allied to a Royalist family. Mr. Everett, *appropos* of this attachment, writes: "One cannot but bestow a passing thought on the question what would have been the effect on the march of events if Washington, at twenty-five, had formed an alliance with a family of wealth and influence in New York, which adhered to the Royal cause, and left America as loyalists when the war broke out." It is a curious fact that in the war (in 1776), Washington's head-quarters were established in Captain Morris's house on the Harlem river.

During the years 1756 and 1757 no great events took place; and Washington in March 1758 was prostrated with fever induced by his care and troubles in his laborious command. In the same year an expedition was organized to subdue Fort Duquesne. General Forbes was appointed to the chief command. Virginia raised two regiments of 1,000 men each, and Washington was appointed colonel of one. He arrived at Fort Cumberland, and his men being destitute of regimentals, he dressed them in Indian costume. The British commanders determined to make a new road over the mountains, but Washington objected. He showed that by the existing route the army might reach the Fort in thirty-four days, with plenty of supplies in hand. But the Virginian's advice was disregarded; his suggestion that the Indians

should be respected was derided, and so the warriors went home in disgust, and allied themselves with the French. Operations were very slowly conducted, and the Virginians found themselves in want of all necessaries for a campaign.

Washington, in his usual decisive way, undertook to represent the state of things, and he repaired to Williamsburg with that object. He was in a great hurry, and could scarcely wait to dine with a gentleman with whom he had crossed the Pamunkey River. At last he consented reluctantly, and that dinner proved a very important occasion in his life.

Amongst the guests that evening at Mr. Chamberlain's house was a young, beautiful, and accomplished widow. She was rich, and connected with the best families in Virginia. Her name was Martha Custis. Upon George Washington she at once made a very decided impression. Her conversation was brilliant and sensible, and in her company the Colonel found time passing rapidly away. His horse was ready at the door, but was countermanded. The man, in such a hurry before dinner, was now content to remain to bask in the smiles of beauty. George Washington was only mortal. He stayed all night, and next morning hurried away to Williamsburg "hit" harder than he had ever been in battle.

Mrs. Custis had a residence near Williamsburg, called the White House, and Washington perceiving that the lady had many suitors, improved the shining hour. He succeeded in his desire. He and the beautiful widow plighted their troth, and the marriage was arranged to take place as soon as the campaign against Duquesne had come to an end. No wonder that Washington was always urging the British to advance! At length, to his great joy, he received orders to proceed to Fort Cumberland, but here July and August were passed in inaction. Had his counsels been followed, the Fort would have been captured then. But Braddock's mistake was repeated, the troops fell into a snare, and though they fought boldly against superior numbers, the expedition was abandoned, and a murderous retreat followed. In November the army was again assembled, and again advanced over the track strewn with skeletons. Washington was in the van, and proceeded with great caution. He drew near the Fort, but found it deserted. The British successes in other directions had drawn off the reinforcements, and the commandant had evacuated the place. When the English army arrived, not an enemy was to be seen. The Fort had been dismantled, and partly destroyed. It was repaired and called Fort Pitt, in honour of the great statesman.

With the termination of this campaign, Washington's military career for the time ended. He had made up his mind to retire should the expedition prove successful, for the great object of the war was accomplished. He had nothing to gain from the British Government, and no prospect of promotion. So he resigned his commission, and retired, after receiving a most handsome address and testimonial of attachment and regard from the officers who had served under him; nor was this alone the provincial opinion, it was shared by the British.

The events of this war greatly influenced Washington's life and character. Though he had achieved no brilliant success, but had been rather identified with unfortunate expeditions, he had proved to himself and to the world his resources, courage, and fortitude. This campaign was, in fact, a preparation for the great military services he was destined afterwards to render.

His marriage with Mrs. Custis took place shortly after his return. It was celebrated on the 6th January, 1759, at her residence. The union, though childless, was a very happy one, and lasted for forty years. Mrs. Washington is described as a model of all domestic virtues, pious and charitable, unostentatious and without vanity, and filling with dignity every station in which she was placed.

WASHINGTON IN PRIVATE LIFE.

We now come to a period during which Washington led a domestic life at Mount Vernon, with his wife and her children. By his marriage he had gained a very large sum of money; so to the management of his very extensive private business, and to the guardianship of his wife's two children, he now devoted himself. He had shortly before his marriage been elected as a representative to the House of Burgesses in Virginia from Frederic County. Washington did not return immediately to Mount Vernon; and when he took his seat in the House, a vote of thanks was proposed to him, in such warm-hearted and eulogistic terms, that he was quite unable to acknowledge it. The Speaker most kindly relieved him by saying, "Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess." From this time Washington remained a member of the House for fifteen years, and though he seldom spoke, he always paid great attention to and studied the topic under discussion, so that he was fully master of the subject whenever he arose to address the assembly.

In April 1759, Washington and his bride retired to Mount Vernon, where he occupied himself as a planter. His industry and business habits

were on a par with his military prowess. He carried out to the full the maxim that if we want a thing done we should do it ourselves, and to this he strictly adhered in all important cases. But occupied as he was, he by no means neglected social duties. He practised a large and lavish hospitality, and mixed in the best society at Annapolis and in Williamsburg. He had not lost his old taste for athletic amusements. Hunting and shooting he practised with great enjoyment, and protected his wild-fowl from intrusive poachers. On one occasion he caught a man "red-handed," and, disregarding the fowling-piece pointed at him, he rode into the water, seized the canoe, drew it to shore, and disarming the poacher, thrashed him soundly.

But not content with his own concerns and recreations as the means of fully occupying his time, he interested himself in assisting his neighbours in positions of trust, involving much labour and responsibility, as trusts are wont to do. He often acted as arbitrator, and took an active part in parish matters. He was also appointed Commissioner for military accounts, and, in fact, acquitted himself as a true citizen and patriot, in many useful works and improvements.

In this manner passed several happy years. In 1763, peace was signed between England and France, and it was hoped war was at an end. But in May the Indian tribes broke out in what was termed Pontiac's War, and the districts of the Ohio were again the scenes of slaughter and devastation. Though George Washington was not actively employed in this business, his mind was attracted more directly to the political aspect of the hour. He noted the growing discontent in the colonies, the result of the war, and of the conduct of the mother country, which endeavoured to increase its revenues by taxing the people unrepresented in its legislature. In opposing this Washington took a leading part. The suppression of the clandestine trade between the British and Spanish colonies by the English men-of-war gave great offence, and Boston declined to purchase British fabrics—which alone caused a loss to England of £10,000 in one year.

In 1764, George Grenville, then Prime Minister, instituted the Stamp Act; in March 1765 it was passed, and by it "all instruments in writing were to be executed on stamped paper from the agents of the British Government." Meanwhile meetings denouncing the levying of taxes were held in the Colonies. The preparations for enforcing the Act caused tumults in many places; and on the 18th March, 1766, the obnoxious decree was repealed. But the mischief had been done. The Colonies

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

had been insulted, and Washington wrote: Had the Act not been repealed, "the consequences would have been more direful than is generally apprehended both to the mother country and to her Colonies."

We are obliged to pass over many incidents in Washington's domestic career, which had no bearing upon his public services,—the death of Miss Custis, his wife's daughter, and the marriage of her son, occurred respectively in 1773 and 1774. Lord Dunmore had succeeded Lord Botetourt as Governor of Virginia. The latter had at last become a favourite and very conciliatory, as well as an advocate for the repeal of the taxes. Washington undertook a peaceful expedition to the Ohio, to settle the soldiers' claims as Commissioner. But when Lord Dunmore arrived, his conduct irritated the Virginians, and the Boston tea riots having led to the closing of the port by the British, the Colonial House of Burgesses protested, and set apart the 1st June, 1773, as a day of fasting and prayer. This decision led to the dissolution of the House by Lord Dunmore; the result was that deputies were sought from other colonies, and it was recommended that they should meet at Philadelphia in September, "to deliberate upon such measures as the united interests of the colonies might require."

The first Continental Congress was held on 5th September, 1774, and addresses were forwarded to the King and people of Great Britain; the second Congress, to which Washington was also appointed a delegate, met on the 10th May, 1775, when the relations between England and the American Colonies had assumed an aspect no longer doubtful.

Parliament evidently intended to persevere in its demands; and the Congress at Philadelphia determined to prepare for the defence of the country. George Washington was chosen Chairman of all the Committees on Ways and Means. It was resolved to raise ten companies of riflemen, which were to join the army at Boston as soon as possible. From that time the troops were called the Continental Army. The affairs at Lexington and Concord, and the retreat of the British forces, had raised the battle-cry. Washington was looked to to take the command. He had received intelligence of the Lexington fight just as he was setting out for the Second Congress. In a letter to a friend he says: "Unhappy it is to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are to be either drenched in blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?"

"On the 15th June the army was regularly

adopted by Congress," says Irving, "and Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, rose and nominated Washington for the station of Commander-in-Chief." The appointment was unanimously voted, and Washington modestly accepted the position, declaring that he did not feel equal to it. Four major-generals were appointed,—Ward, Lee, Schuyler, and Putnam; and eight brigadiers. Washington's old friend, Horatio Gates, was adjutant-general. On the 20th June he received his commission, and on the following day he reviewed several militia companies before quitting Philadelphia for the army. Washington was now in the prime of life, "forty-three years old, stately in person, noble in demeanour, calm and dignified in deportment; as he sat his horse with manly grace, his military presence delighted every eye, and wherever he went the air rang with acclamations."

On the 25th June he arrived in New York, where he was received with delight, and where he heard the news of the battle of Bunker's Hill.

WASHINGTON AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Commander-in-Chief's first question respecting the battle of Bunker's Hill was, "Did the militia stand fire?" and when he was informed how they had behaved, he replied, "The liberties of the country are safe." He was received with addresses of congratulation at New York, Watertown, and at Springfield. On Sunday, the 2nd July, in the afternoon, Washington entered Cambridge, "escorted by a troop of light horse and a cavalcade of citizens." General Lee was with him; and at the house of the President of the College, accommodation was prepared for them; the Provincial Congress provided for servants, etc.; and Washington afterwards moved from the college to his head-quarters in the residence afterwards occupied by Mr. Longfellow, the poet.

On the morning of the 3rd July the troops were drawn up on Cambridge Common, and Washington, with a numerous suite, rode out. Under an ancient elm tree (now fenced round, an object of curiosity to thousands, and bearing a marble slab) Washington took up his position. This historical tree is believed to be a survivor of the "forest primeval." The trunk is six feet in diameter, and the whole tree is full of life. One of its branches has been made into a pulpit for a church close by; and on the granite slab referred to is the following inscription:—

UNDER THIS TREE
WASHINGTON
FIRST TOOK COMMAND
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY,
JULY 3RD, 1775

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The people crowded to behold this celebrated man, whose appearance is thus described:—"They saw a man forty-three years old, about six feet two inches in height, of well-proportioned figure, with large hands and feet, and a somewhat florid complexion, a profusion of brown hair brushed back from the forehead, and blue eyes, which were very far apart. His whole appearance was dignified and commanding. He wore a blue coat with buff facings, and buff small-clothes; a rich epaulette on each shoulder, and a cockade in his hat."

He was received with the greatest enthusiasm, but found little order or discipline in the camp. General Gage and the English occupied Bunker's Hill, and the Americans were stationed on Winter and Prospect Hills in the village, and at Roxburg. Washington's first business was to erect defences, to secure his positions, and to prevent the British from reaching the country beyond. He divided the army into three divisions, of two brigades of twelve regiments each. The men from each colony were placed together. General Lee commanded the left wing on the hills, Ward the right, at Roxburg, and Putnam the centre at Cambridge. The enemy then numbered about twelve thousand; the Americans (all told) about sixteen thousand; and had to guard a circle of eight or nine miles, from Mystic River to Dorchester. The Americans were wretchedly equipped—no uniforms, no money, and a very scanty supply of ammunition; in fact, only nine rounds per man could be counted upon.

Washington reported to Congress the difficulties under which he was labouring. He required engineers and proper tools to construct works, and there were no tents. The arrangements for supplies were inconvenient, clothing was insufficient, and he requested that ten thousand hunting shirts might be sent. During the next few months many skirmishes took place, but no important changes in the situation occurred. The whole condition of affairs made the position very trying for George Washington. Great things were expected of him. Congress and the country were awaiting his movements, but he did nothing. The troops had only engaged for a year, and at the expiration of that time they wished to return home. They grumbled at the strict discipline in the name of liberty; and had the enemy had any idea of the lack of ammunition, the colonists might have been beaten within a few weeks. But General Gage, and Howe his successor, had no idea of the straits to which the Americans were reduced. Washington endeavoured to keep the real facts secret even from his officers; and as winter came on, the situation of the "naked army" became deplorable. On the other hand, famine began to

prevail in Boston. Washington having cut off all communications from the country, no supplies could be obtained except by sea. As a counter stroke, a raid into Canada was determined upon, but it ended in disaster; and at length the Commander made up his mind to attack the town. But his generals would not consent to his suggestion. They believed the enterprise was too dangerous, and the year passed, a few captures of arms and stores at sea cheering the besiegers.

On the 1st January, 1776, the American army unfolded its new flag of thirteen stripes; but the force had diminished to 10,000 men, almost destitute of arms, ammunition, and uniform. The country knew not Washington's weakness; and in great perplexity he writes: "I have often thought how much happier I should have been if, instead of accepting the command under such circumstances, I had taken my musket on my shoulder and entered the ranks." General Knox had been sent to Teconderoga for cannon and ordnance stores, and at length arrived in February; ten regiments of militia also came in, and, what was even more welcome, a supply of powder.

On Monday, 4th March, Washington opened fire on Boston, or rather on the British works, and soon afterwards the master stroke, the checkmate, was given. Under cover of the bombardment, a train of waggons with entrenching tools, etc., and 2,000 men, were sent to the Dorchester heights, and, under cover of darkness, the fortifications were thrown up to command the town and harbour. When daylight revealed the rapidly constructed forts, General Howe was thunderstruck, and exclaimed: "The rebels have done more in one night than my army would have done in a month!" He felt that he must now either dislodge the Americans or evacuate the town. He determined upon the former alternative; but the stars in their courses fought against the English army: a tremendous storm came on, and churned up such a tempestuous sea that the reinforcements were unable to land from the ships. The attack was delayed; and meanwhile Washington was hard at work on his new batteries, from which the British cannonade could not dialodge him. Brave and well-equipped as the army was, General Howe perceived that nothing would now be gained by fighting. The Americans could batter his vessels, cut off his retreat, and capture the town if they pleased from such a point of vantage. Washington was averse to shed blood or to bombard the town; he sent a message to General Howe, that if he would evacuate without plundering or doing any harm, he would not open fire. The correspondence continued, and General Howe,

greatly mortified, sent informal notes to Washington, not being willing to recognise his rank. However, at length, on the 17th March, 1776, the embarkation commenced, and many refugees accompanied the troops. The Americans stood match in hand beside their guns, looking upon the scene below, but never a shot was fired. At two o'clock on the 18th the colonists marched into Boston triumphant. The English fleet withdrew to Halifax. The siege was raised.

On all sides congratulations were showered upon the Commander-in-Chief. He had played a waiting game, and had been successful. "The select men" of Boston sent greeting; the House of Massachusetts presented him with a testimonial. Congress thanked him, and ordered a gold medal to be struck in his honour, in commemoration of his success. Indeed, when we look at the relative resources of the respective armies, and the physical, moral, and material obstacles against which the American General had to contend, we may assign George Washington a high place on the roll of successful chiefs. He had the most difficult position to fill; on all sides demands for action, when action was impossible, except to end in defeat; and he knew defeat at first would imperil his cause entirely. He bore all without flinching, and carried the day, by determination and patience, at last. But a long and distressing campaign had still to be fought. It was perceived that the English troops would attack New York, where Washington arrived on the 13th April, and the mother country made great efforts for the subjugation of the colonies. In May, Washington was obliged to proceed to Philadelphia, and his presence reassured Congress, there sitting. He pointed out that it was impossible to satisfy the demands of England, and that reconciliation was hopeless. It does not appear that he made any attempt to find out whether a peace honourable to the colonial generals could be carried out or not. He submitted that all the strength of America must be put forth in conflict. As, however, Washington was a humane man, as well as a patriot, we may be assured that he acted from conviction at the time. At any rate his views were accepted by Congress. The Assembly offered a bounty of ten dollars, and a force of 13,000 men was dispatched to New York. In addition to this, orders were issued for the construction of fire-ships and small vessels, to harass the English fleet; but even then Washington had his misgivings. He wrote on this occasion to his brother:—"We expect a bloody summer in New York and Canada, and I am sorry to say we are not either in arms or men prepared for it. However, it is to be hoped that if our cause is just,

as I most religiously believe, the same Providence which has in many instances appeared for us, will still go on to afford us aid."

The English made great efforts to gain possession of New York. Mr. Sparks says: "A deep plot, originating with Governor Tryon, was defeated by timely and fortunate discovery. His agents were found enlisting men in the American camp, and enticing them with rewards. It was a part of the plot to seize General Washington, and carry him to the enemy." Tryon was working through agents, and is said to have offered, through them, from his position in a man-of-war in the harbour, a bounty of five guineas to each one who would enlist for the King's service. That the British intended to make an effort was evident, for about forty vessels soon arrived, bringing 10,000 troops from Halifax. It was evidently expected that some of the colonists would join the English, for General Howe wrote home to the effect that "there is reason to believe that a numerous body of the inhabitants will join the army from the province of York, the Jerseys, and Connecticut, who only wait for opportunities to give proofs of their loyalty and zeal."

There is no doubt that many hundreds of the population, particularly in Staten Island, were favourable to the British; and now the question was mooted in Congress, and discussed, as to whether the Colonies should not declare themselves independent. This resolution was passed on the 2nd July, 1776; and two days subsequently the *Declaration of Independence* was proclaimed and adopted. This 4th July is still observed in America, and wherever Americans most do congregate. John Adams declared that, "This will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival." The "succeeding generations" have taken this advice.

Washington was of course delighted at the event, but at the same time his joy was somewhat damped when he considered the tremendous odds against which he and the colonists had to contend. When the Declaration was read, the people were in such haste to cut themselves free from the country to which they owed their existence, that they pulled down a leaden statue of George III., and ran him into bullets to shoot his troops withal. This patriotic action drew down a rebuke from Washington, who thought it savoured of "lawlessness and riot." He therefore trusted that every officer and soldier "would live and act as became a Christian defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country." But the rights and liberties did not apply to public statues of the King.

Admiral Lord Howe was now in command of the British fleet, and his brother Sir William of the troops. Both these gentlemen, from their point of view, regarded the Americans as rebels, and declined to recognise the military rank of Washington. The admiral sent a couple of ships up the Hudson; the Americans sank a boat or two, and did all they could to prevent a further advance of the enemy by water. About this time Clinton received a repulse off Charleston, N. Carolina, and Washington again improved the occasion by announcing the fact in the following terms:—"With such a bright example before us of what can be done by brave men fighting in defence of their country, we shall be loaded with a double share of shame and infamy if we do not acquit ourselves with courage, and manifest a determined resolution to conquer or die." But this heroic declaration did not prevent disaster. The English landed on Long Island, and proceeded to take possession of Brooklyn Heights. Washington appeared out-manned; it seemed as if he had not a chance, and the British troops landed without opposition. After a severe struggle, they fought their way up in the teeth of the fortifications prepared by General Greene. An American writer on this battle pretends to sneer at the English troops for the "caution" in the attack upon these heights. He conveniently forgets that the Americans had displayed much greater caution in entrenching themselves behind what he says himself were "strong outworks." At any rate, the cautious policy prevailed. The Americans were driven from their positions and suffered terribly. Washington is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, good God, what brave fellows I must this day lose!"

The escape of the American forces was now a very improbable event. The English fleet guarded the water in the rear. Victorious English troops were encamped in front. East River flowed between the American troops and the city. Again on this occasion Nature came to the rescue. A dense fog arose on the heights, while the city was perfectly clear. In the darkness caused by the fog, and in the silence of the night, the colonists retreated across the river. Taking advantage of the thick mist, and knowing every inch of the ground, they—

"Folded their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently stole away!"

Long Island was now entirely in possession of the English. Much mortified at the escape,* they

* Sparks says: "This retreat, in its plan, execution, and success, has been regarded as one of the most remarkable military events in history, and as reflecting

were perhaps inclined to take more vigorous measures, and they tried to prevent the escape of the Americans at King's Bridge. Many engagements ensued, and the colonists got disheartened. Desertions were frequent and numerous, and an unofficial attempt was made by Franklin and John Adams to persuade Lord Howe to grant terms. He appeared anxious to arrange matters, but, unfortunately, he was then only authorized to grant a peace if the colonists would return to the British Crown. This was at once declined, and the war went on. The King's troops, simultaneously with the fleet, attacked the town, and a most disastrous retreat was the result. The day was one of fervent heat, and the sufferings of innocent women and children were dreadful. Hunger, thirst, and the attacks of the enemy, all combined to render this retreat one of the most distressing to read of. Washington personally made almost superhuman exertions, and succeeded in saving his men from annihilation. But for the extraordinary inactivity of the English commanders, the whole of the American force must have been swept away.

Washington withdrew to Manhattan, but was obliged to abandon the island and establish his head-quarters at White Plains on the mainland. But in October the English forces appeared to attack this encampment also, and an engagement ensued. On the night of the 31st October, Washington again retreated before his persistent foe, and entrenched himself in the difficult hilly district about North Castle. The caution of the English General did not admit of an attack upon such a position. He turned aside and retired; the Americans no doubt thinking he was defeated.

But Howe had his plans marked out. He made for Fort Washington. Its namesake hurried in that direction, and was in time to witness General Howe's attack and capture of the Fort with more than 2,000 of the American army. Washington saw the fall of the stronghold, and his sympathies were so aroused that it is reported "he wept with the tenderness of a child." No doubt this was a great loss, and Washington was greatly annoyed that the fort had been evacuated. He had certainly recommended General Greene to remove the men and stores from Mount Washington, but left the matter to his discretion, as we see by the following extract:—"I am inclined to think that it will not be prudent to hazard the men and stores at Mount Washington.

the highest credit on the talents and skill of the commander. For forty-eight hours Washington did not close his eyes, and rarely dismounted from his horse."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

But as you are on the spot I leave it to you to give such orders as to evacuating Mount Washington as you may judge best, so far revoking the orders given to Colonel Morgan to defend it to the last."

General Washington now removed his army over the Hudson, and on November 20th, the British also crossed at night, and Fort Lee was abandoned. The English were descending upon Philadelphia, and the clamour raised against Washington at that time grew very loud. His army was almost destitute. The great contrast between the American and English troops is thus described by Irving :—

"The people of New Jersey beheld the Commander-in-Chief retreating through their country with a handful of men, weary, way-worn, dispirited, without tents, without clothing, many of them bare-footed, exposed to wintry weather, and driven from post to post by a well-clad, triumphant force tricked out in all the glittering bravery of war."

There can be little exaggeration in this, for an English officer has recorded that he never saw such a "set of tattermadallions :"—"There are few coats among them but what are out at elbows, and in a whole regiment there is scarce a pair of breeches. Judge then how they must be pinched by a winter campaign !"

Pinched they were, indeed. Hurried from place to place in rags, on the 2nd December the army reached Trenton. It was here that Washington's brilliant *coup de main* revived the drooping courage of the people. He had about 3,000 men. He crossed the Delaware, however, and seized all the boats he could find for miles up and down, and broke down the bridges. But aware that ice would soon form, and that the British army would then cross, he determined upon a very bold stroke, and one that was successful. On Christmas night, when he judged that the German auxiliaries would be carousing, he crossed in a snow-storm, and landing nine miles above Trenton, marched in two divisions and attacked the town. Colonel Ruhl was thoroughly surprised, and the men threw down their arms. The British lost, it is said, about twenty or thirty killed ; 1,000 prisoners were taken, with the guns and munitions of war. The Americans lost four men.

After this action a sort of panic set in for a short time amongst the British troops. When General Howe heard of the affair he was completely puzzled. "Is it possible," said he, "that three veteran British regiments have laid down their arms to a ragged and undisciplined militia ?" Lord Cornwallis rallied the force at Princeton, and got the "rebels" in a trap, as he thought ;

but the American general again foiled the foe by making a rapid night march while they slept, and in the morning he suddenly fell upon the rear guard at Princeton, and defeated it, capturing stores, prisoners, and ammunition. Washington now was in rear of his foe, and if Cornwallis advanced, the American would surely fall upon his magazines at Brunswick. Yet Cornwallis compelled Washington to retreat to winter quarters in the hill country, where he was safely and strongly intrenched ; but Washington wrote: "The enemy must be ignorant of our numbers and situation, or they would never suffer us to remain unmolested."

About this time the celebrated Polish general Kosciusko offered to serve under Washington, and brought to him a letter from Franklin. The Commander-in-Chief asked the Pole what he wanted. "To fight for American independence," replied Kosciusko. "What can you do ?" asked Washington. "Try me," was the laconic answer. He was appointed aide-de-camp, and fought well.

It is impossible within the space at our disposal to follow Washington step by step through the various fortunes of the Revolutionary War. The brilliantly-conceived and well-executed successes of Princeton and Trenton were followed by the disasters of Brandywine,—where the Americans were completely out-manœuvred and defeated,—and the retreat of Germantown, where again victory declared for the British. With these defeats Gates's great success at Saratoga contrasted, but Washington's popularity was rudely shaken. The dreadful winter at Valley Forge, where he was in quarters, might have proved disastrous had not the supineness of the English General left the Americans unmolested in their snowed-up condition, where they could have been easily defeated. Indeed, on many occasions the unwillingness of the British to follow up successes gave the Americans great advantages, of which Washington availed himself to the full ; for his was not a brilliant military career, when tried by the popular standard of success.

The American General frequently represented to Congress the deplorable condition of his army, destitute of almost all necessaries, barefooted, and without clothing. The sufferings of the soldiers must have been terrible, and thousands were in hospital, many hundreds because they were half naked. The war might probably have been ended at Valley Forge, had not the English been amusing themselves in their winter quarters in Philadelphia. Washington was preparing for the spring campaign. He was ere long cheered by the news that the French had declared for his side. The result was

the English retreated from Philadelphia and made for New York. The engagement at Monmouth Court House was turned from a shameful retreat into a victory for the Americans by Washington's presence of mind. Lee was actually in retreat when the main body, with the Commander-in-Chief, rode up, and checked the British advance. A sharp battle ensued, and the armies encamped at nightfall face to face. But in the morning the English forces were absent. From that time the war languished, and no really substantial blow was struck till the combined French and American forces, with the French fleet, invested Yorktown. By a series of assaults they weakened the garrison, and numbers prevailed. Cornwallis was disappointed that the English fleet did not arrive to rescue him, and on the very day it took its tardy departure from New York he surrendered (October 1781) with his reduced garrison. Meantime the British had invaded the South, and paid a visit to Mount Vernon, where they would have committed havoc had not Washington's steward supplied them with provisions. This act of treating with an enemy, and supplying him with food, aroused Washington's anger. He would have preferred the destruction of his house.

The surrender at Yorktown virtually put an end to the war, although the contest lingered for more than a year. At length a treaty was concluded at Paris, on April 19th, 1783, and the long and disastrous struggle, which had continued for eight years, was brought to an end. There were many things to be settled before the arrangements for peace could be finally made; but at least the preliminaries were settled; and in conveying his thanks to the army, from which he was now shortly to be parted, Washington spoke highly of their services and of the kindly feeling which had always existed between him and those under his command. In his speech he said: "To the various branches of the army the General takes this last and solemn opportunity of professing his invariable attachment and friendship. He wishes more than bare professions were in his power, that he was really able to be useful to them all in future life. He flatters himself, however, that they will do him the justice to believe that whatever could with propriety be attempted by him has been done."

It was not, as we have said, till November that New York was evacuated, for it was found impossible to convey all the people and their effects away before that time. Sir Guy Carleton had given due notice to the American commander. "On the 21st the British troops were drawn in from the oft-disputed post of King's Bridge, and

from McGowan's Pass, also from the various posts on Long Island . . . and the afternoon of November 25th was appointed by Sir Guy for the evacuation of the city and the opposite village of Brooklyn."

There was some talk of plundering the place after the departure of the King's troops, but Washington took precautions against any such acts. The Americans moved in at the upper end, while the English were leaving the city at the lower. The contrast in the appearance of the soldiers is thus described by an eye-witness:—

"We had been accustomed for a long time to military display in all the finish and finery of garrison life; the troops just leaving us were as equipped for show, and with their scarlet uniforms and burnished arms made a brilliant display. The troops that marched in, on the contrary, were ill-clad and weather-beaten, and made a forlorn appearance; but then they were *our* troops, and as I looked at them, and thought upon all they had done and suffered for us, my heart and my eyes were full, and I admired and gloried in them the more because they were weather-beaten and forlorn."

In this manner America became free and independent; and George Washington having led the army to New York, was obliged to proceed to Annapolis to beg leave of Congress to resign his commission. On December 4th, 1783, he met a number of his old companions in arms at the Frances Tavern, where they had assembled to wish him good-bye. He was much affected, and on parting with them concluded his remarks in the following words:—

"With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former have been glorious and honourable. I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand."

When the painful ceremony was over, he hastened away. His progress was a triumph. He was greeted everywhere with acclamations of respect and esteem. He paused in Philadelphia to hand in his accounts, which he had accurately kept. The sum expended by him amounted to £14,500, a ridiculously small sum to charge; but frequently supplemented, we believe, by private advances when public money was not immediately forthcoming. On December 23rd he was present at the Continental Congress at Annapolis, where he resigned his authority in these words:—

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and

bidding an affectionate farewell to thy august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave for all the employments of private life."

In reply, the President said: "You retire from the theatre of action with the blessings of your fellow-citizens; but the glory of your virtue will not terminate with your military command, it will continue to animate remotest ages."

WASHINGTON IN RETIREMENT.

For some time after his retirement Washington devoted himself to his former occupations of farming and planting. The estate of Mount Vernon comprised about 8000 acres, and perhaps half of this was under cultivation. He had had this divided into five farms, with a separate staff of labourers and an overseer for each. The method and order with which the business was carried on was surprising. Weekly reports were made and transmitted to the owner when he was absent, including the amount of work done by each man, condition of the stock, etc., etc. The rotation of crops was arranged for years in advance, and he at one time gave up the cultivation of tobacco because the growth of it was injurious to the labourers' health, and exhausting to the soil. A slaveowner from the force of circumstances, he was an advocate for emancipation; and in his will he requested that all he could release should be liberated on the death of his wife. She held a good number in her own right. "To emancipate them before," he remarks, "would, though earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriage with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations, if not disagreeable consequences to the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same person, it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to manumit them." He made suitable provision for their support after his death, and for their education.

A considerable portion of his time in retirement was occupied by correspondence arising from the war which had just terminated, and many days were given up to the crowd of visitors from Europe and from the American continent who came to see him and his celebrated home at Mount Vernon. He remained at home thus occupied until, in 1784, he crossed the mountains to look after his landed property beyond them, as well as to explore the rivers which rise in the interior of Virginia, with a view to their connection with the Western waters. He made a strict investigation into this, and the result was that he brought forward a project for

the organisation of the Potomac Canal and James River Canal Companies. By an unanimous vote of Assembly, fifty shares in the former and one hundred in the latter undertaking were given to Washington, amounting in the aggregate to 40,000 dollars.

This testimony he nobly declined as a personal gift, and eventually he accepted them in trust for institutions devoted to public education.

Washington at first could scarcely realize that he was again a free citizen and released from camp life and military duties. "It was not till very lately," he writes, "I could get the better of my usual custom of ruminating as soon as I waked in the morning on the business of the ensuing day, and my surprise, after revolving many things in my mind, that I was no longer a public man nor had anything to do with public transactions." To Lafayette he wrote: "I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier who is ever in pursuit of fame . . . can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk and tread the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction."

These extracts show the adaptability of Washington's character for any situation of life to which he found himself called. He had thrown himself at first into surveying, then turned with vigour to military duties, and again to farming. When duty again called him to the field he took command and worked with all his might in the highest position. Then he quietly exchanged the sword for the reaping-hook and hoe, to cultivate his ground as energetically as he had defended his country. He was plain and unostentatious. His fare was simple. He writes to a friend: "My manner of living is plain, and I do not mean to be put out of it. A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready, and such as will be content to partake of them are always welcome. Those who expect more will be disappointed."

Washington in private life was a model of domestic virtues and exactness. "Kind and benignant in the social circle," writes a visitor to Mount Vernon, "revered and beloved by all around him, agreeably social, without ostentation, delighting in anecdote and adventures, his domestic arrangements harmonious and systematic." A look was equivalent to a command. "He modestly waived all allusions to the events in which he had acted so glorious and conspicuous a part." Many anecdotes are related of his kindness, such as bringing his visitor who had a cold a cup of hot tea to his bedroom; and how, when at

religious meeting, he relinquished the seat set apart for him to a woman carrying a child, and remained standing himself all the service. He was fond of society and dancing, and humoured a joke. On one occasion, a gentleman joining the ladies very early, it was determined to capture the "deserter." Washington volunteered to lead the attack, and sent a formal summons into the drawing-room. The ladies refused, and the capture was attempted. The ladies opposed Washington's force, and he was beaten in the *mêlée*, in which he encountered Mrs. Olney. These instances will serve to show that he was by no means an austere or puritanical personage, though he rarely indulged in loud merriment. Although ostensibly in retirement, Washington noted all the appearances of the political horizon; and when a riot broke out in Massachusetts, he was appointed delegate to the Convention at Philadelphia organised to revise the Federal system. The first quorum met on 25th May, and Washington was elected its President. The result of the meetings was the formation of the constitution of the United States, and was forwarded to Congress. The necessary testimonials of ratification by the States having at length been received, the first Wednesday in January 1789 was appointed for the people to choose electors of a president; and on the first Wednesday in February they were to meet and choose the President. The first meeting of the Government was arranged for the first Wednesday in March, at New York.

In consequence of some delays the votes of the electors were not taken until April. It was then found that every vote was in favour of George Washington, and on the 14th he was informed of his position, which he had hoped would not be forced upon him. But he felt obliged to obey his country's call, and "bade adieu to private life and domestic felicity." His progress was an ovation, and continual rejoicings accompanied him to New York, where his reception was a triumph. On the 30th the inauguration took place, and John Adams was Vice-President. The rejoicings were universal and sincere throughout the day, and thus the "First President of the United States" was appointed.

WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT.

The newly-elected President had not long been appointed when he was prostrated by severe illness. In the summer, while still at New York, a dangerous carbuncle formed in his thigh, which had to be operated upon by Doctor Bard. This was a check upon his usefulness; but in the autumn Washington, in his Presidential capacity, made a lengthened tour through the Eastern

States; and, as might have been expected, met with a most enthusiastic reception from all classes. On this occasion he travelled with his own horses and carriage, and in the spring following he went through the Southern States. We must pass rapidly through this portion of his career. The constitution of America was now a settled fact, and Washington, as President, had to set the machinery of State going. To do this he called to his assistance General Knox, as head of the War Department; Mr. Hamilton to the control of the Treasury; and Mr. Jefferson as Secretary of State; Randolph was Attorney-General. These Ministers had no inconsiderable trouble and anxiety, for all foreign affairs were in a very unsettled condition. The feeling existing between England and America was certainly the reverse of cordial, which neither nation tried honestly to subdue. The Americans, or the United States as they then were, put all possible difficulties in the way of British subjects recovering their debts; while England kept impressing American seamen to fight her battles. The relations also between France and America after the French Revolution gave rise to much bitter feeling in the States. Two political parties were formed, the Federalists, Washington at their head, who voted for the maintenance of the constitution; and the Republicans, with Jefferson, who wished to introduce amendments to limit the federal power. Foreign relations were not improved by the debts owing to France and Holland, and by the retention of certain forts in the West by the English, who also declined to send a Minister to New York till 1791,—just eight years after the treaty of 1783,—although an American envoy had been previously despatched to London.

But all these varied complications were eventually cleared up by the tact and administrative powers of George Washington and his Ministers. The insults of France were overlooked; the British discussion was patiently carried on by Mr. Jefferson. Hamilton devoted his mind to the fundings system, and brought the credit of the country to a satisfactory point. The tide of commerce began to flow steadily, and the population rapidly increased, and occupied the great Western land. The Indians there had inflicted loss upon the American arms in 1790 and 1791; but the settlements upon the Ohio having been given up by the English (1794), the tide of emigration was not further checked.

But before the termination of his official duties, Washington began to long for the enjoyments and for the peace of private life. The party disputes we have referred to gave him uneasiness. His

Cabinet was divided, as well as the Legislature and the country, upon the question of the Funding System, and the financial arrangements proposed by Hamilton. At length Washington decided in his Treasurer's favour. In 1792, the President prepared his farewell address, but being again unanimously re-elected, he was obliged to serve for another term of four years. Still it is a curious fact, that towards the latter portion of his second term of office, Washington's popularity suffered greatly, particularly in his native State. In 1796 he formed an irrevocable resolution to retire from public life, which he accordingly did, as he then imagined for ever, and for twelve months enjoyed that tranquillity which for eight years had been denied to him.

Scarcely had the year passed ere he was once more called upon by the country. A rupture with France was threatening, and great preparations were made by Congress for the anticipated war. Washington was appointed Lieutenant-General of the armies of the United States. But the war cloud did not break openly, and it is stated that Washington never believed that it would. Still the nation was very indignant at the treatment of their envoys, and the American frigate *Constellation* actually fought and captured a French frigate of superior metal, in the West Indies. But Washington did not live to see the peace he had anticipated, for the close of the year 1799 saw the end of his valuable life.

THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

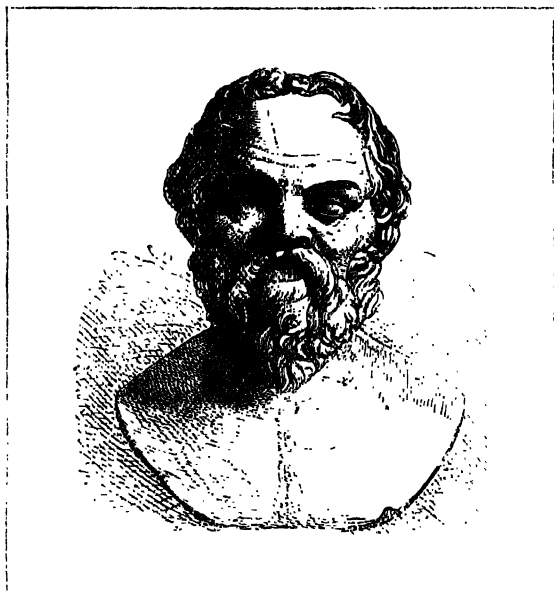
The year 1799 was drawing to a close, and no one was in better health and spirits than George Washington; and though then in his sixty-eighth year, he was in the full enjoyment of all his faculties. On the morning of 12th December, he took his usual ride around his farm, but about one o'clock a snow-storm was succeeded by a cold rain, which, however, did not induce Washington to return home. He continued on horseback, and when he came back, he sat down to dinner without changing his attire, and then it was remarked that the snow was still clinging to his hair. Next day, notwithstanding the snow, though he omitted his ride, he went out to superintend some work, even while complaining of having caught cold. But no anxiety was felt, although his hoarseness that evening excited remark. But he replied, "It is only a cold. Let it go as it came. I never take anything to carry off a cold." The evening passed as usual, reading and answering letters till bedtime.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning he awoke his wife and told her he had an ague fit

and felt very unwell; but he would not permit the family to be disturbed, nor would he let his wife leave her bed for fear she should catch cold. At daylight his secretary went for Doctor Craik; Washington meanwhile having been bled by one of his overseers. The doctor speedily arrived, and other physicians came in consultation; but though he was again bled, Washington experienced no relief. About half-past four he requested his wife to fetch two papers from his study. One she destroyed at his desire, the other was kept as his will. "I die hard," he said to the doctor, "but I am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long." At six o'clock, the three physicians being around his bed, he said, "I feel myself going. I thank you for your attentions. I pray you take no more trouble about me." About ten o'clock he said with difficulty, "I am just going; have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault till three days after I am dead." Then, presently, "Do you understand me?" Mr. Lear, to whom he had been speaking, said he did. Washington then replied, "It is well." These were his last words. Between eleven and twelve his breathing became easier. He lay quietly, and withdrew his hand from Mr. Lear's to feel his own pulse. "At that moment his countenance changed, his hand fell from the wrist, and he expired without a struggle." So Washington passed away. Mrs. Washington was seated at the foot of the bed, and learned the melancholy fact from the physician.

On December 18th his remains were deposited in the family vault at Mount Vernon, where they now repose. The news of his death was received with profound grief, not only in America but in England and France, where flags were hoisted half-mast; and Napoleon draped his national colours with black in token of respect. He left no children; but his domestic life was a most happy one—his wife being an excellent woman in every respect, and about his own age. Her son's children were adopted by Washington after their father's death. By his will, and Mrs. Washington's wish, all the slaves were emancipated immediately after his death, she declining to exercise her right of dower.

The character of Washington may be gathered from a perusal of the foregoing pages. We have already described him physically; his moral character was based upon a firm conviction of religious truth, faith in Providence, and reverence for the Christian Church. Gentle and resolute, cautious and persevering, he united many other excellent traits. Merciful in war, and forgiving in peace, he set a grand example by the purity of his life. H. F.



SOCRATES,

THE CELEBRATED GREEK PHILOSOPHER.

Introductory—Birth, Parentage, and Early Life—As a Statuary—A Military Career—Hardships in the Field—As a Senator—Courageous Conduct—As a Philosopher—Habits of Teaching—Speaking Lightly of Green Fields—Mr. Grote on the Teaching of Socrates—A Terrible Antagonist—The Wisest Man of his Age—A Religious Mission—The Demon of Socrates—Opposition to the Sophists—Making Enemies—A Public Accusation—Letting a Defence take care of itself—The Trial of Socrates—His Closing Speech—Socrates in Prison—The Death of Socrates—After the Death of Socrates—The Athenians Repentant—The Personal Appearance of Socrates—A Shrew of a Wife—The Character of Socrates—Socrates on Religion—On the Practice of Divination—The Prayers of Socrates—On the Human Soul—The Basis of Virtue—Leading Outlines of the Philosophy of Socrates—The Subject of the Philosophy of Socrates—The Proper Study of Mankind—The Influence of Socrates.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN the history of philosophy there are few names more conspicuous than that of Socrates the Grecian sage; and it would be hardly possible to discover one more worthy of admiration and esteem. We find in Socrates all the qualities of a good man, combined with a force of character, and an originality of speculation as well as of method, and a power of intellectually working on others, generically different from that of any professional teacher, without parallel either among contemporaries or successors. He formed a remarkable contrast to the Sophists, of whom he was the uncompromising antagonist. They had slighted and denied truth. He made truth the end of his existence,

and toiled with untiring energy after perfect communion with her. They had deserted truth for money and renown. He had remained constant to her in poverty. They professed to teach everything. He only knew that he knew nothing, and denied that anything could be taught. It is to the career of this famous man that we propose to direct attention in the following pages.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY LIFE.

Socrates was born at Alopece, a small village of Attica, in the fourth year of the seventy-seventh Olympiad, or about 469 B.C. His parents were far from illustrious, Sophroniscus his father being a statuary of no great note,

and Phænareta his mother being a midwife. The mother, however, is represented by Plato as a woman of a bold and generous spirit; and Socrates often took occasion to mention both his parents with respect.

Sophroneiscus brought him up to his own trade, which, on his father's death, he was obliged to continue for subsistence; and as a sculptor he does not appear to have been unsuccessful. He is said to have made statues of the Graces which were allowed a place in the citadel of Athens. But as he was naturally averse to this profession, he only followed it when necessity compelled him, and employed his leisure hours in the study of philosophy. This being observed by Crito a rich philosopher of Athens, Crito took him under his patronage, and entrusted to him the education of his children. At last, having enjoyed opportunities of hearing the lectures of the most eminent philosophers, Socrates entirely abandoned the business of a statuary.

The first masters of Socrates were Anaxagoras and Archelaus. By the last he was much beloved, and Socrates travelled with him to Samos, to Pytho, and other places. He was also the scholar of Damo, whom Plato calls a most pleasing teacher of music, and of all other things that he himself would teach to young men. He heard also the instructions of Prodicus the Sophist. By listening to all these, Socrates became master of every kind of knowledge which the age in which he lived could afford; and with these uncommon endowments he appeared in Athens, under the character of a useful citizen and true philosopher.

A MILITARY CAREER.

In the long and severe struggle between Athens and Sparta, Socrates was called upon by his country to take arms, and he distinguished himself at the siege of Potidæa both by his valour and by the hardiness with which he endured fatigue. During the severity of a Thracian winter, whilst others were clad in furs, he wore only his usual clothing, and walked barefooted upon the ice.

A most interesting description of Socrates during the campaign has been given in *Plato*. "At one time," Alcibiades is made to say—we quote a translation by Shelley,—“we were fellow-soldiers, and had our mess together in the camp before Potidæa. Socrates there overcame not only me, but every one besides, in endurance of toils: when, as happens in a campaign, we were reduced to few provisions, there were no one who could sustain

hunger like Socrates; and when we had plenty, he alone seemed to enjoy our military fare. He never drank much willingly; but when he was compelled, he conquered all even in that to which he was least accustomed, and, what is most astonishing, no person ever saw Socrates drunk either then or at any other time. In the depth of winter (and the winters there are excessively rigid) he sustained calmly incredible hardships; and, amongst other things, while the frost was intolerably severe and no one went out of their tents, or if they went out wrapped themselves up carefully and put fleeces under their feet and bound their legs with hairy skins, Socrates went out only with the same cloak on that he usually wore, and walked barefoot on the ice,—more easily, indeed, than those who had sandalled themselves so delicately; so that the soldiers thought he did it to mock their want of fortitude. It would indeed be worth while to commemorate all that this brave man did and endured in that expedition.

“In one instance he was seen early in the morning standing in one place wrapped in meditation; and as he seemed not to be able to unravel the subject of his thoughts, he still continued to stand as if inquiring and discussing within himself; and when noon came, the soldiers observed him, and said to one another, ‘Socrates has been standing there thinking ever since the morning.’ At last some Ionians came to the spot, and having supped, as it was summer, bringing their blankets, they lay down to sleep in the cool: they observed that Socrates continued to stand there the whole night until morning, and that, when the sun rose, he saluted it with a prayer, and departed.

“I ought not to omit what Socrates is in battle; for in that battle in which the generals decreed to me the prize of courage, Socrates alone of all men was the saviour of my life, standing by me when I had fallen and was wounded, and preserving both myself and my arms from the hands of the enemy. On that occasion I entreated the generals to decree the prize as it was most due to him. And this, O Socrates, you cannot deny, that when the generals, wishing to conciliate a person of my rank, desired to give me the prize, you were far more desirous than the generals that this glory should be attributed not to yourself but me.

“But to see Socrates when our army was defeated and scattered in flight at Delium was a spectacle worthy to behold. On that occasion I was among the cavalry, and he on foot heavily armed. After the total rout of our troops, he

and Laches retreated together : I came up by chance, and seeing them, bade them be of good cheer for that I would not leave them. As I was on horseback, and therefore less occupied by a regard of my own situation, I could better observe than at Potidæa the beautiful spectacle exhibited by Socrates in this emergency. How superior was he to Laches in presence of mind and courage ! Your representation of him on the stage, O Aristophanes, was not unlike his real self on this occasion ; for he walked and darted his regards around with a majestic composure, looking tranquilly both on his friends and enemies ; so that it was evident to every one, even from afar, that whoever should venture to attack him would encounter a desperate resistance. He and his companions thus departed in safety ; for those who are scattered in flight are pursued and killed, whilst men hesitate to touch those who exhibit such a countenance as that of Socrates even in defeat."

Several years afterwards Socrates voluntarily entered upon a military expedition against the Boeotians, during which, in an unsuccessful engagement at Delium, he retired with great boldness from the field. When so doing he saw Xenophon lying wounded on the ground ; he took him on his shoulders and bore him out of reach of the enemy. Soon afterwards he went out a third time in a military capacity, for the purpose of reducing Amphipolis ; but this proving unsuccessful, he returned to Athens, where he remained till the day of his death.

AS A SENATOR ; COURAGEOUS CONDUCT.

It was not till Socrates was upwards of sixty years of age that he undertook to serve his country in any civil office. At that age he was chosen to represent his own district in the Senate of Five Hundred. In this office, though he at first exposed himself to some degree of ridicule from want of experience in the forms of business, he soon convinced his colleagues that he was superior to them all in wisdom and integrity.

On one occasion we find him braving the clamorous mob. The Athenian Senate was composed of the Five Hundred, who were elected from the ten tribes. During a period of thirty-five or thirty-six days, the members of each tribe in turn had the presidency, and were called Prytanes. Of the fifty Prytanes, ten had the presidency every seven days ; and each day one of these ten enjoyed the highest dignity with the name of Epistates. He laid every thing before the assembly of the people put the question to the vote, examined

the vote, and, in fact, managed the whole business of the assembly. This power was enjoyed by him, however, only for a single day, and for that day he had charge of the keys of the citadel and the treasury of the republic.

Socrates filled the post of Epistates on the day when the unjust sentence of condemnation was passed on the Admirals, who, after the engagement of Arginusæ, had neglected to bury the dead. To attend to the burial of the dead was a sacred duty ; and the classical scholar will remember how the *Antigone* of Sophocles is founded upon the sacredness of this duty. The shades of the unburied were believed to wander restlessly for a whole century on the banks of the Styx. After the Battle of Arginusæ a violent storm came on, and the Admirals were in consequence prevented from obtaining the bodies of the slain. In order to remedy this, they left behind them some inferior officers to attend to the office. The violence of the storm, however, rendered the discharge of their duty impossible. The Admirals were tried. They produced pilots as witnesses to prove that the storm had rendered the burial impracticable ; besides which they fairly argued they had left the inferior officers behind, so that the blame, if any, ought to fall on the latter. Their arguments produced their natural effect on the people, who would instantly have given an acquittal, had the vote been taken. But the accusers contrived to adjourn the assembly on the pretext that it was too dark to count the show of hands. In the meantime the enemies of the Admirals did all in their power to influence the minds of the people. The lamentations and mournful appearance of the kinsmen of the slain, who had been hired for the tragic scene, had a strong influence on the assembly. The votes were to be given on the general question whether the Admirals had erred in not taking up the bodies of the dead ; and if they should be condemned by the majority (so it was decreed by the Senate), they were to be put to death, and their property confiscated.

To condemn all by one vote, however, was contrary to law. The Prytanes, with Socrates at their head, refused to put the illegal question to the vote. The people grew furious, and loudly demanded that those who resisted their pleasure should themselves be brought to trial. The Prytanes wavered, and at last yielded. Socrates alone stood firm and defied the threats of the mob. He stood there to minister justice, and not to administer injustice.

In consequence of this refusal the question could not be put to the vote, and the assembly

was again adjourned. The next day a new Epistates and other presidents succeeded, and the Admirals were condemned.

Under the tyranny which shortly followed this event, Socrates never ceased to condemn the cruel and oppressive proceedings of the thirty tyrants; and when his boldness provoked their resentment, he still continued to support with undaunted firmness the rights of his fellow-citizens. The tyrants, probably that they might create some new ground of complaint against Socrates, sent an order to him, with several other persons, to apprehend a wealthy citizen of Salamis: the rest executed the commission, but Socrates refused, saying he would rather himself suffer death than be instrumental in inflicting it unjustly upon another.

AS A PHILOSOPHER.

But whatever character he thus established as a good citizen, it is as a philosopher and moral teacher that he is chiefly renowned, and that by the concurring evidence of all antiquity. That Socrates had himself a proper school, which has been denied, may perhaps be proved from Aristophanes, who ridicules some particulars in it, and calls it his "phrontisterium." Plato mentions the Academy, Lyceum, and a pleasant meadow without the city on the side of the river Ilissus, as places frequented by him and his auditors. Xenophon affirms that he was continually abroad; that in the morning he visited the places of public walking and exercise, when it was full the Forum; and that the rest of the day he sought out the most populous meetings, where he disputed openly for any one to hear that would; and Phalaris relates that he did not only teach when the benches were prepared and himself in the chair, or in stated hours of reading and discourse, or at appointments in walking with his friends, but even when he played, or ate, or drank, or was in the camp or market, or, finally, when he was in prison, making every place a school of instruction. He had no liking for retirement, and his delight lay in the life of the town. Like Dr. Johnson, he did not care at all for the country. "Sir," said the Doctor, "when you have seen one green field you have seen all green fields: Sir, I like to look upon men. Let us walk down Cheap-side." In much the same way did Socrates address Phædrus, who accused him of being unacquainted even with the neighbourhood of Athens. "I am very anxious to learn," said he; "and from fields and trees I can learn nothing. I can only learn from men in the city." Con-

sequently he was always to be found where men were assembled.

"It is certain," says Mr. Grote, "that all the middle and later parts of his life at least were devoted to the self-imposed task of teaching; excluding all other business public or private, and to the neglect of all means of fortune. We can hardly avoid speaking of him as a teacher, though he himself disclaimed the appellation; his practice was to talk or converse. Early in the morning he frequented the public walks, the gymnasia for bodily training, and the schools where youths were receiving instruction; he was to be seen in the market-place at the hour when it was most crowded, among the booths and tables where goods were exposed for sale: his whole day was usually spent in this public manner. He talked with any one, young or old, rich or poor, who sought to address him, and in the hearing of all who stood by: not only he never either asked or received any reward, but he made no distinction of persons, never withheld his conversation from any one, and talked on the same general subjects with all. . . .

"As his conversation was engaging, curious, and instructive to hear, certain persons made it their habit to attend him in public as companions and listeners. These men, a fluctuating body, were commonly known as his disciples and scholars, though neither he nor his personal friends ever employed the terms *teacher* and *disciple* to describe the relation between them. Now no other person in Athens, or in any other Grecian city, appears ever to have manifested himself in this perpetual and indiscriminate manner as a public talker for instruction. By the peculiar mode of life which Socrates pursued, not only his conversation reached the minds of a much wider circle, but he became more abundantly known as a person. While acquiring a few friends and admirers, and raising a certain intellectual interest in others, he at the same time provoked a large number of personal enemies. This was probably the reason why he was selected by Aristophanes and the other comic writers to be attacked as a general representative of philosophical and rhetorical teaching."

THE METHOD OF TEACHING OF SOCRATES.

The method of teaching which Socrates chiefly made use of was to propose a series of questions to the person with whom he conversed, in order to lead him to some unforeseen conclusion. He first gained the assent of his respondent to some obvious truths, and then obliged him to admit others from their relation or resemblance to

those to which he had already assented. Without making use of any direct argument or persuasion, he chose to lead the person he wished to instruct to deduce the truths of which he wished to convince him, as a necessary consequence from his own concessions, and commonly conducted these conferences with such address as to conceal his design till the respondent had advanced too far to recede.

On some occasions he made use of ironical language, that vain men might be caught in their own replies, and be obliged to confess their ignorance. He never assumed the air of a morose and rigid preceptor, but communicated useful instruction with all the ease and pleasantry of polite conversation.

A TERRIBLE ANTAGONIST.

"Socrates," remarks Mr. Geo. H. Lewis, "must have been a terrible antagonist to all people who believed that they were wise because they could discourse fluently; and these were not few. He always declared that he knew nothing. When a man professed knowledge on any point, especially if admiring crowds gave testimony to that profession, Socrates was sure to step up to him and, professing ignorance, entreat to be taught. Charmed with so humble a listener, the teacher began. Interrogated, he unsuspectingly assented to some very evident proposition; a conclusion from that almost as evident next received his assent: from that moment he was lost. With great power of logic, with much ingenious subtlety, and sometimes with daring sophistification, a web was formed from which he could not extricate himself. His own admissions were proved to lead to monstrous conclusions; these conclusions he repugned, but could not see where the gist of his error lay. The laughter of all the bystanders bespoke his defeat. Before him was his adversary, imperturbably calm, apparently innocent of all attempt at making him ridiculous. Confused but not confuted, he left the spot, indignant with himself, but more indignant with the subtlety of his adversary.

"It was thus that Socrates became mistaken for a Sophist; but he was distinguished from the Sophists by his constant object. Whilst they denied the possibility of truth, he only sought to make truth evident in the ironical, playful, and sometimes quibbling manner in which he destroyed the arguments of opponents. Truth was his object, even in his lightest moments."

THE WISEST MAN OF HIS AGE.

Xenophon represents him as excelling in all

kinds of learning. He instances only arithmetic, geometry, and astrology; but Plato mentions natural philosophy; Idomeneus, rhetoric; and Laertius, medicine. Cicero affirms that by the testimony of all the learned and the judgment of all Greece, he was in respect to wisdom, acuteness, politeness, and subtlety, in eloquence, variety, and richness, and in whatever he applied himself to, beyond comparison the first man of his age.

A striking peculiarity in Socrates was his persuasion of a special religious mission. Relying like his countrymen on dreams and oracles, he believed that his mission had been signified to him by those. One oracular intimation in particular he described in his defence as the turning-point in his life. One of his admirers and friends, Charophon, about the time when he began to have some repute as a wise man, consulted the oracle at Delphi as to whether any man was wiser than Socrates. The priestess answered, "None."

When Socrates heard that Apollo had declared him to be the wisest of men he was greatly puzzled. He knew himself to be wise in nothing, and yet did not dare to think that the words of the god could be false. The course he took to satisfy himself is reported by Plato in the *Apology*. Socrates is there reported as saying: "I went to one of those who are esteemed to be wise, thinking that here, if anywhere, I should prove the oracle to be wrong, and to be able to say, 'Here is a man who is wiser than I.' After examining this man—there is no need that I should name him, but he was one of the politicians—and conversing with him, I came to the conclusion that this man seemed to many others, and especially to himself, to be wise, but was not so. Upon that I tried to convince him that he thought himself wise but was not. By this means I gave offence to him, and many of the bystanders. When I went away I said to myself, 'I am wiser than this man; for neither of us, it seems, knows anything valuable; but he not knowing fancies he does know; I, as I really do not know, so I do not think I know. I seem, therefore, to be in one small matter wiser than he.

"After this I went to another still wiser than he, and came to the same result; and by this I offended him, too, and many others. I went on in the same manner, perceiving with sorrow and pain that I was making enemies; but it seemed necessary to postpone all other considerations to the service of the god, and therefore to seek for the meaning of the oracle by going to all who appeared to know anything. And, O Athenians

the impression produced on me was this : Those of most reputation appeared to me nearly the most deficient of all ; other people of much smaller account seemed much more rational.

"When I had exhausted the politicians, I went to the poets, tragic, dithyrambic, and others, thinking that I should surely find myself less knowing than they. Taking up those of their poems which seemed to me most laboured, I asked them—that at the same time I might learn something from them—what those poems meant. I am ashamed, O Athenians, to say the truth, but I must speak it ; there was scarcely a person present who could not have spoken better concerning their poems than they. I soon discovered that what poets do they accomplish not by wisdom, but by a kind of natural turn, and an enthusiasm like that of prophets and those who utter oracles ; for these, too, speak many fine things, but do not know one particle of what they speak.

"Last of all I resorted to artificers ; for I was conscious that I myself knew, in a manner, nothing at all, but should find them knowing many valuable things. And in this I was not mistaken ; they knew things of which I was ignorant, and were, so far, wiser than I. But they appeared to me to fall into the same error as the poets ; each, because he was skilled in his own art, insisted upon being the wisest of men in other and greater things ; and this mistake of theirs overshadowed what they possessed of wisdom. From this search, O Athenians, the consequences to me have been, on the one hand, many enmities, and of the most formidable kind, which have brought upon me many false imputations ; but, on the other hand, the name and general repute of a wise man."

As to the philosophy of Socrates, we may observe, that having searched into all kinds of science, he first discovered that it was wrong to neglect those things which concern human life for the sake of inquiring into those things which do not ; secondly, that the things men have usually made the objects of their inquiries are above the reach of human understanding, and the source of all the disputes, errors, and superstitions which have prevailed in the world ; and, thirdly, that such divine mysteries cannot be made subservient to the uses of human life. Thus esteeming speculative knowledge so far only as it conduces to practice, he decried in all the sciences what he conceived to be useless, and exchanged speculation for action, and theory for practice. Unfortunately such a method has not always been followed by philosophers.

THE DEMON OF SOCRATES.

That Socrates had an attendant spirit, genius, or demon, which guarded him from dangers, is asserted by Plato and Aristhenes, who were his contemporaries, and repeated by innumerable authors of antiquity ; but what this attendant spirit, genius, or demon was, or what we are to understand by it, neither ancient nor modern writers have in general been able to determine. There is some disagreement concerning the name, and more concerning the nature, of it ; only it is by most writers agreed that the advice it gave him was always dissuasive ; "never impelling," says Cicero, "but often restraining him." It is commonly called his demon, by which title he himself is supposed to have owned it. Plato sometimes calls it his guardian, and Apuleius, his god, because the name of demon, as St. Austin tells us, at last grew odious.

As for the sign or manner in which this genius or demon foretold, and by foretelling warned him against evils to come, nothing certain can be collected about it. Plutarch, who rejects some popular absurdities upon the subject, conjectures first that it might be an apparition ; but at last concludes that it was his observation of some inarticulate, unaccustomed voice or sound, conveyed to him in an extraordinary way, as happens in dreams. Others confine this foreknowledge of evils within the soul of Socrates himself ; and when he said that "his genius advised him," think that he only meant that "his mind foreboded, and so inclined him." But this is inconsistent with the description which Socrates himself gives of a voice and signs from without. Lastly, some conceive it to be one of those spirits that have a particular care of men ; which Maximus, Tyrius, and Apuleius describe in such a manner that they want only the name of a good angel ; and this Lactantius has supplied ; for after proving that God sends angels to guard mankind, he adds, "And Socrates affirmed that there was a demon constantly near him, which had kept him company from a child, and by whose beck and instruction he guided his life."

On this curious subject we may quote Mr. Grote : "Socrates had been accustomed, says the historian, "constantly to hear, even from his childhood, a Divine voice, interfering at moments when he was about to act, in the way of restraint, but never in the way of instigation. Such prohibitory warning was wont to come upon him very frequently, not merely on great, but even on small, occasions, intercepting what he was about to do or say. Though later writers

speak of this as the *dæmon* or genius of Socrates, he himself does not personify it, but treats it merely as a 'divine sign, a prophetic or supernatural voice.'

He was accustomed not only to obey it implicitly, but to speak of it publicly and familiarly to others, so that the fact was well known both to his friends and his enemies. So completely did he march with a consciousness of this bridle in his mouth, that when he felt no check he assumed that the turning which he was about to take was the right one. Though his persuasion on the subject was unquestionably sincere, and his obedience constant, yet he never dwelt upon it himself as anything grand or awful, or entitling him to peculiar deference; but spoke of it often in his usual strain of familiar playfulness. To his friends generally it seem to have constituted one of his titles to reverence, though neither Plato nor Xenophon scruple to talk of it in that jesting way which doubtless they caught from himself. But to his enemies, and to the Athenian public, it appeared in the light of an offensive heresy—an impious innovation on the orthodox creed, and a desertion of the recognised gods of Athens.

"Such was the demon or genius of Socrates as described by himself, and as conceived in the genuine Platonic dialogues—a voice always prohibitory and bearing exclusively upon his own personal conduct. That which Plutarch and other admirers of Socrates conceived as a demon or intermediate being between God and man, was looked upon by the Fathers of the Christian Church as a devil: by Le Clerc as one of the fallen angels; by some other commentators as mere ironical phraseology on the part of Socrates himself. Without presuming to determine the question raised in the former hypotheses, I believe the last to be untrue, and that the conviction of Socrates on the point was quite sincere. A circumstance little attended to, but deserving particular notice, and stated by himself, is that the restraining voice began when he was a child, and continued even down to the end of his life: it had thus become an established persuasion long before his philosophical habits began."

OPPOSITION TO THE SOPHISTS; MAKING ENEMIES.

In the days of Socrates, the Sophists were the great and leading men: the masters of language, as Cicero calls them, who arrogantly pretended to teach everything, and persuaded the youth to resort only to them. With these Socrates carried on perpetual warfare; he attacked them con-

stantly with his usual questions; and, by his skill and subtlety in disputation, exposed their sophistry and refuted their principles. He took all opportunities of proving that they had gained a much greater portion of esteem than they had any right to claim; that they had no knowledge of the things they professed to teach; and that instead of taking money of others for teaching, they should themselves give money to be taught. The Athenians were pleased to see the Sophists thus checked; were brought at last to laugh at them, and, at the instigation of Socrates, withdrew their children from them, and excited them to the study of solid virtue under better masters.

The altercations that Socrates had with the Sophists, therefore, gained him respect and made him popular with the Athenians; but he had a private quarrel with one Anytus, which, after many years continuance, was the cause of his death.

Anytus was an orator by profession, a sordid and avaricious man, who was privately maintained and enriched by leather sellers. He had placed two of his sons under Socrates to be taught; but because they had not acquired such knowledge from him as to enable them to get their living by pleading, he took them away and put them to the trade of leather-selling. Socrates, displeased at this illiberal treatment of the young men, whose ruin he presaged at the same time, reproached and exposed Anytus in his discourses to his scholars.

Anytus, hurt at this, studied all means of revenge, but feared the Athenians, who highly revered Socrates, as well on account of his great wisdom as for the particular opposition which he had made to the Sophists. He therefore consulted with Melitus, a young orator, from whose counsel he began, by making trial in smaller things, to find out how the Athenians would entertain a charge against the life of the philosopher. One of his first steps was to enlist the services of the comic poet, Aristophanes, to ridicule Socrates and his doctrines in his celebrated comedy called "The Clouds."

Socrates, who seldom went to the theatre, except when Euripides, whom he admired, contested with any new tragedian, was present at the acting of "The Clouds," and stood up all the while in the most conspicuous part of the theatre. One who was present asked him if he was not vexed at seeing himself brought up on the stage? "Not at all," answered he; "I am only a host at a public festival, where I provide a large company with entertainment."

A PUBLIC ACCUSATION.

Many years having passed since the first disagreement between Anytus and Socrates, at last Anytus, observing a suitable opportunity, got Melitus to prefer a bill against him to the Senate. It was in the following terms: "Melitus, son of Melitus, a Pythean, accuses Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, an Alopecian. Socrates violates the law, not believing the deities which this city believes, but introducing other new gods. He violates the law likewise in corrupting youths; and the punishment is death."

This bill being preferred upon oath, Crito became bound to the judges for his appearance at the day of trial; till which Socrates employed himself in his usual philosophical exercises, taking not the least trouble to prepare any defence.

When his friend Hermogenes remonstrated with him on the serious consequences of such an omission, he replied, first, that the just and blameless life which he was conscious of having passed was the best of all preparations for defence; next, that having once begun to meditate on what it would be proper for him to say, the divine sign had interposed to forbid him from proceeding.

He went on to say that it was no wonder that the gods should deem it better for him to die now than to live longer. He had hitherto lived in perfect satisfaction, with a consciousness of progressive moral improvement, and with esteem, marked and unabated, from his friends. If his life were prolonged, old age would soon overpower him; he would lose in part his sight, his hearing, or his intelligence; and life, with such abated efficacy and dignity, would be intolerable to him. Whereas if he were condemned now, he should be condemned unjustly, which would be a great disgrace to his judges, but none to him; nay, it would even procure for him increase of sympathy and admiration, and a most willing acknowledgment from every one that he had been both a just man and an improving preceptor.

"These words," remarks Mr. Grote, "spoken before his trial, intimate a state of belief which explains the tenor of the defence, and formed one essential condition of the final result. They prove that Socrates not only cared little for being acquitted, but even thought that the approaching trial was marked out by the gods as the term of his life, and that there were good reasons why he should prefer such a consummation as best for himself. Nor is it wonderful that he should entertain that opinion, when we recollect the entire ascendancy within him of serene, internal

conscience and intelligent reflection, built upon an originally fearless temperament, and silencing what Plato calls 'the child within us, who trembles before death;' his great love of colloquial influence, and incapacity of living without it, his old age, now seventy, rendering it impossible that such influence could much longer continue; and the opportunity afforded him by now towering above ordinary men under the like circumstances, to read an impressive lesson, as well as to leave behind him a reputation yet more exalted than that which he had hitherto quired."

THE TRIAL OF SOCRATES; HIS CLOSING SPEECH.

On the day appointed, Anytus, Lyco, and Melitus accused him; and Socrates made his own defence, without procuring an advocate, as was the custom, to plead for him. He did not defend himself in the tone and language of a suppliant or guilty person, but with a freedom, firmness, and spirit belonging to conscious innocence and superior merit. Many of his friends also spoke in his defence; and lastly, Plato, then a young man, endeavoured to plead; but while attempting to apologise for his youth, he was ordered by the Court to sit down. The Court then proceeded to vote; and they found Socrates guilty by two hundred and eighty-one voices.

It was the custom of Athens, as Cicero tells us, when any one was cast, if the fault was not capital, to impose a pecuniary mulct, and the guilty person was asked the highest rate at which he estimated his offence. This was proposed to Socrates, who told the judges that to pay a penalty was to own an offence, and that, instead of being condemned for what he stood accused, he deserved to be maintained at the public charge out of the Prytanæum. This being the greatest honour the Athenians could confer, the answer so exasperated the judges that they condemned him to death by eighty voices more.

The closing speech made by the philosopher after sentence of death had been pronounced, is supposed to be given by Plato with substantial accuracy. It was as follows:—

"It is for the sake of but a short span, O Athenians, that you have incurred the imputation, from those who wish to speak evil of the city, of having put to death Socrates, a wise man (for those inclined to reproach you will say that I am wise, even if I am not). Had you only waited a short while, the thing would have come about without your agency; for you see my years: I am far advanced in life, and near to

death. I do not address this to all of you, but to those who have voted for the capital sentence ; and this also I say to the same persons, Perhaps your opinion is that I have been condemned for want of skill in such modes of working on your minds as I might have employed with success, if I had thought it right to employ all means in order to escape from condemnation. Far from it. I have been condemned, and not for want of things to say, but for want of daring and shamelessness ; because I did not choose to say to you what would have been pleasantest to you to hear, weeping and lamenting, and saying and doing other things which I affirm to be unworthy of me, as you are accustomed to see others do. But neither did I then think fit to do or say anything unworthy of a free man ; nor do I now repent of having thus defended myself. I would far rather have made the one defence and die, than have made the other and live.

"Neither in a court of justice nor in war ought we to make it our object that whatever happens we may escape death. In battle it is often evident that a man may save his life by throwing away his arms and imploring mercy of his pursuers ; and in all other dangers there are many other contrivances by which a person may get off with life, if he dare do or say everything.

"The difficulty, O Athenians, is not to escape from death, but from guilt ; for guilt is swifter than death, and runs faster. And now I, being old and slow of foot, have been overtaken by death, the slower of the two ; but my accusers, who are brisk and vehement, by guilt, the swifter. We quit this place ; I having been sentenced by you to death, but they having sentence passed upon them, by truth, of guilt and injustice. I submit to my punishment, and they to theirs.

"But I desire, O men who have condemned me, to prophesy to you what next is to happen. I say, then, that immediately after my death there will come upon you a far severer punishment than that which you have inflicted on me ; for you have done this thinking by it to escape being called to account for your lives. But I affirm that the very reverse will happen to you. There will be many to call you to account whom I have hitherto restrained, and whom you saw not ; and, being younger, they will give you more trouble, and you will be still more provoked ; for if you think by putting men to death to prevent others from reproaching you with living amiss, you are much mistaken. That mode of protecting yourselves is neither very possible nor very noble ; the noblest and easiest, too, is not to cut

off other people, but so to order yourselves as to attain the greatest excellence.

"Thus much I beg of you ; when my sons grow up, punish them, O Athenians, by tormenting them as I have tormented you, if they shall seem to study riches or any other ends in preference to virtue. And if they are thought to be something, being really nothing, reproach them, as I have reproached you, for not attending to what they ought and fancying themselves something when they are good for nothing. And if you do this, both I and my sons shall have received what is just at your hands.

"It is now time that we go hence, I to die, you to live ; but which has the better destiny is unknown to all except the God alone."

SOCRATES IN PRISON.

This speech over, Socrates was sent to prison, which, says Seneca, he entered with the same resolution and firmness with which he had opposed the thirty tyrants ; and took away all ignominy from the place, which, adds Seneca, could not be a prison while he was there.

On the day of condemnation it happened that the ship which was employed to carry a customary annual offering to the island of Delos set sail. It was contrary to the law of Athens that during this voyage any capital punishment should be inflicted within the city. This circumstance delayed the execution of the sentence against Socrates for thirty days, during which time he was constantly visited by Crito, Plato, and other friends, with whom he passed the time in his usual manner. He was often solicited by them to escape, which he not only refused but derided ; asking if they knew any place out of Attica whither death would not come.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

The manner of his death is related by Plato, who was an eye-witness of it ; and as there is not perhaps a more affecting picture to be found in antiquity, we shall give it here nearly in his own words. Socrates the day he was to die, had been discoursing to his friends upon the immortality of the soul. This discourse forms the subject of Plato's *Phædo*. The arguments in that dialogue are most likely Plato's own ; and it is supposed that the dying speech of Cyrus in Xenophon's *Cyropædia* is a closer copy of the opinions of Socrates.

When he had made an end of speaking, Crito asked him if he had any directions to give concerning his sons or other things in which they could serve him.

"I desire no more of you," said Socrates, "than what I have always told you: if you take care of yourselves, whatsoever you do will be acceptable to me and mine, though you promise nothing; if you neglect yourselves and virtue, you can do nothing acceptable to us though you promise ever so much."

"That," answered Crito, "we will observe; but how will you be buried?"

"As you think good," said he, "if you can catch me, and I do not give you the slip."

Then, with a smile, turning to the company, "I cannot persuade Crito," said he, "that I am that Socrates who was haranguing just now, or anything more than the carcass you will presently behold; and therefore he is taking all this care of my interment. It seems that what I just now explained in a long discourse has made no impression at all upon him, namely, that as soon as I shall have drunk the poison, I shall not remain longer with you, but depart immediately to the seats of the blessed. The things with which I have been endeavouring to comfort you and myself have been said to no purpose. As therefore Crito was bound to the judges for my appearance, so you must now be bound to Crito for my departure; and when he sees my body burned and buried, let him not say that Socrates suffers anything, or is in any way concerned; for know, dear Crito, such a mistake were a wrong to my soul. I tell you that my body is only buried; and let that be done as you shall think fit, or as shall be most agreeable to the laws and customs of the country."

Having said this he rose and retired into an inner room, taking Crito with him, "and leaving us," says Plato, "who like orphans were to be deprived of so dear a father, to discourse upon our own misery." After bathing, came his wife and the other women of the family, with his sons, two of them children, one of them a youth; and when he had given proper directions about his domestic affairs, he dismissed them and returned to his disciples.

It was now near sunset; and on coming out he sat down and did not speak much after that. An officer answered, and approaching him, said, "Socrates, I am persuaded that I shall have no reason to blame you for what I have been accustomed to blame in others, who have been angry with me and loaded me with curses for only doing what the magistrate commands, when I have presented the poison to them. But I know you to be the most generous, the most mild, the best of men, that ever entered this place; and am certain that if you entertain any resentment

upon this occasion, it will not be at me, but at the real authors of your misfortune. You know the message I bring; farewell, and endeavour to bear with patience what must be borne."

"And," said Socrates to the officer, who went out weeping, "fare thee well; I will. How civil is this man! I have found him the same all the time of my imprisonment; he would often visit me, sometimes discourse with me, always used me kindly; and now see how generously he weeps for me. But come, Crito, let us do as he bids us; if the poison be ready, let it be brought in; if not, let somebody prepare it."

"The sun is yet upon the mountains, and not set," said Crito. "I myself have seen others drink it later who have even ate and drank freely with their friends after the sign has been given; be not in haste, there is time enough."

"Why, yes," said Socrates, "they who do so think they gain something; but what shall I gain by drinking it late? Nothing but to be laughed at for appearing too desirous of life; pray let it be as I say."

Then Crito sent one of the attendants, who immediately returned, and with him came the man who was to administer the poison, bringing a cup in his hand.

"Prithee, my good friend," said the philosopher to the man with the cup, "as you are well versed in such things, what must I do?"

"Nothing," said the man, "but walk about as soon as you shall have drunk, till you perceive your legs to fail; then sit down."

Then he presented the cup, which Socrates took without the least change of countenance or any emotion whatever, but looking with his usual intrepidity upon the man. He then asked "whether he might spill any of it in libation."

The man answered, "I have only prepared what is sufficient."

"Yet," said Socrates, "I may pray to the gods, and will, that my passage hence may be happy, which I do beseech them to grant;" and that instant swallowed the draught with the greatest ease.

Many of those present, who till then had refrained from tears, when they saw him put the cup to his lips and drink off the poison, could no longer restrain themselves, but burst into tears.

"Friends," said Socrates, observing this, "what mean you? I sent away the women for no other reason but that they might not disturb us with this, for I have heard that we should die with applause; be quiet, then, and behave yourselves like men."

At these words they dried their tears, and

endeavoured to compose themselves. When Socrates had walked about awhile, and perceived his limbs to fail, he laid down on his back as the executioner directed; who, in a little while, looking on his feet and pinching them pretty hard, asked him if he perceived it. "No," said Socrates. Then he did the same by his legs; and showing how every part grew successively cold and stiff, he observed that when that chillness reached the heart, he would die.

Not long after, Socrates, removing the garment with which he was covered, said, "I owe a cock to Æsculapius: pay it; neglect it not."

"It shall be done," said Crito; "would you have anything else?"

But Socrates made no reply; and after lying awhile he stretched himself out; when the executioner, uncovering him, found his eyes fixed, and they were closed by Crito.

"This," says Plato, "was the end of the best, the wisest, and the justest of men;" and the account of it by Plato, Cicero confesses he could never read without tears.

AFTER THE DEATH OF SOCRATES; THE ATHENIANS REPENTANT.

Socrates died, according to Plato, when he was more than seventy, 396 B.C. He was buried, with many tears and much solemnity, by his friends, among whom the excessive grief of Plato is noticed by Plutarch; yet as soon as they performed that last service, fearing the cruelty of the thirty tyrants, they stole out of the city, the greater part to Euclid, at Magara, who received them kindly; the rest to other places.

Soon afterwards the Athenians were recalled to a sense of the injustice they had committed against Socrates, and became so exasperated as to insist that the authors of it should be put to death. Melitus accordingly suffered, and Anytus was banished. In further testimony of their penitence, they called home his friends to their former liberty of meeting; they forbade public spectacles of games and wrestling for a time; they caused the statue of Socrates, made in brass by Lyssippus, to be set up in the Pompeium; and a plague ensuing, which they imputed to their unjust act, they made an order that no man should mention Socrates publicly and on the theatre, in order to forget the sooner what they had done.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE · MARRIAGE; · CHARACTER.

In person, Socrates was very homely; he was bald; he had a dark complexion, a flat nose,

projecting eyes, and a severe, downcast look. His countenance, indeed, was such that Zopyrus, a physiognomist, pronounced him liable to various passions and given to many vices; and when Alcibiades and others who were present derided this, knowing him to be free from everything of the kind, Socrates justified the skill of Zopyrus, by owning that "he was by nature prone to those vices, but had suppressed his inclination by reason."

The defects of his person were amply compensated by the virtues and accomplishments of his mind. The oracle of Delphi, as we have seen, declared him to be the wisest of all men, for professing only to know that he knew nothing: Apollo, as Cicero observes, conceiving the only wisdom of mankind to consist in not thinking themselves to know those things of which they are ignorant. He was a man of all virtues, and so remarkably frugal that no matter how little he had it was always enough; and when he was amidst a great variety of rich and expensive objects, he would often say to himself, "How many things are here which I do not want."

The witchery of his tongue fascinated those whom his appearance had disgusted; and Alcibiades declared that he was forced to stop his ears and flee away, that he might not sit down beside Socrates, and grow old in listening to his talk.

Socrates had two wives, one of whom was the noted Xantippe, whom Aulus Gellius describes as an arrant scold; and several instances are recorded of her impatience and his long-suffering. One day, before some of his friends, she fell into the usual extravagances of her passion; when he, without answering a word, went abroad with them; but he was no sooner out of the door, than she, running upstairs, threw water down upon his head; upon which, turning to his friends, "Did I not tell you," says he, "that after so much thunder we should have rain?" She appears, however, to have had a great affection for him, and was a faithful wife.

Her husband gave a playful explanation of his choice, by remarking that "those who wish to become skilled in horsemanship select the most spirited horses, and after being able to bridle those, they believe they can bridle all others. Now, as it is my wish to live and converse with men, I married this woman, being firmly convinced that in the event of being able to endure her I should be able to endure all others."

Socrates left nothing behind him in writing; but his illustrious pupils, Xenophon and Plato, have in some measure supplied this defect. The "Memoirs of Socrates," written by Xenophon,

afford, however, a much more accurate idea of the opinions of Socrates than the *Dialogues* of Plato, who everywhere mixes his own conceptions and diction, and those of other philosophers, with the ideas and language of his master. It is related that when Socrates heard Plato recite his *Lysis*, he said, "How much does this young man make me say which I never conceived!"

Xenophon, who loved him tenderly, thus sums up his character:—

"As to myself, knowing him of a truth to be such a man as I have described; so pious towards the gods, as never to undertake any thing without first consulting them; so just towards men as never to do an injury, even the slightest, to any person, whilst numerous and great were the benefits he conferred on all with whom he had any dealings; so temperate and chaste as not to indulge any appetite or inclination at the expense of whatever was modest and becoming; so prudent as never to err in judging of good and evil, nor wanting the assistance of others to discriminate rightly concerning them; so able to discourse upon and define with the greatest accuracy all points whatsoever, and looking as it were into the minds of men, discover the very moment for reprehending vice or stimulating the love of virtue; experiencing, as I have done, all these excellences in Socrates, I can never cease considering him as the most virtuous and the most happy of all mankind. But if there is any one who is disposed to think otherwise, let him go and compare Socrates with any other, and afterwards let him determine."

Xenophon denies that Socrates ever taught natural philosophy or any mathematical science, and charges with misrepresentation and falsehood those who had ascribed to him dissertations of this kind; probably referring to Plato, in whose works Socrates is introduced as discoursing upon these subjects. The truth appears to be that the distinguishing character of Socrates was that of a moral philosopher.

SOCRATES ON RELIGION.

The doctrine of Socrates concerning God and religion was rather practical than speculative. But he did not neglect to build the structure of religious faith upon the firm foundation of an appeal to natural appearances. He taught that the Supreme Being, though invisible, is clearly seen in His works, which at once demonstrate His existence, and His wise and benevolent providence. Besides the one Supreme Deity, Socrates admitted the existence of beings who possess a middle station between God and man, to whose

immediate agency he ascribed the ordinary phenomena of nature, and whom he supposed to be particularly concerned in the management of human affairs. Hence, speaking of the gods who take care of men, he says, "Let it suffice you, whilst you observe their works, to revere and honour the gods; and be persuaded that this is the way in which they make themselves known: for among all the gods who bestow blessings upon men, there are none who, in the distribution of their favours, make themselves visible to mortals." Hence he spoke of thunder, wind, and other agents of nature as servants of God, and encouraged the practice of divination, under the notion that the gods would sometimes discover future events to good men.

Socrates asserted, says Xenophon, that the science of divination was necessary for all such as would govern successfully either cities or private families; for although he thought every one might choose his own way of life, and afterwards by his industry excel therein,—whether in architecture, mechanics, agriculture superintending labour, managing finances, or practising the art of war,—yet even here the gods, he would say, thought proper to reserve to themselves, in all these things the knowledge of that part of them which was of the most importance; since he who was the most careful to cultivate his field could not know of a certainty who should reap the fruit of it.

He therefore esteemed all those as no other than madmen who, excluding the Deity, referred the success of their designs to nothing higher than human prudence. He likewise thought those not much better who had recourse to divination on every occasion, as if a man was to consult the oracle whether he should give the reins of his chariot into the hands of one ignorant or well versed in the art of driving, or place at the helm of his ship a skilful or unskilful pilot.

He also thought it a kind of impiety to importune the gods with our inquiries concerning things of which we may gain the knowledge by number, weight, or measure; it being, as it seemed to him, incumbent on man to make himself acquainted with whatever the gods had placed within his power; as for such things as were beyond his comprehension, for these he ought always to apply to the oracles, the gods being ever willing to communicate knowledge to those whose care had been to render them propitious.

If these opinions concerning the Supreme Being and the subordinate deities be compared, there will be no difficulty in perceiving the grounds upon which Socrates, though an advocate for the

existence of one sovereign power, admitted the worship of inferior divinities. Hence he declared it to be the duty of every one, in the performance of religious rites, to follow the customs of his country. At the same time he taught that the merit of all religious offerings depends upon the character of the worshipper, and that the gods take pleasure in the sacrifice of none but the truly pious. "The man," says he, "who honours the gods according to his ability, ought to be cheerful, and hope for the greatest blessings; for from whom may we reasonably entertain higher expectations than from those who are most able to serve us? or how can we secure their kindness but by pleasing them? or how please them better than by obedience?"

"When Socrates prayed," says Xenophon, "his petition was only this, that the gods would give him those things that were good. And this he did forasmuch as they alone knew what was good for man. But he who should ask for gold or silver, or increase of dominion, acted not, in his opinion, more wisely than he who should pray for the opportunity to fight, or game, or anything of the like nature: the consequence whereof being altogether doubtful, might turn, for aught he knew, not a little to his disadvantage."

Concerning the human soul, the opinion of Socrates, according to Xenophon, was that it is allied to the Divine Being, not by a participation of essence, but by a similarity of nature; that man excels all other animals in the faculty of reason; and that the existence of good men will be continued after death in a state in which they will receive the reward of their virtue. Although it appears that on this latter topic Socrates was not wholly free from uncertainty, the consolation which he professed to derive from this source in the immediate prospect of death leaves little room to doubt that he entertained a real belief in and expectation of immortality. The doctrine which Cicero ascribes to Socrates on this head is, that the human soul is a divine principle, which, when it passes out of the body, returns to heaven; and that this passage is most easy to those who have in this life made the greatest progress in virtue.

The system of morality which Socrates made it the business of his life to teach was raised upon the firm basis of religion. The first principles of virtuous conduct, which are common to all mankind, are, according to this philosopher, the laws of God; and the conclusive argument by which he supports this opinion is that no man departs from these principles with impunity. He taught that true felicity is not to be derived from external possessions, but from wisdom, which con-

sists in the knowledge and practice of virtue; that the cultivation of virtuous habits is necessarily attended with pleasure as well as profit; that the honest man alone is happy; and that it is absurd to attempt to separate things which are in nature so closely united as virtue and interest.

Virtue, said Socrates, consists of knowledge. To do right is the only road to happiness; and if every man seeks to be happy, vice can arise only from ignorance or mistake as to the means; hence the proper corrective is an enlarged teaching of the consequences of actions.

"We cannot," says a writer in *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, "on any fair interpretation of knowledge, regard this as other than a one-sided view. It takes note of one condition of virtue, since there can be no right conduct without understanding the tendency of action, or, at all events, the meaning of rules; but it omits, what is also essential, the state of the emotions or dispositions, which may be directed either to exclusively self-regarding ends, or to ends also involving the good of others. There is an obvious connection between the doctrine and the Socratic analogy of virtue to the professions. The virtue of an artisan is almost exclusively contained in his skill or knowledge; his dispositions can usually, though not always, be depended on, through the pressure of his immediate self-interest. But the practice of Socrates was larger than his theory; for his exhortations were addressed to men's feelings or sentiments as well as to their intellect. His political doctrines were biased by the same analogy of special professions. The legitimate king or governor was he alone who knew how to govern well."

SOCRATES ON THE EVIDENCES OF A BENEFICENT PROVIDENCE.

It is impossible to read without admiration the arguments by which Socrates anticipated writers on Natural Theology, by pointing out the evidences of a beneficent Providence. Listen to Xenophon, whose narrative we give as translated in the "Biographical History of Philosophy" of the late Mr. George Henry Lewes:—

"I will now relate the manner in which I once heard Socrates discoursing with Aristodemus, surnamed the Little, concerning the Deity: for observing that he neither prayed nor sacrificed to the gods, but on the contrary ridiculed and laughed at those who did, he said to him, 'Tell me, Aristodemus, is there any man you admire on account of his merit?' Aristodemus having answered 'Many;'—'Name some of them, I pray you.' 'I admire,' said Aristodemus,

Homer for epic poetry, Melanippides for his dithyrambics, Sophocles for tragedy, Polycletus for statuary, and Zeuxis for painting.'

"But which seems to you most worthy of admiration, Aristodemus;—the artist who forms images void of motion and intelligence, or one who hath the skill to produce animals that are endued not only with activity but understanding?" 'The latter, there can be no doubt,' replied Aristodemus, 'provided the production was not the effect of chance, but of wisdom and contrivance.' 'But since there are many things, some of which we can easily see the use of, while we cannot say of others to what purpose they were produced,—which of these, Aristodemus, do you suppose the work of wisdom?' 'It should seem the most reasonable to affirm it of those whose fitness and utility are so evidently apparent.'

"But it is evidently apparent that He, who at the beginning made man, endued him with senses because they were good for him; eyes to behold whatever was visible, and ears to hear whatever was to be heard; for say, Aristodemus, for what purpose should odours be prepared if the sense of smelling had been denied? or why the distinctions of bitter and sweet, of savoury and unsavoury, unless a palate had been likewise given, conveniently placed to arbitrate between them and declare the difference? . . . Canst thou doubt, Aristodemus, whether a disposition of parts like this should be the work of chance, or of wisdom and contrivance?' 'I have no longer any doubt,' replied Aristodemus; 'and, indeed, the more I consider it, the more evident it appears to me that man must be the masterpiece of some great artificer; carrying along with it infinite marks of the love and favour of Him who hath thus formed it.'

"But farther (unless thou desirest to ask me questions), seeing, Aristodemus, thou thyself art conscious of reason and intelligence, supposest thou there is no intelligence elsewhere? Thou knowest thy body to be a small part of that wide extended earth which thou everywhere beholdest; the moisture contained in it, thou also knowest to be a small portion of that mighty mass of waters whereof seas themselves are but a part; while the rest of the elements contribute out of their abundance to thy formation. It is the soul, then, alone, that intellectual part of us, which is come to thee by some lucky chance, from I know not where? If so be there is indeed no intelligence elsewhere; and we must be forced to confess that this stupendous universe, with all the various bodies contained therein,—equally

amazing, whether we consider their magnitude or number, whatever their use, whatever their order,—all have been produced, not by intelligence, but by chance!' 'It is with difficulty that I can suppose otherwise,' returned Aristodemus; 'for I behold none of those gods whom you speak of as making and governing all things; whereas I see the artists when at their work here among us.' 'Neither yet seest thou thy soul, Aristodemus, which, however, most assuredly governs thy body; although it may well seem, by thy manner of talking, that it is chance, and not reason, which governs thee.'

"I do not despise the gods," said Aristodemus; 'on the contrary, I conceive so highly of their excellence as to suppose they stand in no need either of me or my services.' 'Thou mistakest the matter, Aristodemus; the greater magnificence they have shown in their care of thee, so much the more honour and service thou owest them.' 'Be assured,' said Aristodemus, 'if I once could be persuaded the gods take care of man, I should want no monitor to remind me of my duty.' 'And canst thou doubt, Aristodemus, if the gods take care of man? . . .

"As therefore, among men, we make best trial of the affection and gratitude of our neighbour by showing him kindness, and discover his wisdom by consulting him in his distress, do thou in like manner behave towards the gods; and if thou wouldst experience what their wisdom and what their love, render thyself deserving the communication of some of those divine secrets which may not be penetrated by man, and are imparted to those alone who consult, who adore, who obey the Deity. Then shalt thou, my Aristodemus, understand there is a Being whose eye pierceth throughout all nature, and whose ear is open to every sound, extended to all places, extending through all time, and whose bounty and care can know no other bound than those fixed by His own creation.'

"By this discourse, and others of a like nature, Socrates taught his friends that they were not only to forbear whatever was invidious, unjust, or unbecoming before man; but even when alone they ought to have a regard to all their actions, since the gods have their eyes continually upon us, and none of our designs can be concealed from them."

LEADING OUTLINES OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCRATES.

We have three authorities for the doctrines of Socrates: Xenophon's *Memorabilia*; the *Dialogues* of Plato; and the *Strictures* of

Aristotle. With regard to the first work, too much reliance has been placed upon it as a faithful delineation of the sayings of Socrates. It is too much of an apologetic nature to deserve the title of a just and accurate exposition of the doctrines which it defends; and even if Xenophon had wished to give a full account of the philosophy of Socrates, it is not possible, from all that we know of him, that he would have been able to do so. His talents, such as they were, were all of a practical nature; he does not seem to have had any toleration for philosophy; he clearly did not understand the definition of terms or ideas; and, at any rate, had not originality enough to enable him to appreciate such a thoroughly original character as Socrates.

As to Plato, there can be no doubt that he never meant to pass off as his own the doctrines and speculations which he puts into the mouth of Socrates; but we cannot help feeling that the Socrates whom he represents with such dramatic truth, must have been a real person, and no creature of the imagination, and that Socrates must have been the philosophical as he is the formal basis of all that Plato has done for science. If then we seek to make up for the deficiencies of Plato and Xenophon, as exponents of the doctrines which their master actually promulgated, by turning to the criticisms of Aristotle, we shall find that Plato gives us a much truer conception of what he effected by his scientific labours than we could have derived from Xenophon. Aristotle distinctly tell us that Socrates philosophised about virtue, and made some real discoveries with regard to the first principles of science. Now this is just the philosophical basis which we discern in the Socrates of Plato. We find him always endeavouring to reduce things to their first elements, stripping realities of their pompous garb of words, and striving to arrive at certainty as the standard of truth; and we also find that his philosophy is generally applied to ethics rather than to physics. He seem to have been convinced of the unity of virtue, and to have believed that it was teachable as a matter of science. In fact, with him the scientific and the moral run into one another, for knowledge is the final cause of the will, and good is the final cause of knowledge; hence he who knows what justice is, must needs be just, since no one wittingly departs from that which he knows to be good.

Socrates held it to be his particular vocation to arouse the idea of science in the minds of men. This is clear from the manner in which he is said to have insisted upon the consciousness of

ignorance, and also from the use which he made of the Delphic response—Know thyself! “For,” says Schleiermacher, in his valuable paper on the “Worth of Socrates as a Philosopher,” “if he went about in the service of the god, to justify the celebrated oracle, it is impossible that the utmost point he reached could have been simply to know that he knew nothing; there was a step beyond this which he must have taken, that of knowing what knowledge is. For by what other means could he have been enabled to declare that which others believed themselves to know to be no knowledge, than by a more correct conception of knowledge, and by a more correct method founded upon that conception? And everywhere, when he is explaining the nature of non-science (*ἀνπιστημοσύνη*), one sees that he sets out from two tests: one, that science is the same in all true thoughts, and consequently must manifest its peculiar form in every such thought; the other, that all science forms one whole. For his proofs always hinge on this assumption—that it is impossible to start from one true thought and to be entangled in a contradiction with any other; and also that knowledge derived from any one point and obtained by correct combination, cannot contradict that which has been deduced in like manner from any other point; and while he exposed such contradictions in the current conceptions of mankind, he strove to rouse those leading ideas in all who were capable of understanding or even of divining his meaning.”

In all the isolated particulars which are recorded of Socrates, this one object is everywhere discernible. His antagonistic opposition to the Sophists is one very strong feature of this. They professed to know everything, without having the idea of science, or knowledge of what knowledge is, and as Socrates possessed that idea without the mass of acquirements on which they prided themselves, he was very naturally their opponent; and his contest with them is carried on entirely in this way that he endeavours to nullify the effects of their acquired knowledge by shifting the ground from the objects to the idea of science, and in this way he usually manages to prove their deficiency in the one thing needful to the philosopher.

The irony of Socrates, as it is called, is another remarkable proof of his devotion to his vocation as an awakener of the idea of science. This irony has been well described as the co-existence of the idea of science in him with the want of clear and complete views on any objects of science—in a word as the knowledge of his

ignorance. With this is intimately connected the indirect dialogical method which he invariably adopted, and which may be regarded as his mode of extracting scientific truth from the mass of semblances and contradictions by which it was surrounded.

Such are the leading outlines of the philosophy of Socrates so far as they are capable of being established with any certainty. The importance of his doctrines is most clearly perceived when we consider them as they were developed and applied by the various schools which acknowledged him as their founder, and especially as they were carried out by Plato.

THE SUBJECT OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCRATES.

As regards the subject of his philosophy, Socrates effected a signal revolution quite in harmony with the metaphorical saying of Cicero that Socrates brought down philosophy from the heavens to the earth. Systems of philosophy before his day consisted of vast and indefinite speculations on Nature as a whole, blending together Cosmogony, Astronomy, Geometry, Physics, Metaphysics, etc. The careful thought which Socrates had brought to bear on these systems had left on his mind a feeling of unutterable dreariness and unsatisfactoriness to any of the wants of man. It seemed to him that the strivings of man after knowledge would be more profitably directed to the human relationship, as involving man's practical concerns. At every public assembly to which he went, he heard discussed questions respecting the just and unjust, the honourable and the base, the expedient and the hurtful; in addition to which he observed that the opposing disputants were, without being conscious of it, very confused in their ideas as to the meanings of those comprehensive words in which the weightiest interests centered.

Accordingly Socrates was the first to proclaim to the world that "the proper study of mankind is man," and that human nature, human duties, and human happiness constitute a field of really urgent and profitable inquiry. He saw that astronomy had a certain usefulness for navigation and for the reckoning of time, to which extent he would have it known by pilots and watchmen; geometry was of service in its literal sense of land measuring; arithmetic was countenanced in like manner so far as practically useful; but general physics, or the speculations of philosophers from Thales downwards, as to the origin of all things out of water, fire, air, &c., he wholly repudiated.

"Do these inquirers," he asked, "think that they already know *human affairs* well enough, that they thus begin to meddle with divine? Do they think that they shall be able to excite or calm the winds at pleasure, or have they no other view than to gratify an idle curiosity?" He was of opinion that it was not only unprofitable but impious to attempt to comprehend that field of study. The gods, he thought, managed all those things after their own fashion, and refused to submit them to invariable laws of sequence, such as men might discover by observation, and thought the only means of knowledge permitted was religious sacrifice, and prayer, and the consultation of the oracles. While this was the appointed way in reference to divine things, it was equally appointed that human things should be learned by diligent study and observation.

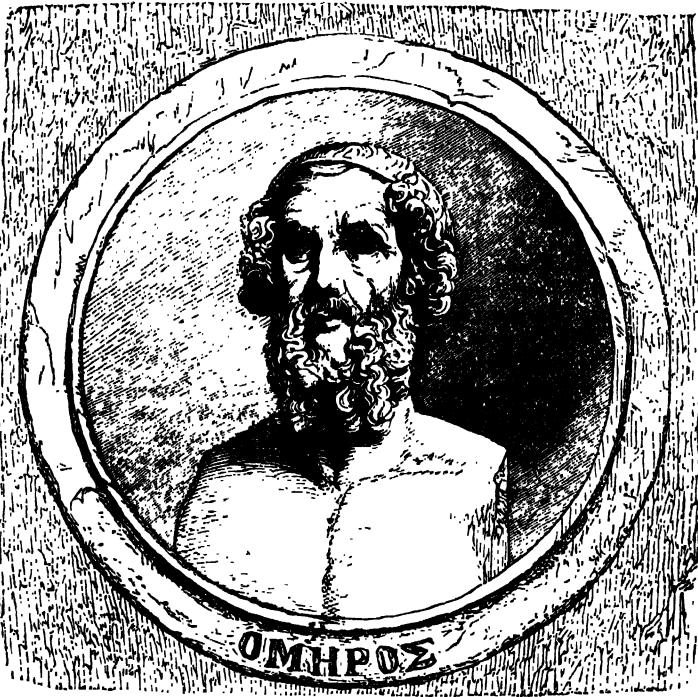
Socrates was the means of introducing at least one element of logical precision into the handling of questions by insisting on accuracy in definition and classification. His method will be seen in the statement of Xenophon: "Socrates continued incessantly discussing *human affairs*, investigating—What is piety? What is impiety? What is the honourable and the base? What is the just and the unjust? Men that knew these matters he accounted good and honourable; men that were ignorant of them he assimilated to slaves.

His investigation thus took the form of ascertaining the exact meaning—that is, the definition—of the leading terms in ethics and in politics, the settling, as one writer puts it, of what John Stuart Mill calls the connotation of a general word which determines how to apply it rightly to each individual case.

THE INFLUENCE OF SOCRATES.

"There can be no doubt," says Mr. Grote, "that the individual influence of Socrates permanently enlarged the horizon, improved the method, and multiplied the ascendant mind of the Grecian speculative world, in a manner never since paralleled. Subsequent philosophers may have had a more elaborate doctrine, and a larger number of disciples who imbibed their ideas; but none of them applied the same stimulating method with the same efficacy; none of them struck out of other minds that fire which set light to original thought; none of them either produced in others the pains of intellectual pregnancy, or extracted from others the fresh and unburrowed offspring of a really parturient mind."

S. I. A.



H O M E R, THE POET OF THE HEROIC WORLD.

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INTRODUCTORY.

IN the whole field of literature, no name is more often mentioned than that of Homer, and no books are more frequently quoted than the Iliad and the Odyssey.

The object of the following pages is to tell who Homer is said to have been, to point out

how the learned are very far from being agreed as to whether this "prince of poets" had ever any real existence, and to indicate the leading features of the two great poems which bear his name.

For ourselves, we cast in our lot with those who believe in the personality of the poet,

and that "Homer" is quite as likely to have been Homer, as a mere name under whose shadow the poems of various unknown writers have been grouped.

"Homer," says the Rev. Mr. Collins, "will still retain his personality for the uncritical reader, however a sceptical criticism may question it. The blind old bard, wandering from land to land, singing his lays of the old heroic times to a throng of admiring listeners, must always continue to be the familiar notion of the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Such was the universal creed of the world of readers until a comparatively recent date; and the speculations of modern scholars in this, as in other cases, have been much more successful in shaking the popular belief than in replacing it by any constructive theory of their own which is nearly so credible."

THE PERSONALITY OF HOMER; BIOGRAPHIES OF THE POET.

The belief in the personality of Homer rests directly and naturally on the undeniable facts that a great poem exists which demands the existence of a great author, and that this authorship has been constantly recognised by the consciousness of the Greek people in the person of Homer. The existence of the poet, coming to us as it does through long channels of uncontradicted Greek traditions, should be accepted without reserve as the most obvious and rational way of explaining the existence of the poem.

But the existence of the poet does not rest on tradition alone; the Greeks have special legends and traditions concerning this old minstrel, which, while they differ sufficiently to prove that there existed no authentic written life of the poet, agree in not a few points, enough to indicate a strong root of reality out of which they sprang. "It is easy," remarks Professor Blackie, "to say that these biographies come to us from no authentic voucher, that some of them are manifest forgeries, and that they are no more available for any purpose of substantial history than the stuff of which dreams are made; but when we look more narrowly into the matter, we find that whosoever the person might be who first put them into their present shape, he does not seem to have acted without materials. For the contents of these leaves, when read by a discriminating eye, bear so manifestly the traces of local tradition, not arbitrary forgery, as the boulders on the Pomeranian flats tell of the

Scandinavian granite ridges from which they were transported."

There were no fewer than nine biographies of Homer current among the Greeks; but when analysed, they resolve themselves into two varieties,—one of which makes Homer an Æolian Greek, and the other an Ionian. The biography which, in the opinion of such authorities as he whom we have just quoted, contains the greatest amount of truth, is that which bears the name of Herodotus; and we take advantage of Professor Blackie's translation to give here an abstract of this interesting narrative.

THE POET'S BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

The birth of Homer, like that of many another hero of antiquity, was illegitimate. He was the son of Cretheis, the daughter of Melanopus, and was born near Smyrna, on the banks of the River Meles. For this reason his mother called him "Melesigenes," or the child of the river Meles.

At that time there was a schoolmaster at Smyrna called Phemius. This man hired Cretheis to spin the wool which he received from his pupils by way of fees; and he was so struck by her quiet behaviour, that he asked her to become his wife. Whilst pleading his cause, he especially promised to adopt her son, who, he said, being bred and educated by him, would become a man of note, for he saw plainly that he was a boy of good parts and of an excellent understanding. Cretheis yielded. Certainly the lad had striking ability, and, being brought up with great care, he soon surpassed all his compeers; and as years went on, being grown to man's estate, he showed himself not a whit behind Phemius himself in learning.

At last Phemius died, leaving all he had to his adopted son; and soon after he lost his mother also. Thereupon Melesigenes gave himself to the work of teaching, and, acting now entirely for himself, attracted great admiration, not only from the natives of the place, but from strangers at a distance. Smyrna at that time was a great trading place, and much corn was exported there, supplied in great abundance by the rich country in the neighbourhood.

The strangers, when they had leisure, used to come to Melesigenes and listen to his wisdom. Amongst them was a ship-captain, called Mentec, who had sailed thither with corn from Leueadia, a shrewd and well-taught man for the age, who persuaded Melesigenes to abandon teaching and sail with him, promising to treat him well, and

representing that whilst he was yet young he should travel and see the world.

SEEING THE WORLD.

The temptation was too great to be resisted. The school was closed, and the young schoolmaster sailed away with Mentès. Wherever the vessel put in, he observed everything carefully, asking many questions.

After a long voyage to the extreme west, they returned from Tyrœnia and Iberia to Ithaca; and there Melesigenes was attacked with a sore malady in his eyes. Mentès, for the sake of cure, left him behind with a dear friend of his own, called Mentor, a native of the island.

Mentor treated him carefully; for he was a man of good substance, and well reported of for justice and for hospitality more than any man in these parts. Here it was that Melesigenes learned the story of Ulysses and his wanderings.

Soon afterwards Mentès came again to Ithaca, and took Melesigenes on board, and for a time he continued to sail with him. At last, however, on arriving at Colophon, the malady in his eyes grew worse, and ended in blindness.

THE PRACTICE OF POETRY.

Having lost his sight, he left Colophon and went to Smyrna, where he began the practice of poetry. But as time went on, being straitened for a livelihood, he determined to go to Cumæ; and, travelling through the plains of the Hermus, he arrived at Neonteichos, a colony of the Cumæans, planted eight years later than the mother city. There, it is said, he stopped at a leather-cutter's shop, and composed these verses, which were, indeed, the first that he ever publicly uttered:—

"Hear the prayer of the hungry, houseless, wandering stranger,
Ye who inhabit the town, the large-eyed daughter of Cumæ;
Ye who sit at the roots of the lofty, leafy Sardena;
Ye who drink ambrosian draughts from the godlike-streaming,
Silvery-smiling Hermus, of Jove immortal begotten."

When the leather-seller heard these verses he made up his mind to entertain the singer. The poor blind wanderer being brought in, took his seat in the shop and recited some verses in the presence of certain of the inhabitants on the expedition of Amphiaræus against Thebes, and also some of his hymns to the gods.

For some time he remained at Neonteichos, making a livelihood by the exercise of his poetic gifts. "And even to this day," says the historian, "the inhabitants of the place delight to show the

seat where he sat and recited his verses; they have the utmost reverence for the place, at which also a poplar-tree grows, which they say was planted at the time the minstrel arrived amongst them."

After a few years, Melesigenes, finding himself hard pressed to get a living, determined to proceed to Cumæ. Arrived at Cumæ, he sat down in the seat where the old men were wont to assemble, and there recited his verses, and with his discourse vastly delighted all who heard him.

Seeing that the Cumæans were pleased with his verses, he proposed that if they would maintain him at the public expense, he would make their city famous. Those who heard him were pleased at the request, and bade him go to the Council and place before them his proposal, whereto they promised their help. He followed their advice; and the Council being met, he was taken to the council-hall, where, standing up before the assembly, he spoke to the same effect concerning his entertainment that he had before done among the citizens, and then going out, sat down to await their award.

The Councillors then deliberated what answer to give; and though several of those who had heard him before were willing to grant his request, one is said to have opposed his petition for other reasons, and specially because, said he, if we are to give entertainment to blind minstrels, we shall soon have a great multitude on our shoulders.

From this circumstance he received the name of Homeros; for in the dialect of the Cumæans this word signifies *blind*, and his old name of Melesigenes fell into disuse. But in the Council the voice of the chief magistrate prevailed that Homer should receive no entertainment, which being announced to the poet, he bewailed himself in verse, and soon after left Cumæ for Phocæa, leaving a curse behind him that no poet should ever arise to sing their praises.

Arriving at Phocæa, he followed the same manner of life, reciting his verses in the public places where the citizens met. At that time there lived at Phocæa a schoolmaster called Thestorides, who was far from being a honest man. Seeing how good the poetry of Homer was, he proposed that he should become his guest, on condition of his making over to him any verses he had made and any others that might follow. To this Homer, constrained by poverty, consented.

Thestorides immediately set to work to copy out all Homer's compositions; and, when this was done, he neglected the bard, and set out for Chios, where he established himself as an original poet. Homer heard of this, and determined to follow him; and after several adventures, he arrived in

the island, where a man of substance entertained him hospitably, and asked him to undertake the education of his sons. With this request Homer complied; and while he lived with him, composed the "Kercopecs," the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice," the "Battle of the Starlings," the poem called "The Fieldfares," and other humorous poems, by which he acquired great reputation. Whenever Thestorides heard of the presence of Homer in the neighbourhood, we are told he made off.

AT CHIOS; TRAVELLING FARTHER; DEATH OF HOMER.

On the coast being thus left clear, Homer requested his kind entertainer to take him to Chios, the chief city of the island; and establishing himself there, he opened a school and taught poetry. The Chiotese esteemed him for an uncommonly clever man, and regarded him with much admiration. The poet prospered among them, gathered substance, and married a wife, by whom he had two daughters. And now applying himself with all his might to poetry, he showed his gratitude to all his benefactors by celebrating them in his verses, specially Mentor, who had tended him so kindly in Ithaca when suffering from the evil in his eyes. "This man, therefore, he put into the *Odyssey*, making him the companion of Ulysses, and a man so just and faithful, that the Ithacan king, when he went to Troy, left him in charge of his house and family."

From the art of poetry, which he now practised largely, Homer got for himself a name throughout all Ionia, and even as far as Hellas. He was now advised to make a journey to Greece, and the notion pleased him exceedingly. With the intention of proceeding to Hellas, he crossed to Samos, and there he spent a whole winter, and made some small gains, going about to the houses of the wealthy and singing his verses.

When the winter was past, Homer began to carry out his purpose of going to Athens; and, embarking in a ship with certain Samians, he came to the island of Ios, and hove to, not in the harbour of the town, but in a bay on the strand. At this place a sickness fell on him, and, disembarking from the vessel, he slept on land by the shore. And whilst they were detained here some time by contrary winds, many of the inhabitants of the town came to speak with Homer, and were filled with wonder at the abundance of his wisdom and the richness of his discourse.

After this the sickness of the poet increased so much that he died thereof on the island. After his

death, he was buried near the shore by the sailors and citizens, who had been so delighted with his utterances. And the people of Ios, many years afterwards, when poetry began to decline, wrote this couplet on his tomb:—

"This green sod doth cover the sacred head of the minstrel,
Godlike Homer, who sang the praise of kings and of heroes."

PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON THE LIFE OF HOMER.

"We may hesitate," says Professor Blackie, "to use the strong language of Weller when he says, 'That old life that bears the name of Herodotus, is for us invaluable;' but if, on the other hand, we fling it hastily aside under the impression that it was put together out of nothing by some cobwebby grammarian at Alexandria in the first or second century, we shall err greatly, for we have positive information, that as early as the time of Cambyses, that is, 525 B.C., one Theagenes of Rhegium began to put the local traditions about Homer into a literary shape; and he knows little about the tenacity of local memory in such matters, who can believe that, in the face of the whole tradition of the colleges of minstrels in Chios and Ios, brought down directly from Homer, any mere literary vamped in Magna Grecia then, or in Hellenized Egypt three centuries after, could coolly sit down and impose an altogether baseless biography of their great historical poet on the Greek people. On the contrary, those who perpetrate literary forgeries, just because they know what Plato says, that a lie is naturally hateful both to men and gods, always take care, as Macpherson did, when he palmed his Ossianic epic on the British public, to have as much of the old bleached bones of reality about the production that a great mass of influential people shall be favourably disposed to accept it as authentic. The only difficulty, therefore, in such cases will be to decide how much of the solid old fact is recognisable in the midst of this luxuriant growth of agreeable fictions."

PROBABLE FACTS.

It appears, then, to be not at all an unreasonable conclusion, from the study of the traditions and biographies which have been so long current, that the following facts rest upon a sufficiently firm foundation:—

That such a poet existed;

That he was a native of the coast of Asia Minor, between the Propontis and the Hermus, occupied by Æolian and Ionian settlers from Greece;

That he followed the profession of a wandering minstrel; and—

That the different cities on the coast of Asia,—Smyrna, Chios, Cumæ, Colophon, etc.,—mentioned in the biographies, if not the actual scenes of the actions to which they are attached in the legends, were certainly the principal stage on which Homer acted, and the atmosphere which he breathed.

"The date of Herodotus, with a free margin of some half a century," remarks Professor Blackie, "seems on the whole that date which agrees best both with the great majority of the authorities and with the nature of the case. The Roman writers place the poet about a century and a half before the foundation of Rome; and if we take the high-road of the register of the Spartan Kings, by the help of which we get the year 1100 B.C. for the Trojan War, and allow after this, according to the general tradition of the Greeks, some fifty or sixty years at least for the Æolic and Ionic migrations, with which the legends of the old Greek families came into Asia Minor, and further add to this another half century to give the colonies time to settle, and to attain that measure of outward prosperity which is necessary for the growth of the highest poetry, we shall have reached the year 900, when the wicked Ahab and the Phœnician Jezebel were misruling Israel: which tallies with the date of Herodotus, if we take it for the period of the poet's full and perfect manhood and the zenith of his poetic powers." The recent discoveries of Dr. Schliemann have given conjectures regarding the date of the Trojan war and the date of Homer a new interest; but it is questionable whether through the Schliemann excavations we are any nearer the solution of the problem than before.

A DISPUTED BIRTHPLACE; PERSONAL ALLUSIONS.

The uncertainty of Homer's birthplace, and the disputes to which it gave rise in after times, were the subject of an epigram whose pungency passed for truth:—

"Seven rival towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

But it has been very properly pointed out that begging is not in the original lines at all; and a wandering minstrel was no dishonoured guest, wherever he appeared, in days much later than those of Homer.

The names of the seven cities which contended for the honour of having given birth to Homer, became a matter of popular quotation. They

are mentioned in the commonplace book of Aulus Gellius, a Roman grammarian, who flourished in the second century, thus:—

"Seven great cities contend for the birth of great Homer: Smyrna, Salamis, Ios, and Rhodes, Colophon, Argos, and Athens."

One of the few passages in which any personal allusion to himself has been traced or fancied in Homer's verse, is a scene in the *Odyssey*, where the blind harper Demodocus is introduced as singing his lays in the halls of King Alcinous:—

"Whom the Muses loved, and gave him good and ill—
Ill, that of light she did his eyes deprive;
Good, that sweet minstrelries divine at will
She lent him, and a voice men's ears to thrill."

So in the same poem the only other bard who appears is also blind, Phœmius, who is compelled to exercise his art for the diversion of the dissolute suitors of Penelope.

ONE HOMER OR TWO?

According to some, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are the works of two separate hands. On this point we quite agree with Mr. Froude, who remarks that after all it matters little who wrote the poems. Each is so magnificent, that to have written both could scarcely have increased the greatness of the man who had written one; and if there were two Homers, the earth is richer by one more divinely-gifted man than we had known. After all it is perhaps more easy to believe that the differences which we seem to detect between the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* arise from Homer's own choice of the material which best suited two works so different, than that nature was so largely prodigal as to have created in one age and in one people two such men; for whether one or two, the authors of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* stand alone with Shakspeare far away above mankind.

THE LANGUAGE OF HOMER.

The Ionic dialect employed by Homer is a highly cultivated shoot of the old Hellenic stock, which was, in the poet's hands, so perfect for the highest poetical purposes, that it remained the model for the epic style during the whole period of the poetical literature of the Greeks.

The Ionic is the very variety of Greek which was used at a later date by Herodotus, the father of history, and Hippocrates, the first and greatest of Greek physicians.

CHIEF POEMS; THE ILIAD.

The principal poems ascribed to Homer are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Among the minor,

and evidently of different origin, are the so-called Homeric hymns and the *Batrachomyomachia*.

The *Iliad* comprises a period of about fifty days of the tenth year of the Trojan war, and narrates the death of Achilles and its consequences as far as the death of Hector. Achilles is enraged because Briseis, who had been allotted to him, has been taken away and given to Agamemnon; and, angered with all the Greeks, he no longer takes part in the battle with the Trojans. But the misfortunes of his comrades touch his heart, and he at length permits his friend Patroclus to borrow his armour and go to battle at the head of his myrmidons. Patroclus is slain by Hector.

This event is the central and turning point of the whole epic. The progress towards it is very gradual and artistic. The cause of the anger is told first. Then, while Achilles is lying in his tent, several scenes of battle are described, which afford an opportunity for introducing the principal heroes of the Greeks, and especially for bringing Diomedes into prominence. The fruitlessness of their efforts and valour heightens their desire for the aid of Achilles. This furnishes the opportunity for introducing and praising the hero.

At last he comes. He has suppressed his anger against the Greeks, and turned it against the Trojans, who have killed his friend. He turns the fortune of war, and avenges the death of Patroclus by slaying Hector. This portion of the poem has a rapid movement.

But Hector's death does not end the *Iliad*. His body is given up to the Trojans and interred, and Achilles' wrath is turned to pity for Priam, the aged father of the dead hero; and the poem is thus brought to a peaceful conclusion.

SUMMARY OF THE ILIAD.

The manner in which the subject of the *Iliad* is worked out will appear from the following summary given by Mr. D. B. Monro in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In it Mr. Monro distinguishes (1) the plot, *i.e.*, the story of the quarrel; (2) the main course of the war, which forms a sort of underplot; and (3) subordinate episodes:—

- I. Quarrel of Achilles with Agamemnon and the Greek army—Agamemnon, having been compelled to give up his prize, Chryseis, takes Briseis from Achilles—Thereupon Achilles appeals to his mother Thetis, who obtains from Zeus a promise that he will give victory to the Trojans until the Greeks pay due homage to her son—Meanwhile Achilles takes no part in the war.

- II. Agamemnon is persuaded by a dream sent from Zeus to take the field with all his forces. His attempt to test the temper of the army nearly leads to their return. Catalogue of the army.
- III. Trojan muster—Trojan catalogue. Meeting of the armies—Paris challenges Menelaus—Truce made. "Teichoscopy"—Helen pointing out to Priam the Greek leaders.
- IV. The duel—Paris is saved by Aphrodite. Truce broken by Pandarus.
- V. Advance of the armies—Battle. Aristeia of Diomedes—His combat with Aphrodite.
- VI. Meeting with Glaucus.
- 1-311. Visit of Hector to the city, and offering of a peplos to Athena.
- 312-529. Visit of Hector to Paris—to Andromache.
- VII. Return of Hector and Paris to the field. Duel of Ajax and Hector. Truce for burial of dead. The Greeks build a wall round their camp. Battle—The Trojans encamp on the field.
- VIII. Agamemnon sends an embassy by night, offering Achilles restitution and full amends—Achilles refuses.
- X. Doloneia—Night expedition of Odysseus and Diomedes.
- XI. Aristeia of Agamemnon—He is wounded—Wounding of Diomedes and Odysseus. Achilles sends Antilochus to inquire about Machaon.
- XII. Storming of the wall—The Trojans reach the ships.
- XIII. Zeus ceases to watch the field—Poseidon secretly comes to the aid of the Greeks.
- XIV. Sleep of Zeus by the contrivance of Hera.
- XV. Zeus awakened—Restores the advantage to the Trojans—Ajax alone defends the ships.
- XVI. Achilles is persuaded to allow Patroclus to take the field. Patroclus drives back the Trojans—Kills Sarpedon, and is himself killed by Hector.
- XVII. Battle for the body of Patroclus—Aristeia of Menelaus.
- XVIII. News of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles—Thetis comes with the Neroids—Promises to obtain new armour for him from Hephestus. The shield of Achilles described.
- XIX. Reconciliation of Achilles—His grief and desire to avenge Patroclus.
- XX. The gods come down to the plain—Combat of Achilles with Aineas and Hector, who escapes.
- XXI. The Scamander is choked with slain—Rises against Achilles, who is slain by Hephestus.
- XXII. Hector alone stands against Achilles—His flight round the wall—He is slain.
- XXIII. Burial of Patroclus—Funeral Games. Priam ransoms the body of Hector—His burial.

THE ODYSSEY.

The *Odyssey* describes the return of Ulysses (Odysseus) to his island home. It is a story of

forty days ; but within this short period is compressed a mass of events. It is composed of four main divisions. In the first, Ulysses dwells with Calypso on the Isle of Ogygia, far from his home, where the suitors of his wife Penelope threaten the ruin of his fortune. Telemachus, his son, now on the threshold of manhood, resolves to oppose their designs; and, counselled by Minerva, undertakes a journey to Pylos and Sparta to seek his father.

In the second part, Ulysses leaves Ogygia, arrives in the land of the Phæacians, to whom he narrates his adventures, and goes to Ithaca.

The third part details the plan of vengeance which Ulysses and his son resolved upon in the house of a faithful servant, the shepherd Eumæus, and which is executed in the fourth and last division.

The *Odyssey*, like the *Iliad*, is centered in one person and one event—Ulysses, and his return and vengeance. Its action, however, is more complicated through Telemachus's journey.

OTHER POEMS.

Homer is credited with other works besides the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; but the fact of his authorship has never been clearly made out. If we are to trust Aristotle, he was the father of comic narrative poetry as well as epic. The poem called "*Margites*" attributed to him, contained the travels and adventures of a wealthy and peevish coxcomb; but slight fragments of this only have been preserved; enough to show that the humour was somewhat more gross than one would expect from the poet of the *Odyssey*, though redeemed, no doubt, by satire of a higher kind.

THE TRANSMISSION OF THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY; POWERS OF MEMORY.

That poems of such great length should have been preserved in days when writing, even if invented, was in its infancy, has often excited surprise. The *Iliad* alone contains between fifteen and sixteen thousand lines. "That they were publicly recited," says the Rev. Mr. Collins, "at great national festivals in all parts of Greece is undoubted. Professional minstrels, or rhapsodists, as they were called, chanted certain selected portions which suited their own taste or that of their audience—often such as contained the exploits of some national hero. They followed, possibly, in this the example of the great bard himself; just as certain of our own popular writers have lately taken to read to an admiring public some favourite scenes and chapters from their own works."

As to the powers of memory which would be called into play by the task of recitation, it would hardly be looked upon in those days with surprise. Long recitations were customary. When Odysseus himself recites at a breath (*Odyssey* IX.-XII.) no fewer than 2241 lines, it is nowhere pointed out that this was in any way either an effort for the speaker or for the listeners. It has been well remarked that modern recollection has very likely been weakened by habitual reliance on the great labour-saving appliances of manuscript and print. Yet Macaulay, when occupied with the engrossing pursuit of an historian, a province wholly foreign, happened to find, on a casual opportunity, that he could repeat one-half of *Paradise Lost*; and among the men of his generation there were a few, though a very few, whose capacity of recollection, rivalled or approached even that of Macaulay. Indeed, the aggregate contents of various memories at the present day must far exceed the whole mass of the poems.

LITERARY HISTORY.

Suppose we admit the personality of the poet, and his claim to be the author of both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, it does not follow that either poem was framed originally as a whole, or recited as a whole, on every occasion. Most likely the song grew as Homer sung, and the poet would probably add from time to time to the original lay.

It may be fairly granted also that future minstrels who sang the great poet's lays after his death, would interweave with them here and there something of their own, more or less successful in its imitation of the original. Such explanation of the repetitions and incongruities which are found in the *Iliad* seems at least as reasonable as the supposition that its twenty-four Books are the work of various hands, "stitched together"—such is one explanation of the term "rhapsody"—in after times, and having a common origin only in this, that all sung of the "wondrous tale of Troy."

Lycurgus is said to have brought the collected poems from Asia to Sparta; Solon, at Athens, to have first obliged the minstrels to recite the several portions in due order, so as to preserve the continuity of the narrative. Pisistratus, the great Athenian ruler, has the reputation of having first reduced the whole into a collected shape, and of having thus far settled the "text" of Homer, employing in this work the most eminent men of letters of his day. There is a legend of a Homeric "Septuagint;" of seventy learned scribes em-

ployed in the great work, as in the Greek version of the Hebrew Scriptures.

From the time when the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were reduced to writing, their popularity rather increased than waned. They were the storehouses of Greek history, genealogy, and antiquity, the models and standards of literary taste. To be unacquainted with these masterpieces was to be wholly without culture and education; and owing to their continual and public recital, this want was, perhaps, less prevalent amongst the Greeks than amongst ourselves. The young Alcibiades, when receiving the usual education of a Greek gentleman, is said to have struck his tutor one day in a burst of righteous indignation for having made the confession—certainly inexcusable in his vocation—that he did not possess a copy of the great poet. Alexander the Great carried always with him the copy which had been corrected by his master, Aristotle, preserved in a jewelled casket taken amongst the spoils of Darius.

No pains were spared in the caligraphy or costliness in the mountings of favourite manuscripts of the Homeric poems. They continued to be regarded with almost a superstitious reverence even during the middle ages of Christendom. Men's future destinies were discovered, by a sort of rude divination, in verses selected at hap-hazard. Fantastical writers saw in the two poems nothing more nor less than allegorical versions of Hebrew history; and grave physicians recommended as an infallible cure for a *quartan* ague, the placing every night a copy of the *Fourth Book* of the *Iliad* under the patient's head. Modern speculations have gone quite as far in another direction. In the eyes of some ingenious theorists, this siege of Troy is but "a repetition of the daily siege of the east by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their brightest treasure in the west; and the Homeric heroes and their exploits all represent, allegorically, in one form or another, the great conflict between Light and Darkness."

VIEWS ON THE CONTENTS OF THE *ILIAD* AND THE *ODYSSEY*.

Two views are held by modern scholars on the nature of the contents of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. One is that the destruction of Troy (Ilium) was an actual historical event, which took place either before the *Æolian* migration, or in connection with it. The first to give a scientific basis to this view was Völcker.

The other makes the narrative of the *Iliad* not that of the legendary destruction of a certain town, but the recollection of the deeds of the

Actæans, who were descendants of Pelops, Agamemnon, and Achilles, from whom they conquered a new territory.

Professor Blackie, a strenuous advocate of the traditional theory, in his "*Homer and the Iliad*," expresses his belief that "there was a kingdom of Priam, wealthy and powerful, on the coast of the Dardanelles; that there was a great naval expedition undertaken against this Asiatic dynasty by the combined forces of the European Greeks and some of the Asiatic islanders, under the leadership of the King of Mycenæ; that there was a real Achilles, chief of a warlike clan in the Thessalian Phthiotis, and a real quarrel between him and the General-in-chief of the Hellenic armament; that this quarrel brought about the most disastrous results to the Greek host in the first place, and had nearly caused the failure of the expedition; but that afterwards, a reconciliation having been effected, a series of brilliant achievements followed, which issued soon after in the capture of the great Asiatic capital."

Bishop Thirlwall, in his "*History of Greece*," rejects all belief in the detailed narrative of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, while he affirms that "the incidents cursorily noticed in these poems were exhibited in full mythical garb in other epics."

Mr. Grote says in regard to the Trojan war, that as the possibility of it cannot be denied, so neither can the reality of it be affirmed. He supposes that the *Iliad* consisted originally of a comparatively small poem on the exploits of Achilles, which he calls the *Achilleid*, and that the other portions of the *Iliad* were not included in the first plan of it. He sums up the controversy with a statement which probably all critics of the Homeric poems are ready to accept: "For, in truth, our means of knowledge are so limited, that no man can produce arguments sufficiently cogent to contend against opposing preconceptions. . . . We have nothing to teach us the history of these poems except the poems themselves. Not only do we possess no collateral information respecting them or their author, but we have no one to describe to us the age in which they originated; our knowledge respecting contemporary Homeric society is collected exclusively from the Homeric compositions themselves. We are ignorant whether any other, or what other, poems preceded them, or divided with them the public favour; nor have we anything better than conjecture to determine either the circumstances under which they were brought before the hearers, or the conditions which a bard of that day was required to satisfy."

Max Müller says that "it would be mere waste

of time to construct out of such elements a systematic history, only to be destroyed again sooner or later by some Niebuhr, Grote, or Lewis." The theory, in his "Lecture on the Science of Language," to which we have already alluded, that the siege of Troy is a repetition of the daily siege of the east by the solar powers, has found an exhaustive commentary in the "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," by G. W. Cox.

While the Trojan war is thus divested of all historical character, Mr. Gladstone reiterates in his "Juventus Mundi" what he said in his "Treatise on Homer and the Homeric Age," namely, that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are emphatically historical poems; and in his "Homer's place in History," he thinks there is room for the presumption that the capture of Troy occurred in the 14th century B.C.

The exact position occupied by Mr. Gladstone among the critics of Homer has been thus stated by himself in an article on "Homer's place in History" in the *Contemporary Review*:—"I am, he says, "among those who have contended—

"(1) That the poems of Homer were in the highest sense historical, as a record of 'manners and characters, feelings and tastes, races and countries, principles and institutions.'

"(2) That there was a solid nucleus of fact in his account of the Trojan War.

"(3) That there were no adequate *data* for assigning to him, or to the *Troica*, a place in chronology.

"(4) That his chronology was to be found in his genealogies, which were usually careful and consistent, and which therefore served to establish a relative series of persons and events, within his proper sphere, but did not supply links of definite connection with the general course of human affairs outside of that sphere in time or place.

"(5) That there was no extravagance in supposing he might have lived within a half century after the War, though he was certainly not an eye-witness of it.

"(6) That there was very strong reason to believe that he lived before the Dorian conquest of the Peloponnesos."

Wolf, a celebrated German scholar, took an extremely sceptical view regarding the productions of Homer. According to him, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were no proper epic poems in the sense which the *Æneid* and *Paradise Lost* are epics, but only skilful compilations of popular ballads, originally separate, and of whose separate existence this sharp-eyed critic could easily bring forward convincing proof.

On its first appearance, the Wolfian theory

carried everything before it in Germany, and the startling doctrine which the great critic promulgated, that the Homeric poems were a congeries of originally independent lays, gathered together and moulded into a unity in the time of Pisistratus (about B.C. 560), was received with favour not only among scholars, such as Heyne and Niebuhr, but also in the general circles of literature, where Herder hailed it as opening up new and important aspects of popular poetry, and the Schlegels followed in the same vein. The easy and rapid acceptance of the theory seems to us, even in these changeable days, difficult to understand. A number of predisposing causes, however, contributed to this result—partly the spirit of the century itself, which gloried in paradox, partly the remarkable evidence, which had been appearing everywhere with more or less conclusiveness, as to the extraordinary vitality of popular poetry, even under its most anonymous and uncertified character, and that, too, as if to exemplify the Wolfian theory, without the aid of literary appliances to preserve it. The Ossianic controversy, in particular, had opened up large vistas of vague possibility in this direction, and in a fortunate hour, by a most dexterous handling of the evidence and a masterly marshalling of the phenomena, Wolf was able to forge the thunderbolt that shattered, in the view of Germany, the unity of the Homeric poems.

The war so grandly begun by Wolf was continued by Godfrey Hermann and William Müller, who carried on a vigorous polemic more especially against the unity of the *Iliad*.

A reaction, however, arose, and a school of critics sprang up of a more conservative character, who were able, by a more thorough survey of the historical conditions of the case, to reconquer many of the apparently lost positions. Among these may be named especially Ottfried Müller, Welcker, and Gregor W. Nitzsch, the last of whom, by his voluminous and weighty works, has dealt very powerful blows at the Wolfians, so that he may well be called "Malleus Wolfianorum."

Of late years, however, notwithstanding the powerful reaction of a century, Germany has gone back largely to the Wolfian camp.

THE MATERIALS AND STYLE OF HOMER'S POETRY.

The materials of Homer's poetry are essentially national; and if not strictly historical in every detail of decoration, grew, like all ballad poetry, out of the real life of the people, and rest at least upon a solid historical substratum.

Homer is probably the most characteristic of all poets. Traits personal to himself inhere in his whole work, and perpetually reappear upon the surface. Sir Walter Scott has admirably described the fine style of Swift as the style which puts the right words in the right places. No more just sentence could have been written on the style of Homer. But the merit thus described is essentially general. Homer has also the special quality that all he produces carries the maker's mark. But the maker's mark, when too prominent, constitutes what is called mannerism. With Homer the maker's mark never obtrudes the maker, or places him between the reader and the theme. It never interferes with the aim and matter of the poem. Only it is there, ready when wanted. If we look for it, we find it. We then discover that in him what we call style, while he has the simplest of all styles, is also, setting aside the class of mannerists, perhaps the most peculiar to this individual. It would be hardly possible to quote five lines from him which must not at once, by internal evidence, be recognized as his. Even in the smallest shred of the painting, the painter's touch is seen. So that though imitated often, in form and material, the imitations of him are known by their touch and effect, not by their likeness.

"The qualities," remarks Mr. Gladstone, "that mark Greek letters in general are pre-eminently found in Homer : such as force, purpose, measure, fitness, directness, clearness, and completeness. To these he adds a richness and variety, a comprehensive universality, which is given only to the highest genius. The force which marks a full and healthy development in mind and body is in Homer, as in the Greeks generally, not thrown idly about, but addressed to an aim. The thought is in strict proportion to the subject, and the language is fitted exactly to the thought. It goes to its end by the straightest road. The clearness of Homer is unrivalled in literature. The passages in which his meaning is open to the smallest shade of doubt, either as to thought or language, might perhaps be counted on the fingers. Such a clearness could hardly survive the advent of philosophy. It was the privilege of the childhood of the race, a true though an Herculean childhood. Lastly, the assertion may create greater surprise in some, but it is true, that Homer's forms of expression are in a very high degree complete, as a statue shaped and polished to the finger-nail was in the Roman proverb complete, not merely in their main outlines, but in refined and subtle detail. The whole of these eminently Greek qualities may be summed up in one phrase—poetic truth."

CARDINAL QUALITIES ; A BLEMISH.

The cardinal qualities of the style of Homer have been pointed out by Mr. Matthew Arnold. "The translator of Homer," he says, "should above all be penetrated by a sense of four qualities of his author—that he is eminently rapid ; that he is eminently plain and direct, both in the evolution of his thought and in the expression of it, that is, both in his syntax and his words ; that he is eminently plain and direct in the substance of his thought, that is, in his matter and ideas ; and finally, that he is eminently noble."

The peculiar rapidity of Homer is due in great measure to his use of the hexameter verse. It is characteristic of early literature that the evolution of the thought, that is, the grammatical form of the sentence, is guided by the structure of the verse and the correspondence which consequently obtains between the rhythm and the grammar—the thought being given out in lengths, as it were.

It is the remark of Aristotle that Homer, though not in form a dramatist, is the most dramatic of all Greek writers, for except in his exordium of a few lines, he never speaks in his own person, but at once introduces his characters speaking ; and they always speak consistently with the occasion and with themselves.

One blemish to be laid to the charge of Homer is the predominance of the lashing and slashing element, and the bulky accumulation of battle pieces. No doubt the rare old minstrel has shown his usual quickness of eye and freshness of observation in the curious variety of detail which he gives to the bitter passages by which the spirit of the wounded hero makes its exit from the body ; but no variety in point of detail can compensate to a modern reader for the wearisome influence of a long succession of battle-pieces, in which the rhetoric which accompanies the blow only tends to show more distinctly the ferocity of the man who inflicts it. But modern feelings and modern notions must not be allowed to affect our judgment of Homer's merit as a poet.

MATERIALS FOR HISTORY.

There remains to us in Homer's verse materials, richer perhaps than existed for any period of the ancient world,—richer than even for the brilliant days of Pericles or of the Cæsars, to construct a history, not of the times of which the poet sang, but of the men among whom he lived ; how they acted ; how they thought, talked, and felt ; what they made of the earth and of their place in it ;

their private life and their public life: men and women, masters and servants, rich and poor, we have them all delineated in the marvellous verse of a poet who, be he what he may, was in this respect the greatest which the world has ever seen. In extent the information is little enough; but in the same sense as it has been said that an hour at an Athenian supper-feast would teach us more Grecian life and character than all Aristophanes, Homer's pictures of life and manners are so living, so distinct, so palpable, that a whole prose encyclopædia of disconnected facts gives us nothing like them.

It is not for the Greeks alone that Homer possesses an important historical value; but for all nations he forms an important record of the earliest stages of human society, second only to the Books of Moses, and perhaps some of the very oldest of the Vedas. The first germs of almost all the other arts and sciences afterwards cultivated by the Greeks and Romans are to be met with in Homer. In this view he was to the Greeks themselves an encyclopædia of their national culture; and as embodying the leading features of their polytheistic faith, he is also constantly referred to by their great writers with all the deference due to an inspired volume.

In Homer, we find faithfully described the manners and sentiments, the state of religion and of knowledge, the organisation of society, and the arts of peace and war among the ancient Greeks. This is done with native simplicity and vividness. He sets us as in the midst of the most ancient of the nation. We may disbelieve, as in a modern novel, every individual fact; yet from his poems, as from a good novel, the stranger will imbibe a perfect idea of the state of society. Homer is, in truth, to his reader better than the best book of travels into old Greece.

Not only so, but by reason of the unbounded popularity of his poems with his countrymen, their influence over the Greek mind may be compared to the combined effect produced in England by the Bible and by Shakspeare. In discovering the mind of Homer, as to its intellectual and moral tone, we get discernment not into one Greek only, but into all the Greeks, of whom he is emphatically a noble type. In this respect the substance of what he tells us is often of less importance to us than the manner in which he tells it.

The weakest point of the Greeks, their absurd religion, has its interest and instruction in its eminently *childish simplicity*. We see in this people what may be called the childish mind magnified, both as to intensity and duration; and

through them we can trace step by step the wonderful changes of religious thought from Homer to Pindar, and to Plato or Aristotle; but to be familiar first with Homer is the basis of this contemplation.

It is to be added that this poet wrote in a stage of the national mind in which divisions of literature were not recognised. Even the distinction of prose and poetry had not yet arisen. He is alternately poet, orator, and historian, theologian, geographer, traveller, jocosist as well as serious, dramatic as well as descriptive. In this half-developed condition, each separate function is less perfectly performed than afterwards; yet the work as a whole has charms not easily attained by anything less comprehensive.

HOMERIC HEROES.

It is probable that, like most other great painters of human nature, Homer was indebted to previous traditions for the original sketches of his principal heroes. These sketches, however, could have been little more than outlines, which, as worked up into the finished portraits of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, must rank as his own genuine productions. In every branch of imitative art, this faculty of representing to the life the moral phenomena of our nature in their varied phases of virtue, vice, weakness, or eccentricity, is the highest and rarest attribute of genius, and rarest of all as exercised by Homer through the medium of dramatic action, where the characters are never formally described, but made to develop themselves by their own language and conduct. It is this among his many great qualities which chiefly raises Homer above all other poets of his own class; nor, with the single exception, perhaps, of the great English dramatist, has any poet ever produced so numerous and spirited a variety of original characters, of different ages, ranks, and sexes. Still more peculiar to himself than their variety is the unity of thought, feeling, and expression, often of minute phraseology, with which they are individually sustained, and yet without an appearance of effort on the part of their author. Each describes himself spontaneously when brought on the scene, just as the automata of Vulcan in the *Odyssey*, though indebted to the divine artist for the mechanism on which they move, appear to perform their functions by their own unaided powers. This it has been pointed out may be used as an argument in favour of the unity of the Homeric poems. That any two or more poets should simultaneously have conceived such a character as Achilles is next to impossible. Still less credible

is it that the different parts of the *Iliad*, where the hero successively appears as the same sublime ideal being, under the influence of the same combination of virtues, failings, and passions—thinking, speaking, acting, and suffering, according to the same single type of heroic grandeur—can be the production of more than a single mind. Such evidence is, perhaps, even stronger in the case of the less prominent actors, in so far as it is less possible that different artists should simultaneously agree in their portraits of mere subordinate incidental personages, than of heroes whose renown may have rendered their characters a species of public property. Two poets of the Elizabethan age might, without any concert, have harmonised to a great extent in their portrait of Henry V.; but that the correspondence should have extended to the imaginary companions of his youth—the Falstaffs, Pistols, Bardolfs, Quickleys—were incredible. But the nicest shades of peculiarity in the inferior actors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, are conceived and maintained in the same spirit of distinction as in Achilles or Hector.

THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY COMPARED WITH THE NIEBELUNGEN-LAY.

It has been pointed out by an able writer that the extraordinary excellence of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as pattern specimens of the popular epos may be most readily seen by comparing them with the *Niebelungen-lay* of the Germans,—a poem composed in a similar state of society, and so much under the same circumstances that Lachmann actually set himself to analyse it after the Wolfian fashion, and resolve it into what he considered its constituent small songs.

In this Teutonic epos the unprejudiced reader will, along with many quiet beauties, discover an utter want of that equestrian vigour, manfulness, and fire which never remit in the sinewy and bracing course of the *Iliad*. Homer sometimes seems to take his subject easily,—either sleeps himself, no doubt, or some interpolated Homerid is sleeping in his chair,—but he is never flat, never thin, never weak. Of the *Niebelungen-lay*, on the other hand, we may say that breadth, dilution and weakness are the characteristics. It is a German *Iliad*, and a very German *Iliad* indeed, as Coleridge said of the *Messiah* of Klopstock,—an *Iliad* composed by an old German in his easy chair, enveloping his ungirt Muse in a loose-floating atmosphere of tobacco-smoke,—Homer in his slippers.

But besides vigour, the Greek asserts his proud pre-eminence over the German by the healthy

hilarity and the rich, sunny luxuriance of his fine Ionic temperament. One feels that these poems were written in a clime where, next to Olympian Jove, the shining Apollo was the great object of local worship.

His variety and many-sidedness have been equally praised: for though it is certainly true that there is for our modern tastes a very considerable superfluity of mere fighting in the *Iliad*, we must bear in mind that Homer wrote in an age when the soldier was the only hero, and for a people to whom the recital of the military exploits of ancestors was as full of moral significance as the trials of the Apostle Paul are to a modern Christian.

Not less admirable, finally, than his vigour, his sunniness, and his luxuriant variety are the sobriety, sense, and moderation that everywhere regulate and keep within chaste limits the billowy enthusiasm of the old minstrel. Occasionally, perhaps, when a patriotic feeling interferes, there may be discerned a little ludicrous exaggeration, but generally speaking, the poet's thorough naturalness and truth kept him by a safe instinct within the nicest limits of good taste. In the *Niebelungen-lay*, on the other hand, as in Klopstock's *Messiah*, there is a plentiful exhibition, in the author's way, of the most appalling exaggeration. The catastrophe of the *Odyssey*, no doubt, is sufficiently bloody; but this is the divine retributive vengeance of a goddess for a long series of offences of a very gross and wanton description; and besides, it may well be called sober and moderate when contrasted with that gigantic cyclopean architecture of terrors cemented with streaming blood, and wrapt in flames of portentous conflagration, which forms such a grim catastrophe to the grim epos of the *Niebelungen*.

THE ILIAD COMPARED WITH THE ODYSSEY.

So far as tone and style are concerned, it has been remarked by Mr. Gladstone and other critics, there is no doubt that the pulse so to speak of the *Odyssey* beats less vehemently than that of the *Iliad*. It would, however, be strange if it were not so, when we recollect that one is a poem of war and the other of peace; one of the barrack and the other of the palace. It is reasonably believed among those who oppose the Separatists, as they are called, that the just proportion which exists between the subject and the style of each, suggests another proportion, not less just, between subject and style on the one hand, and time of life on the other; that the *Iliad* represents the life and genius of the poet

moving upwards to the zenith, and the *Odyssey* the same life and genius in the paler track beyond.

An interesting comparison of the two plots has been made by Mr. Gladstone in his deservedly popular "Manual on Homer." "In the plot of the *Odyssey*," he says, "symmetry is obvious at first sight; in the plot of the *Iliad* it has to be sought out; and the relevancy and proportion of the parts are only seen in full when we bring into view, together with the highly national character of the poem, the circumstances of the minstrel, itinerant among the courts, festivals, and games of Greece, and naturally led to give alternate prominence to the performances of the respective chiefs with whose names this or that part of the country had a special connection. The plot of the *Iliad* is in reality a far more subtle, far less imitable work. Each poem hangs upon a man: the *Iliad* upon the wrath of a man. Each poem is intensely national; but the nationality of the *Iliad* is exhibited in the struggle with an alien and offending power; that of the *Odyssey* in the comparison and contrast between *Achaian* life on the one side, and foreign and partly fabulous scenes, manners, and institutions on the other. The *Odyssey* is more strange in adventures; but its ordinary tone within the Hellenic zone is calmer and more subdued, and tends less, except when near the crisis, to warm the blood of the reader. There is in each a parallelism between the divine and the human actions. It is but rarely in the *Iliad* that grandeur and rapid force give way to allow the exhibition of domestic affection; yet this exhibition is as remarkable and unequivocal as the more splendid features of the poem. Conversely in the *Odyssey*, the family life supplies the tissue upon and into which is woven the action of the poem; yet upon occasion it rises into a grandeur that is extraordinary. The scene of Hector and Andromache equals the *Odyssey* in tenderness; the slow preparations, moral as well as physical, for the great vengeance on the suitors, in their stern sublimity perhaps may match with anything in the *Iliad*: so that each poem, from base to summit, has a somewhat similar largeness of range." The *Iliad* is carefully finished to the end; and if it flags at all, flags in some of the middle parts, while the great issue remains suspended: the last Book of the *Odyssey*, while it carries a sufficiency of identifying marks, exhibits a manifest decline in force, as if the mind and hand of the master were conscious that their work was done, and coveted their rest. In these remarks every reader of taste will be found to agree with Mr. Gladstone.

HOMER COMPARED WITH OTHER GREAT LITERARY EPICS.

An interesting comparison has been made of Homer with other great literary epics. Like the French epics, Homeric poetry is indigenous, and is distinguished by this fact, and by the ease of movement and the simplicity which result from it, from poets such as Virgil, Dante, and Milton. It is also distinguished from them by the comparative absence of underlying motive or sentiment. In Virgil's poetry a sense of the greatness of Rome and Italy is the leading motive of a passionate rhetoric, partly veiled by the chosen delicacy of his language. Dante and Milton are still more faithful exponents of the religion and politics of their times. Even the French epics are pervaded by the sentiment of fear and hatred of the Saracens. But in Homer the interest is purely dramatic: there is no strong antipathy of race or religion; the war turns on no political event; the capture of Troy lies outside the range of the *Iliad*. Even the heroes are not the chief national heroes of Greece. The interest lies wholly, so far as we can see, in the picture of human life and action.

TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER.

The poems of Homer, as a great inheritance for the whole world, have naturally been translated into the principal languages of Europe. The most famous of continental versions are those of Cesarotti and Monti in Italy; Montbel in France; and Voss in Germany.

The best known translations in English are those of Chapman, Pope, and William Cowper.

CHAPMAN'S TRANSLATION.

The great merit of Chapman, as well becomes an English writer contemporary of Shakspeare, are vigour, power, freshness, and originality. He had, besides, an unbounded admiration of his author and was of far too strong, free, and poetic a nature to imagine that the fine dash and flow of a great genius could ever be adequately expressed by the mechanical method of a literal transference. In those days also they had a bold, direct way of looking at things, and an outspoken heartiness and honesty of phrase which is thoroughly Homeric. "In this respect," says Professor Blackie,—who is himself, to our way of thinking, the most admirable of the latter-day translators of Homer,—"Chapman was certainly more favourably situated for rendering Homer into English than those who came after him. No

translator is less anxious than Chapman to preserve the mere words of the original. Hence the strong, manly fashion in which he takes the right word as it were by the cuff of the neck, and flings it into the arena to do his bidding."

But every reader who knows his Greek Homer recognises in Chapman innumerable things that are not in the original, and are inclined to apply to his style of translation what Dryden said of Cowley's, "It is not always that a man will have a present made him when he expects the payment of a debt."

Unfortunately Chapman, and, indeed, the Elizabethans generally, with all their power, were considerable mannerists. They had a very rare sort of mannerism to be sure, springing from an excess of power, a very forward fancy, and a very protrusive wit; but this mannerism, like spangles upon a Quaker's robe, or ingenious fancies in a death-bed prayer, may often prove as fatal to poetry and to a good translation as the cheaper mannerism of feebleness and a barren wit. So it was not un seldom with Chapman.

With all his searching fervour and rough grandeur, Chapman is in general far from being a good translator. His vices, that is, almost always his misapplied virtues, are unfortunately most un-Homeric. Of ingenious conceits, quaint fancies, clever allusions, smart plays upon words, the minstrel Homer had as little idea as his heroes had of French sauce to their roasted chine. But such things are constant in Chapman.

"You will not find anywhere in the English language more splendid examples of bombast than in 'Chapman's Homer.' If people do not always say so it is either because they are ignorant, or because Chapman has been dead more than two hundred years; and there is a class of critics who are as prone to extenuate the defects of dead writers as to exaggerate the faults of the living. Besides, Chapman is an Elizabethan, and there is a charm in that word to certain ears powerful to gag all judgment and consecrate any absurdity."—*Blackie*.

On the subject of Chapman's translation, Mr. James R. Lowell, the American author, writes with considerable enthusiasm. "The Homer of Chapman," he says, "whatever its defects, alone of all English versions has this crowning merit of being, where it is most successful, thoroughly alive. He has made for us the best poem that has yet been Englished out of Homer, and in so far gives us a truer idea of him. Of all translators he is farthest removed from the fault with which he charges others, when he says that our divine master's most ingenious imitating the life

of things (which is the soul of a poem) is never respected nor perceived by his interpreters only standing pedantically on the grammar and words, utterly ignorant of the sense and grace of him. His mastery of English is something wonderful, even in an age of masters, when the language was still a mother-tongue, and not a contrivance of pedants and grammarians. He had a reverential sense of 'our divine Homer's depth and gravity, which will not open itself to the curious austerity of belabouring art, but only to the natural and most ingenious soul of our thrice-sacred poesy.' His task was as holy to him as a version of Scripture; he justifies the tears of Achilles by those of Jesus, and the eloquence of his horse by that of Balaam's less noble animal. He does not always keep close to his original, but he sins no more even in this than any of his rivals. He is especially great in his similes. . . . Of all who have attempted Homer, he has the topping merit of being inspired by him."

POPE'S TRANSLATION.

Pope has three great and thorough Homeric excellences,—fervour, rapidity, and sound; and these three virtues are such that we may well allow them to cover a multitude of sins. No translator of any classical work has been so widely read as Pope: and even now, when a great change has come over the literary world, he maintains a high position. This popularity he owes to two circumstances: he had the good sense to choose a thoroughly popular and national measure, and he handled it with consummate mastery.

But the age in which Pope lived was an age which, in its literary fashion, preferred elegance to strength, ornament to simplicity, and art to nature. Of this age Pope was one of the foremost spokesmen; and as such unquestionably had no special vocation to translate Homer.

The great fault of Pope is his determination to be grand,—a determination which achieves its purpose too often by mere pomp of sound and flourish of rhetorical trumpets without regard to the truth of the picture he has to paint. As Arnold says well, he is apt to plant his style formally betwixt himself and his object, whereas the true poetic eye looks at the object simply.

The only other fault of Pope which deserves mention is his well-known delight in glittering antitheses and elegant points of expression. Homer, like every popular poet, has his store of proverbial sayings, expressed by him generally in the rounded form of a single line or couplet; but of the rhetorical figure called antithesis, as

used by French wits and literary men, he knows nothing.

COWPER'S TRANSLATION.

The peculiar features of Cowper's translation took their rise in the genius of the poet, the circumstances under which he wrote, and the tendency which ruled him to avoid the faults of his predecessors. His genius was simple, homely, easy, familiar, and thoroughly natural; his circumstances were sad,—he wrote as a relief to his mind during prolonged fits of the most oppressive despondency.

In the work of translation he started with the canon of literalness. "Fidelity," says he, "is of the very essence of translation. The matter found in me, whether the reader like it or not, is found in Homer; and the matter not found in me, how much soever he may admire it, is found only in Mr. Pope. I have omitted nothing, I have invented nothing . . . To those who shall be inclined to tell me that my diction is often plain and inelegant, I reply beforehand that I know it; that it would be absurd were it otherwise; and that Homer himself stands in the same predicament."

"These words," remarks Professor Blackie, "reveal the whole secret of the principle on which Cowper's *Iliad* was composed, contain the text of all its profound excellences and all its profound defects. The radiant steeds of Chapman, and the rhetorical pyrotechny of Pope were both to disappear. This is his grand virtue. But when the English is to be bald and flat because Homer is the same, there is double weakness here, for which the pretty apology is hardly sufficient,—the weakness of Cowper's mind which was not of the sounding and tramping character of Homer's, and the weakness of Cowper's English language as contrasted with Homer's Ionic Greek; for which, on his naked principle of literalness, he could offer no compensation; but for which both Chapman and Pope amply compensated, sometimes by creating new beauties, at other times by plucking the offence from the forehead of a fault, through the charm of some brilliant or sonorous impropriety."

POPULAR QUALITIES.

There is some tendency in critics from Aristotle downwards to invert the order of attributes in respect to the Homeric poems so as to dwell most on recondite excellences which escape the unaided reader, and which are even to a great extent disputable. But it is given to few minds,

as Goethe has remarked, to appreciate fully the mechanism of a long poem; and many feel the beauty of the separate parts who have no sentiment for the aggregate perfection of the whole.

Nor were the Homeric poems originally addressed to minds of the rarer stamp. They are intended for those feelings which the critic has in common with the unlettered mass, not for that enlarged range of vision and peculiar standard which he has acquired to himself. They are of all poems the most absolutely and unreservedly popular: had they been otherwise they could not have lived so long in the mouth of the rhapsodes and the ear and memory of the people; and it was then that their influence was first acquired, never afterwards to be shaken. Their beauties belong to the parts taken separately, which revealed themselves spontaneously to the listening crowd at the festival, far more than to the whole poem taken together, which could hardly be appreciated unless the parts were dwelt upon and allowed to expand in the mind. The most unlettered hearer of these times could readily seize, while the most instructed reader can still recognise, the characteristic excellence of Homer's narrative,—its straightforward, unconscious, unstudied simplicity; its concrete forms of speech and happy alternation of action with dialogue; its vivid pictures of living agents, always clearly and sharply individualised, whether in the commanding proportions of Achilles and Odysseus, in the graceful presence of Helen and Penelope, or in the more humble contrast of Eumæus and Malanthus; and always, moreover, animated by the frankness with which his heroes give utterance to all their transient emotions and even all their infirmities; its constant reference to those coarser veins of feeling and palpable motives which belong to all men in common; its fullness of graphic detail, freshly drawn from the visible and audible world, and though often homely, never tame or trenching upon that limit of satiety to which the Greek mind was so keenly alive; lastly, its perpetual junction of gods and men in the same picture, and familiar appeal to ever-present divine agency, in harmony with the interpretation of nature at that time universal.

It is undoubtedly easier to feel than to describe the impressive influence of Homeric narrative; but the time and circumstances under which that influence was first and most powerfully felt, preclude the possibility of explaining it by comprehensive and elaborate comparisons such as are implied in Aristotle's remarks upon the structure of the poems. The critic who seeks

the explanation in the right place will not depart widely from the point of view of those humble auditors to whom the poems were originally addressed, or from the susceptibilities and capacities common to the human bosom in every stage of progressive culture. And though the refinements and delicacies of the poems, as well as their general structure, are a subject of highly interesting criticism, yet it is not to these that Homer owes his widespread and imperishable popularity.

Still less is it true, as the well-known observations of Horace would lead us to believe, that Homer is a teacher of ethical wisdom of high standing. No didactic purpose is to be found in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. A philosopher may doubtless extract from the incidents and strongly marked characters which they contain much illustrative matter for his exhortations, but the ethical doctrine which he applies must emanate from his own reflections. The Homeric hero manifests virtues or infirmities, fierceness or compassion, with the same straightforward and simple-minded vivacity, unconscious of any ideal standard by which his conduct is to be tried; nor can we trace in the poet any ulterior function beyond that of the inspired organ of the Muse and the eloquent herald of lost adventures out of the darkness of the past.

VARIOUS VIEWS.

"I would by no means," says a critic to whom we have already been much indebted, "conceal from myself the fact that there are always many noble-minded and high-hearted persons living in the world who have no taste for poetry strictly so called, whose own lives, perhaps, are an epic poem and a song of victory in their own sphere, but to whom the cunningly ornate and finely harmonized description of their own unobtrusive heroism or that of their neighbours is a matter

of indifference, perhaps of annoyance. I am well aware also that even the special lovers of rhythmical composition in the present age are not all for that reason necessarily the admirers of Homer; on the contrary, the curious elaboration, the imaginative luxuriance, the subtle fancifulness, the high-strained idealism, the far-reaching speculation, the metaphysical self-anatomizing inspection of modern poetry, are elements which, if they once become the habitual food of our higher nature, will withdraw a great many of the more delicately sensitive readers of poetry from the enjoyment of Homer. Those who love to soar in an aerial balloon with Percy Bysshe Shelley, or to wrestle with the darkest social problems of the day under the leadership of the authoress of '*Aurora Leigh*,' will not be apt to consider the wrath of a Thessalian captain, or the wanderings of a worldly-wise Ithacan laird among savages and giants three thousand years ago, subjects of very hopeful significance for the lofty Muse by which they love to be inspired. Persons who have been accustomed to ride a winged Pegasus will not readily condescend to mount a common horse, whose highest exploit is to gallop over a green common, where merely mortal kine, sheep, and geese crop vulgar grass, or to leap across a triple-barred gate and a double ditch with only a human hunter on his back.

"But such persons, although they may not be willing, if they are honest, to profess any great admiration for Homer's poetry any more than for Walter Scott's; yet if they have true hearts in their bosoms, and are not merely employed under the name of poetry in faintly nursing a few morbid conceits, will have no difficulty in allowing their eyes to rest curiously, and it may be even lovingly, on the real pictures of healthy and vigorous human life which the Homeric poems present."

S. I. A.



GEORGE STEPHENSON.

"He lived to cast a mighty net; and his signet-mark on the earth's surface has been ruled in parallels of iron. He is the patriarch of an iron age, with its levelling principles, its expansive forces, and its accelerated progress."

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GREATNESS ACHIEVED UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

IT is seldom that we find in a single life such a concentration of the truly heroic, so grand and universal, and withal so hearty and cheerful a lesson, as is presented in the career of the Northumbrian pitman, who wrought for shillings while preparing to increase his country's wealth by millions,—who, laboriously mastering the alphabet after he had attained to manhood, was destined to teach the wise men of his century how to use the

power whose agency should bring into communication and fellowship the remotest nations of the earth,—who cheerfully sat down to patch the jackets and cobble the shoes of his fellow pitmen, by the light of the engine fire, to earn the pence for the night-school, where he, a grown man, learnt to read, write, and cipher,—the man who was to be the gainer of one of those mighty victories of peace, infinitely grander in their nature than the triumphs of war, inasmuch as they construct and

create, spreading blessing and prosperity, where war's triumphs bring but sorrow and desolation. "Some are born great," says Shakespeare's Malvolio, "some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them;" and in the careers of the majority of eminent men, there is a mingling of the three elements; the advantages derived from birth and station and inherited wealth, and not unfrequently the influence of favouritism and patronage, forming very important factors in a successful career by their fostering assistance to ability. Thus even in the career of the great Duke of Wellington, we cannot leave out of view the aristocratic birth and surroundings, which enabled the future hero to spring so lightly and jauntily up the first steps of the ladder of promotion, and made a lieutenant-colonel of him within six years of his entering the army as ensign. The younger Pitt, great as he undoubtedly was as a statesman, and worthy of his high position, to a certain extent had greatness thrust upon him, when, through royal favour, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in his 23rd, and Prime Minister in his 24th, year; and in the careers of the great Sir Robert Peel, Sir Francis Bacon, the Duke of Marlborough, and a host of other worthies who have left a great name behind them, the influence of favouring circumstances can be traced, and must not be ignored. But in Stephenson's case these are entirely wanting. No soldier in life's battle rose so completely and gloriously from the ranks as did the man to whom we owe the great railway system of the world. No man was more fully entitled to say, with Schiller's ideal German poet, "Selbst erschuf er sich den Werth," What he was worth he owed to himself. If a writer of fiction sat down with the avowed purpose of portraying a man who by indomitable tenacity and perseverance, sterling worth and nobleness, and unassisted genius, triumphed over the most formidable obstacles, and achieved a success colossal in itself, but with its greatness enhanced tenfold by the straightforward honesty, the undeviating rectitude that compelled respect while it extorted admiration, he could hardly, from his unfettered fancy, have evolved so complete a picture as the history of George Stephenson presents in reality. Fact is here, as elsewhere, stranger than fiction.

A HERO FROM THE RANKS.

By the working millions, the life of Stephenson can hardly be read without a glow of honest pride; and from beginning to end it is fraught with encouragement. It is so emphatically a good life, so full of honest, healthy effort, so thorough and real

from beginning to end. *Integer vixit* might appropriately have been taken for the motto of George Stephenson. Whatever his hand found to do, he did with his might. There was a manly modesty about him, a simplicity that had in itself an element of the heroic. Mr. Pease of Darlington, to whom he came to speak about the projected railway from that town to Stockton, was at once taken with his quiet, manly demeanour. There was such an honest, sensible look about him, and he seemed so modest and unpretending. He spoke in the strong Northumbrian dialect of his district, and described himself as "only the engine-wright at Killingworth; that's what he was." A working man laboriously raising himself by sheer hard work, cleverness, and genius, with all his modesty he was yet self-possessed and self-reliant. He had thought out what he asserted, and thoroughly believed in its truth; and when called upon, would give his opinion without fear and without favour. He explained to King Leopold of Belgium, in the palace of Lacken, his views concerning the Belgian coal-fields, with as much coolness as if he had been addressing one of his own companions or friends; using his hat as a model whereon to demonstrate his propositions, and afterwards humbly mentioning to Mr. Sopwith, who was with him, his anxiety that the King should not see the inside of his hat, "which was a shocking bad one." "Robert's good-natured, you see," he said to Lord Howick, who had come to see his son in reference to a scheme in which that nobleman was greatly interested; "and if your Lordship were to get alongside of him, you might talk him over; so you have been quite lucky in meeting with me . . . You may take my word for it, my Lord, it will never answer." Lord Howick was a wealthy county magnate, an influential nobleman; but "a man's a man for a' that!" In a question concerning a railway it was George Stephenson first, and Lord Howick nowhere; and, like an undaunted Briton as he was, the ex-pitman would speak out his mind in his own plain, practical way.

And one other point we would notice before proceeding to give the outline of this great and useful life,—an important point, for it puts in a clear light the magnitude of the difficulties against which our hero had to contend, in comparison with the position of the humblest toiler of the sea or land at the present day. No one, not the poorest of orphan children, now begins to fight the battle of life, without being provided, at the State's cost, if need be, with those weapons of education which Stephenson had to purchase for himself at a cost of much labour and self-denial. Happy indeed would Stephenson have been to procure the in-

truction now offered to all, and great would have been the saving in years of that valuable life. But in his time national education did not enter into the philosophy of government; and he had to enter upon the task of self-tuition without even the books that modern improvement has brought within the reach of all. How he did it will appear in the story of his life.

BIRTH, SURROUNDINGS, AND EARLY YEARS.

A hundred years ago, there stood close to the little village of Wylam, dependent on the colliery of the same name, a small detached house, an ordinary labourer's cottage of one story. It was known as High Street House, and is still standing,—an object of interest now, for here, in a bare-raftered, clay-floored room, George Stephenson was born, on the 9th June, 1781; just at the time when the truth of Lord Chatham's words, "You cannot conquer America," was beginning to dawn on the English Government, and noble Lords and honourable gentlemen in Parliament were at least inclined to doubt whether the "rebel Washington" might not prove too hard for them after all. The parents, Robert Stephenson, known as Old Bob, and his wife Mabel, with their children, were described by an old Wylam collier, from personal recollection, as "an honest family, but sair hadden doon i' th' world:" in other words, they were very poor,—for Old Bob only earned 12s. a week as fireman at the colliery; and poor Mabel Stephenson, though "a rale canny body," must have had considerable difficulty in keeping house on that very exiguous income; and though George was only the second son, by 1792 the number of children in the collier's little room had increased to six. By the time the family of eight were fed, and very indifferently clothed, the wages were exhausted, and so none of the children went to school. Little Georgie accordingly was dragged up after the rough but not unkindly manner of many poor men's children, getting no book schooling, but passing through the country boy's curriculum of birds'-nesting, straw- and reed-whistle making, errand running, and, in quality of nurse, lugging about the younger children as they successively appeared.

Old Bob seems to have been anything but an unkindly character, though somewhat eccentric in his ways and manners; or, as an old miner quaintly described him, "as queer as Dick's hat-band—went thrice aboot, an wouldn't tie." He told the children stories of Robinson Crusoe and Jack the Giant Killer by way of education, took George for country walks, and awakened in the

little lad a love and interest for animals and plants that remained with him throughout his life.

And here, as elsewhere, a "trivial cause" might be found connected with future "great events." In front of the old High Road House ran a tramway, or road, along which the waggons laden with coal were drawn by horses from the pit's mouth to the wharf some miles distant. Railways, or plateways as they were often called, had been in use, under various forms, for a century and a half in the mining districts. It was part of George's duty to keep his younger brethren from being run over by the passing waggons. Wylam road at that time was a mere wooden tramway; but who can tell what influence it had on the mind of the future engineer? When George was eight years old the family removed to Dewley Burn Colliery, where "Old" Bob was again fain to establish his household goods in a single room. Little George's observant nature was here displayed in that "childhood play," in which the poet declares that "much meaning lurketh oft." He amused himself with Bill Thirlwall, a playmate, by modelling a clay engine, with hemlock-stalk steampipe, and little cork corves, or baskets, in imitation of the apparatus at the mine,—a sharp little fellow, evidently observant and imitative, and sure to go through the world with his eyes open.

SMALL BEGINNINGS; STEPHENSON'S EARLY YEARS.

From the lowly agricultural occupation of herding a widow's cows at twopence per day, to the more honourable office of leading the plough horses, and hoeing turnips at double the wage, the boy passed on to work at the colliery, earning a daily sixpence, raised to eightpence when he was appointed to drive the horse that turned the gin,—"a grit growin' lad, wi' bare legs and feet," said an old miner afterwards, who knew him well. He acquired the reputation of a lively fellow, quick and ready, and full of fun and tricks. At first, growing lad though he was, he feared he might be considered too small for the place, and used to hide when the owner came round, lest he should be sent away. Thus he wrought at more than one colliery, until he was promoted to man's wages, 12s. per week, at Throckley Bridge, and declared himself "a made man for life."

Presently he was appointed plugman, or engine-man, to the engine of which Old Bob was fireman; and thus at seventeen he had passed his father in the race of life; for the plugman's position is considered more responsible than that of the fireman, and he was supposed to be able to remedy any slight defect in the machinery without applying to the engineer. George Stephenson soon made him-

self thoroughly familiar with the construction and working of every part of his engine, which appeared to him a wonderful monument of human skill and ingenuity; and it was characteristic of the man, that whatever knowledge he acquired, he tried to verify it practically. Long afterwards, when there was a debate as to the name to be given to the first railway coach employed in passenger traffic, Stephenson, on being appealed to, suggested, in his strong Northumberland Doric, that it should be called the "Expurriment," and the "Experiment" accordingly became its name. It was by experiments, patiently conducted and carried out with marvellous perseverance, that he accumulated fact upon fact, laying up in his capacious brain a store of knowledge, to be drawn forth to excellent purpose when the time came. But that time was still in the far future. He was as yet dependent on the good offices of any one whom he could get to read to him out of a stray book or newspaper, by the light of the engine fire. Thus he heard of the great Italian campaigns, in which young General Bonaparte was gathering laurels. Thus also he came to hear of the Egyptian method of hatching eggs by heat, and at once made an attempt, with very partial success, to carry out a similar operation on a number of eggs collected from nests in the neighbourhood. But he found that without a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, his opportunities of self-culture would always depend on the good nature of others. So he manfully determined to begin from the beginning, and went to a night-school to learn his letters, afterwards paying an additional weekly penny to include "figuring" in his course of study. The immediate impulse to this educational movement arose from his desire to understand the engines of Watt and Boulton, about which he had heard that books had been written. By mending the shoes of his fellow-workmen he contrived to increase his earnings; and it is characteristic of the thoroughness with which he carried out all he attempted, that he became a very fair shoemaker, and could make a pair of boots as well as patch them.

By this time he had mounted another step of the ladder. Becoming known as a careful and intelligent workman, he was, though not without some jealousy on the part of his fellows, appointed brakesman at the Dolly Pit, undertaking the responsible duty of managing the machinery by which the corves, or baskets containing the coal and the men who worked in the pit, were hauled up and down. The men were then paid every second week; and when the young brakesman's fortnightly wages came to average thirty-five shillings and two pounds, he thought it time to

marry. He chose for his partner Fanny Henderson, a servant at a neighbouring farm; and a very comely, amiable wife she was to him. In 1803, his happiness was increased by the birth of a son, who was christened Robert, after "Old Bob," his grandfather.

SELF-CULTURE—STEPHENSON'S EDUCATION.

At this period of his life, George Stephenson appears, from the anecdotes collected from his fellow-workmen by his judicious and appreciative biographer Mr. Smiles, as a hearty, stalwart workman, remarkable for his agility and physical strength, and fond of athletic sports, such as wrestling and tossing the hammer, in which he was an adept; but exceedingly steady, never seen, like too many of his fellows, the worse for "yel" (ale), and known to be thriving in his small way, and saving money. A man not to be "put upon," moreover, as he proved by a fair standing fight with a pitman named Nelson, the bully of the colliery and the terror of the village. This worthy had taken upon himself to impugn Stephenson's skill as a brakesman, and had threatened violence; in return for which the undaunted "Geordie" had bestowed upon him, at time and place duly appointed, as neat and complete a licking as any man need wish to see given and received. The men shook hands in their hearty north-country fashion, and became afterwards good friends.

Stephenson in later life often regretted his want of early instruction. His active and inquiring mind led him to investigate and "think out" anything that was new to him; and he complained that often, after he had hit upon what he considered a discovery, and after many endeavours to reduce his efforts to a practical result, he found he had been wasting time and pains on a long-exploded fallacy; not entirely wasting them, however; the habit of bringing his theories to the test of actual experiment, proved infinitely valuable to him, and gave to his opinions a solid value, as having stood the test of experience. Among the subjects that engaged his attention during the happy but few years he spent with his wife in his cottage at Willington Quay, near Newcastle, was that of the "perpetual motion;" at one time, like many others who have followed that scientific *ignis fatuus*, he fancied he had discovered the secret of the *perpetuum mobile*, only to find himself deceived. A more satisfactory occupation consisted in the modelling of various machines, in which he was indefatigable. And here, by his practical and workmanlike habit of attention to detail; by his custom of taking his models to pieces and putting them together again, and his plain common sense

method of proceeding from point to point, making sure of his ground as he went on, he was putting himself through a training that was sure to bring success when the opportunity should come. An accident that occurred at Willington illustrates this pleasantly enough.

One day while he was absent at his work, the chimney of his house caught fire. The zealous neighbours poured such a flood of water down the said chimney in their efforts to extinguish the fire, that the proprietor, on his return, found his house flooded, and his furniture covered with soot. In particular, a clock, one of the most valuable and cherished articles among his household goods, was so choked up, blackened, and disfigured, that there seemed nothing for it but to send it at once to the clockmaker for cleansing and repairs. But Stephenson determined to get a lesson in mechanics out of the incident by repairing the clock himself. He took it to pieces, and put it together again, and set it going with complete success, to the wonder and admiration of the mining community. And this opened a new field of industry and of profit to him; for from that time he was installed by common consent clock-doctor to the village, to the comfortable increase of his modest emoluments. Another of his accomplishments consisted in making good shoe-lasts.

A TIME OF CALAMITY.

But now a great calamity came upon him. After a few years of happy, cheerful union, his wife died of consumption, leaving him alone with his little Robert. The warmth of affection in his genial nature seemed now to concentrate itself on this child, who became as the apple of his eye. To give the boy every possible advantage, and especially that great advantage of education he had himself never enjoyed, became the chief object of his life. To provide the funds for the lad's schooling he afterwards added tailoring to his other methods of getting money, cutting out the pitmen's clothes, and fashioning them much to the satisfaction of the sturdy miners, who highly approved of "Geordie Steevie's cut." Long afterwards, when the daughters of Mr. Pease expressed surprise at his knowledge of the art of embroidery, he explained that he had acquired his skill by sewing the button-holes of the miners' coats. It is pleasant to record that the self-sacrificing affection of the father was fully acknowledged and reciprocated by the son. Robert Stephenson, with his father's example before his eyes, became emphatically "a chip of the old block;" making the best of the opportunities afforded him, imparting the knowledge he gained at school to the

delighted father of an evening, and afterwards acquiring the art of shorthand, to take down the lectures he heard at Edinburgh, that he might afterwards copy them out evening by evening for his father's delectation when he returned home after the session. In the sequel he became hardly less eminent than George Stephenson himself, and the Menai Tubular Bridge, and other great engineering works, remain to tell of a great career nobly run.

But all this was in the future. Robert was still a little child when the bereaved father, consigning him to the care of a trustworthy woman for a time, went off from the Killingworth Colliery, where he had been employed as brakeman for some time when his misfortune befel him, to look after a Boulton and Watt engine in a spinning factory near Montrose; for his fame as a skilful engineman had by this time become well-known. He returned after an absence of nearly a year, during which he had saved nearly £30 from his wages, to find his parents in poverty and debt, his father having lost his eyesight through a jet of steam carelessly turned on by a fellow-workman. He at once paid the old man's debts, established the couple in a cottage, and provided for their support for the remainder of their lives.

The war weighed heavily on the nation during the years 1807 and 1808, crippling industry in various directions, increasing taxes, and imposing a heavy burden on the country in the shape of greatly augmented forces for the army and navy. George Stephenson had good reason to deplore Lord Castlereagh's war policy, for he was drawn for the militia, and it cost him nearly the whole of his savings to procure a substitute. Emigration presented itself to his mind as the best course in the depressed state of his affairs. His sister Anne actually went away to the United States with her husband. She died more than half a century afterwards, in 1860, at Pittsburgh. It is said that only the want of means prevented her brother George from following. Fortunately, however, for his country, and perhaps for himself and his future fame, he stayed; and after the stormy period—during which, as he afterwards acknowledged, his heart once almost failed him—the sun began to shine upon him once more.

FIRST ESSAYS IN ENGINEERING.

He had been known as a clock-doctor; he was now to establish his reputation as an engine-doctor. At the Killingworth High Pit there was a certain engine, of the atmospheric "Newcomen" kind, that entirely failed in its duty of pumping out the water from the mine. All the engineers of the

neighbourhood had tried their hands on this ungovernable engine, as well as Crowther of the Ouseburn; but they were all "clean beat." Ralph Dodds, the head viewer, applied to Stephenson, who undertook to cure the engine—stipulating, however, that he should choose his own men for the work. The "drowned out" viewer promised to make a man of him for life (a very unnecessary office in the case of Stephenson the self-made) if he succeeded. Stephenson set to work, took the engine completely to pieces, cured the defects his sagacity had detected, and received for his pains a great deal of credit and ten pounds, the largest sum he had ever gained in a lump. Crowther of the Ouseburn and his colleagues stared and wondered; and George Stephenson had established his reputation as an engineer. "He was called upon," says Mr. Smiles, "to prescribe remedies for all the old wheezy and ineffective pumping machines in the neighbourhood. Ralph Dodds also was as good as his word, so far as regarded the furthering of George Stephenson's interests. He made him engineman instead of brakesman at High Pit, with increased wages; and soon the frugal workman had £100 saved up in guineas. And when, in 1812, the engine-wright at the Killingworth Colliery was killed by an accident, Dodds spoke so warmly in his favour to the gentlemen who leased the various pits,—Lord Strathmore, Sir Thomas Liddell, and Mr. Stuart Wortley,—that he was appointed engine-wright, at a salary of £100 a year.

JEALOUSIES; HISTORY OF THE "GEORDIE" LAMP.

He was now, so far as worldly circumstances were concerned, at the height of his ambition, with a handsome cottage wherein to dwell with his promising boy, a stout little galloway on which to ride from pit to pit on his journeys of inspection, and a salary that amply sufficed for his frugal wants. But even the modest success he had achieved—gained as it was by sheer hard work, energy, and perseverance—was not won without exciting a considerable amount of envy and malevolence. Many of the regular engineers, uneasy at his success with the wheezy machines they had failed to cure, assailed him with the accusation of empiricism generally cast by regular practitioners at outsiders who have been guilty of achieving good results in a profession, without entering by the usual door, and mounting by the accredited gradations. He was a mere quack this Killingworth brakesman, they said, and his practice was unsound and deceptive. That George Stephenson had little theoretical knowledge when he began engineering there is no doubt; and he

often arrived at conclusions by what scientific reasoners would call utterly irregular and insufficient premises. But he had studied the practical part of his calling with a devotion and a perseverance as rare as they were admirable; and his rugged sagacity and ready inventiveness often hit on a remedy where the regular professors were at fault. He was now about to enter on a phase of his career where the opposition and enmity of accredited men in office against the outsider, the "impertinent brakesman," was to be shown in a far more decided and malevolent way. But he met his opponents as undauntedly as he had encountered Nelson the pitman at his first and last combat with physical weapons. The occasion for the display of professional enmity was connected with the celebrated "safety-lamp" controversy. For years the deplorable accidents occurring from time to time through the explosions of the terrible fire-damp in mines, and involving the sacrifice of a number of lives annually, had awakened sorrow and pity in the public, and serious attention, with the hope of discovering a remedy, among scientific men. George Stephenson's great heart was filled with sorrow for the miners whose lives were so often sacrificed, and for the widows and children left destitute,—in one accident in 1812, ninety men and boys perished,—and for some years he was occupied with experiments towards the construction of a safety-lamp that should obviate these terrible calamities, to which the Killingworth Colliery, with its 160 miles of gallery space, was especially liable. Of what stuff he was made he proved on that memorable day in 1814, when an affrighted pitman rushed into his cottage declaring that the deepest main of the colliery was on fire! He at once rushed to the pit's mouth, caused himself to be lowered, and as the corve touched the ground, leaped out, calling upon six men to follow him, and they would put out the fire. His intrepidity acted like magic upon the affrighted miners. Order and discipline took the place of confusion and dismay. Tools and bricks and mortar were at hand, and, under Stephenson's direction, a wall was at once built that, by excluding the atmospheric air, soon put an end to the danger, and saved the pit and many of its occupants. "The sooner you start the better," said a workman to the heroic engine-wright a few days afterwards, when Stephenson observed that he thought something might be done to prevent these awful explosions, "for the price of coal-mining now is men's lives." This naturally stimulated Stephenson's zeal and industry. He continued his experiments, conducting them in his own homely, independent way,

much against scientific rules sometimes, but always intelligently, with a practical bearing upon the end in view. At last, in October 1815, the difficulty was solved. He had, after various trials, constructed a lamp which would give light without setting fire to the inflammable gas of the mine.

The manner in which he put the efficacy of his invention to the test was nothing less than heroic; and had this advantage over warlike courage, that it was displayed in the attempt to preserve human lives, not to destroy them. Lamp in hand, Stephenson marched forward alone, as resolutely as ever a soldier marched at the head of a forlorn hope, into the recesses of the mine, where the foul air had been accumulated by artificial means. He was alone, for his companions awaited at a safe distance and with palpitating hearts the issue of the experiment, well knowing that the failure of the lamp would mean the death of the heroic inventor who staked his life on the issue. Advancing to the place of danger, and entering within the foul air, his lighted lamp in hand, Stephenson held it firmly out in the full current of the blower (the opening through which the deadly gas was rushing), and within a few inches of its mouth. The result was triumphantly successful. The great volume of gas at last extinguished the lamp, but did not burst into flame.

Thus was the principle of Stephenson's invention vindicated. But his practical sense saw various defects in his lamp, and set about remedying them. He succeeded at last in producing a thoroughly workable safety-lamp, which was introduced into the Killingworth pit; and for more than half-a-century the "Geordie lamp" has remained a favourite with the miners. But the subject of safety in mines had been taken up in other and more influential quarters. Upon the invitation of a committee of gentlemen, Sir Humphrey Davy, then in the zenith of his fame, visited the Newcastle collieries, made the requisite notes; and in November, 1814, a month after Stephenson's lamp had triumphantly passed the ordeal, Sir Humphrey read a paper before the Royal Society, proposing the lamp, which, as the Davy lamp, has found general acceptance. The two inventors had worked quite independently, each being indeed ignorant of the other's action; but the credit of priority is undoubtedly due to Stephenson. Shortly after, at the persuasion of some friends, he explained the principle of his lamp to a company at the Newcastle Scientific Institute; and when Sir Humphrey Davy arrived soon after to explain his own lamp, "Why, it's the same as Stephenson's," was the criticism of the shrewd north-country audience.

Of course there was a controversy as to priority, relative merit, etc., in which the favourite of the scientific world had it all his own way. "The men of science could not forgive Stephenson for being a self-taught man; and long after the controversy was ended they continued to sneer at him. "It will hereafter be scarcely believed," writes pragmatical Doctor Paris in his "Life of Sir Humphrey Davy," "that an invention so eminently scientific, and which could never have been derived but from the sterling treasury of science, should have been claimed on behalf of an engine-wright of Killingworth, of the name of Stephenson—a person not even possessing a knowledge of the elements of chemistry." The references to the "sterling treasury of science," and "the engine-wright of Killingworth," are delicious. Stephenson was not a bookman, or a man of early culture; he told the assistant at his experiments to "wise on the hydrogen," when he wanted the hydrogen gas turned on; therefore, argued Doctor Thomas Diafoirus,—we beg pardon, Doctor Paris,—Stephenson could not possibly have inventive faculty or brains.

The friends of the engine-wright showed their appreciation of him in a very practical way. When a sum of £2,000 was voted to Sir Humphrey Davy for his invention of the safety-lamp (a writer on the subject has well observed that if it had been for the invention of a safety-lamp there would have been nothing to complain of), Stephenson's friends got up a subscription for a testimonial to him; Lord Ravensworth (formerly Sir Thomas Liddell), one of the Killingworth proprietors, heading the list with a hundred guineas. The sum collected amounted to £1000; and the miners of the colliery emphatically put on record their view of the value of their engine-wright's achievement by starting a separate collection among themselves, and presenting him with a silver watch. They still stick to the "Geordie lamp."

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

Another subject had occupied the attention of George Stephenson during the time of the lamp controversy. He had been pondering upon the subject of railroads, and the practicability of substituting travelling or locomotive steam engines for horse power upon them. Railroads, first with wooden afterwards with iron rails, had been in use for a couple of centuries. Since Stephenson's childhood, iron rails had been substituted for wood on the Wylam Colliery line that passed in front of the old High Street House. Benjamin Outram, the father of the celebrated General, had introduced some improvements generally copied in

later "Outram roads," or "tramroads," and the question had already arisen as to the substitution of steam for horse power on the iron ways. There has been much controversy on the question, "Who invented the locomotive engine?" The friends of various candidates naturally endeavour to give as much as possible of the credit each to his client. The truth appears to have been put in a very manly and straightforward way by Robert Stephenson, in a speech at a scientific dinner at Newcastle, when he declared that this, like most of the great triumphs of science, had been gained by successive discoveries, various inventors contributing each his quota to the great general result. To trace the progress of the locomotive engine towards the state of practical usefulness, we should have to record the labours of poor Solomon Caux, looked upon as a madman, and driven almost mad by disappointment and chagrin because he was a man in advance of his age; of Savory, who went very near to discover the real principle of the locomotive; of James Watt, in whose scheme the construction of locomotive engines had a part, although he never had leisure to work it out; of the Frenchman Cugnot, who proposed to apply it to the traction of artillery; of Murdoch, one of the best of Boulton and Watt's workmen; and Symington, who actually constructed, the first an engine, the second a steam carriage, to travel on common roads; but Murdoch, who seems to have approached nearest among the earlier inventors to making a practical success of the engine, was dissuaded and almost warned off from prosecuting his experiments by the firm he served. "I wish William (Murdoch) could be brought to do as we do," writes Watt to Boulton, "to mind the business in hand, and let such as Symington and Sadler waste their time in hunting shadows." The fact was, the great Soho firm had its time fully occupied with building stationary engines, and looked upon time and energy devoted to experiments as probably wasted. Symington is best known in connection with marine engines; the *Charlotte Dundas*, on the Forth and Clyde Canal, may be considered the first practical steamboat; she was set to work in 1801. Poor Symington was the most unfortunate of men, and died in poverty in 1831.

LABOURS OF RICHARD TREVETHICK.

By far the most important part in the early history of the locomotive was contributed by the Cornish man, Richard Trevethick, who constructed an engine that actually ran on a plate-way, or railway, at Merthyr Tydvil in Wales. He also constructed a "steam carriage," to run on common

roads, and tried it with success in 1803, at Camborne, in which town he was building engines, in partnership with a Mr. Vivian. A second and improved steam carriage was afterwards run by Vivian from Camborne to Plymouth, a distance quite sufficient practically to test its capabilities; and the inventor resolved to bring it to London for exhibition. It was sent by sea from Plymouth, arrived safely at its destination, and excited considerable interest and wonder on being exhibited in some fields near the present Bethlehem Hospital. Then, after being favourably criticised by Sir Humphrey Davy and other eminent scientific men, it was to be exhibited for money on a piece of ground, strangely enough now occupied by the terminus of the London and North-Western Railway, in the Euston Road. The steam carriage was made to run on an elliptical tramroad laid down in the enclosure. The first day everything went well; and the crowd who had assembled to see the new phenomenon went away well pleased. On the next morning a still greater throng had assembled; then suddenly it was announced that the exhibition was not to be continued. Trevethick had taken some whim into his head, and at once removed his steam carriage. Of his inventive genius there is no doubt; but unfortunately for himself he had not the persistent energy that leads to success. His teeming brain was fertile in schemes; and in every one of these there were elements of success; for his mind was far too original to be content with the ordinary and prescribed methods. "*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*" might be said of him as an engineer as of Goldsmith as a writer; he improved everything he touched; but he did not wait until any separate undertaking had been fairly worked out, and had arrived at the profitable stage, before he began working at another. To use a homely phrase, he had too many irons in the fire at once. He withdrew his steam carriage just as it was about to yield him a golden harvest; and set about the construction of a locomotive engine, a subject to which general attention had been attracted by recent events.

The traveller by the railway from London to Brighton may observe on the right-hand side of the road, for some distance between Croydon and Mersham, the traces of an old level road, running parallel to that on which he is progressing. This is the old Wandsworth and Merstham tramway, laid down some years before for the conveyance of stone, lime, and other weighty materials, from central Surrey to Wandsworth Creek. Waggonas were drawn on it by horses and donkeys. The results obtained by the iron tramway in decreasing the draught, and the consequent increase of the weight a single

horse was enabled to draw, had excited general astonishment, and set Trevethick thinking about the substitution of an iron horse for one of flesh and blood. The high-pressure engine he constructed was marvellously ingenious, and appeared to solve the problem. Trevethick's works at Camborne prospered exceedingly; and it is recorded that in 1806 he had no fewer than nine engines ordered in one month, and seemed sure of making a fortune. But Camborne and Cornwall seemed to him too narrow a platform for his abilities. He came to London, "the Patent Office drawing him as the loadstone does the needle;" and the records of that Office attest the various ideas that thronged his restless and capacious mind. One patent he took out was for constructing docks, ships, etc., and propelling vessels; another, which has been since brought into practical form by later inventors, was for constructing ships of iron plates instead of using timber, with hollow metal tubes for masts, bowsprit, etc. A tunnel under the Thames, and a patent for a new method of stowing cargoes, also figured among the projects originated by him, and destined to be worked out by others. Suddenly a prospect of fortune opened in an entirely new direction. Trevethick received an order on a very large scale for pumping engines, to clear the Peruvian mines of water; and after constructing some very large and ingenious machines for the Peruvian Government, Trevethick himself set sail for the *New World* to superintend the carrying out of his scheme;—the arrival of "Don Ricardo Trevethick, eminent professor of mechanics, machinery, and mineralogy," being duly heralded in the Government Gazette, at Lima, where the great engineer was received with distinguished honours. At first all went well; but the civil war, which ended in the enfranchisement of Peru, brought ruin to Trevethick, who was obliged some years afterwards to make his way, literally as a fugitive, and almost in rags, towards Panama. By a strange chance, while he was waiting at Cartagena, on the Gulf of Darien, for a ship in which he might get back to Europe, he encountered Robert Stevenson, who had been for some time in America, in the employ of the Columbian Mining Company, and who readily lent his unfortunate brother engineer the money to pay his passage home; for poor Trevethick was reduced almost to his last coin, and used afterwards to declare with a bitter smile that a pair of silver spurs constituted all the metal he brought home with him of all he had raised from that Peru which was to have been his *El Dorado*.

He was not, however, like that apocryphal husband of Mrs. Pilchin in Dickens's tale, who

"broke his heart trying to pump water out of the Peruvian mines." When Robert Stephenson met him, he was as hopeful and as full of projects as ever, talking of a new company he intended to organize so soon as he got back to England. Efforts were made to procure some Government recognition of the improvements he had made in the high-pressure steam engine and boiler, but they led to nothing; and at length, in 1832, Trevethick died, so utterly poor that the workmen of the firm who last employed him had to subscribe to pay for his funeral: a great inventor, but without the patience to carry one of his numerous and admirable ideas to a practical conclusion, and consequently leaving what he invented to be profitably worked out by others. He had learned to labour, but could not wait.

EARLY LOCOMOTIVES BY VARIOUS MAKERS. ~

But the experiments of Trevethick had not failed to excite the attention and interest of intelligent and practical men; and among those who had seen the steam carriage in London, and had been greatly impressed by its performance, was Mr. Christopher Blackett, the owner of the Wylam Colliery; whose tramroad, now furnished with iron rails, extended for some miles from the pit's mouth to the place where the coals were shipped. He was fortunate in having as his overseer in the Wylam Colliery Mr. William Hedley, with whom he held conferences on the possibility of constructing an engine for drawing the coal waggons along the iron way; and the question became urgent, when in 1812, on account of the increased price of horse-fodder, due partly to the war, it was seriously contemplated to stop the working of the colliery for a time, from the expense of bringing the coal to the wharf. Already the year before, Mr. Blenkinsop of the Middleton Colliery, near Leeds, had constructed an engine for drawing coal waggons. This machine worked by means of a toothed wheel on a rack rail, and answered its purpose tolerably well. Mr. Hedley, however, made the important discovery by experiment, that a smooth rail would offer sufficient friction to enable the wheels of an engine to advance upon it, if the weight of the engine was made proportionate to the load it had to drag; and that the rack rail and toothed wheels were therefore unnecessary. It had been always thought that engine wheels on a smooth surface would "surge" or slip round without advancing. Mr. Hedley was soon able to report so favourably to Mr. Blackett in London concerning the working of the engine, that the latter wrote a congratulatory letter, expressing his satisfaction that "the iron horse had taken to the collar so

kindly." "Puffing Billy," as the first Wylam engine was called, soon became one of the lions of the district. Of course it met with a certain amount of opposition, part of which proceeded from the workmen themselves, ever jealous of the introduction of machinery; and Mr. Blackett was obliged to compromise with a determined opposition, by undertaking to stop the engine when any horses came in sight on the Wylam road. Many also were inclined to sneer at the experiments, and had much to say on the absurdity of taking up with "new-fangled notions," and the loss of time, temper, and money usually consequent on such a course. But "Puffing Billy" snorted gaily along the Wylam tramroad, impervious to hostile criticism, and deserves, with his constructor, honourable mention in the history of the invention of the locomotive engine.

Another engine was constructed about this time by the Chapmans of Newcastle; but they did not understand the principle of the smooth rail. Consequently they tried to overcome the anticipated surging by means of a chain stretched along the road; and their engine worked so clumsily that it was pronounced a failure, and soon put aside.

STEPHENSON'S ENGINES AT KILLINGWORTH.

Stephenson had seen the Wylam engine at work; and soon afterwards he had an opportunity of inspecting one of Blenkinsop's engines, which was sent to the Coxlodge Colliery in 1813. With that capacity for taking trouble over anything that interested him, which was one of his most valuable characteristics, he at once began to "experiment" upon the "travelling engine," as he called it; convinced even then that in time it would supersede the horse in working power. Lord Ravensworth, who had a high opinion of the engine-wright's sagacity, advanced money for the building of an engine, which was appropriately called "My Lord," and which was a great practical success; for it drew after it, at the rate of four miles an hour, a weight of thirty tons. Several other engines were made for the Killingworth Colliery, each exhibiting various improvements on its predecessors. The adoption of the steamblast in the chimney, which enabled the force of the steam to be kept up, and very greatly increased the power of the engine, was of enormous importance, as it rendered the engine economical, giving it the advantage over horse power in the matter of saving expense. This has accordingly been claimed as the turning-point in the invention of the locomotive engine; and the same position has accordingly been claimed for George Stephenson with regard to the locomotive that Watt occupies in relation to the condensing

engine. On this point, however, there is some doubt. The son of Mr. William Hedley, in conversation with the writer of this sketch, was accustomed vehemently to uphold the claim of his father as the constructor of engines embodying the steamblast as a principle. That the second engine was a great improvement on the first, and that Stephenson's engines ran for many years upon the railroad at Killingworth, is undoubted. They combined, in a remarkable degree, simplicity of construction with practical efficiency in working.

One point Stephenson always maintained with especial decision, the importance of the railroad in conjunction with the engine. He had no opinion of engines upon common roads, considering a great part of the advantage in the application of the engine to lie in the decrease of friction consequent on the wheel travelling on a smooth rail. By a happy illustration he designated the rail and the wheel as "man and wife," and declared they should not be put asunder. While many of the scientific men of his age were in doubt on the point, he had already made up his mind; and having formed his opinion on sufficient grounds, he adhered to it. With him, if a thing was once true it was always true. His employers at Killingworth were proud of him, and of the reputation he was making; and when Mr. Loch, a wealthy iron-founder of Newcastle, found the money to take out a patent for improved rails, and stipulated that Stephenson should attend at the iron-works two days weekly, they consented, as they did also when the Hatton Coal Company proposed to employ Stephenson to superintend the laying down of a line for them, similar to that of the Killingworth Company.

In 1820 he married again. His second wife was a Miss Hindmarsh, a farmer's daughter at Black Callerton. They lived very happily together; and young Robert Stephenson also had reason to be well satisfied with the course his father had taken; for his stepmother contrived to gain his complete esteem and affection.

RAILWAYS PROJECTED BY PRACTICAL MEN; STEPHENSON AND MR. PEASE.

And now the time had come when the abilities of the engine-wright were to exhibit themselves in a wider field. For nearly twenty years there had been a desire on the part of certain practical and far-seeing men to see some of the large industrial towns brought into communication by means of railways. Foremost among these was the eminent member of the Society of Friends, Edward Pease, of Darlington; another was William James, of West Bromwich, of whom it has been said that if he did not discover the locomotive, he did the next

best thing in discovering George Stephenson. In 1803 he had started the idea of a railroad between Manchester and Liverpool, and had been looked upon as a madman for his pains. He had seen Trevethick, who had no doubt stimulated his zeal in the cause. He was at first decidedly in advance of his time; and after losing much money, was obliged to give up his projects till they should be better appreciated, and to revert to his profession of land-surveying. Edward Pease, a man of large means, was able to start a company for constructing a railroad between Stockton and Darlington. The idea at first was simply to facilitate goods and especially coal traffic between the two towns; passenger traffic by railway was not considered as likely to assume any appreciable proportions. The transport of coal was the idea on which the chief calculations were based in what was called "the Quaker's line." Three times the Bill was introduced before it was passed. The first time it was wrecked through the influence of the Duke of Cleveland, who violently opposed it, in finding that the proposed line would pass near one of his fox covers. The dissolution of Parliament after the death of George III. caused the loss of another session. At length, in 1821, the Bill for constructing the Stockton and Darlington railroad was obtained.

Then it was that energetic Mr. Pease was one day waited upon by two visitors in reference to the new undertaking. One of them was Mr. Wood, the viewer at Killingworth, who came as spokesman, and to introduce the other, a quiet, sensible, modest man, "only the engine-wright at Killingworth," George Stephenson. Mr. Pease soon saw that this quiet engine-wright had invaluable information to give concerning engines and railways. He strongly dissuaded Mr. Pease from carrying out the intention of having the line worked by horse-power, declaring that a locomotive was worth fifty horses. "Come over to Killingworth, sir, and see what my engines can do," said Stephenson; "seeing is believing." The result of the interview was the bringing of Stephenson's name before the other Directors by Mr. Pease; and an official letter was despatched by a messenger to George Stephenson, Esquire, engineer. No such official personage was known at that place; and the envoy was about to carry home his letter in despair, when it was discovered that "Geordie, the engine-wright," was the man wanted, and Stephenson's modest cottage was pointed out.

The idea of horse-power for working the railway having been abandoned, stationary engines were next proposed; but Stephenson stood manfully by his first assertion, declaring the locomotive, and

the locomotive only, to be suited to the purpose. Mr. Pease came over to Killingworth, saw what one of Stephenson's engines could do, and became a convert. At the request of the Directors, Stephenson surveyed the proposed line, pointing out where considerable savings might be effected by a change in the proposed route. He was appointed engineer of the line at a salary of £300 a year; and persuaded Mr. Pease to have a clause inserted in the amended Act for the railway, authorizing the working of the railway by locomotive engines, and for passenger traffic as well as goods. During the survey, Stephenson made friends with all the farming people on the line of route, who gladly welcomed him into their houses, where he asked leave to cook the bit of raw bacon which, with a hunch of bread, he carried in his pocket for his dinner. His hearty good humour, and genuine, kindly nature, made him welcome everywhere. He had his anxieties, too, though his honest pride was gratified by the new position in which he found himself. Various of the local papers were bitterly sarcastic on the new scheme, ridiculing the idea of railway passenger traffic as utterly absurd, and poking very heavy fun at the "roaring steam-engine." But Stephenson never doubted the ultimate success of his plans. He had bestowed too much thought and care upon them for years to be frightened by squibs, and persevered manfully.

On one occasion, when, with his son Robert and his friend John Dixon, he had gone the length of ordering a bottle of wine after dinner, to drink success to the railway, then in an advanced state of construction, he burst out in remarkable words of prophecy, recorded at the time by Dixon. They prove how far his sagacity looked ahead, and how clearly he saw the revolution that was coming in the practice of travelling. "Now, lads," he said to his companions, "I venture to tell you that I think you will see the day when railways will supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country—when mail coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the great highways for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties to be encountered; but what I have said will come to pass as sure as you now hear me. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive introduced thus far, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth." And here we may

notice the special feature of Stephenson's merits in connection with the establishment of the railway system. The others, Trevethick, Hedley, Blenkinsop, and many men of genius besides, made improvements of various kinds in the engines. He alone saw the immense importance of the subject, the whole scope of the mighty change he was working to effect.

STEPHENSON'S FIRST RAILWAY WORK.

The plain, simple honesty of Stephenson was shown when the question arose whether cast iron or wrought iron rails were to be used. Stephenson strongly recommended wrought iron as more durable, while cast iron rails would not bear the weight of the engines, and would be constantly requiring repair, as he knew by experience at Killingworth, though he plainly declared that this advice was £500 out of his pocket; for he was interested in a patent for cast iron rails, taken out, with Mr. Loch, in 1816. Loch, indeed, was very angry on the occasion, declaring that Stephenson ought to have recommended the cast iron rails, in the interests of the partnership; but that was not "Geordie's" way of looking at things. The Stockton and Darlington Railway was at length opened with considerable ceremony, a long procession of waggons being formed into a train on the railway, preceded by a man on horseback carrying a flag, whereon was inscribed the motto, "*Periculum privata utilitas publica*;" and then came George Stephenson himself, driving Number One engine, appropriately named the "Locomotion." The long train, crowded with passengers, weighed ninety tons; yet Stephenson, after sending the banner-bearer out of the way, drove it up to a speed of fifteen miles an hour. The opening was a triumphant success; and a few days after, the first passenger carriage, Stephenson's "Experiment," a vehicle like a caravan, was put upon the line,—constituting for a time the whole passenger rolling stock of the first public railway in England.

Some time before, Stephenson had conceived the idea of setting up a factory for the construction of locomotive engines. He had a capital of £1000, chiefly made up from the present the coal-miners had made him for the "Geordie lamp." Mr. Pease, who by this time had unbounded confidence in him, advanced £500; and Mr. John Richardson did the same. From those small beginnings originated the great factory in Forth Street, for some years the one establishment which turned out thoroughly efficient workpeople. Stephenson showed a preference for those who, like himself, hailed from Northumberland. "He could engineer matter

very well," he said, "but his greatest difficulty was to engineer men."

MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL RAILWAY.

The Stockton and Darlington line, with the opposition it encountered, was a very small matter in comparison to the larger enterprise now taken in hand, and the organized resistance offered to it; the foremost enemies being among the richest and most influential men in the land. For the project of a railway between Manchester and Liverpool was again mooted, and the thousand and one interests that declared themselves injuriously affected were up in arms. Mr. James, the surveyor, who early enlisted the help of Stephenson, was subjected, with his assistants, to such various kinds of violence, that one would have thought they were a company of spies come to survey the weak points of the land with a view to a hostile incursion, rather than peaceable men of science anxious to bestow a great and signal benefit upon their country. The Earls of Derby and Wilton were furious when it was proposed that the line should pass through their estates, and organised gangs of keepers, clothoppers, miners, and other enlightened persons, to waylay, harass, beat, and utterly put to the rout the surveyors and their assistants. Bradshaw, the canal agent of the Earl of Bridgewater, who saw in the proposed iron road a powerful rival to the Bridgewater canal, on which the cotton was carried from Liverpool to Manchester, often taking weeks upon weeks to arrive at its destination, came loyally to the assistance of Lords Derby and Wilton with his canal men and bargees, and threatened Stephenson with a ducking at their hands. Never was the survey of a line of country made under greater difficulties; no wonder it was somewhat imperfect; the marvel was how it was completed at all. "The Canal Companies," wrote Mr. James, "are alive to their danger: I have been the object of their persecution and hate; they would immolate me if they could; but if I can die the death of Samson, by pulling away the pillars, I am content to die with these Philistines. Be assured, my dear sir, that not a moment shall be lost, nor shall my attention for a day be diverted from this concern, which increases in importance every hour, as well as in the certainty of ultimate success."

And as the survey was brought to a close, and the time drew near for seeking the necessary powers from Parliament for the new railway, all the opposing forces were set to work with tongue and pen, in the hope of creating an invincible prejudice against the scheme and crushing it at once. From the *Quarterly Review* downwards, which attacked

the ideas in all the moods and tenses of vituperation, the Tory press set up a howl, and shouted "Anathema!" The most terrible consequences, agricultural, pastoral, social, and moral, would result from this iniquitous and unnatural means of progression. Horses would first deteriorate, then diminish in number, and finally become extinct in England,—for what would be left them to do? The sparks from the passing engine would assuredly multiply conflagrations. Houses would be set on fire, the country would be lighted up by flaming corn- and hay-ricks; but this latter calamity would be less felt from, because hay would be no longer required when there were no horses left to eat it. Clouds of smoke would pollute the air, even to the breeding of pestilence, and the suffocation of His Majesty's lieges. As for inn-keepers, stage-coachmen, carriage-builders, and all who depended directly or indirectly upon the road for a living, their occupation would be utterly and entirely gone. The only consolation the reviewer saw, afar off, amid this dismal prospect, was in the fact that the railways themselves would never answer, and that the locomotive engines would quickly belie their name by coming to a dead stop. "To speak plain English," says a *Quarterly Reviewer*, "the steam carriage may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned." And when in 1825 the day came when the Bill for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was to go into committee in the House of Commons, there was a tremendous forensic body, in all the importance and dignity of silk gowns and awful wigs, ready to fight tooth and nail to turn it out utterly.

OBSTRUCTION; SUCCESS; THE "ROCKET."

Now Stephenson was a man who could work far better than he could speak. To him it was easier to turn to and overcome an engineering difficulty than to explain in good set terms how he would deal with it. Except among his friends, or when warmed by enthusiasm, he was diffident in manner and slow of speech. A pretty time he had of it in the committee room among the gentlemen of the long robe. Sydney Smith said once, in humorous anger against an offender, that he deserved to be "preached to death by wild curates." Stephenson seemed to run some risk of a similar fate, namely, of being questioned to death by wild lawyers. "I was not long in the witness box," he says, "before I wished for a hole to creep out at; I could not find words to satisfy either the Committee or myself. I was subjected to the cross-examination of eight or ten barristers, purpose'y as far as possible to bewilder me. Some member of

the Committee asked if I were a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down." It was this determination that carried him through, in the fire of an opposition of which this was but the commencement, though the cross-examination lasted three days. To the sapient question, whether if a cow got on to the line, in the way of an engine travelling at nine or ten miles an hour, it would not be a very awkward circumstance, he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "Yes, varry awkward indeed for the cow!" The Bill was thrown out; but on the subsequent session a new route having been marked out to avoid encroaching on the domains of Lords Derby and Sefton, the Bill was passed through Parliament, at a cost of £27,000. Stephenson was appointed resident engineer to the company at £1,000 a year, though Mr. Rennie the chief engineer objected, having stipulated that he should have the appointing of the resident officer. A terribly difficult problem awaited Stephenson directly he began his new duties; he undertook to carry the railroad across Chat Moss, a shaking bog, all pulp from the top to the depth of thirty-four feet, with quicksands, etc., below this. The highest engineering authorities declared that no one but a madman would contend with the tremendous difficulties here presented. But Stephenson persevered, declaring himself certain of success, while the Directors stood aghast at the enormous amount of material swallowed by the insatiable bog, and even the assistants began to look alarmed. He succeeded, and constructed the road across the moor at an expense of only £28,000; whereas Mr. Giles, a scientific engineer, who had criticised his efforts in a very adverse sense, had estimated the cost at £270,000.

It was now that he recalled his son Robert from America, to assist in his harassing and arduous labours. His greatest anxiety arose from an opposition that had sprung up, much fostered by Rennie and Telford, against the use of locomotives on the line. But the Stephensons pleaded so earnestly for a fair trial of the system, which they felt convinced was the only one certain of success, that it was at last determined to institute a great competition of locomotives at Rainhill, with a view of ascertaining whether a really practical engine could be constructed. The trial excited intense interest. Four "racers" were entered for the contest: the "Novelty," by Braithwaite and Ericsson; the "Sanspareil," by Timothy Hackworth; the "Perseverance," by Burstall; and the "Rocket," by Stephenson. Everyone knows the issue of that famous competition—how the little "Rocket" bore away

the palm from her competitors, and won the prize of £500, besides demonstrating once and for all that economy and efficiency were combined in the use of the locomotive. The brave engine was rather badly treated afterwards, and, like Dibdin's high-mettled racer, set to the unworthy task of hauling sand and gravel. It always showed itself a capital little working engine; and when in the service of Mr. Thompson, the lessee of the Earl of Carlisle's coal and lime works, on one occasion accomplished four miles in four and a half minutes, nearly sixty miles an hour. Stephenson bought it back, for old acquaintance' sake; and at length it found a fitting home in the Museum of Patents, at Kensington. It had fulfilled all the conditions laid down by the Company. They were considered very hard at the time; and Mr. P. Ewart, of Liverpool, who afterwards became Government Inspector of Steam-packets, declared "that only a parcel of charlatans could ever have issued such a set of conditions; that it had been proved to be impossible to make a locomotive engine go at ten miles an hour; but if it ever were done, he would undertake to eat a stewed engine wheel for his breakfast." That gentleman ought to have died of indigestion.

IMPROVED ENGINES; LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

Stephenson was not the man to rest content with a great success. He constructed other engines, each exhibiting an improvement on its predecessors, the "Planet," the "Samson," and others. The landed proprietors continued their obstruction to the extension of the railway system; but gradually this obstruction took the form of excessive demands for compensation rather than unmitigated opposition. The great landlords were not unwilling to consent to having the value of their estates greatly augmented, and the rents obtainable for farms considerably heightened, by the increased facilities offered by railways for the transfer of produce. Indeed, some country magnates were found patronising a rival line between Manchester and Liverpool, on condition that it should pass through their property; but they demanded enormous compensation for the grievance of having their property thus improved; and the possession of the land put them in a position to extort, in some cases, from six to ten times the marketable value of the ground required by the railway companies. Where the companies were not ready to buy off the opposition of the territorial magnates at exorbitant rates, every device was put in action to get their Bills thrown out in Parliament. In the case of the London and Birmingham Railway, one of the lines

set on foot at this period, under the superintendence of Stephenson, the landowners of Hertfordshire and Bucks organized themselves into a complete phalanx, convened public meetings to prove that railways were unnecessary,—one eloquent gentleman declared them to be directly opposed to the Spirit of the Constitution,—and resorted to the old device of physical force against the surveyors, who were reduced to prowling about with dark lanterns and do their work at night, and to surround themselves with a protective force of strong armed supporters, where actual violence was apprehended. When it was proposed to extend the railway system beyond the manufacturing centres, the country gentlemen were more angry than ever. These newfangled and revolutionary roads would subvert the British constitution and disturb the foxes. Bold Colonel Sibthorp was especially emphatic in denunciation of the infernal railways, and declared that he would as soon meet a highwayman or a burglar as a surveyor. In various instances also great and unnecessary expense was incurred through the opposition of the dissatisfied. Even in some towns the inhabitants, stirred up by the local press, and impressed by dismal forebodings uttered at public meetings, arrayed themselves on the side of the opponents of progress. Thus the stipulation of the inhabitants of Northampton that the Birmingham Railway should not come near their town entailed the necessity of making the celebrated Kilby tunnel, over which one contractor broke his heart, and which was ultimately completed by Robert Stephenson at an expense of £350,000. Maidstone also insisted on being left untouched by the Dover Railway, though afterwards it clamoured for a branch; and the Watford tunnel was constructed that the precincts of the parks of Lords Clarendon and Essex might not be profaned by the neighbourhood of the levelling railway. The annals of the House of Lords form a curious and instructive record of panic, of obstructive tendencies, grandfatherly legislation, and in some cases of amusingly extensive selfishness, thinly covered by an assumption of anxiety for the protection of the public against the wiles of dangerous promoters of chimerical schemes. One influential nobleman "doubted whether an impetus to manufactures would be advantageous to the country." A sapient Member of Parliament publicly expressed a benevolent wish that the concoctors of every such (railway) scheme, with their solicitors and engineers, were at rest in Paradise. When flat opposition proved vain, and it became very certain that railroads would be constructed, the feudal resistance of the reactionists notwith-

standing, a new feeling was manifest, showing itself in a laudable desire to make the railway interest pay for its whistle. The sum of £100,000 for a gravel pit paid to one person of more influence than conscience; £10,000 disbursed to another for consequential damages to a piece of land that became far more valuable through the formation of a railway; large sums paid to landowners as a compensation for omitting to build accommodation bridges which the landlords were entitled to demand,—in one instance a proprietor demanded five bridges, and ultimately found he could do without a single one, accepting a sum of money as an alternative in each case,—these were the amenities that strewed the path of the Stephensons and their compeers in the early days of railway enterprise. Added to this, Robert Stephenson had to walk over the whole of the ground between London and Birmingham more than twenty times, in his endeavours to complete his work of laying out the line in the face of the thousand and one obstructions. No wonder that by the time of its completion in 1838, the line had cost £500,000 instead of the £250,000, the original estimate.

But the success of this great railway, 112 miles in length, and constructed under such conditions of exceptional expense, that the Bill for its passage through Parliament alone cost £72,850, was such as to return a good dividend to the shareholders the very next year after its opening; for in that first year the receipts for passenger traffic alone amounted to above £608,500.

Thus George Stephenson had been closely identified with the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the Liverpool and Manchester (at the opening of which the great Duke of Wellington was present, and poor Mr. Huskisson, the ex-President of the Board of Trade, unfortunately lost his life, being run over by the "Rocket"), and the London and Birmingham line. The soundness of his views, and the sagacity of his calculations, had by this time been abundantly vindicated; and not only were the railways themselves successful, but it was found that various interests which it had been feared would suffer deeply were more flourishing than ever. Coal-owners and coal-consumers were benefited alike; horses, instead of being a drug in the market, increased in price. The value of land was increased, and farms near railways let for higher prices; and while the coaching and inn-keeping interests had certainly suffered, there had arisen entirely new industries connected with the new roads, which found employment for ten men where they threw one out of work.

NEW SCHEMES; STEPHENSON'S SAGACITY.

Stephenson's ideas expanded as the success of railways became more and more established; and he desired to see the capitals of England and Scotland brought into communication by the iron road, and to extend the benefits of his invention to each part of the United Kingdom. He accordingly made surveys between Newcastle and Edinburgh, and took an active interest in the new projects as they were successively brought forward. But in the interval between 1838 and 1844 there was a lull in railway enterprise. The manufacturers, coal-owners, and iron-masters had obtained the lines they immediately required; and the general public had not yet taken up railways as an investment. And when, in 1844, the desire for speculation in railways awoke almost suddenly and developed with astonishing rapidity, Stephenson had retired from the active exercise of his profession, gradually transferring to Robert, the son for whom he had done so much, and who had so fully repaid his fatherly care and nurture, the offices he held as consulting engineer, etc., on various lines. It is infinitely pleasant to see how harmoniously the famous father and the eminent son worked together, and how naturally the younger man gradually took the burden from the honoured parent whose great life-work was almost finished. Robert Stephenson's handsome office in Great George Street, Westminster, became one of the great centres of railway activity. His father frequently came to the office, but did not always quite know what to do with himself. His spirit was as vigorous as ever, and even some of the spirit of boyish fun that had prompted his athletic efforts in earlier days remained with him. It is known that quite late in life he would invite his friend Mr. Bidder to a friendly wrestling match in a room of the office; and a bill for £2 10s. for the repair of broken chairs, jocularly sent to him by his son Robert, testifies with what energy the primitive pastime must have been carried on. He was regarded with the greatest affection and with a respect that amounted to veneration by Robert Stephenson, who attributed all his own success in life to the grand old man of whom he was intensely proud. "It was his thorough training," he once said emphatically to Mr. Smiles, "his example, and his character that made me the man I am."

One great characteristic about George Stephenson was the entire simplicity and manliness of his character. On the one hand there was no ostentatious or aggressive humility about him; he was no "Josiah Brouderby of Coketown," brag-

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

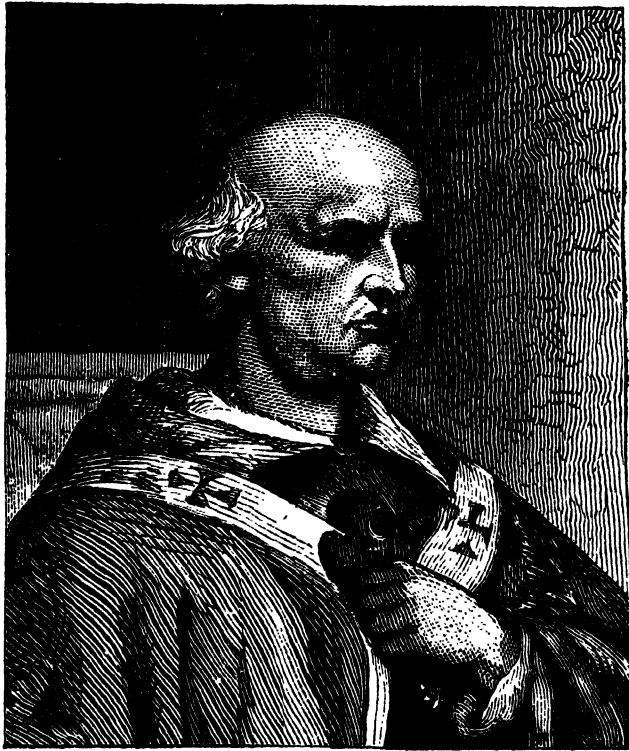
ging of his humble origin, to excite wonder, and gain praise for his material success; on the other hand there was no upstart pride, no weak endeavour to conceal the fact that he was emphatically a working-man, and self-educated. In his earlier days he was always noticeable as a man thoroughly to be depended on, and sure to rise in the world. When prosperity came, and with it the necessity of taking his place among men who had begun life at a far higher level than he had started from, he came among them with quiet, modest self-possession, commanding respect as one of nature's noblemen. His power of conversation was marvellous. His observation, his strong common sense, and an intelligent interest in a great variety of objects, from birds'-nests upwards, gave a charm to his talk; and often a dry, humorous saying of his would envelope a world of meaning. Thus he declared he distrusted competitive examinations because they would lead to an unlimited power of cram—adding, "Let me give you one piece of advice: *Never to judge of your goose by its stuffing!*" Actively benevolent he was, with a hand always open to help the poor. A brother-in-law of his first wife died, leaving a large family unprovided for. The poor orphans had nothing but the workhouse before them; but, as a north-country admirer forcibly expressed it, "George struck in fayther for them." On one of his visits to Newcastle, after shaking hands with Mr. Brandling, an old friend, he shook hands also with a still older friend, Anthony Wigham, his coachman. In the latter part of his life he was involved in a controversy, in which his strong good sense again appeared conspicuous. A new school arose, that of the *fast engineers*, who frequently aspired rather to originality than to practical usefulness; but Stephenson steadily held to his own principles, and declared that every engineering work should be made to pay. Thus he persistently advocated the narrow gauge, the space of 4 ft. 8½ in. between the rails, in opposition to Brunel's more ambitious broad gauge, as displayed at considerable cost to the shareholders in the Great Western Railway. Again, anxious as he was for the legitimate development of railways in his native country, he would never give the sanction of his name or countenance to any scheme he did not consider sound. During the time of the great railway excitement of 1845 and 1846, large and influential deputations were continually coming to him, begging him to accept the position of consulting engineer to new lines, and ready to pay any amount for the use of his

influence; but he firmly refused; he would not give the countenance of his name to a popular delusion.

THE RAILWAY MANIA; HONESTY OF STEPHENSON; CONCLUSION.

In 1845 and 1846 a perfect fever of speculation in railways broke out. It was known as the railway mania, and displayed itself in an insane tendency to put forward the wildest projects for new companies. Gambling in railway shares was carried on to an extent that revived recollections of the South Sea Bubble of the previous century. Men of straw became possessors of large amounts of railway stock, which they hastened to dispose of at a premium, buying more and pushing it on in the same way. All classes, from dukes downward, seemed bitten with the idea of gaining sudden fortunes. "Never a sharper need now despair, and every rogue has a chance," wrote Thackeray. Stephenson's name on the prospectus of any of these lines would have been invaluable in raising the price of the shares. He was often importuned to allow it to be used, and might have made a colossal fortune by acquiescence. But he steadily refused, declaring that he looked upon railroads as private speculations, and that if they could not be made to pay he would have nothing to do with them. In his beautiful country house at Tipton, about a mile from Chesterfield, he passed his last years, occasionally visiting London, to visit friends, or "to see what there was just going on;" Newcastle, and the scenes of his old colliery life. Killingworth and its neighbourhood were also dear to him; and into many a cottage whose occupants he had known in the old times would he enter, with his cheery greeting of "Well, and how's all here to-day?" In 1847, the year before his death, he was invited not for the first time to Drayton Manor, the seat of Sir Robert Peel. He was to be present at the opening of the Trent Valley Railway, the first sod of which had been cut by Sir Robert two years before, but which Stephenson himself had projected and planned many years earlier. In the same year he invented a new self-acting break; and in the same year he told the story of his life at a meeting of the Leeds Mechanics Institute. On the 12th August, 1848, after a short illness, he died, in the 67th year of his age, leaving behind him a name second to none, in that class of distinguished men who, rising from the ranks, attain to eminence and fame by dint of sheer genius, force of character, and hard work.

H. W. D.



THOMAS À BECKET.

"Oh, had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown!"—*DAYDEN.*

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Strife between King and Church—Veneration of Centuries for Becket's Memory—The Story of his Youth—Gilbert Becket and the Fair Saracen—Becket at Canterbury—Archbishop Theobald—Becket's Success as a Negotiator—His Favour with the King—The Office of Chancellor—His Energy and Splendour—Made Archbishop of Canterbury—Change in the Tenor of his Life—His Asceticism and Mortification—Resignation of the Great Seal—Quarrel with the King—Council at Westminster—Constitutions of Clarendon—Council at Northampton—Becket's Exile—Intervention of Alexander III.—Coldness of Becket—Apparent Reconciliation—Return of Becket to England—His High-handed Proceedings—His Murder—Conclusion.

THE GREAT CONTROVERSY.

THE life of Thomas à Becket is the history of a great feud, a memorable tragedy, and the most remarkable transactions, political and ecclesiastical, of the reign of Henry II. And though seven centuries have passed since

the actors were removed and the wonderful story was told, controversy has not yet closed over the memorials of the extraordinary prelate. There are no facts in dispute, no records still to examine, no new evidence to weigh and sift; all indeed, possible to do, has

been done to complete and interpret the simple and coincident narratives of the chroniclers. From this it might be supposed that the life of Becket had long ago passed from the exciting sphere of disputation to the tranquil region of meditative inquiry. But it is not so: his character, his sanctity, his ambition, his imperious and latterly frantic zeal, and the superstition which clouded and wrecked his subtle and dauntless spirit, are all and more still subjects of controversy.

An explanation of this may be conveniently given here. For upwards of three centuries after his death, Becket was adored as a martyr and saint, scarcely lower than St. Peter himself in the hierarchy of heaven. Indeed, his shrine in those ages was the most remunerative piece of property the Church had in England. Pilgrims of all degrees and from all parts flocked in great multitudes to Canterbury with their richest gifts and pious savings. Louis of France placed a splendid jewel on the shrine, and Henry II. crawled with bare and bleeding feet to the spot on which his old antagonist fell. There were, however, ecclesiastics and scholars who found it difficult to reconcile passages in Becket's life with what they believed should be the conduct of a saint on earth. Roger, Archbishop of York, broadly declared that Becket had perished like Pharaoh in his pride; and fifty years after the murder the question was gravely discussed in the University of Paris, whether Becket was in heaven or hell. Upon investigation it was discovered that the miracles reported to have taken place at his birth and death had been invented to fortify his claims to canonization; and as the accounts of the miracles filled two large volumes, it may be inferred that the recorders were remarkably ingenious and diligent. Suspicions were further increased when the most sceptical of the brethren began to frame indictments against the saint; in these he was accused of counterfeiting conversion to gain the archbishopric, of impiety in using the thunders of the Church to serve his own purposes, of rebellion, duplicity, perjury, contumacy, and a number of other offences, in the aggregate a terrific charge. As may be imagined, so great a scandal excited the jealousy of the Church and the curiosity of the lay congregations, and immense efforts were made, on the one side to disprove the heretical accusations, and on the other to refute the testimony of the Church as a tissue of falsehoods. The doctrines of the Reformation, which were gaining ground in England, turned the scale, and strange as it

may be, towards the middle of the sixteenth century Becket was actually cited to appear in court, there to be tried and condemned as a traitor. Henry VIII. had no great faith in saints, and the superlative holiness of St. Thomas was in particular highly offensive. There was a solemn State trial of the defunct Primate,—one of those great parodies of justice which Henry designed to promote his desires; and that there might be nothing wanting to mortify and incense the Romish Church, St. Thomas was struck ignominiously from the calendar, his bones were burned, his ashes cast into the highway, and the obloquy which enflamed bigotry and debased zeal had collected and invented was flung upon his memory. Three hundred years of unmerited contumely followed; his name became a by-word of reproach, a symbol of hypocrisy and imposture, a synonym of impious malignity. So ran the current down almost to our own age; and then, flowing into a wide sea of thought, imperceptibly lost its virulence.

Thus through seven centuries the conflict of opinion multiplied and renewed the materials for controversy; and these were so interwoven with ecclesiastical disputes and political problems that with each succeeding age arose new and more luxuriant growths of propositions and conjectures. The origin of the feud was forgotten in the disputations of learned canonists and jurists; and it is to the biographers of our own time we are indebted for the results of investigations pursued through vast accumulations of hypothetical matter. And these results, though still subject to the criticism of party spirit, redeem the character of Becket from obloquy, and, in the words of Lord Chancellor Campbell, satisfy reflective minds that he was "one of the most distinguished men of any race this island has produced."

One word more before we proceed. It is obvious that Becket's life should be considered as part of his own age, the twelfth century; indeed as encrusted, as it were, in a time of dark and debasing superstition, in which schism and impiety rent the Church, and crime polluted its sacred places. The England of that day, as Macaulay observes, was "in a state more miserable than the state in which the most degraded nations of the East now are." Usurpation and rebellion and a merciless feudalism had almost extinguished every spark of faith, honour, and freedom. Hence, to understand properly the nature of the transactions in which Becket was concerned, it is necessary to keep in

the mind's eye the dark traditions of his age while we throw together the materials for this addition to biography.

BECKET'S YOUTH.

The story told of Becket's early days glows in a rich ecclesiastical setting like some old-world legend painted on a church window. It is beautiful and mysterious, and harmonises perfectly with mediæval notions of a saintly birth. Charming fable colours the years of infancy and boyhood. Miracles were wrought and marvellous things seen in visions, and in those other ways in which, as Plautus observes, the gods make fools of men.

Nor were the pious and ingenious authors of so much fiction at a loss to invent an appropriate legend concerning the boy's parents. Gilbert Becket, according to the story, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he was captured and enslaved by the Saracens. His master Amirald had a lovely daughter, a susceptible maid, in whose eyes the fair stranger found favour. She assisted him to escape, and subsequently followed him. Gilbert, after a series of romantic adventures, arrives home and begins business, becoming in due time portreve or high-sheriff, and an opulent merchant in the city of London. The lady meanwhile is travelling slowly through many strange countries. The only words of English she knows are "Becket" and "London," and these she has constantly on her lips while threading her way through vast forests, and encountering all the various perils of her romantic journey. At length she accomplishes her object, and Gilbert, still heart-whole, is so struck by such an instance of heroic attachment, that his scruples as a pious Churchman vanish. She is immediately baptized by the name of Matilda, and after that ceremony the pair are married by six bishops, their lordships being in those days gregarious and accommodating.

Of this beautiful story only one part is true, namely, the marriage of Gilbert and Matilda Becket; the fruit of which was Thomas, born, it is supposed, in 1118. On the day of his birth his father's house was nearly destroyed by fire, without, however, it would appear, interrupting the performance of the miracle-workers. Fires in the city were at that time so frequently occurring that rapid changes of fortune were constantly taking place. Gilbert Becket was among the sufferers, and so considerable were his losses that he soon became impoverished, and we hear of him no more as a merchant or

magistrate. His house, however, continued to be the resort of clerics and gentlemen, in whose esteem Gilbert stood high as a person of studious habits and irreproachable character.

Matilda appears to have been an excellent woman, such another mother, indeed, as those to whom so many distinguished men owe the first start in a great career. It was her practice at certain seasons, presumably in better days, to weigh the infant Thomas, placing in the opposite scale bread, meat, linen, and money, which were afterwards distributed among the poor. Thomas thrived through a somewhat uneventful boyhood, until he attracted the notice of Richier de Aquila, a Norman soldier of large fortune. The knight took a fancy to the bright, dark-eyed, sturdy youth, and taught him the accomplishments of the age. Fond of sports and the exciting exercises of chivalry, Thomas soon longed to follow his splendid patron to the wars. But in those times a successful career could best be pursued through the portals of the Church, and accordingly he was sent at the age of ten to Merton Priory, where he was educated, and where probably he received the first instructions in that ecclesiastical law which he as Primate afterwards expounded with tragic results.

It is related that on one of his visits Gilbert Becket prostrated himself reverently before his son Thomas. "What art thou doing?" said the prior. "Dost thou fall down at the feet of thy son?" "I know, sir, what I am doing!" replied Gilbert, "for this boy shall be great in the sight of the Lord." Taken with a large pinch of salt, this story shows the drift of his father's wishes—that he should be trained for one of the higher offices of the Church; and the exceptional intelligence he displayed, the quickness of his parts, and the uniform excellence of his conduct, certainly favoured the high hopes his father and his patron entertained.

But about a year before he reached his majority he left the priory and spent some little time in Paris, prosecuting his studies. On his return to London he entered the service of a relation, one Osbern Witdeniers, with whom he remained three years, keeping accounts and acquiring business habits. Towards the close of this apprenticeship two visitors arrived from Boulogne at his father's house, through whose influence he was introduced to the notice of Theobald, then Archbishop of Canterbury. From that time, probably 1144, his good fortune was assured. He rose rapidly in the Primate's favour, and preferment placed him in a position to complete his ecclesiastical studies without assistance.

At Bologna and Auxerre, under the celebrated Gratian, he studied civil and canon law, and it is supposed devoted attention to a series of maxims on Church polity, the spirit of which denied to the secular authority the right of jurisdiction over the clergy. If this be so, the foundation was laid then for the resistance he in after years made, when Henry II. demanded that clerical offenders should be handed over for punishment to the secular arm. Becket, at all events, acquired at Bologna an exact knowledge of Church laws, and on his return to England was marked out for promotion and preferment by the Archbishop.

AT THE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

The court of Canterbury at the time of which we write was the centre of learning in England, and one of the great seats of ecclesiastical power in Christendom. The See had been made famous by two illustrious Churchmen, drawn from the seminary of Bec, to rivet the Norman system on the Saxon Church. Lanfranc and Anselm had been the potential figures in the great Norman college, and as English Primates they stood in the first rank of accomplished theologians, and profound metaphysicians. Perhaps, in the whole history of the Church, no two men united so many high qualities, and yet separately were more the antipodes of each other in personality. Lanfranc was renowned for his austerities and imperious defence of the rights of the Church. Anselm was the type of gentleness and wisdom united in a spirit capable of infinite endurance. Yet his passive courage and serene imperturbability were as unyielding in devotion to the Church as were the iron will and austere spirit of Lanfranc.

While these great men lived the Church suffered no spoliation at the hands of the Conqueror or his successors. William and his son Rufus were restrained by Lanfranc, and Anselm vindicated the rights of his order in an almost interminable dispute with the first Henry. The next Primate, however, possessed neither Lanfranc's strong will nor Anselm's unconquerable spirit. Yet Theobald personally was an affectionate and loyal son of the Church, and clung tenaciously to the privileges of the clergy. What he lacked himself he endeavoured to supply by attracting to his court men of distinction and promise, to whom the defence of the Church might be entrusted, should the Crown encroach upon her rights. In Becket he had discovered the qualities of an able Churchman and an astute minister, another Lanfranc in strength of will, a

daring and lofty spirit, inflexible in purpose and unconquerable in resistance.

Becket's advance in the Archbishop's favour was rapid. Preferment was literally heaped upon him; this included fat livings in London and Oxford, and prebendary stalls in the cathedrals of St. Paul's and Lincoln. His appointment at the court was of a confidential nature. He was employed on the most important missions, and in negotiating weighty business between great personages. His skill and grasp of detail, and his exact knowledge, ensured the success of his diplomacy abroad, and his accomplishments, high spirit, and profuse liberality won him flattering tributes at home. He was at that time an unusually tall man, of a most dignified presence. His eyes were large, dark, and brilliant, and in repose they are said to have charmed by their infinite sweetness. The singular acuteness of his physical senses has been remarked by all his biographers. The slightest footfall he instantly detected, and his sense of smell seemed unerring. In the prominent and slightly aquiline nose, massive forehead, full chin, and finely-curved lips, the power of a strong, self-reliant mind was boldly writ. He conversed with great vivacity, drawing tale and jest from a large store and a most luxuriant fancy. He had then begun to indulge a taste for rich dress and the costly appointments of a favoured courtier; and ere long was noted for his splendour and munificence.

The glimpses we have of his life at the Archbishop's court are not always sunny or fair. Sometimes a shadow falls cold and dark on the gay colour and bright scene. The jealousy of the clerics and suffragans was easily excited, and the favour shown to Becket, who was neither a priest nor a noble, could scarcely be viewed with equanimity by the less favoured followers. Through the influence of Roger, afterwards Archbishop of York, he was dismissed twice, and as often reinstated when the triumph of his enemies seemed complete. On these occasions he had a staunch friend in Walter, Bishop of Rochester, a prelate of a noble and generous character, and as proud of Becket's success, as Roger was envious and antagonistic. What the charges were upon which the Archbishop had acted in dismissing Becket we must leave to conjecture, but it is obvious they were of a superficial nature; exaggerations, probably, of some indiscretions of temper, to which undue weight was attached by the jealous and vindictive suffragan.

At all events, Becket lost nothing, and was soon higher than ever in the Primate's favour; in proof of which he was sent to Rome on several

delicate and weighty missions. A dispute had arisen between the two bishops—Canterbury and York—respecting legatine powers. Theobald, as Primate of all England and the Pope's legate, claimed precedence over the See of York. On the other hand, the Archbishop of that province refused to acknowledge Theobald's claims, and styling himself Primate of England, set up pretensions of the loftiest character. The fine shade of distinction in the titles of the two prelates we can scarcely appreciate now, but in the age in which they lived a hair's-breadth was as good as a mile where ecclesiastical dignity was concerned. The rivals submitted their claims and pretensions to Rome, and Theobald's case was so successfully represented by Becket that the Pope confirmed the legatine authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and thus for a time at least settled the dispute.

But it was a success which drew upon Becket the displeasure of the defeated Prelate, and embittered the inimical feeling fostered by the Archbishop's successor, Roger. The seeds indeed were sown then of a struggle for supremacy between Roger and Becket which began soon after the latter's consecration, and ended only with his life.

There was another and weightier matter in which Becket's diplomacy achieved a great triumph. King Stephen, in order to secure the succession, had determined that his son Eustace should be crowned King during his own lifetime. This, however, was contrary to a convention he had at a critical juncture concluded at Winchester, by which he acknowledged the right of Prince Henry to succeed to the Crown; he himself, as the reader is aware, having but an indifferent title to reign. Becket was sent by Theobald to Rome to denounce the breach of faith Stephen contemplated, and in particular to vindicate the claims of Prince Henry; and so effectual were his representations that the proposed coronation of Eustace was forbidden by the Pope, and the succession secured without further dispute to Henry. "The subtle prudence and cleverness," says a chronicler, "of Thomas, cleric of London," were more than a match for Stephen's emissaries. It is true that Becket had a good case; the Prince was the grandson of Henry I., and as such was *de jure* King of England; but Stephen was *de facto* Sovereign, and had paid the Pope handsomely for ratifying his claim to the throne. His usurpation had been in a manner condoned by the majority of his subjects, and he had held his own against the most formidable of Henry's partisans. Moreover the Pope's advisers foresaw

in the accession of Henry the rise of a Prince whose family had always been inimical to the lofty assumptions of the Church. It is better, said one of the cardinals, to hold a ram by the horns than try to grasp a lion's tail,—in short, it was argued that Stephen and his son Eustace would be more easily managed and more useful to the Holy See, than the young Plantagenet Henry and his haughty race. Thus the question of right was subordinated to that of expediency, and nothing short of the most consummate diplomacy could possibly have accomplished the object of Becket's mission.

His reputation as an able negotiator was now established, and he enjoyed the favour and confidence of Henry's adherents. Theobald distinguished him by the most gratifying marks of favour; he shared the Primate's counsels and secrets, was his companion, friend, adviser, and eventually his successor. The death of Eustace finally disposed of the succession question. Stephen soon after died, and on the 17th of December, 1154, Henry II. was crowned King of England. In the same year Becket was ordained deacon, and advanced to the Archdeaconry of Canterbury, the highest dignity after the bishoprics and abbacies. In the following year he became Lord Chancellor of the Kingdom.

THE CHANCELLOR BECKET.

It is scarcely necessary to explain how Becket's promotion arose. The King, though then a very young man, was well aware of the part Thomas had taken to secure his succession, and Theobald had presented his favourite as worthy of a high place near His Majesty's person. The Primate moreover knew that Henry had inherited little respect for the clergy, and might, if not judiciously restrained, do serious injury to the Church. The need, therefore, of stationing an able Churchman at his elbow was very great, and Becket might be trusted implicitly. On the other hand the King had need of an astute and energetic minister to frame and execute the remedial measures necessary to restore peace and prosperity to the distracted country. Becket had already demonstrated how great his abilities were, and had given the highest proofs of his attachment to the Prince's interests. His elevation, therefore, to the Chancellorship was regarded with satisfaction by the ecclesiastical as well as the secular authority.

The office of Chancellor in that age was practically that of the Executive in all the departments of the government. The Chancellor administered the revenues of all vacant bishoprics

and abbacies. He had the custody of the great seal, and he was at liberty to seal his own documents with its reverse. Without summons he was entitled to attend the King's councils, and all the royal grants passed through his hands. The Chapel Royal was in his care. Becket was also entrusted with the principal administration of his master's continental dominions. The high judicial functions of the Chancellorship in our own time were not, however, included in the duties of the office in the twelfth century, but apart from those its dignities and splendour were almost regal.

The first acts of the new government inspired the nation with hopes of a speedy deliverance from the misery and anarchy Stephen's misrule had produced. The foreign mercenaries were dismissed and sent out of the kingdom. They had sacked, burned, plundered, and violated with devilish ferocity, until, as a chronicler relates, "a whole day's journey might the traveller ride, and not find a man left in a town nor a land in tillage." The castles and fortresses in which the oppressors and robbers had their dens were demolished, and a clean sweep was made of the main elements of disorder. The debased coin of Stephen's mintage was cried down, and new money struck of the right value and standard. Charters were granted by which citizens claimed their freedom and privileges independent of any superior but the King. And these charters were the ground-work of the liberty we now enjoy.

To the Chancellor's prompting and executive energy these concessions and beneficial measures were no doubt largely due. Henry was very of his time in France. There he had a wider dominion than even the King of France, and exercised an independent authority. But the cares of state were distasteful to him. He was impatient, violent, and often headstrong, and though a bold and resolute Prince, lacked the higher qualities of a wise and magnanimous Sovereign. That he himself initiated the beneficent legislation of his reign is highly improbable; it bears the imprint of a more sagacious mind—that indeed of a far-searching and liberal statesman. Becket was the responsible administrator, and the policy he pursued effectually sapped the feudal system, and aroused the people to a sense of their own great power. There had been but three orders in the nation, namely, the king, the barons, and the clergy, and each had struggled and fought and intrigued for supremacy; now a fourth order arose, formed of the merchant class; and, claiming a share in the administration,

succeeded eventually in unriveting the despotism under which every spark of liberty had well-nigh been extinguished.

The dignities of office Becket supported with a munificence more regal than clerical. He had an immense revenue, and maintained a sumptuous establishment. The hospitality he dispensed was princely. "The costliness of his furniture," says FitzStephen, "the luxury of his banquets, and the general splendour of his state, were the theme of contemporary wonder and admiration." The highest honours were placed at his disposal; his titles and dignities were increased according to his fancy. He was Lord Warden of the Tower, and of the castles of Ely and Berkhamestead. Knights and the sons of nobles swelled his retinue, and when he crossed over to France he had an escort of six ships.

With his Sovereign Becket lived on the easiest and most intimate terms. Henry would sometimes enter the Chancellor's dining-hall or horseback, and leaping to the dais, indulge a gay mood in a familiar and hearty revel. Probably every reader knows the story of the frolic in the city. Henry and Becket were riding together one cold winter's day, some distance in advance of the escort, when the king spied a poor old man barely clad and shivering. "Poor old fellow!" said Henry; "do you see how cold he looks. It would be a famous alms to give him a thick warm cloak!" "A very proper thought, and a royal one too," replied Becket. "Very well," said the King, "you shall give this great alms; and turning to the unsuspecting Chancellor, laid hold of his splendid cloak of scarlet and grey. When the escort came up they found the King and the Chancellor struggling over the cloak; Henry at last secured it, and threw it to the old man.

That Becket shared his master's pleasures seems likely enough. He had a gay humour, bright fancy, and an inexhaustible store of anecdotes; he was in the highest sense companionable; but there is no evidence to prove that he was either dissipated or licentious: indeed, the stories told in his purgation show that he was pure and temperate, and subjected himself to the severest discipline. Two biographers, differing widely in many other respects, agree as regards this point. "He has been impeached unjustly," says Canon Robertson, and Canon Morris testifies to the same effect. The latter gives the names of Becket's flagellators, a prior and a priest who are said to have applied the switch with pious severity. It appears, however, that the Chancellor was suspected of an intrigue now and then, in which one of the fair dames of the court was concerned.

As the story goes, he was once in attendance on the King at Stafford, when the suspicions of his host Vivien were aroused by the attentions which he fancied were paid to the Chancellor by a lady. Her name was Anice de Stafford, and she was one of the court beauties whose reputation had suffered in consequence of their intimacy with the King. Anice was lovely, and perhaps a trifle forward, and Vivien was not above acting the spy. Long after the household was at rest he secretly entered Becket's chamber with a lantern. The room seemed empty, but on peering round it he saw his guest asleep on the floor, partially undressed. There are many similar stories, and others, of traps laid for the Chancellor at court, but they all point in the one direction—his vindication.

In the coarse and voluptuous pleasures of the court it is improbable that Becket ever indulged. He could scarcely, however, avoid the scenes of the King's carousals, for these were wherever Henry was. But in the exercises of the chase and of chivalry he found congenial enjoyments. He was an accomplished chess-player and an ardent lover of the sports and pastimes of the age. He had magnificent tastes and a lofty ambition; he enjoyed courtly favour and homage; but in his ambition there was nothing sordid or vulgar, and in his tastes there were no taints of vice or intemperance.

His political abilities were of the highest service to the King, who trusted Becket implicitly, and at that time loved him. The administration at home and abroad was successful, and Henry was now one of the most powerful princes in Europe. By the adroitness of Becket, the marriage was arranged of Louis' infant daughter to the English heir-apparent, a marriage which subsequently cost the French King a princely appanage. Becket's mission on that occasion produced an extraordinary effect; it was more like a royal progress or a conqueror's triumphal march than the movements of an embassy. "He was preceded," said FitzStephen, "on his entrance to every considerable town, by an incredible number of choristers or singing boys, who struck up some triumphal chant. These were followed by several waggons containing his plate, wardrobe, and bedding, and the utensils of his chapel and kitchen, not forgetting stores of ale to be distributed to the populace. Sumpter horses, with led chargers, hounds, falcons, and monkeys, also figured in the procession, with a crowd of knights, squires, and clerks; and last of all rode the Chancellor himself." The magnificence of the train so far surpassed what the French had

before seen, that they expressed unbounded wonder, and conceived the most extravagant notions of the greatness of the English King, whose Chancellor travelled with the pomp of a Sovereign Prince. And that was precisely the effect which Becket had aimed to produce. It flattered his master's pride, and mortified the vanity of the French King. The latter was jealous of Henry's growing ascendancy, and Henry, as grand senechal of France, gloried in a pageantry which diverted to himself the admiration due to the nominal Lord Paramount. In our own day the pomp of pageantry would make a mission to an European state ridiculous, and defeat its object; but in Eastern countries—in India, for example—ceremonious splendour and barbaric pomp are still features of high State policy. In the twelfth century spectacular effects and gorgeous trappings were diplomatic instruments, and as such were used by Becket. No man ever despised the toys of State more than he did—that is, as objects of ambition; but he found them useful as means to an end, and valued them accordingly.

As a successful negotiator the Chancellor had no equal at that time. Though he had over-matched Louis, he won and retained the friendship of that Prince. Louis admired the political genius and unswerving fidelity of the ambassador, he enjoyed the society of the gay and brilliant Churchman, and esteemed the courtly scholar and gallant English gentleman. The intimacy, as subsequent events proved, was of the highest importance to Becket.

The versatility of the Chancellor's character was soon after displayed in another field. At the siege of Toulouse he appeared at the head of four knights of his own household and a large body of *gens d'armes*, whom he levied and maintained at his own expense. His personal prowess and courage were shown in many a gallant struggle, and he seems to have fought with all the spirit and address of an accomplished soldier. On one occasion he unhorsed and made prisoner a famous French knight, Engelram de Trie, and on another secured the person of a notorious robber, Guy de Laval. All accounts agree that Becket distinguished himself, and it is asserted that he offered advice to the King which pointed to a speedy termination of the war. He advised an immediate assault, and the capture of the King of France, who had thrown himself into Toulouse. But Henry hesitated, and from a sense of feudal duty finally rejected Becket's proposal. The King's scruples were certainly honourable. As a French Prince, Louis was his feudal superior,

his suzerain; but as King of England Henry owed no duty to Louis, and in the interests of his kingdom was bound to terminate the war with all due diligence. This, probably, was the view Becket entertained; he was an Englishman, and the English Chancellor, and wished to spare his country the misery and cost of protracted hostilities. At all events, the advice he proffered was sound in a military sense, and no general would be justified in rejecting it, where a similar opportunity offered of ending a war.

Becket's own part at the siege might with more reason be treated adversely. There was an obvious impropriety in a Churchman of his rank marching and fighting in the harness of a warrior, and it shocks one's notions of religious consistency that an Archdeacon of Canterbury should have engaged in single combat with knights and robbers, and fought like a trooper in a *mêlée*. But on the other hand, militant ecclesiastics were common enough in that age, and Becket, though a deacon, was not a priest. He had not yet been ordained to officiate at the altar or perform any of the higher sacerdotal functions. In other words, his militancy violated no vow, or law of the Church, and it was sanctioned by the usage of the period. At the same time it would be affectation to deny that the example reflected discredit upon the Church, and that Becket had fought with more regard for martial reputation than religious propriety.

There was a visible deterioration in his character about this time. Money was needed to carry on the war, and Becket co-operated with the King in several very disgraceful transactions. Vacant bishoprics and abbacies were practically sold to the highest bidders, who returned a part of the revenues as purchase-money. In one instance, however, a distinguished ecclesiastic exposed the nature of the bargain offered by Becket. "The Lord Chancellor," says Gilbert Foliot in a letter, "requests me to undertake the charge of the bishopric of London, and with part of the income to maintain myself and my household as its Bishop, and to reserve the rest for my lord the King, to be spent as the Spirit of God shall prompt him." Gilbert declined to be a party to the transaction, and the vacant See was administered by the clerics of Becket's household, he confiscating the revenue to the King's treasury. As may be imagined, the expostulations of the clergy were warm and loud. The war itself was bad enough, but that the Church should be robbed to pay the cost was shameful. Not even the Conqueror, or the covetous Rufus, had despoiled the Church,—that is the Norman Church, though some monarchs had

plundered the Saxon prelates. Expostulation however failed,—the energetic Chancellor was bent upon prosecuting the war, and subordinated all scruples to that object.

Among other expedients to raise money a tax was imposed upon the clergy, imposed too by one of themselves, by the Archdeacon who had been placed near the King's person to protect the Church from injury and outrage. The indignation of the clergy boiled over. Even the mild and amiable Theobald wrote a remonstrance on his death-bed. "My brother, the Archdeacon," he wrote to the King, "has imposed a most unjust tax," and begs His Majesty to remove it. Henry refused. The Church, he thought, had grown too fat, and would be all the better for cupping. Reproaches were hurled at Becket, but with little effect—the tax was gathered and the war prosecuted.

Much may be said in defence of Becket's conduct in this instance. Though a "brother" of the Church, he was the Lord Chancellor of England, and the minister to whom the King looked for supplies; and these Becket drew from the order which was better able than any other to bear taxation. The clergy were in possession of nearly all the best properties in England, and their revenues were immense. Had Becket exempted the Church, it would have been necessary to impose heavier burdens upon the poorer orders, and thus thrown the expense of the war upon those who were least able to bear it. It is true that the Church claimed an immunity from taxation, but it was under ecclesiastical laws framed by Churchmen to save their own pockets. And no law can be good or binding which exempts one class at the expense of another. Becket moreover served an imperious and unscrupulous master, and it is more than probable that Henry had himself ordered that subsidies should be drawn from the clergy. He had no reverence for the Church,—indeed, he regarded the hierarchy in that age much in the same light as an ultra-Radical regards wealthy bishops in this, as encumbrances or needless ornaments in the State. His will was law, and if opposed, his passionate temper was such that he broke out in paroxysms of rage. This being so, was it worth Becket's while to incur Henry's displeasure and bursts of anger by refusing to tax the clergy? It was not. The tax was not unjust; it spared the poor man, and enabled Becket to discharge his duty to the King.

The clergy, however, considered it an act of aggression, and reviled Becket accordingly. Nor

were they mollified when he on several occasions used his influence in their behalf. Henry's favourite mode of punishing bishops was burning or pulling down their houses, and it was only by diverting his attention, and at the risk of his displeasure, that Becket succeeded in saving the houses of two great prelates. That he was antagonistic to the Church at this time is very improbable—indeed many acts of his wholly in its favour might be cited. He induced Henry to fill up the vacant sees and other rich livings instead of keeping them open, and confiscating the revenues; and through his influence Gilbert Foliot was unconditionally translated to the Bishopric of London. He gave vast sums to the offertories, and was a munificent patron of monastic charities; in short he made all the reparation in his power for those simoniacal acts to which he had recourse in co-operating with the King. Yet there are writers who would have us believe that Becket was either inimical to the Church or pretended to be so in order to ingratiate himself still more in the royal favour. Their inferences, however, have been drawn unfairly, to harmonise with their own views of Becket's conduct.

THOMAS, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The King and Becket were in France in the spring of 1161, when the death of Theobald was announced. No steps were taken to appoint a successor, and the See remained vacant for upwards of a year. This excited some surprise, as it was felt that Henry had the new Primate at his elbow.

One morning Becket sat conversing with a guest, the Prior of Leicester. "What do you mean by wearing a cloak with such sleeves as these?" said the Prior; "you look more like a falconer than a cleric. Yet cleric you are, in person one, in office many, Archdeacon of Canterbury, Dean of Hastings, Canon of this place and of that, and as the current report goes at court, Archbishop to be." Certainly Becket, in his rich Norman habit, plumed cap, jewelled dagger, and shoes pointed in the extreme of fashion, looked much more the gay courtier than the cleric. "I know," he replied, "three poor priests in England, any one of whom I had rather see promoted to the archbishopric than myself: for I know my lord the King so intimately that I am sure I should have to choose between his favour and that of Almighty God if I myself were to be appointed." If this story be true Becket understood what was passing in the King's mind at that time, namely, the advancement of one able and willing to help him in a design he

entertained of restricting the encroachments of the Church upon the royal authority.

It was not, however, until the Chancellor was preparing to return to England, and there check the incursions of the Welsh, that the King's intentions were made known. As the story runs, Henry drew Becket aside and said, "You have not yet had all my instructions. It is my will that you should be Archbishop of Canterbury." Becket smiled as he turned, drawing the King's attention to his splendid dress. "What a religious man, what a saint you wish to place in that holy bishopric, and over so famous an order! I am certain that if by God's disposal it were so to happen, the love and favour you now bear towards me would speedily turn into the bitterest hatred. I know that you would require many things, in Church matters, which I could never bear quietly, and so the envious would take occasion to provoke an endless strife between us." Henry, however, impetuous and determined, would hear of no objections. Calling to Justiciary Richard de Luci, he exclaimed: "Richard, if I lay dead on my bier would you not strive that my eldest son Henry should be crowned king?" "My lord, I would with all my might!" he replied. "Then I wish you to take as much pains," replied the King, "for the promotion of the Chancellor to the See of Canterbury."

These stories, however, can scarcely be relied upon, Becket's biographers agreeing that they are too good to be true; but it is clear that Becket was reluctant to accept the archbishopric, and only consented at the urgent and repeated solicitations of the Pope's legate cardinal, Henry of Pisa. According to the theory of his detractors, Becket schemed for the primacy by exhibiting himself in the character of a worldly and militant ecclesiastic whom Henry would find a ready instrument for his designs; but that theory can only be established by rejecting every scrap of evidence in Becket's favour, and taking for granted everything his enemies said was true. Our own view is that the Chancellor was as sincere as it is possible for a very ambitious man to be, and that he at first refused the archbishopric, foreseeing the feud which subsequently arose.

In May, 1162, the bishops, priors, and monks of Canterbury met by order of the King at Westminster, and elected Becket Archbishop of the See. There was one dissentient voice, that of Gilbert Foliot, who however withdrew his objection. In those days hints were followed up by merciless punishments; Gilbert had the option of voting for Becket or banishment for him.

self, his kindred, and all belonging to him. After the election Becket was ordained priest, and on the following day consecrated Archbishop in the Metropolitan Church. There yet remained one symbol of sacerdotal authority to be conferred, and messengers were sent to the Pope for the *pallium*, which denotes that the holder has received complete metropolitan power from the See of St. Peter. It is amusing to read that when the messengers arrived at Sens, where the fugitive Pope had his court, the cardinals attempted to levy black mail, on the plea that they were in distress. They had been fleeced by the partisans of the anti-pope, and now fleeced in turn the faithful adherents of Alexander III. Becket's messengers, however, stoutly resisted, and succeeded in carrying off the *pall* in the teeth of the Cardinal's opposition. The Archbishop was now in the full plenitude of power in the great See of Canterbury.

From the day of consecration, Becket assumed a deportment in every respect the most opposite from the whole tenor of his life. He immediately changed the pomp of secular state and luxurious and magnificent living for a deportment of humility and self-denial. He discarded the splendid retinue of noble and knightly dependents, his costly habiliments and sumptuous fare, his worldly amusements,—all the trappings and accessories of the court and camp, and in a word transformed the scene of his life from that of a great Norman noble to that of an austere and imperious prelate. The change was marvellous, so swift and complete. The gay and brilliant Chancellor turned monk! There was wonder, and curiosity, and doubt, and the boldest of Becket's enemies pronounced his conversion a sham.

Adopting the austere rule of St. Benedict, the new Primate led a life of extraordinary humility for a personage of his rank in the Church. Matins broke in upon every night's rest; and when these were over, "thirteen poor men were daily taken into a private room, where the Archbishop washed and kissed their feet, and then waited on them, serving up to them with his own hands a plentiful meal. They were dismissed about daybreak, each with four pieces of money." It has been remarked that the thirteen poor men might have had their feet washed at a more reasonable hour. No doubt; and it seems to us that it was an unnecessary hardship disturbing their rest at midnight to prepare them for the Archbishop's tub. However, they were sent forth with full stomachs, and no doubt sang the praises of their patron's charity.

At mass, it is said, Becket "shed tears in wonderful abundance;" it was always a short mass, "for fear of distractions and suggestions by evil angels." He wore the habit of the Black Canons of Merton—a cappa, trimmed with lamb's wool, underneath which was the famous hair shirt, a shirt that as long as it held together was one of the most remarkable relics in the possession of the Church. So celebrated indeed was the cilice, that Becket's biographers have been at some pains to find out all about it. It covered the body to the knees, and was washed once every forty days—at all events, it was the duty of one man to wash it,—a duty, however, which could never have been performed properly, if at all, as the shirt, when removed at Becket's death, was literally thick with vermin. This fact is of importance in considering his extraordinary conduct, inasmuch as the misery he endured from this cause must have greatly aggravated the anguish of his spirit in after years.

In the great hall of the palace the Primate dined with his household, a goodly assemblage of ecclesiastics, soldiers, and lay retainers. One day a stranger monk, observing that Becket's fare was more delicate than his own, smiled, eyeing the Primate's plate greedily. "If I am not mistaken, brother," said Becket, "you take your bean with more eagerness than I the pheasant before me." This was said with unusual warmth, suggestive of the old spirit of the man, which even then was ready to fire up at a glance. In the Archiepiscopal Chancery suitors had a patient and impartial hearing, and his judgments were given promptly. In one respect he was so unlike the archbishops and bishops of the time that he took no gifts. Suitors marvelled that such a judge should be a man who refused presents!

He inflicted on his body the severest penances which the fanaticism of his age mistook for the means of sanctification, and diverted the prodigal expenditure of his recent hospitalities to as lavish a distribution of alms and charitable dues. His time was entirely occupied between devotional exercises and ecclesiastical duties; and the desire thenceforth to abstract his mind wholly from mere temporal business was formally declared in his resignation of the great seal and the office of Chancellor. This complete change was wrought almost immediately after his consecration. There was no interval of preparation, it was a swift passing from one extreme to the other, and common sense can supply but one interpretation—that it was insincere. Viewed without prejudice, his conversion coincided sus-

piciously with his translation, and we share with regret the judgment pronounced against him.

But it is obvious that he had some great purpose in view which demanded an instant sacrifice of all temporal enjoyments. His ambition, we believe, had risen superior to the magnificence of State rank and administrative power, for he surrendered absolutely both, retreating from royal favour, office, wealth, luxury, and every field of political activity. His elevation had made it possible to attain to a spiritual ascendancy over peoples and kingdoms as the head of the great See of Rome. In that age the Pope was the intellectual sovereign of the nations, the absolute ruler of a triumphant order. And in the contemplation of an ascendancy so congenial to his own lofty nature, the pomp of place and courtly favour must have shrunk into insignificance in Becket's eyes. We may doubt his sincerity, and regard with suspicion his ostentatious humility; but it is impossible to restrain a feeling of admiration for this great man casting from him the titles and glories of a kingdom and turning his eyes towards a dominion that was universal.

The King was surprised and uneasy when the report reached him of the change. Soon after he received Becket's letter resigning the seal, and in his hot, hasty way declared he had been deceived. It is not known whether Becket had told him that as archbishop he would or would not longer hold office in his service. There are only the stories we have referred to which offer anything like an explanation, and we can scarcely put them in the scale, doubtful as they are, against Henry's reiterated assertion that not a word of warning had been given by Becket until he was seated on the Archbishop's throne. Nor were the reports of the Archbishop's proceedings calculated to allay his uneasiness. For Becket began energetically to reclaim all estates of the Church of Canterbury which had been alienated by his predecessors or were occupied by laymen. In many cases he avoided judicial processes, in favour of a short cut through legal difficulties, simply taking possession of the fiefs and turning out the holders. The farms and lands of the See, he declared, belonged to the Church, and as such it was his duty to reclaim them.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FEUD.

Though no pains were spared by Becket's enemies to place his proceedings in the worst possible light, he met and was received by the King at Southampton in December 1162 on apparently a friendly footing, Henry congratulating his former Chan-

cellor on his accession to the See, and regretting that it had been necessary to resign the great seal. The cordiality, however, could not have been very marked on either side, and it is probable Henry feared that Becket would declare himself antagonistic to his long-cherished design against the Church. And this Becket did in effect by preaching a sermon before the King on the "boundless superiority of ecclesiastical to secular power." Soon after Becket conferred the church of Eynesford upon a cleric named Laurance, who was subsequently expelled by William the Lord of the Manor, whom the Archbishop uncompunctuously excommunicated. William appealed to the King, who wrote to Becket bidding him absolve his subject, a command Becket obeyed after so long a delay that Henry is reported to have exclaimed, "Now he no longer has my favour."

But the first circumstance which led to an open quarrel between the King and Becket was the latter's refusal to admit the right of the secular authority to punish ecclesiastics or persons within the pale of the Church. A priest in Worcestershire having wronged a gentleman's daughter, had proceeded to murder the father, escaping eventually to a sanctuary, where he was degraded and punished according to the forms of the Church. The indignation, however, of the people was so great, that a strong tide of feeling ran against the ecclesiastical authorities for protecting such a wretch from the secular arm. This was now Henry's opportunity to strike a blow at clerical usurpations. He summoned the bishops to a council at Westminster (October, 1163), and addressed them at great length on the disturbance caused by the "wickedness of the clerics, who commit many robberies and murders." Turning to Becket he said, "Therefore, my lord of Canterbury, I demand your consent and that of your brethren, that clerics who are taken in crimes be straightway degraded and given over to my officers to receive corporal punishment without any defence from the Church. And I also demand that one of my officials be present at the degradation to prevent the culprit's escape."

The bishops withdrew from the presence for consultation. Several were disposed to give the consent demanded, but Becket stoutly resisted and told all those who counselled compliance that they were bewitched. Returning to the presence Becket said he would consent to the King's demand *saving their order*, a reservation which the impetuous Henry took as an insult, and dismissed the council in a passion. On the following

morning he sent a demand for the restoration of the forts and honours which Becket had held and received during his chancellorship, and subsequently summoned him to Northampton. So numerous were the retainers of King and Primate, that the conference was held in a field. There Henry reproached Becket with ingratitude. "Were you not," he asked, "the son of one of my rustics?" "Of a truth," replied Becket, "I am not sprung from royal ancestors, as neither was blessed Peter the prince of the apostles, to whom the Lord designed to give the kingdom of heaven, and the principality of the whole Church." "True," said the King, "but Peter died for his Lord." "And I, too," replied Becket, "will die for my Lord when the time shall come." The conference was a failure. Nor were the expostulations of the bishops more successful. Becket firmly refused to give up the reservation. In dread of the King's anger the leading bishops, among whom were Roger of York, Gilbert Foliot, and Hilary, a vain and blundering prelate whom Becket had rebuked on one occasion, determined to side with the King and isolate the Primate. The latter's friends begged and prayed that he would yield, and eventually persuaded him to see the King at Woodstock, where he so far complied with Henry's demands that the dispute seemed at an end.

THE COUNCIL OF CLARENDON.

Henry, however, considered that the reservation should be given up in public, and accordingly summoned a council, which met at the royal palace of Clarendon. There was a great assembly of nobles and all the dignitaries of Church and State, the King being there in person. Formally the Primate was asked to assent to the observance of the ancient customs of the State. Becket, in reply, said he knew not to what "customs" they required his assent. Whereupon the King ordered what are now known as the Statutes of Clarendon to be drawn up and read on the following day. Either the law Officers of the Crown were more expeditious in that age than they are now, or the statutes had already been compiled, condensed, and framed in a handy form, for on the second day they were read before the King and Parliament. By the most important of these statutes it was enacted:—"That all clerks accused of crimes should in the first instance come before the King's courts, and if there convicted, should forfeit the protection of the Church; that in each suit, to which a clerk was a party, it should be left to the royal justices to determine whether the matter properly fell under civil or ecclesiastical jurisdiction; that no priest should quit the realm nor carry an appeal from any spiritual tribunal beyond the Archbishop's court without the royal permission." There was a string of other clauses, to which, however, we need not refer.

Becket for some time insisted upon the privileges of the Church, maintaining that no greater punishment could be inflicted on a clerical culprit than degradation. No man, he urged, ought to be twice punished for the same offence, as clerks would be if in addition to degradation they had to undergo the sentence of the secular court. Bodily and spiritual penalties, he pleaded, could not in ecclesiastical law be visited upon the same person, and he insisted on the "profanity of binding behind the back hands which had consecrated the Saviour's body." The great dignity of his presence and grave remonstrance made so profound an impression on the convocation, that it was just possible the statutes might have been rejected notwithstanding the King's authority. A conclave of bishops was held, and while they were deliberating, a crowd of armed knights appeared, threatening death to all who opposed the King's will. Becket then assented to the articles.

On the third day of the Parliament the King required that Becket should append his seal as Primate to the statutes. He was determined that the Archbishop should have not a loop-hole of escape. But to the astonishment of all, Becket refused, and retired from the assembly openly condemning his own conduct for assenting on the previous day. Henry violently dismissed the meeting, and bitterly denounced the Primate. The latter performed self-imposed penances, even suspending himself from the exercise of the archiepiscopal office until he had been granted absolution for his assent to the articles. And from these he begged the Pope to withhold his ratification. Alexander, the reigning Pontiff, rejected the most obnoxious, and espoused Becket's cause. He sent Henry's messengers home with a reprimand, and granted the Primate full absolution.

The King's resentment was now directed against Becket, and he allowed his passion to hurry him into many acts of unjustifiable violence. Hitherto he had appeared to assert no more than those reasonable prerogatives of the crown which were necessary for the due execution of the laws; now, however, he began a course of petty persecution—iniquitous in itself and unworthy of his own honour. He deprived Becket of estates which he had formerly be-

stowed upon him; harassed him with vexatious suits in the royal courts for the recovery of fictitious debts which it was pretended he had incurred in his chancellorship; and employed all the artifice and skill he could command to accomplish his ruin. The Primate showed a dignified firmness in striking and advantageous contrast to the extraordinary conduct of the King. He gave what was demanded, adding the message, "Tell the King that money shall never form a subject of contention between my Sovereign and myself."

The King's case itself was so good that had he been content to rest on its merits, it is scarcely probable that the Archbishop could have sustained an effective opposition. Henry, however, was bent upon making Becket feel the full effects of his resentment, and opportunities were not wanting. In October, 1164, the Archbishop was summoned to answer before a council at Northampton for an alleged act of injustice to John Marshall, an officer of the royal exchequer. This person, it appears, had brought before the Archbishop's court a claim to part of an estate which was held as belonging to the See of Canterbury. Finding that the evidence was against him, Marshall availed himself of a provision in the new law which enabled suitors, by swearing that they had failed to obtain justice, to remove their cases into the King's court. Marshall, however, instead of swearing on the gospels or the holy relics of saints, pulled a song-book from his pocket, upon which he was sworn, song and prayer-books being bound pretty much alike in those days.

When the council met at Northampton, the sheriff of Canterbury and four knights appeared for the Archbishop, who was sick. The invalidity of Marshall's oath was proved, and other evidence given against the appellant. A declaration was also made that the Archbishop was too ill to appear in person. But the King declared that he would listen to no excuses, and that Becket's absence was a contempt of the royal court. He even ordered the knights into custody. A peremptory summons was then sent to Becket, and after some necessary delay he attended.

This council was one of the most remarkable ever held in Henry's reign. All the great dignitaries of State, the bishops and nobles, abbots and knights, were there,—all summoned that they might be witnesses to the disgrace of the Archbishop. He appeared in full pontifical habits, carrying his archiepiscopal cross. Of all in the assembly he was the most unmoved, bearing himself with a lofty dignity which for a time

commanded respect. He was then accused of contempt in not appearing personally before the King. No other charge was preferred, the original question sinking out of sight. His plea of sickness was not admitted, and it was adjudged that he was "at the King's mercy." There was really no trial, and the judgment had been determined upon beforehand. A fine of five hundred pounds of silver was inflicted, and Becket rose to leave the council.

EXILE.

The Archbishop now requested permission to leave the kingdom, which was refused. Rumours of impending dangers reached his ears, and it was even reported that a conspiracy had been formed to take his life. It was now evident that flight was the only resource. Accordingly some preparations were hurriedly made, and with a few of his most trusty followers Becket secretly retired from the court, and succeeding in reaching Sandwich in safety, there embarked, and crossed the Channel to Flanders. The adventures of the party we have no space to deal with, nor are they necessary links for our purpose; hardship, danger, miraculous incident, colour the narratives of the journey until Becket arrives at the court of the King of France. Louis received him with every mark of distinction, not only in remembrance of a former friendly intercourse, but as an ally in the game of political hostility in which he was engaged with Henry. Proceeding afterwards to Sens, Becket was embraced by the fugitive Pope as a brother in exile, and a devoted champion of the cause of ecclesiastical supremacy. Taking up his residence at the Abbey of Pontigny, the latter then began to prepare himself for the execution of a design he had formed to punish and humiliate the impenitent Henry.

Though he had been forbidden by the Pope to use his powers, Becket had no thoughts of relinquishing his designs; on the contrary, he increased his austerities, that he might be more fitted to fulminate the Church decrees when the term of his suspension had expired. Accordingly, he rejected the food and clothing suited to his rank for the meanest of conventual fare, eating herbs and coarse victuals, and clothing himself in a rough and comfortless Cistercian dress. During the day he laboured in the fields, sparing himself no toil or hardship. At night he mortified his flesh with his nails and scourges, and it was only when his strength was utterly exhausted that he sank to rest on the cold flags of his cell.

On the 3rd June, 1166, the church at Vezelay,

was crowded to overflowing; the vast assembly seemed in expectation of some extraordinary incident. In the course of the service Becket ascended the pulpit, and with scarcely a preliminary address, proceeded to excommunicate all his personal enemies, after which he condemned the Statutes of Clarendon, absolved the Bishops who had sworn to maintain these statutes, and by one all-grasping anathema placed the province of Canterbury under an interdict. He had intended excommunicating Henry, who as it happened was reported ill, and in consequence escaped with a warning. This, however, only galled the more the King's temper, which burst in violent denunciations of Becket and all who sheltered him. He threatened to seize the possessions in England of the French Benedictines if they allowed Becket an asylum in their Abbey of Pontigny, and thus the latter was forced to seek a retreat at Sens, where he remained the guest of the King of France nearly four years. In the meanwhile orders were sent to England to watch the ports and prevent the landing of persons who might be employed by Becket to publish the interdict, and it was decreed that the bearer of such an instrument if a clerk should lose his eyes and be otherwise mutilated, and if a layman should be hanged.

CLOSING THE BREACH.

An appeal was made to annul the sentence Becket had pronounced, the appellants pleading that they had published a protest in strict accordance with ecclesiastical law. This, however, was disproved, and the Primate's proceedings were confirmed, although reluctantly and after some delay. Alexander deplored Becket's haste, and entreated him to make all possible concessions,—"to dissemble, if necessary, for the present." The truth is that the Pope had not yet reached the ark of safety, and the excommunications and interdict were dreadfully embarrassing. Henry's envoys had almost threatened to leave the Papal court in open hostility if the obnoxious bulls were enforced, and the King, who knew where to thrust with the most effect, declared he would confiscate St. Peter's pence in his dominions if his officers were not absolved and the interdict cancelled. The Pope professed his willingness to settle all disputes to the satisfaction of everybody, and appointed two cardinal legates to give effect to his professions.

They met, however, with more than their match when they represented to Becket the necessity of lowering his pretensions. He would make no concession, he would listen to no compromise; it

was for the honour and glory of God that he asserted the rights of the Church, and he would not put his soul in peril to please either Pope or King. One of the Cardinals, he said, was a fool whose presence he could scarcely tolerate, Alexander was in great distress; he wrote soothing letters, and appointed other mediators, but all to no purpose. Becket received them and dismissed them, and from his vantage-ground at Sens continued to thunder anathemas at the recalcitrant prelates across the Channel.

He had succeeded in introducing the instruments of his vengeance into England, causing dismay in the ranks of the clergy. But the King had forbidden priests and laymen, under dreadful penalties, to observe the interdict, and being supported by the Archbishop of York and several of the leading Bishops, intimidated for a time the rest of the brethren. But it was only for a time; the terrors of excommunication were too great to be subdued by command or threat, and the people began to complain openly that the persecution of the Primate had brought a judgment upon the country. The King himself had not a single chaplain who was not virtually under ban, and however much he might storm and threaten, the fact remained that his authority was diminishing. About this time he had arranged the terms of a peace with the French King, and it is believed suggested that the latter should be the umpire of his quarrel with Becket. If an accommodation could be arranged, he spoke of taking the cross; and Louis, somewhat weary himself of the dispute, assented, and invited Becket to attend a conference at Montmirail.

This was held on the 6th January, 1169, in the fifth year of Becket's exile. There seemed a fair prospect of reconciliation. Henry had moderated his demands, and Louis had counselled the Primate to make a sacrifice for the sake of peace; indeed it is believed that Becket was not himself unwilling to meet his Sovereign agreeably. But unfortunately, Herbert of Bosham, whose officiousness was irrepressible, contrived to get Becket's ear as the latter was mounting his horse to ride to King Henry's tent. "Remember," whispered Herbert, "that if you omit the clause 'saving the honour of God' you shall surely repent it, as bitterly as you did at Clarendon." This piece of gratuitous advice revived the recollection of all Becket had suffered, and he rode forth with the clause on his lips.

With a gracious greeting Henry received the Primate, declaring that he would be satisfied if Becket would so behave towards him as the holiest of the Primate's predecessors had done to

the meanest of his. Becket replied that he threw himself upon the mercy of his King "saving the honour of God," which was in effect the same as the obnoxious reservation "saving his order," and so Henry understood it. In a passion he broke up the conference and left the field with Louis, without even saluting the Primate. The French King was greatly mortified, and for some time withdrew his favour from Becket, who, however, declaring himself above the favour of kings, consoled himself by fulminating more sentences of excommunication.

It must be admitted that in evading the proffer of reconciliation Becket adopted a scarcely creditable course, and it would be unfair to the King to deny that his moderation in the first instance contrasted favourably with the conduct of his opponent. At the same time there was an insecurity in accepting the King's terms without stipulating that the rights of the Church be conserved; and consequently, before we can reasonably condemn Becket's action, we should be quite sure that Henry's professions were sincere. These subsequently were put to the test by two of the Papal legates, in another attempt to bring about a reconciliation. They had succeeded so far that articles of a mutual compromise were settled and drawn up, both parties consenting. To complete the engagement the customary kiss of peace was required. This Henry refused, on the plea that he had pledged himself upon oath never to give this kiss. Negotiations were again broken off, Becket's distrust of the King increasing. Henry's refusal may have arisen from a scruple to break the letter of his vow, though it seems more likely that he was unwilling to bind himself to fulfil his engagement. At all events there was sufficient in his refusal to justify Becket's apprehensions.

The failure of all efforts to bring about a reconciliation had almost satisfied the Pope and Louis that the case was hopeless. They deplored the fatal obstinacy of the disputants, and were on the point of leaving them to fight the feud out as they chose, when it was suddenly announced that the King and Becket had met and adjusted all differences. It is believed that Henry had acted upon a hint that Becket was more dangerous abroad than he would be in England, but whether that pointed to an ulterior design is a matter of conjecture only. The accommodation, however, seemed complete. There was a tacit agreement that Becket should be free to exercise his authority and maintain the rights of his order without acknowledging or

submitting to the Statutes of Clarendon. The King promised that he should be restored to his See with all its dignities and revenues, and Becket on his part engaged to serve the King in all honour and faithfulness. Thus terminated the quarrel, and in the winter of 1170 Becket returned to England and took possession of his See in triumph.

THE TRAGEDY.

It might be supposed that Becket's first duty would have been to deliver a message of peace and good-will. His reception had been magnificent, all Kent rejoicing, and the whole kingdom hailing his return with acclamation. The mood, however, in which he resumed his authority instantly extinguished all hopes of peace. Having provided himself with fulminating powers, he had scarcely landed before he published spiritual censures against the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and Salisbury, for acts of usurpation and disobedience. Soon after he excommunicated two of the King's officers for oppressing the clergy while he was in exile. With the popular voice in his favour, he determined to punish with a high hand all who had offended him, and in a progress through the See thundered decrees and anathemas without stint. His enemies retaliated by robbing and outraging and violently opposing every attempt he made to reclaim the property of the Church.

His proceedings were represented to Henry as outrageous aggressions. The excommunicated officials raved that their souls were in peril; the hostile prelates demanded protection from the Primate's violence. Every act of his was declared a monstrous injustice, and every sentence he pronounced was represented as a defiance of the King's authority. Henry, who was in Normandy, listened amazed as the exaggerated reports and complaints of his servants were set forth artfully and fraudulently. At length the clamour and reiterated appeals provoked his anger, and stamping passionately on the floor, he exclaimed, "Of all the cowards who eat my bread, is there none to rid me of this low-born priest?" Four knights of the household, William De Tracy, Brito, Hugh de Moreville, and Reginald Fitzurse, instantly withdrew, and bound each other by oath to avenge the King's quarrel. They then secretly left the court, and travelling quickly, succeeded in reaching Canterbury late in December. Their flight, it is believed, excited the King's suspicions, for the Earl Mandeville was ordered to follow and arrest them before they could arrive in England.

There can be no doubt that Becket's conduct was rash and intemperate, but he had received dreadful provocation. Yet it would have been well had he buried the offences of his enemies in oblivion.

On Christmas Day he preached with passionate fervour from the text "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men," closing the sermon with a brief outline of a martyrdom. "There may soon be another," he added, and to the astonishment of all present he proceeded to excommunicate two barons. Raising his voice, he completed the dreadful sentence, "May they be cursed by Jesus Christ, and may their memory be blotted out of the assembly of the saints. And thus may they be extinguished." As the last word fell he dashed to the ground the candle he held.

On the 29th December, Becket had withdrawn from the dining hall to receive messengers from the King. The four knights hastily entered, and demanded the instant retraction of his late measures. His reply was an indignant rebuke for daring to intrude. A violent altercation ensued. "Come ye to murder me?" exclaimed Becket; "I defy you, and will meet you front to front in the battle of the Lord!" Calling for their arms, the knights rushed from the chamber. The gates were at once shut, and the affrighted priests gathered round the Primate, imploring him to seek a place of concealment. But he rejected all entreaties, and as the bell rang for vespers he slowly entered the cathedral. As he approached the altar of St. Benedict the knights returned and violently shook the gates, demanding admittance. The monks hesitated. "Open the gates, I command you!" said Becket; "no one shall be debarred from entering the house of God!" As he spoke the assailants plied their axes and the gates fell with a crash. The monks fled, leaving Becket and his two followers, Grim and FitzStephen, at the altar. The first to enter was Fitzurse, with sword and axe. "Where is the traitor?" he exclaimed, as a crowd of armed men followed through the doors of the cloister. "Where is the Archbishop?" "I am here, — a priest of God, but no traitor!" replied Becket. They demanded with frightful menaces that he should absolve the excommunicated Bishops. He refused, adding that it was beyond his power. Turning to Fitzurse he charged him with ingratitude. Tracy rushing forward strove to drag him from the spot. Becket shook him off, and instantly seizing him by the gorget, hurled him some distance on the pavement. Three knights then threw themselves on the Primate, and a violent struggle followed, Grim expostu-

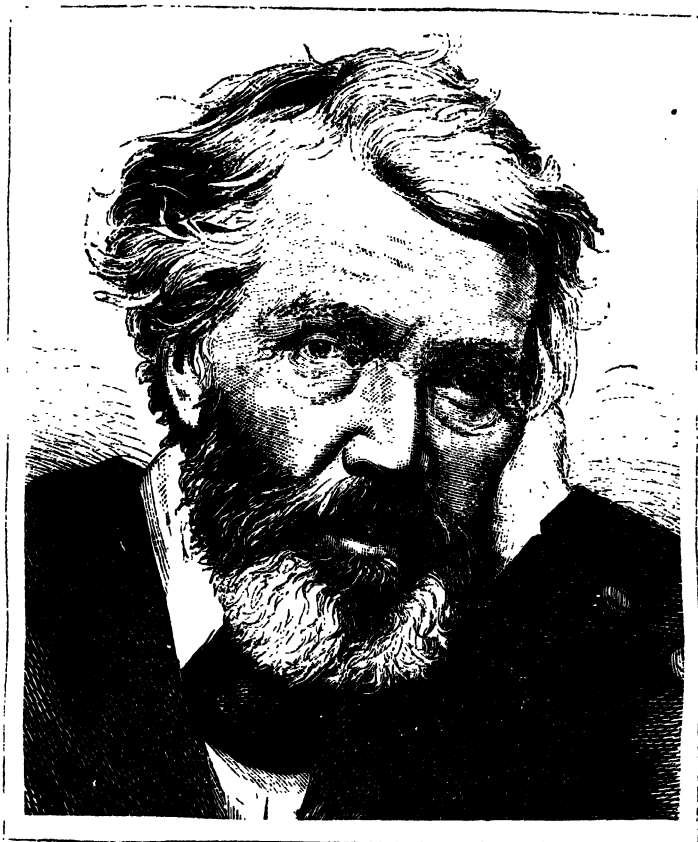
lating vehemently, and Becket standing firm, his back resting on a pillar by the altar. The object of the assassins was to kill him outside the cloister, fearing the consequences of murder near the Virgin's shrine. They struggled desperately to lift him to the shoulders of a renegade monk. At length Fitzurse, stepping back, raised his sword, and striking down Grim's uplifted arm, smote Becket on the head and shoulder. At the next blow the latter fell on his knees, the blood in streams bathing his face and dyeing his white vestment. Claspings his hands and raising his head, he cried aloud, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my soul!" In this posture he received the third blow. Like a butcher felling cattle, Breton poised his heavy axe for one moment. The Primate bowed his head, saying, "I am willing to die," and the axe fell, cleaving his skull, the body falling at the foot of the altar. The murderer then with his steel boot brutally dashed the blood and brains on the pavement.

CONCLUSION.

The murderers immediately fled, leaving the monks free to perform the proper duties. In removing the vestments they drew off the hair shirt, which was literally thick with swarms of vermin, and the body was worn and covered with the marks and bruises of severe discipline. Such extraordinary testimony of sanctity excited wonder and admiration, and the monks declared that the body was that of a saint. The news of the tragedy was received throughout Christendom with horror and execration, and Henry only averted a storm which threatened his life and throne by submission to the will of the Church. The assassins perished near Jerusalem, on a pilgrimage of expiation, and were buried before the gate of the Temple.

It is not without reluctance that we leave this outline of Becket's life. It suggests so many and varied enquiries that we would fain retrace, had space permitted, the course we have pursued. The latter passages are so discordant, so out of all harmony indeed with the earlier and middle parts of his life, that we would gladly return and dwell upon the bright and sunny scenes of his youth and Chancellorship. His ambitious views as Primate seem to have fettered his natural inclinations, and deprived him of resources and influences without which his strong will became the inflexible instrument of one all-dominating aim, ecclesiastical supremacy. And this obviously was the rock upon which his dauntless and incorruptible spirit was wrecked.

R. S.



THOMAS CARLYLE.

"Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil."—LONGFELLOW.

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APPEARANCES AND REALITIES; THE FALSE AND THE TRUE IN LIFE.

IN times when the language of florid compliment is often found lavished, like the sunlight, on the just and the unjust alike,—when the possession of wealth is made, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins,—when material success

is worshipped, and earnestness often sneered at as vulgar—in this nineteenth century, in fact, and in this civilized England—an uneasy doubt may sometimes arise whether a new Diogenes, lighting his lamp at noonday after the example of the old cynic of Athens, might not go a considerable distance, through highways and byways, before

finding the Greek philosopher's Ideal Man. False standards of respectability are set up, and unreal distinctions are established. It is not that the captain's choleric word is rank blasphemy in the soldier, for that has always been so—but outward appearances are made to pass as equivalent for realities, and the witty French author who declared, "Nous sommes au siècle des quasi," was not quite wrong in his description of the century of shams, while some of his sarcasm would have applied excellently well to the British dominions. During the last decades the spread of education, increased facilities of travel, bringing men of various ranks into more frequent contact than in the old days of post-chaises and exclusiveness, and, more than all, an improved tone in the public press, have contributed to alter this for the better;—to set up the truth and throw down hypocrisy, and to instal worth and goodness in places of honour, instead of artificial and hollow proprieties. Men are less narrow in their opinions, less apt to jump at conclusions from imperfect data, like the man of whom it was written by the poet two centuries ago, that "Railing and praising were his various themes, And both, to show his judgment, in extremes." Much of this improvement is due to the works of such writers as the late Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray who laboured hard to make their readers understand the distinction between the shams and the realities of life,—to inculcate the lesson that wealth, and what is called "position," and a place in society, are not necessary to happiness, or any criterion of the solid worth of the possessor. "We were snobs," wrote Thackeray, in reference to his poorer fellow-students at Cambridge, "to refuse to take an honest man's hand because it had a Berlin glove on it;" and in his inimitable "Book of Snobs," that scathing satire on British respectability and wealth-worship, he anatomises and dissects false pretence and the mean admiration of mean things; showing how the coronation robes of George the Magnificent, upon which thousands of pounds had been spent, had come down to form part of the attraction of a waxwork show—"Admission only one shilling," says the merciless satirist; "children and snobs sixpence—go and pay sixpence."

A GREAT AND FEARLESS TEACHER OF STERN TRUTHS.

But long before Thackeray had written a line, and while Charles Dickens was still a boy at school, a powerful voice was raised, to proclaim, with no uncertain sound, what true greatness

was, and what kind of men they were to whom the epithet "great" might with its true emphasis be applied—what men they are that may be considered "the highest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind . . . that keep awake the finer parts of our souls; that give us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of Mammon in this earth . . . the vanguard in the march of mind; the intellectual backwoodsmen, reclaiming from the idle wilderness new territories for the thought and the activity of their happier brethren." These are the men of intellect and genius. But not less vehemently was the same voice raised to demand recognition and honour for those who, with no claim to be considered pioneers, are yet content to be honest labourers in the field of human life, good soldiers serving in the ranks of the army of humanity, zealous servants faithful over a few things; and above all, this voice proclaimed and enforced in every variety of powerful argument the truth embodied in the line of Schiller, "Und ein Gott ist! Ein heiliger Wille lebt,"—that there is no such thing as chance, that "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will"—and that in all the various fortunes and changes of the lives of men and of nations, the hand of Divine justice and retribution is to be recognized by him who will diligently and devoutly seek for the truth. With merciless scorn, and not without a certain grim humour, the owner of that voice would drag forth some social pretence, or some favourite fetish of the times, and divest it piece by piece of its covering of falsehood, as a lecturer might unroll a mummy; and by thus despoiling it of its outward veil of respectability, he showed what a poor pitiful thing many a recognized institution was. The voice that made itself heard, and to good purpose, even amid the din and jangle of Vanity Fair, preaching the permanence and ultimate victory of truth and the certain overthrow of even the most ingeniously-constructed and universally-accepted falsehood, was that of Thomas Carlyle,—one of the truest "Worthies," of the noblest gentlemen the world has ever seen. Speaking of those men of genius who have fulfilled their mission, he says: "There is a congruity in their proceedings which one loves to contemplate; he who would write heroic poems should make his whole life like a heroic poem." And he was not one of those ungracious pastors who "reck not their own rede." His whole career, singularly complete and consistent, is a great and glorious instance of a man illustrating in his own life the precepts he inculcates;

and none ever had a better right, when the evening of that long day of persistent and valuable work had at last come, to look back with satisfaction upon the things he had accomplished.

CARLYLE'S CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION.

Thomas Carlyle, one of the most distinguished among the literary celebrities of the Victorian era, was born in the parish of Middlebie, near Ecclefechan, in the district of Annandale, Dumfriesshire, on the 4th of December, 1795. His father, an honest dour Scotsman, upright and honourable in all his dealings, and of good repute among his neighbours. Carlyle himself, who always spoke of both his parents with great respect, and of his mother with warm affection, describes his sire as "a farmer sort of person." The house in which the future historian and philosopher was born is a plain substantial stone building, like the generality of small farmers' dwellings north of the Tweed. Carlyle more than once visited it during his latter days. The mother of Carlyle appears to have been singularly gentle, and of refined mind; so gentle, indeed, that her gifted son records how he found her precepts of non-resistance exceedingly difficult to carry out among his pugnacious fellow-pupils in the little school to which he was sent. Much of the strictness of the Puritan was mingled in the character of the elder Carlyle with the affection he bore his wife and family. Though, like the majority of his nation, fond of reading, his taste inclined to works of a theological and controversial character; fiction he eschewed altogether, and prohibited it in his family. In spite of his prohibition, however, his little son managed to get hold of the first volume of that lively and interesting, but not very delicate romance, "Roderick Random," by Dr. Tobias Smollett; and in after days Carlyle left on record the delight this work afforded him, and his regret at being unable to procure the second volume. It may be mentioned, as a coincidence, that Charles Dickens, in one of the best of his sketches, in which he gives personal recollections of his childhood, mentions the reading of "Roderick Random" as a memorable event in his childish years; and in reference to other works of the same school which he was in the habit of devouring in his earlier boyhood, wisely remarks: "Whatever harm there was in the books, was not there for me;" as indeed is the case with most books read by a child. To the pure all things are pure.

His first schooling he received in his native village. Thence he went to Annan parish school,

about six miles off. His father, as a well-to-do man in his small way, and an elder of the kirk, and his mother as a woman of intellect, both had their little ambition with regard to their son Thomas, whose good abilities they did not fail to discern. Though their family was large—for the historian was one of eight children, all of whom justified the good stock they came of by turning out well—the parents managed to spare enough to give their gifted son a University education. Seventy years ago lads went to the Scottish seats of learning at an early age. Carlyle was only fourteen years old when he entered Edinburgh University.

He certainly did not acquire a very high opinion of that seat of learning as an institution for training the young intellect. In his *Sartor Resartus*, at a later period, he is evidently alluding to Edinburgh University when he speaks of "the worst of universities hitherto discovered out of England and Spain." Little or nothing, he says, was done by the teachers towards the real enlightenment of the students; but there was an excellent library; and given a sufficient number of books, and unlimited facilities for reading them, Carlyle was the man to educate himself with little or no extraneous assistance. "From the chaos of that library," he says in the *Sartor*, "I succeeded in fishing up more books, perhaps, than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a literary life was hereby laid. I learned, in my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated languages, on almost all sciences and subjects." Again, he observes, with regard evidently to Edinburgh, though the remark ostensibly refers to the Academia of the learned Professor Teufelsdröck: "Had you any, where in Crim Tartary walled in a square enclosure, furnished it with a small ill-chosen library, and then turned loose into it eleven hundred Christian striplings, to tumble about as they listed from three to seven years; certain persons, under the title of professors being stationed at the gates, to declare aloud that it was a university, and exact considerable admission fees; you had, not indeed in mechanical structure, yet in spirit and result, some imperfect resemblance of our High Seminary." And here, at the outset of his career, we notice one of the most valuable of Carlyle's qualities,—one that contributed in a most important degree to his literary success, and which he himself has designated, without any reference to himself, as a characteristic of genius,—the faculty of taking an enormous amount of trouble. No student of his works can fail to be impressed with the

vast amount of Carlyle's information, the almost infinite variety of his reading, the splendid perseverance with which he seeks out truth for himself, wading through piles of volumes, if necessary, to verify a fact, and never accepting the testimony of a single witness where two or more can be obtained. By the help of a most powerful and retentive memory, he laid during those years at Edinburgh the foundation of the materials afterwards worked up in the wonderful essays with which he astonished the reading and thinking world.

Already at Annan Carlyle had been noted for excellence in mathematics, a branch of learning to which the master of the school devoted especial attention. At Edinburgh he further developed his ability in this direction. But he never became a classical scholar, in the sense of a man thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the great authors of Greece and Rome. It has been remarked that in his works he seldom used a classical quotation, or illustrated a scene or an event by reference to classical sources. Homer seems the only one among the ancients who rouses him to anything like enthusiasm, and allusions even to this poet are rarely found in his works.

DOUBTS AND DIFFICULTIES; CARLYLE A SCHOOLMASTER AT KIRCALDY.

It had been the wish of his parents that the University course should be a preparation for entering the ministry; but already at college Carlyle appears to have had doubts as to his vocation for the work. The national creed was not altogether his creed. "I was not sure that I believed in the doctrines of my father's kirk," he himself says. And indeed he describes himself as at this time going through a crisis of doubt and striving in religious matters, that reminds us of a passage in the life of the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," tormented by "phantasms dre," by miserable doubts, and unholy impulses to scoffing. Convinced that he could not be a minister, he turned his attention for a time towards becoming a schoolmaster. For two years he taught mathematics at Annan, and afterwards pursued the same employment in Kircaldy, the "toun wi' the street as lang as a Covenanter's grace." He had here one friend, whose acquaintance he had already made as a boy in 1809, before his University days—Edward Irving, who afterwards became first famous, then notorious, as the founder of a peculiar sect, and whose undoubted genius was destined to be miserably wrecked. Carlyle himself, in his *Miscellanies*, afterwards drew a painful contrast

between the appearance of his early friend, when he first saw him radiant with joy and health, the gainer of many prizes, and the centre of many hopes, and his look when the friends met for the last time in London, shortly before Irving's death. "Friendliness still beamed in his eyes," says Carlyle, "but now amid unquiet fire; his face was flaccid, wasted, unsound; hoary as with extreme age; he was trembling over the brink of the grave. Adieu, thou first friend," adds the philosopher, "adieu, while this confused twilight of existence lasts! Might we meet where twilight has become day!"

EDINBURGH; A LITERARY APPRENTICESHIP; GERMAN LITERATURE; TUTORING.

It was partly at the instigation of Irving that Carlyle took up his residence at Kircaldy, where his friend was teaching in a school at the time. Carlyle stuck to the work, which, however, was not at any time congenial to him, for two years, and then proceeded to Edinburgh, leaving behind him in the long town somewhat the reputation of a "Plagosus Orbilius." The Scottish mothers, not an exaggeratedly soft-hearted race, are said to have been indignant at the unmistakable rigour and severity of his discipline. He then betook himself to Edinburgh, at that time in the height of its fame as the Athens of the north. Jeffery and Lockhart, and the great "wizard of the North," Scott himself at that time the most jovial and genial of men, in the heyday of prosperity and honour, were among the many who, with the brilliant Sydney Smith and the indomitable Brougham, had contributed to the literary glories of the northern capital; and it is perhaps fortunate that Carlyle, on determining to devote himself to writing as the task of his life, should have begun his work there; for he certainly found Caledonia stern and wild a meeter nurse for the rugged poetry that was hidden within him, than the "stony-hearted stepmother"—as De Quincey with bitter reason called London—would probably have been. He was not long in procuring employment for his pen. The "Edinburgh Encyclopedia" was then coming out, under the editorship of Sir David Brewster, who, quickly discovering the ability of the persevering young scholar, employed him to write sixteen articles for the work. The majority of these contributions were biographical notices, including lives of Montaigne, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the great Earl of Chatham and his son, William Pitt, Montfaucon, Montesquien, Dr. Moore, and Sir John Moore. The non-biographical articles were on the Netherlands,

Newfoundland, Norfolk, Northamptonshire, and Northumberland. They represent the period of the illustrious author's apprenticeship to literature, and give evidence of thoroughness, of careful preparation of his subject, and of the wide and varied range of reading which was, at a later period, to give such peculiar value to his works. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," was already the maxim of Thomas Carlyle.

It was at this period also that he devoted much time to a pursuit destined to become the foundation on which much of his later success was built—the study of the German language and literature. In England, in 1820, it was hardly known that Germany possessed a literature at all. Coleridge had certainly translated Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and the unerring eye of Scott had detected the weird and characteristic charm to be found in Bürger's ballads; but, in general, British authors and readers were alike ignorant on the subject; and the miserable Kotzebue, with his flippant stage wit and mawkish sentimentality, the scoffer and sneerer, a man without a spark of generous feeling in his nature, the paid spy of Russia, and the willing tool of the anti-national and reactionary party in Germany, was actually looked upon as a representative writer; while the names of Lessing and Richter were unknown, and even Schiller and Goethe were only vaguely acknowledged to be clever men of an eccentric turn of mind, and very difficult to understand. It was reserved for Carlyle to introduce the great German authors and their works worthily to English readers and thinkers; and if, in after times, he received a full and ungrudging meed of honour and praise from Germany, it was not a whit more than he had rightfully and laboriously earned. A translation of Legendre's "Geometry and Trigonometry," with a prefatory article by himself on "Proportion," formed another of his tasks at this time; and, like all that he undertook, was ably and carefully executed, afterwards receiving the praise of no less an authority than Professor De Morgan, who declared it to be "a thoughtful and ingenious essay; as good a substitute for the fifth book of Euclid as could be given in speech." During these first years of his literary activity the young author earned little; indeed, the £50 received for the Legendre book was looked upon as exceptionally liberal remuneration. But he was laying up a glorious stock of knowledge for future use; he was getting to see more and more clearly the opportunities for usefulness that lay in the distance before him. Above all, he had

already taken a high and manly view of the duty and responsibility of every man who aspires to direct the thoughts of his fellow-men. He was not above writing for bread, doing what he called "honest journey work," not of his own seeking; but he would never write down to the popular taste, or utter the thing he did not believe, for the sake of popularity or profit. With him there was no compromise, no shadow of equivocation or faltering. His honest northern spirit rose indignantly against any shuffling or concealment; and many a polite subterfuge with which time-serving orators and writers strove to evade a difficult subject, was by him pronounced in his strong, vehement, earnest energy "a lie against God's truth." Like Chaucer's good parson, "first he wrought and afterwards he taught." That splendid congruity between doctrine and practice which he looked upon as the highest characteristic in the lives of men of genius was nobly exemplified in his own.

An important change now occurred in his career. His friend, Edward Irving, had gone to London, where he had made the acquaintance of the Buller family. A tutor being required for young Charles Buller, the son of the house, Irving took the opportunity of recommending Carlyle, who accepted the trust, and fulfilled it in a manner that earned for him the lasting gratitude of his pupil; whom he prepared for Cambridge in so thorough a manner that Buller, an amiable and accomplished youth, always attributed his success at the University to the unwearied exertions of his instructor. Carlyle himself used afterwards to deplore the early death of Buller, to whom he became affectionately attached, as a calamity; declaring that the young man, had he lived, would have achieved great things. Even after Buller had begun his brief but brilliant Parliamentary career, his old tutor kept up a correspondence with him, watching his career with hopeful interest. It was during this first residence in London that Carlyle's first important book appeared: a work destined to have a great and enduring influence on the study of German classical literature in England—"The Life of Schiller."

THE "LIFE OF SCHILLER."

Carlyle had been introduced to the brilliant circle who worked on the *London Magazine*, under the editorship of John Scott; a very miscellaneous publication, comprising such diverse elements as the criticisms of Hazlitt, the charming "Elia" essays of Charles Lamb, the learning of Carz, and the flippant pseudo-eclecticism of

Janus Weathercock, "light-hearted Janus," as good-natured Charles Lamb called him, until one day that light-hearted gentleman was arrested and lodged in Newgate, accused of a series of the most cynical and fiendish crimes ever laid to the charge of a miserable criminal, and stood revealed in his true colours as Wainewright, the poisoner. To this *London Magazine*, in 1823 and 1824, Carlyle contributed his life of Schiller. It at once attracted general attention, and was afterwards printed separately in a complete form. Carlyle himself always undervalued it, as indeed he was apt to do where his own productions were concerned. In later years, when a fresh edition of the book appeared, with additional chapters embodying new information on Schiller and his family, he spoke of the work, in the preface, as "this somewhat insignificant book," and declared that he only re-published it because certain booksellers "of the pirate species" were preparing to do so for their own benefit. The work is a thoughtful and scholarly account of the life and productions of a much-tried genius. "Reading maketh a full man," said Bacon, himself one of the "fullest" men the world has produced; and in this work, so lightly esteemed by its author, the thoroughness and the scholarly deliberation of the writer are apparent in every page. The critics of the day, even the best of them, had what Pope calls "the itching to deride, and needs would be upon the laughing side"—hurried work, spiced with flippancy, and too frequently showing a "malignant, dull delight" in scarifying the author, on whose work they professed to pass fair and impartial judgment. Not so Carlyle. Any intending reader of Schiller, or any one who has read that poet's works, will here find a thoroughly sympathizing biographer, one who has read and studied his author completely, who has pursued Schiller's career step by step, watching with eager and appreciative kindliness how that bright genius matured gradually, like generous wine, and how the doubts and perplexities of anxious youth gradually passed away, to be succeeded by a worthy, honoured, and fruitful manhood. Each work of Schiller, from that first chaotic effort, replete with genius and with blunders, *The Robbers*, to the grandly simple and heroic tragedy of *William Tell*, is brought before us in due order; the author's intention, the circumstances under which the work was written, the merits and faults of the composition, and its characteristic features, are succinctly and yet graphically stated. In a few pages the reader is furnished with the clue by which he can find his way through the work without danger of

missing its meaning. The commentary on *Wallenstein*, with the sketch of the character of that strange, ambitious adventurer, is in itself enough to ensure permanent vitality to the book. The style, too, is grave, calm, and balanced, without any striving after sensation, or attempt to startle the reader by paradox. And the effect produced by the whole is healthful and pleasing, the lesson set forth from beginning to end being the salutary one that by persistent effort the worst fortune may be conquered, and that true happiness is to be found in the performance of duty. In Schiller, Carlyle found a man after his own heart, a true man, impressed with the dignity of his calling, too self-respecting to truckle to dukes and princes, too plain and simple in his habits to care for wealth, but punctiliously jealous concerning all that could affect his good name, and anxious that each successive work should be his best.

AMENITIES OF LITERATURE; CARLYLE AND HIS CRITICS.

No one could find fault with the "Life of Schiller;" but the case was very different with Carlyle's next German venture, a translation of Goethe's "*Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*." This strange piece of biography, in which some of Goethe's own experiences are interwoven, the portraits of the hero's parents especially being drawn from life, startled English notions of propriety not a little, and brought the critics like hornets about the ears of author and translator alike. Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, like Thais in Alexander's feast, "led the way, to light them to their prey;" and De Quincey, like Macedonia's madman, "seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy." Jeffrey's review begins with the fiercest denunciation. He is going to hew down, root and branch, this upas-tree of immorality and error, which he condemns "after the most mature consideration," as "eminently absurd, puerile, incongruous, and affected . . . almost from beginning to end one flagrant offence against every principle of taste, and every rule of composition." There is, however, as much virtue in Jeffrey's almost as in honest Touchstone's *if*; before he gets to the end of his slaughterous task, the critic has evidently changed his opinion, and finds it difficult to prove his case. "On the whole," he concludes, "we close the book with some feeling of mollification towards its faults, and a disposition to abate, if possible, some part of the censure we were impelled to bestow on it at the beginning." In these days there is a ludicrous effect in a critic

allowing, if possible, that there may be some slight merit in a work of Goethe. De Quincey, in the *London Magazine*, also attacked Goethe savagely, and the translator came in for a share of the castigation. *Blackwood*, on the other hand, praised the work in a patronising way, and congratulated that "young gentleman," the translator, on his "very promising *debut*." Maginn's criticism at a later period was the unkindest cut of all, for he roundly complained that Goethe had been transferred "from the Fatherlandish dialect of High Dutch" (whatever that may have meant) "to the Allgemeine Midlothianish of Auld Reekie."

But Carlyle persevered. Tieck, Hofmann, Richter, and various other writers of the Fatherland, were represented in his "German Romance," published in 1827; and he had ultimately the satisfaction of vindicating the genius of the German writers in the eyes of the British public, and of removing in some measure the prejudice that could see nothing but "mysticism," transcendentalism, and a host of other incomprehensible "isms" in all the productions of Germany.

MARRIAGE; LIFE IN EDINBURGH; RESIDENCE AT CRAIGENPUTTOCH.

In former days Carlyle had been introduced by his friend Edward Irving to a Dr. Welsh, of Haddington, to whose only daughter, Miss Jane Welsh, he had been tutor. Dr. Welsh, a lineal descendant of John Knox, and a man of cultivated mind, had been exceedingly anxious that his only child should be solidly educated; and the little lady having warmly and practically seconded his wishes by beginning the study of the Latin grammar on her own account in secret, the accomplished young schoolmaster had been secured, that the child's cleverness and zeal for learning might not be lost for want of cultivation. Grave, quiet Carlyle found favour alike in the eyes of parents and child; and in 1826, eight years after his first introduction to Miss Welsh, he married her. Never was man more fortunate in the momentous question of his life. Carlyle could not have made a better choice, or have found a helpmate more thoroughly capable of appreciating his genius, and more fitted to aid him with sympathy and counsel, doubling the joys of his career and smoothing away its griefs by faithful companionship; for there were trials to endure before the well-earned success came; and sometimes even Poverty showed his threatening face at the door, though in this case at least the cynical proverb was not verified; for he never

caused Love to fly out at the window. For forty years the faithful wife stood by Carlyle's side, enjoying the calm evening with him as she had cheered him at his toil, and borne a share of the burden and heat of the day. The end came at last quite unexpectedly. While her husband was absent in Edinburgh, to the Rectorship of whose University he had been elected the year before, and whither he had gone to deliver an address to the students, Mrs. Carlyle suddenly died, in London, while driving in the park. The depth of grief felt for her loss by the bereaved husband, who sorrowfully declared that all the brightness was gone out of his life, was further exemplified by the epitaph he caused to be inscribed on her grave at Haddington. "For forty years," says the touching record, "she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worth that he did or attempted."

During the first period of their married life, they lived in Edinburgh, where they made many friends, to the great improvement of Carlyle's literary position; for it was impossible to be in his company, and listen to his talk, replete with wisdom and learning, and brightened by a quaint humour whose raciness was increased by his broad Doric dialect, without feeling conscious that this was no ordinary man. But, presently, Carlyle thought it well to withdraw from the bustle and turmoil of the capital, with its society and distractions, to some quiet Patmos, where he might muse in solitude over some grandest labour than the "honest journey work" of German translations, in which he had been lately employed. Such a Patmos, fortunately for him, lay ready to his hand. Mrs. Carlyle had inherited in Dumfriesshire the small estate of Craigenputtoch. It was a lonely place enough. Sydney Smith, in describing his isolated position in his first Lincolnshire living of Foston le Clay, speaks of himself as ten miles distant from a lemon. The occupants of Craigenputtoch were much in the same condition, though Edinburgh was within attainable distance, and Dumfries not much more than fifteen miles off.

For six years Carlyle lived with his wife at Craigenputtoch; and these years were of immense importance in their influence on his subsequent career. The place was but a farm, and the physical outlook was bleak enough; but the moral prospect was better. The possession of this little place at any rate raised the occupants above all fear of actual want; and the husband was relieved from the carking cares inseparable

from the necessity of providing for the day that was passing over him. He had leisure to think—to mature his ideas until they became beliefs and convictions—to fill that capacious mind of his with fresh stores of knowledge; to compare, mentally to experimentalise; to allow the material one day to be built up into edifices of knowledge, to become seasoned and thoroughly fit for use.

One great event of this period of his life, an event upon which he frequently looked back with natural gratification, was his pleasant epistolary intercourse with Goethe. The intellectual giant of Germany was living out the late evening of an existence already extending to close upon fourscore years in the classic Weimar, the Athens of the Fatherland. So deeply had he been impressed with what Carlyle had done for the literature of his country, that he had superintended the translation of the *Life of Schiller* into German, that it might appear with the prestige attached to his great name.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH GOETHE.

A letter from Carlyle to Goethe at this period gives a vivid picture of the life at Craigenputtock, and also of the writer's literary strivings and aspirations. He says to his illustrious correspondent:—

"You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills, and the black morasses, which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two

ponies which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain, six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St. Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forbode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance, for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cart-load of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work.

"But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion concerning it; at least pray write to me again and speedily, that I may feel myself united to you.

"The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an 'Essay on Burns.' Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius; but born in the lowest ranks of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at length mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796. We English, especially we Scotch, loved Burns more than any poet that had lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light."

LITERARY ACTIVITY; "SAEBOT RESAERTUS."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, then a young man,

now known in England chiefly by his "Representative Men," a work in which the influence of Carlyle is plainly visible, also made his way, not by letter, but personally, to the wilds of Craigenputtoch. He describes the author of the "Life of Schiller" as tall and gaunt, with a clifflike brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humour that floated everything he looked upon. Thus he dubbed a road leading to the site of an enterprise that had failed "the grave of the last sixpence," called *Blackwood* "the sand magazine;" and when a genius was praised over much would dryly vaunt the talents of "his pig," and relate how that astute quadruped had, by the mere force of innate ability, circumvented and utterly defeated every attempt of the inferior intellect of his proprietors to keep him within the bounds of his own domicile, &c. &c. sty.

A number of essays, chiefly for the *Edinburgh Review*, in which the splendid one on Burns stands foremost, formed part of the work achieved by Carlyle during the Craigenputtoch period; and here, as in all his literary activity, the thoroughness of the man, the faculty for taking an immense amount of trouble, is everywhere apparent. No haste, no flippancy, no striving to catch and hold the reader's attention by ingenious devices. The writer goes on, pounding away at his subject, heaping proof on proof, argument on argument, speaking as one who has thought out the subject, and has come to a definite conclusion, which conclusion he has to impart to his readers in the most direct and vigorous way. Thus his style reflects his thought, and is not to be imitated. It reads like the rough, strong language of a man talking to another, to whom he is anxious to make clear, in as few words as may be, some subject on which he himself feels strongly. Thus when he wants to overthrow some deeply-rooted error, he wields his literary axe with the power of a giant dealing

"Stroke on stroke,

Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak."

As he valued other men, for what they had to say and teach, and not for their way of saying it, so it was the matter, and not the manner, about which he busied himself in his own works. A man who feels strongly is nearly sure to express himself strongly; and this was the case with Carlyle, whose rugged, powerful diction was the natural reflex of his strong original mind.

He had now, in the retirement of his Scottish

home, prepared a work with which he made a pilgrimage to London, in 1832. He called it "Sartor Resartus." Speaking in the person of a certain Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröck, he put forward the transcendental idea of Fichte, according to which all outward things and created beings, including mankind, are to be considered as garments or clothes, beneath which, mostly unsuspected and unknown, is hidden the "divine idea." Diogenes Teufelsdröck is an honest-hearted worker, with keen aspirations for good, and a no less keen appreciation of the degeneracy of the times, when Mammon is set up as the brazen image before which men are to fall down in worship, and worn-out rags and shreds and patches of exploded fallacies of false respectabilities are put forth as substantial garments, wherein a man may wrap himself from the storm. Teufelsdröck is in fact Carlyle, and his "Life and Opinions" are to a great extent an autobiography of the author of "Sartor," wherein the reader may trace the conflict through which that great spirit passed before the conviction was attained that, spite of all stumbling and error, there are some traces of the higher, nobler nature in man:—

"There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened."

Out of the chaos of doubt and despondency comes forth at length the belief that the one good thing in this world is work; duty to be done without hope of reward or recognition, but for its own sake, and because it is right to do it.

Carlyle sought in vain for a publisher for his "Sartor Resartus," in London. The "tasters" who sat in judgment on manuscripts offered were bewildered by the novelty of style, thought, and diction in the book, and pronounced against it, one after another, and the author carried his manuscript back with him to his northern home.

Carlyle now considered that the time had come for a permanent move southwards. For the larger works he contemplated, access to a good library was an indispensable requisite; and the death of his father severed one of the bonds that had bound him to Scotland. Accordingly, not long after Emerson's visit in 1833, he and his faithful helpmate came to London, and took up their abode in the modest three-storied house in Cheyne Row, in which they remained for the rest of their lives, and which procured for Carlyle

the epithet of the philosopher of Chelsea. His abode became in its way as noted as that retreat on the Lake of Geneva, whence for a series of years Voltaire continued to launch his literary arrows at all that for good or evil had held sway over the religious susceptibilities of men. But what a difference between the two men: Voltaire the scoffer, content to pull down; Carlyle, with the old Puritan spirit strong within him, labouring to build up the true; yet wherever he had considered it necessary, ready with unsparing hand to hew down the false.

**A GROWING REPUTATION; A ROUGH TONGUE
AND A GENTLE HEART.**

"Sartor Resartus" could find no publisher in its entire form; but the editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, seeing farther into the book than those who pronounced it the work of a man of genius gone mad, found room for it; and thus it appeared under the auspices of "Oliver Yorke." The separate instalments excited great interest and attention in America; and it was from across the Atlantic that the popular voice first proclaimed that a prophet had arisen in Israel. The chief source of strength in the work is in the tremendous earnestness of the writer. He thoroughly believes everything he asserts; he carries the reader with him, using various devices of picturesque word-painting, of effective grouping of characters and incidents, of nicknames and strange new-coined words, startling enough to the hearer, some of them, but all replete with common sense and frequently with grim humour. And those who had the wit to read between the lines could see in this rough, vituperative, scolding denouncer of the manners and customs of his time, this scoffer at "respectability that keeps a gig" and carefully whitens the outside of the sepulchre, a gentle kindly nature, a philanthropist with a sharp tongue, a man who while he railed in good set terms at his century, and the great majority of its works, and most of the things that belonged to it, had yet infinite tenderness for everything that was true and honest. He might sarcastically describe the British Empire as inhabited by so and so many millions of people, "mostly fools;" but with these beings, whom he looked upon as ignorant and deluded, he had yet warm sympathy, and was none the less a benevolent teacher for calling a spade a spade, and declaring that every sham was an acted lie. Leigh Hunt understood him, though the two men were as different as two men both anxious to promote the cause of truth against falsehood could well

be. "I believe," says Hunt, "that what Mr. Carlyle loves better than his fault-finding, with all its eloquence, is the face of any human creature that looks suffering, and loving, and sincere." The very fierceness of his invective against wrong and fraud springs from his sense of the amount of human suffering they inflict.

**"THE FRENCH REVOLUTION;" HISTORY FROM
A NEW ASPECT.**

A new and grand era in the life of Carlyle opens with the publication, in 1837, of the "History of the French Revolution." And not only a new era in the life of Carlyle, but in the method and style of writing history. How those readers must have been startled who had derived their notions of historic style from the pages of Gibbon and Hume and Robertson! Here was the story of a tremendous cataclysm, a fearful and terrible retribution upon persistent and impenitent wrong-doing, told with splendid eloquence and energy by one whose unwearied industry had mastered every detail of a period of wild excitement and feverish tension, when every day was replete with thick, thronging events, when one woe did tread upon another's heels, and the grief of an hour old did hiss the speaker. With consummate skill the reader is carried along through the wondrous narrative, as though the events were passing before his eyes, while the eloquent commentator at his side seems to explain to him the cause and the meaning and relative importance of each. The very commencement at once arrests the attention, which never wanders afterwards. For Carlyle summons his reader to the death-bed of the miserable debauchee whom the flattery of a servile court, with unconscious but bitter irony, called Louis the Well-beloved. In 1744, the King, then a young man, around whom centred many hopes,—for human nature is hopeful to the last, and even the French in the eighteenth century believed that a just monarch might even yet make his people happy,—had been seized by a malady that threatened to cut short his life. And there were manifestations of grief in Paris, and services held in the churches, and general supplication for the restoration of the Sovereign's health, that seemed to be sincere and heartfelt. And since that day thirty years had gone,—and again Louis is lying sick to death; it is 1774, the year with which Carlyle's narrative opens. "But in how altered circumstances now! Churches resound not with excessive groanings; Paris is stoically calm; sobs interrupt no prayers, for, indeed, none are offered, except

priests' litanies, read or chanted at fixed money-rate per hour, which are not liable to interruption. The shepherd of the people has been carried home from little Trianon, heavy of heart, and been put to bed in his own chateau of Versailles; the flock knows it, and heeds it not. At most, in the immeasurable tide of French speech (which ceases not day after day, and only ebbs towards the short hours of night), may this of the royal sickness emerge from time to time as an article of news. Bets are doubtless depending, nay, some people 'express themselves loudly in the streets.' But for the rest, on green field and steeped city, the May sun shines out, the May evening fades, and men ply their useful or useless business, as if no Louis lay in danger."

Thus with the picture of the "father of the people" dying in the midst of a people profoundly indifferent to his fate, the grand prose poem opens. It is an epic this history, with a greater subject than Achilles' wrath or the anger of the fierce Juno; for it treats of nothing less than the vengeance of Heaven upon the wicked. We see all the horrible selfishness, the polished cruelty, the ineradicable *bon-ton* frivolity. The distant muttering of the storm is heard, the rack is climbing the sky from the horizon; but the feasting and the dancing, and the solemn pretence of government, which in reality is only grinding and extortion, go on day after day and year after year. The poor are starving; there are signs and portents such as were seen in Rome when the wicked ten bare sway of whom Appius Claudius was the worst, and when the "whispers and dark frowns and breaking up of benches and girding up of gowns," gave token of the overthrow that was to come. But the privileged classes are deaf and blind. The spring display at Longchamps is as brilliant as ever, the dresses were never finer nor the silks more bright, nor the variety and splendour of the lackeys' liveries more admirable, as the fashionable world rolls onward through the Bois de Boulogne in its gilt coaches. So rolls and dances the profession," says the historian, "steady of firm assurance as if it rolled on adamant and the foundations of the world, not on mere heraldic parchment, under which smoulders a lake of fire. Dance on, ye foolish ones; ye sought not wisdom, neither have ye found it. Ye and your fathers have sown the wind, ye shall reap the whirlwind. Was it not from of old written: *The wages of sin is death?*"

Upon this text the whole is written; that as the lives of some men foreshadow certain ends, and will assuredly come to those ends in

time, unless something happen, in God's providence or mercy, to arrest their course, so will the lives of nations have at last the consummation towards which their good or evil course has been directed. Carlyle sees the Divine Hand in history from beginning to end. "Be not deceived," he seems to be continually crying, "God is not mocked; for whatever a nation soweth, that shall it reap."

How the scenes of the great drama are unfolded before the reader, each linked with the preceding and the succeeding one, and yet with its own distinct individuality; how in the multitude of characters thronging upon the crowded stage, each one has its individuality fixed by a few masterly touches; how the dauntless Mirabeau, the audacious Danton, the fiery Camille Desmoulins, the loathsome villain Marat, with the poor negative-minded King, "Monsieur Veto," the heroic Charlotte Corday, the cold sinister Robespierre, each and all are indelibly stamped in the memory of the reader! But the highest triumph of the author's genius is won where he has to chronicle and describe the outbursts of the volcano that had so long been smouldering in France beneath the feet of the well-to-do classes; when, for instance, he tells the story of that tremendous day when with "a cry as if the Volscs were coming o'er the wall," the angry people flew to arms, and buried the hopes of despotism beneath the ruins of the Bastille.

A MISFORTUNE BRAVELY BORNE; PUBLIC LECTURING; "HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP."

One memorable circumstance connected with this splendid literary achievement gives it an additional value, as evincing the indomitable perseverance of the author. The manuscript of the first volume had been completed, with what expenditure of toil and thought those who have perused the completed work can alone imagine, when the author lent the precious volume to his friend John Stuart Mill, who lent it to another friend, Mrs. Taylor, for perusal, before placing it in the printer's hands. The lady seems to have left the volume about, and an uninquiring housemaid, taking it to be a worthless bundle of paper, used it for lighting fires—and Carlyle had not a copy!

His proceeding on the occasion was characteristic. After recovering from the first shock of the news, he determined to clear his mind, as it were, by flooding it with fiction before sitting down once more to the delineation of truth. For weeks, he says, he read nothing but novels, including those of brave Captain Marryat, to

whom, by the way, he is a little unjust. Holding up his hands, as it were, in amazement at the absurdity of "Japhet" and "Snarley-yow," he, in his gruff way, dubs Marryat "the man that wrote stories about dogs that had their tails cut off, and about people in search of their father," adding, "It seemed to me that of all the extraordinary dunces that had figured upon this planet, he must certainly bear the palm from every one, save the readers of his books." This is hard measure to mete out to the author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," and the "King's Own," in whose works there are many useful and practical hints connected with his own profession, to which he was, in anything but the ironical sense indicated by Carlyle, an "extraordinary ornament." However, the course of novel reading cleared the cobwebs out of the historian's brain, and he sat down manfully and wrote his first volume over again.

It was at this period that Carlyle appeared for a time in the character of a public lecturer, his first series of lectures, "On German Literature," being delivered at Willis's Rooms in 1837; the last, "On Heroes and Hero Worship," at a literary institution in Edward's Street, Portman Square, in 1840. The two intervening series, also delivered in Edward's Street, were on "The History of Literature" and "The Revolutions of Modern Europe." These lectures were looked upon as a literary event in each season during the period of their delivery, and attracted crowded audiences, among whom were many celebrated literary men. The lecturer's first intention was chiefly to read his address to the audience, and accordingly he had provided himself with a number of notes; but in a very short time he found these encumbering and embarrassing him; and, to the great satisfaction of his audience, and, perhaps, equally to his own, he put his notes entirely aside, and spoke to his attentive hearers out of the fulness of his heart and brain. He was himself impressed with the universal interest called forth by his lectures, and by the evident respect with which they were listened to. Browning, Bunsen, Macready, Crabb Robinson of the *Times*, Leigh Hunt, and a host of other celebrities, literary, diplomatic, artistic, and miscellaneous, sat at the feet of the rugged Scotch Gamaliel, who, with his broad Doric accent, his flashes of humour, his grim earnestness, and his frequently startling and always novel theories, kept them entranced from the first word of his discourse to the last. Bunsen, a man eminently qualified to form an opinion on such a subject, says: "As for Carlyle's lectures, they are very striking,

rugged thoughts, not ready made up for any political or religious system; thrown at people's heads, by which most of his audience are sadly startled." Leigh Hunt appears to have been less startled and more delighted than the learned German, for we find him writing in the *Examiner*: "He again extemporises; he does not read. We doubted, on hearing Monday's lecture, whether he would ever attain in this way the fluency as well as the depth for which he ranks among the celebrated talkers in private; but Friday's discourse relieved us. He strode away like Ulysses himself, and had only to regret, in common with his audience, the limits to which the hour confined him."

The series "On Heroes and Hero-worship," certainly the most startling, was also the most effective of the four series. Carlyle boldly put forth the great men of the world as those appointed by nature and the eternal fitness of things to achieve the great tasks of the world, and to be not only pioneers of society, but leaders of men; and claimed for them an inherent right to respect and obedience, amounting to worship, on the part of the community. "What man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here," says the lecturer. Though many were inclined to dispute the point, and argue in favour of the results produced by diffused and individual action, there were not two opinions as to the value of the pictures he drew of the lives and characters of various heroes, and of the deep yet sparkling criticism in which the addresses abounded. And it was amid a universal expression of regret that the lecturer, feeling perhaps out of his element in the fierce light that beats upon the throne of the public teacher, declared that he would no more choose this form of making known the lesson he had to speak.

A CONGENIAL SUBJECT; CARLYLE TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT OLIVER CROMWELL.

In 1845 a very remarkable book proceeded from his pen, a work that would in itself have sufficed to secure his place as a great and original genius among writers, if he had produced nothing else. It was entitled "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations." There is a tradition to the effect that Carlyle's mother, a woman of far more than average capacity, had in his youth imbued him with the idea that the famous Lord Protector of England had not had justice done to him by English historians; and, indeed, there can hardly be anything more grotesquely contradictory than the representations given of him by

those whose works were accepted for almost two hundred years as giving a truthful view of Cromwell and his deeds. Smollett, for instance, ascribes to him attributes that can hardly have existed in the same man, declaring his character to have been an amazing conjunction of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition; and going on to describe him as "cruel and tyrannical from policy, just and temperate from inclination, ridiculous in his reverses, respectable in his conduct,—one of the most amazing conjunctions of villainy and virtue, absurdity and good sense, to be met with in the annals of mankind."

This time-honoured piece of historical injustice Carlyle set himself to undo. With the patient and unremitting industry that gives a solid value to all his works, he investigated every transaction in which the Protector had taken a part, and proved from authentic documentary evidence how persistent calumny had misrepresented and slandered a great man. In the preface to the book, he tells in his outspoken, straightforward way, of the task he has undertaken, and the trouble and pains he has taken to fulfil it worthily. "The authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself," he declares, "I have gathered from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethæan quagmires where they lay buried. I have washed, or endeavoured to wash, them clean from foreign stupidities,—such a job of buckwashing as I do not long to repeat,—and the world shall now see them in their own shape." No previous work of the author had come upon the public with such an effect of surprise, in the way of shaking to its foundation, and, indeed, utterly overthrowing a structure of accepted notions and preconceived ideas. Nothing could be more different from the "red-nosed Noll" of the cavaliers, the half-mad buffoon of the accredited historians,—though, according to Smollett, this buffoon unaccountably "maintained the distance and dignity of his character in the midst of the coarsest familiarity"—and the great leader of men who now stood revealed to the minds of the astonished readers. Macaulay has told us how the Protector desired young Lely the artist to paint him as he was; characteristically adding that if the limner left out the blotches and wrinkles from his face he would not pay him a shilling. Now at length the unerring justice of time had righted the wrong of many generations, and it was generally felt that the great central character of the most momentous epoch of English history stood revealed to the world in his true character: that in his life and actions recorded by Carlyle, as in his personal presentment by Lely, he at last ap-

peared before posterity as he was. The work accordingly became the object of much controversy and of great and general interest,—a fact evidenced by its rapid and extensive sale, as recorded by the author, with expression of surprise in his preface to the second edition. Beyond the great interest attaching to the subject, and its value as a piece of historical biography, the work has great value for the elucidatory details it contains; and some of the finest word-pictures ever produced by Carlyle are to be found in its pages; among others, the account of the fight at Dunbar, on September 3rd, the famous Protector's "great day," and ultimately that of his death.

That such a work—so happily conceived and so completely executed—should have excited the energies of many imitators was to be expected. Various historical characters, notably the Chancellor Francis Bacon, and Graham of Claverhouse, have been treated in a similar manner, with a view to obtain a reversal of the sentence passed upon them by the opinion of mankind; but in no case with the success achieved by the biographer of Cromwell.

CARLYLE AS A POLITICIAN.

Already before this time he had begun to set forth, in a series of political treatises, his views concerning the political condition and prospects of England. His anticipations were frequently, indeed generally, of a sufficiently gloomy kind. In "Chartism," which had appeared in 1833, and afterwards in the "Latter-day Pamphlets" published some years subsequently to "Past and Present," the burden of the song is everywhere the same; the author has not the slightest faith in the methods taken in his day to cure the evils of society, and looks upon the race of social reformers generally as amiable enthusiasts or conceited pedants, talking a jargon that has no definite meaning, busying themselves with schemes that can effect no permanent cure, and letting things drift towards chaos, while they complacently trot out their various hobbies for the admiration of mankind. The pessimism of the sage of Chelsea increased as the burden of years weighed more heavily upon him; and even his best friends and greatest admirers stood aghast sometimes at the fierceness of his denunciations and the bitterness of his scorn. And yet, in many instances, subsequent experience has proved that, for all the apparent harshness of his strictures, the denouncer of nostrums and crotchets was in the right. Thus he was one of the first to lift up his parable against the absurd and irrational system of

criminal-petting that came into vogue shortly before the middle of the century. He describes a visit to a model prison, notices the elaborate arrangements for the comfort and well-being of the felonious denizens, and unequivocally expresses his opinion that a cart-whip flourished over their backs would be a more natural and rational method of procedure than coddling and conciliation. He looks at the West Indian colonies, reduced from productiveness to bankruptcy by the emancipation of the negroes, and his expressed opinion indicates and unhesitatingly declares that whereas it is the Divine command that man should labour for his bread in the sweat of his face, so it is the manifest destiny of "Cuffee" to wield the shovel and the hoe under the superintendence and, if necessary, the stimulating whip of the white man. Some of his papers read like the violent talk of a vehement, passionate man, declaiming against wrongs whose very existence touches him deeply, and against impostors whom his soul loathes. Here and there manifest contradictions are encountered ; and it has been frequently objected to his writings on political and social questions, that Carlyle is far more ready at pointing out an evil or an abuse than at suggesting a remedy. But, on the other hand, it may be urged that the pointing out of an error or an abuse and the indication of its probable consequences is in itself a service quite apart from the consideration of the means by which the abuse or the error is to be remedied ; and Carlyle did yeoman's service by the scathing ridicule with which he covered unpracticable theories, and the persistency with which he declared that great social wrongs and misfortunes were not to be cured by a formula, or great masses of men made wise and good by an Act of Parliament. *Solvitur ambulando* cannot be said of a great national question ; and a sentiment will not reform a nation, or any amount of talk about "Christian philanthropy and other most amiable-looking but most baseless and, in the end, most baneful and all-bewildering jargon." In the political works of Carlyle, though the manner is often bewildering, the matter is throughout full of strong common sense. If the writer seems to have too little hope of improvement for the country in which he sees so much to lament for, it must be remembered that the very earnestness of his nature inclined him to take a grave view of many matters that prosperous men are too much in the habit of forgetting. One golden truth appears over and over again in these works, insisted upon with necessary and wholesome reiteration,—that im-

provement must be gradual, that men must be prepared by better education, by training in habits of self-control, and by the practice of industry, before any permanent raising of the masses of the people can be reasonably expected ; that every real reform must not only be reasoned out, but worked out, and that nothing is more fallacious than a formula.

With all his tendency to think deeply and despondently on great social questions, and his denunciation of fiction in literature as in actual life, he was not without appreciation for what was really good in that department. We read of him in Forster's "Life of Dickens" as one of the goodly company of literary worthies, including Jerrold, Dyce, and the biographer himself, who met to hear Dickens, on a flying visit from Italy to London, read the proof-sheets of his Christmas book, "The Chimes." A sketch by Maclise, who was one of the party, has immortalized the gathering ; and Carlyle is represented, with his thoughtful face, one of the most attentive of the party. He also read Dickens's works as they came out in numbers ; and Forster describes the gratification and amusement of the author of "David Copperfield" when, during the time that work was appearing, on his asking Carlyle how he did, the sage of Chelsea replied, in the words of Mrs. Gummidge, that "he was lone and lorn, and everything went *contrary* with him."

THE CROWNING WORK, "FRIEDRICH II."

A far more arduous and laborious task than even that of telling the story of the French Revolution was undertaken by Carlyle, when, at past fifty-five years of age, he sat down to write the history of Frederick the Great. This work he evidently intended to be the crowning effort of his life, as Humboldt with his "Cosmos." The subject grew upon him as he proceeded in his work, and no less than fifteen years were devoted to its completion. He fitted up a room in his house, in which he worked, with a complete library of books bearing upon the history of the Prussian King. There were more than two thousand volumes, besides a number of portraits and battle scenes, that helped to keep the hero before the mind of his biographer. There could hardly be a more uninviting mass of literary material than the farrago of memoirs, diaries, correspondence, despatches, and documents innumerable through which the writer had to wade, to get at the truth concerning that wonderful Prussian court, with its strength and its coarseness, its great schemes and its little selfishnesses, of which the picture is given in the "Life of

Frederick II." Carlyle himself said that he would hardly have undertaken the task had he known the difficulties it would entail; but having once put his hand to the plough, he was not the man to look back. As a piece of literary and historical biography, it is a marvel of completeness and of patient and resolute work. But the author's best friends doubted whether it might not have been improved by condensation; a huge volume of seven hundred goodly octavo pages has to be got through before the reader comes to the commencement of Frederick's reign. Then, again, do what he would with his hero, the author could not quite represent him as a character after an Englishman's own heart. Deeply and truly as he admired him, as a reality in a century of shams, Carlyle seems to have been almost doubtful here and there about the stern, selfish, cold-hearted man he was describing; and this lurking doubt must have increased the irksomeness of his laborious task. "No satisfaction in it at all; only labour and sorrow. What had I to do with your Frederick?" was his observation to Varnhagen von Ense; and that somewhat satirical personage seems to have echoed the thought with a mental "What, indeed?" And this was already in 1858, and the great task was not finished till seven years later. One exceedingly good thing the author has done in the first volume. He has done justice, and perhaps more than justice, to the memory of that very energetic but rough-mannered king, Frederick William I., the father of Frederick the Great; showing that, whatever that heavy-fisted monarch's mode of procedure may have been, his nature was not, as Macaulay describes in his famous essay, "hard and bad." All the particulars of the quarrel with the Crown Prince, and that miserable family intrigue that almost drove the fiery old autocrat out of his senses, are minutely set forth. On the conduct of the King in persisting inexorably in taking the life of Katte, the accomplice of the Crown Prince in his intended flight, the author is silent, being on the whole exceedingly favourably disposed to the energetic, hard-working king, as decided a reality in his way as his celebrated son. Where many would see cruelty, he sees only inexorable justice; severe in itself, but beneficent in its effects, in the prevention of crime for the future. After telling the story of the wretched stripling, who was done to death on the ramparts of Custrin, wearing, "by order, a brown dress, exactly like the Prince's," a significant hint to the royal prisoner who, according to the literal order of the King, was to have been brought from his prison room

to see poor Katte die,—having told all this with the accuracy of a faithful historian, Carlyle proceeds: "Never was such a transaction, before or since, in Modern History, cries the angry reader, cruel like the grinding of human hearts under millstones, like—or, indeed, like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone! This is what, after much sorting and sifting, I could get to know about the definite facts of it. Commentary, not likely to be very final at this epoch, the reader himself shall supply at discretion." In the working out of the details, the amount of trouble taken by the author is simply admirable. He travelled to Germany to visit the field of Leuthen, near Breslau; that of Zorndorf, where Frederick beat the Russians on that grim day when quarter was neither given nor asked; Mollwitz, where Frederick fought his first battle, and was absent from the field when victory was announced; Liegnitz, where, after a long interval of disaster, fortune smiled once more upon him; and the various other spots connected with great events in the king's life; visiting the Berlin museum also, with the sole object of seeing the actual uniform worn by Frederick. His hand has not lost its skill in drawing character-portraits of statesmen, generals, and the inhabitants of court and camp generally. We have Wilhelmina, the coarse, kindly, shrewd, warm-hearted sister of Frederick, afterwards Margravine of Bayreuth, drawn to the life; the old king (thus called and thought of though he was only fifty-two when he died); the old Prince of Dessau, hard as steel, but with tears in his eyes, when his dying master, taking leave of him, bids him choose a horse as a keepsake, and corrects his choice when the warrior, in the confusion of his spirits, chooses the worst,—these, with all the chief characters of that queer, clever, and somewhat close-fisted community, form such a gallery of foreign historical portraits as we have not to show elsewhere in England. It is a complete picture of Germany and its government in the last century. But the style is not everywhere satisfactory; indeed, the mannerisms which are already noticeable in the "French Revolution," rendering some parts of that masterly work difficult of comprehension, have here increased, until some portions of the book seem written in a kind of shorthand, like notes jotted down for subsequent elaboration. Sometimes a strangely crabbed passage follows one whose plain Saxon style refreshingly reminds us of the great master's earlier manner, as in the following instance. The scene is the death-bed of Frederick William I. :—

THOMAS CARLYLE.

"He had remembered that it was the season when his servants got their new liveries. They had been ordered to appear this day in full new costume: 'O vanity! O vanity!' said Friedrich Wilhelm at sight of the ornamented plush. 'Pray for me! pray for me! my trust is in the Saviour!' he often said. His pains, his weakness, are great; the cordage of a most tough heart rending itself piece by piece. At one time he called for a mirror, that is certain; rugged, wild man, son of Nature to the last! The mirror was brought; what he said at sight of his face is variously reported: 'Not so worn out as I thought,' is Pillnitz's account, and the likeliest; though perhaps he said several things 'Ugly face,' 'As good as gone already;' and continued the inspection for some moments. A grim, strange thing."

No style could be more clear than this; but the next paragraph is strangely in contrast. It runs: "No Baresark of them, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff; I confess his value to me, in these sad times, is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic, Papian-Digester, Truculent-Charlatan, and other species of Kings, alone attainable for the sunk flunky populations of an Era given up to Mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm to guide it on the road *back* from Orcus a little? 'Would give' I have written; but, alas, it ought to have been 'should give.' What they 'would' give is too painfully plain to me, in spite of ballot-boxes; a steady and tremendous truth from the days of Barabbas downwards and upwards." In these few words we see indicated much of the later creed of Thomas Carlyle. He believed in absolute government by an energetic, practical, and resolute king, as the only kind of rule worth having. He hated the mean worship of mean idols, such as wealth; and he had a profound disbelief in the efficacy of ballot-boxes or reform bills to do away with, or even greatly to mitigate, the evils of the time.

Whatever drawbacks and imperfections may be found in it, "The Life of Friedrich II." is a grand and noble production, and is worthy to close the life-work of a great man.

One of Carlyle's minor works, worthy of mention as having been prompted by affectionate remembrance and the wish to perpetuate the memory of a dead friend, is the "Life of John Sterling." Various conjectures have been expressed as to the reason why Carlyle should have thought it necessary to furnish a new record of a somewhat uneventful life, that had already been

chronicled by Archdeacon Hare. It seems he considered Sterling had not been treated with full justice in Hare's biography, and wished his friend to appear to the world in the best light. The service he thus rendered to Sterling has been aptly compared to that rendered by Milton to young Mr. Edward King, whom the poet immortalised in "Lycidas."

CARLYLE LORD RECTOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY; CONCLUSION.

Soon after the completion of his great work, Carlyle was put in nomination for the honourable office of Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, and was elected by a large majority, though his opponent was the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, afterwards Earl of Beaconsfield. In 1866 he travelled northward to receive the honours of inauguration. Many friends present on that day, including Professors Huxley and Tyndall, have borne witness to the enthusiasm which greeted the grand old man who had been a poor student of that university half a century before. It was told how, true to his theory of his little value of titles, he had refused the degree of LL.D. that was offered him; how, before addressing the eager audience of students and strangers, he quietly divested himself of the rectorial robe they had put upon him, and stood up, a plain, homely figure, somewhat bent by age and toil, to utter the thoughts that arose within him.

While he was receiving the meed of well-earned honour, the great misfortune of his life fell on him; for he returned to London to find his wife dead. For him the end was not to be until fourteen more years had elapsed.

At times the strong old spirit flashed up, as when in 1867 he sturdily gave the world his views on the new Reform agitation, of which he entirely disapproved, in an article with the suggestive title, "Shooting Niagara, and after?" In 1870 he spoke out in the columns of the *Times* on the Franco-Prussian war, denouncing as vigorously as ever what he considered a "sham"—namely, the loudly-expressed sympathy with France, which ended in words. His noble life-work had been very completely finished before the secret longing that had filled his soul for years was accomplished at last, and the merciful summons came for him to that still country where, as he, in fulness of faith and strong belief, had declared, "At last we and our beloved ones shall be together again." It was on the 5th February, 1881, that this grand British worthy died.

H. W. D.



JOHN CALVIN,

THE EMINENT REFORMER AND FOUNDER OF CALVINISM.

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INTRODUCTORY.

IF we except the Apostles, no body of human beings ever set so deep a mark on the face of society as the heroes of the Reformation; and if there be any value or meaning in history at all, the lives, the acts, and the characters of such

men as they were can be matters of indifference to none of us.

John Calvin was one of the most conspicuous of these eminent Reformers; and it is his career that we propose to trace in the following pages.

As the founder of Calvinism, he possesses a

singular interest. His creed has been declared by modern enlightenment to be harsh and unreasonable; but it has had wonderful attractions in past times for some of the greatest men that ever lived.

Though often branded as a creed of intellectual servitude, Calvinism has been able to inspire and sustain the bravest efforts ever made by man to break the yoke of unjust authority. "When all else has failed," says Mr. Froude; "when patriotism has covered its face and human courage has broken down; when intellect has yielded, as Gibbon says, with a smile or a sigh, content to philosophize in the closet and abroad worship with the vulgar; when emotion and sentiment, and tender, imaginative piety have become the handmaids of superstition, and have dreamt themselves into forgetfulness that there is any difference between lies and truth, the slavish form of belief called Calvinism, in one or other of its many forms, has borne ever an inflexible front to illusion and mendacity, and has preferred rather to be ground to powder like flint than to bend before violence or melt under enervating temptation."

The career of the first exponent of such a creed, and the characteristic nature of the doctrines he taught, are surely well worth looking into.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

John Calvin was born on the 10th of July, 1509, at Noyon, in Picardy, where his father, Gerard Calvin, was by trade a cooper. His mother, whose maiden name was Joanne Lefranc, was the daughter of an inn-keeper.

The father was a man of considerable sagacity and prudence; and on this account enjoyed the esteem of the leading men in the district. His wife possessed considerable personal attractions, and added to these the graces of a vivid and earnest piety. Their family consisted of four sons and two daughters: John was the second son.

His parents being of respectable character but in humble circumstances, young Calvin, who had early shown a pious disposition, was taken under the protection of a family of wealth in his native place, and sent by them to the University of Paris to study for the Church. He was entered as a pupil in the College de la Marche, under the regency of Mathwin Cordier, better known, perhaps, by his Latin name of Corderius. It was under this distinguished master that Calvin laid the foundation of his wonderful mastery of the Latin language. Even at this early period of his life, he was distinguished by the extraordinary activity of his mental powers, and the great severity

of his manners. His companions, it is said, surnamed him the "Accusative."

At the age of twelve, he obtained from the bishop a benefice in the Cathedral of Noyon, to which, about five years afterwards, was added the care of Monteville. This he, however, exchanged two years afterwards for the care of Pont l'Évêque. All this time he was pursuing his studies, and had not even received priest's orders.

His father now changed his mind as to the destination of his son, and desired him to turn his attention to the law, as the sure road to wealth and honour. This change was not unacceptable to Calvin, who, from his perusal of the Scriptures,—a copy of which was furnished him by Robert Clavetan, who was a fellow-scholar, and likewise a native of Noyon,—had already brought before him many of the errors of the Romish Church. We can hardly say yet that his traditional opinions were unfixed, or that he had embraced with any decision the Protestant opinions that were spreading everywhere; but the seeds of the new faith were now, beyond doubt, sown in his heart.

He accordingly left Paris, and repaired first to Orleans, where he studied under Peter Stella. Speaking of his life at Orleans, Beza says "that he led a life of rigorous temperance and earnest studiousness." After supping moderately, he would spend half the night in study, and devote the morning to meditation on what he had acquired. His undue habits of study seem to have laid thus early the foundation of the ill health which marked his later years.

ADOPTING THE DOCTRINES OF THE REFORMATION.

The doctrines of the Reformation were now beginning to be widely diffused throughout France. Twelve years had elapsed since Luther had published his Theses against indulgences—twelve years of intense excitement and anxious discussion, not in Germany alone, but in almost all the adjacent kingdoms. In France there had not as yet been any open revolt against the Church of Rome; but multitudes were lending a friendly ear to the Reformed doctrines, and a few were in secret rejoicing in having heartily embraced them. To such Calvin united himself when at Orleans.

He now proceeded to Bruges, where Andrew Alciat filled the Chair of Law, and where, also, which was important to Calvin's future character, Melchior Wolmar, the Reformer, taught him the Greek tongue. Here Calvin was confirmed in the doctrines of the Reformation, and began,

indeed, to preach them in the villages. Such was his popularity, that he soon found it even oppressive.

"Before a year had elapsed," says he, speaking of his conversion, "all who were desirous of a purer doctrine were in the habit of coming to me, though a novice and a tyro, for the purpose of learning." Beza tells us that he not only fortified the few believers who were in Orleans, but, by his preaching in the neighbourhood, wonderfully advanced the Kingdom of God in many families, among whom he specifies that of the lord of Lignièrès, who, with his lady, heard with approval the new doctrines.

In taking part in this work, Calvin seems to have gone contrary to his own inclinations, and to have made a sacrifice to an overwhelming sense of duty. "By nature," he says, "somewhat clownish, I always sought the shade and ease, and would have preferred some hiding-place; but this was not permitted, for all my retreats became like public schools." Nor were his addresses marked by any of the enthusiasm which usually belongs to the young reformer. "He taught the truth," says Beza, "not with affected eloquence, but with such depth of knowledge and so much gravity of style, that there was not a man who could hear him without being ravished with admiration."

IN PARIS; PERSECUTION.

His father, however, dying at this time, he returned to Noyon, but, after a short period, went to Paris. Paris at this date had become a centre of the "new learning," under the teaching of Lefevre and Farel, and the influence of the Queen of Navarre, sister of Francis I. Even the Sorbonne had not escaped the infection. There was a growing religious excitement in the University, in the court, and even among the bishops. This, however, was not to last. The King was soon stirred up to take active measures to quell this rising spirit.

Persecution was soon busy among the adherents of the Reformed Faith; many were put to death; and the meetings of the congregations were held secretly, in the midst of dangers and alarms. Calvin preached in these assemblies with zeal and energy; and by way of a plea for toleration, he, in 1532, published, with a commentary, the work of a heathen philosopher—Seneca's treatise *De Clementia*. This first of his literary works, however, was little noticed, and had nothing of the effect at which he aimed.

The following year, Cop, the Rector of the University of Paris, having occasion to read

public discourse on the festival of All Saints' Day, Calvin persuaded him to declare his opinions on the new doctrines. This brought upon them both the indignation of the Sorbonne and Parliament, and they were forced to leave the city. The story is, that Calvin narrowly escaped, having descended from his window by means of his sheets, and fled, under the guise of a vinedresser, a friend of his, in whose clothes he concealed himself.

His lodgings, however, were searched, and his books and papers seized, to the imminent peril of some of his friends, whose letters were found in some of his repositories.

Calvin went, in the character of a fugitive, to several places, and at length to Angoulême, where he got shelter in the house of Louis Du Tallet, a canon of Angoulême, and supported himself some time there by teaching Greek. It was here he composed the greater part of his "Institutes," which were published about two years afterwards.

The Queen of Navarre, sister to Francis I., having shown him some favour on account of his learning and abilities, and, no doubt, also of his sufferings, he returned to Paris, in the year 1534, under her protection.

His object in going back to the capital was to meet Michael Servetus, a Spanish physician, who had begun to vent some novel opinions, and had invited him to a disputation or conference. Servetus, for some unknown reason, failed to keep his appointment; nor did the two meet until after an interval of many years, and in very different circumstances.

Persecution, however, was again threatened, and he quitted France the same year, having first published a work to confute the error of those who held that the soul remained in a state of sleep between death and the resurrection.

In this book he chiefly dwells upon the evidence from Scripture in favour of the belief that the intelligent consciousness of the soul is retained after it leaves the body. Questions of philosophical speculation are passed by, as tending, on such a subject, to gratify only an idle curiosity.

Before quitting France, he stopped for some time at Poitiers. Here many gathered round him, desirous of instruction; and in a grotto near the town he celebrated for the first time the communion in the Evangelical Church of France, using a piece of rock as a table. From this time forward his influence became supreme; and all who had imbibed or become tinged with the Reformed doctrines in France, turned to him

for counsel and instruction, attracted not only by his power as a teacher, but still more, perhaps, because they saw in him so full a development of the Christian life according to the Evangelical model.

PUBLICATION OF THE "INSTITUTES."

He retired to Basil in Switzerland, where he published the "Institutes," which he dedicated to Francis I. in an elegant epistle. The design of the "Institutes" was to exhibit a full view of the doctrines of the Reformers; and as no similar work had appeared since the Reformation, and the peculiarities of the Romish Church were attacked in it with great force and vigour, it immediately became highly popular. It soon went through several editions; and has since been translated into all the principal modern languages. Its effect upon the Christian world has been so remarkable as to entitle it to be looked upon as one of those books that have changed the face of society.

Some obscurity overshadows the early history of the "Institutes." It has been disputed whether it first appeared in French or in Latin. The likelihood is that it first was issued in French, for the dedication in that language is dated 1st of August, 1535, whilst the earliest Latin edition appeared in 1536. Of the edition of 1535, however, no copy is known to exist; the first French edition with a date being that of 1540; but this was after several editions in Latin had been published.

The "Institutes," as they originally appeared, consisted of only six chapters, and were intended merely as a brief manual of Christian doctrine. It appeared anonymously, the author having, according to his own statement, no object in view but that of furnishing a statement of the faith of the persecuted Protestants, whom he saw cruelly cut to pieces by impious and perfidious court parasites.

In this work, though produced when the author was only twenty-five years of age, we find a complete outline of that theological system which has since borne his name. In none of the later editions, nor in any of his later works, do we find reason to believe that he ever changed his views on any essential point from what they were at the period of its first publication. Such an instance of maturity of mind and of opinion at so early an age would be remarkable under any circumstances; but in Calvin's case it is rendered peculiarly so by the shortness of the time which had elapsed since he gave himself to theological studies. It may be doubted also if

the history of literature presents us with another instance of a book written at so early an age which has exercised such a prodigious influence on the opinions and practices both of contemporaries and of posterity."

The preface addressed to the King of France is often to this day spoken of as one of the most famous prefaces that the world has seen. It is unquestionably a very remarkable performance; but it is wanting in a Christian spirit, and much more likely to have provoked the King than to have converted him.

AT FERRARA.

After the publication of this great work, Calvin went to Italy to visit the Reformers there, and was received with marked distinction by the learned Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII.

This duchess was a zealous partizan of the Reformation. She had been a Lutheran, but about this time embraced the opinions with which the name of Calvin began to be associated.

A treaty which was soon after concluded between the Duke and the Pope dispersed the refugees whom religion had attracted to Ferrara, and Calvin repaired for the last time to Noyon, in order to dispose of some property which had fallen to him by the death of his elder brother. As he does not mention in any of his published letters that he at this time visited the graves of his parents and wept over them, one of his biographers takes occasion to expatiate on his want of all natural affection!

AT GENEVA.

It was now Calvin's intention to settle at Basle; but as the direct road through Lorraine was shut up by war, he was obliged to make a circuit by Geneva. On this circumstance the whole of his after history was to turn.

As to the revolutions through which Geneva had passed, we must say a few words. During several centuries the actual princes had been a line of bishops, who acknowledged the Counts of Geneva as their liege-lords. In 1401, the rights of the Counts were transferred to the ducal house of Savoy, which endeavoured also to obtain possession of the temporal authority of the bishops. These became in time the creatures of the Duke of Savoy; and hence it is easy to understand that many of the leading citizens were ready to welcome the Reformation as a help towards shaking off a foreign dominion.

The first reformer of Geneva was William Farel, a native of Dauphiny, born in 1489. He

was a man of intense religious zeal ; but it was untempered by discretion or charity. He is described as a little man, with a vulgar face, a narrow forehead, a pale complexion, and two or three tufts of an ill-combed red beard ; but whose fiery eye and expressive mouth announced a more remarkable character than his general appearance seemed to indicate.

The new doctrines were introduced into Geneva, and soon prevailed over all opposition. The Bishop was expelled, the religious houses were suppressed, images and altars were destroyed, and in August 1536, the Reformed Faith and a Republican Government were formally established.

Matters had advanced thus far when Calvin arrived at Geneva in the summer of 1536.

At first, Calvin's object seems to have been to devote himself quietly to studious research, as we have said, and to make his residence, not at Geneva, but at Basle. He was just the man, however, to suit the energetic plans of Farel ; so Farel entreated him, on his arrival at Geneva, to relinquish his design of going farther, and devote himself to work in that city. Calvin at first declined, giving as an excuse his need of securing more time for personal improvement, which could not be obtained were he engaged in ministerial work.

This excuse would not do for Farel ; it seemed to him just a pretext for indolence. " I tell you," he continued, " in answer to this pretence of your studies, in the name of Almighty God, that if you will not devote yourself with us to this work of the Lord, the Lord will curse you as one not seeking Christ so much as himself."

Startled by this plain-speaking, and feeling as if God had laid His hand upon him to detain him, Calvin agreed to remain.

Farel was at this time the most distinguished person in the place ; he was twenty years older than Calvin, who was in the twenty-seventh year of his age ; but their objects were the same, and their learning, virtue, and zeal alike ; and these were now combined for the complete reformation of Geneva, and the diffusion of its principles throughout Europe.

The relation of Farel and Calvin to each other is very remarkable. Thus far the Reformation of Geneva had been the work of Farel. But he felt the ascendancy of his junior's mind ; he at once yielded him the precedence, and through all the after period of their long connection, looked up to him with reverence. Calvin, on the other hand, esteemed his elder colleague for the warmth of his zeal, for his indefatigable labours, for his unshrinking courage, and his power of popular

oratory. He was not blind to his faults, but he felt his value.

Calvin was at once appointed teacher of theology in Geneva ; and in the following year, 1537, he accepted the office of minister. He seems at first to have given his services in Geneva gratuitously, for in February 1537, there is an entry in the City Registers to the effect that six crowns had been voted him, " since he has as yet hardly received anything."

In the month of November, a plan of Church government and a confession of faith were laid before the public authorities for their approval. Beza makes Calvin the author of these productions ; but others, with perhaps greater reason, attribute them to Farel. There is little doubt, however, that Calvin was consulted in their composition, and still less that he lent his powerful aid to secure their sanction and approval by the people in the month of July, 1537. The same year the Council of Geneva conferred on Farel the honour of a burgess of the city, in token of their respect and gratitude.

The citizens were summoned in parties of ten each to profess and swear to this condensed statement of Christian doctrine as the confession of their faith. This process is certainly not in accordance with nineteenth century ideas as to the best way of establishing men in the faith ; but it was gone through, Calvin tells us, " with much satisfaction."

A DIFFICULT TASK ; EXPELLED FROM GENEVA.

To be a religious leader in Geneva was not an easy task in those days. The citizens, it is true, had cast off the yoke of Rome, but they were still " but very imperfectly enlightened in Divine knowledge ; they had as yet hardly emerged from the filth of the Papacy."

Till recently they had indulged in an almost unbounded license. They loved dancing and music in the open air. The doors of numerous wine shops lay open, and in rainy weather, or to those whose dancing days were over, offered, in addition to liquor, the stimulus of cards. Numerous holidays released the tradesmen to seek recreation in the most agreeable form. Masquerades and other mummeries were frequent ; and, above all, a wedding was the source of supreme excitement.

All this was now rudely changed. The clergy, in their zeal to effect a moral revolution, frequently overstepped the bounds of discretion, and confounded what was really innocent in the same anathema with what was fundamentally vicious. Cards and dancing, plays and masquer-

JOHN CALVIN.

ades, were absolutely prohibited. All holidays, except Sunday, were abolished, and that was observed with the strictness of the Jewish Sabbath. Marriage was ordered to be solemnized with as little show as possible. Instead of the joyous fête it had hitherto been, it was converted into a purely religious ceremony, and sanctified by a sermon. If the bride or her companions adorned themselves in a fashion contrary to what was *evangelized*, they were punished with imprisonment. The citizens were strictly enjoined to attend the sermons, and to be at home by nine o'clock in the evening.

But the popular will was not prepared for the severe discipline of the Reformers; and in a short time the people resisted some innovations on their religious practices, and, under the direction of a faction, met in a public assembly, and expelled Farel and Calvin from the place.

AT STRASBURG.

Calvin repaired to Berne, and then to Strasburg, where he was appointed Professor of Divinity and minister of a French church, into which he introduced his own form of Church government and discipline.

While at Strasburg, Calvin also published a treatise on the Lord's Supper, in which he combated the opinions both of the Roman Catholics and Lutherans, and at the same time explained his own views of that ordinance. Here, too, he published his "Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans."

But while his reputation was daily on the increase, he was oppressed by the cares of poverty. His stipend was small, and one attempt at least to obtain an addition to it was unsuccessful. Such were his necessities, that he was obliged to sell his library—the very last resource of every scholar.

Calvin got acquainted with Castellio during his residence at Strasburg, and procured for him the situation of a regent at Geneva; and it was during his stay in this city that, by the advice of his friend Bucer, he married Idellet, the widow of an Anabaptist preacher, just deceased.

It was not in his nature to be romantic, even in love; and here is his list of requisites in a wife: "The only beauty that entices me is that she be chaste, obedient, patient, and that there be hopes that she will be solicitous about my health." In Idellet, to use his own words, Calvin found "the excellent companion of his life," a precious help to him amid his manifold labours and frequent infirmities. She died in 1549, to the deep sorrow of her husband, who never ceased to bewail her

loss. It would seem that the lady brought her husband some property; at all events we hear no more of his poverty.

In the meantime, disorder and irreligion prevailed in Geneva. This led Sadolet, the Bishop of Carpentras, to attempt the restoration of the papal supremacy in the district; but his design was completely frustrated by Calvin, who, though exiled from his flock, kept a watchful eye over their interests. He penned such a reply to the letter which the bishop had addressed to the Genevese, as constrained him to desist from all further effort.

Calvin seems to have maintained intercourse with Geneva by writing letters of comfort and advice to the faithful there, who continued to regard him with affection. Whilst he was still in Strasburg, there appeared at Geneva a translation of the Bible into French bearing his name; but it was really only revised and corrected by him from the version of Clivetan.

RECALLED TO GENEVA.

Ere long the way opened up for his return to the post from which he had been driven. In November of the same year, he and Farel were solicited by the Council of Geneva to return to their former charge in that city; in May, 1541, their banishment was revoked; and in September following, Calvin was received into the city amidst the congratulations of his flock, Farel remaining at Neuchâtel, where he was loved and respected.

A house and garden were provided for Calvin by the State. The situation commanded a magnificent view of the Leman Lake and its background of mountains; but to such beauties the Reformer was utterly indifferent. His salary was fixed at fifty dollars, with twelve strikes of corn and two casks of wine. The givers regarded this as a handsome allowance. Calvin was neither greedy nor luxurious, and, in addition to his wife's income, found it sufficient for his wants.

CALVINISM IN PRACTICE.

Calvin entered on his work at Geneva firmly resolved to carry out those reforms which he had originally proposed, and to establish in all its integrity that form of Church policy which he had carefully matured during his residence at Strasburg. He now became the sole directive spirit of the Church at Geneva.

The time had come for realizing that system of a Church which had long possessed his mind, and had already been set forth in the

"Institutes." A *Church* he had defined as existing "wherever the Word of God is sincerely preached and heard, and the sacraments administered according to Christ's ordinance." The jurisdiction of the Church he held to be independent and exclusive in things purely spiritual; but he laid it down as an undoubted Scriptural principle that all men are bound to submit to the established civil government, and that spiritual liberty may very well consist with political servitude.

"We may perhaps," says one writer, "be surprised to find such a doctrine proceeding from the patriarch of puritanism. There was, however, a reserve of the case in which the command of the magistrate should be contrary to the will of God; and although this exception contemplated only a passive refusal of compliance, it appears that Calvin looked on complacently when his followers in France afterwards extended its application to armed resistance or rebellion.

"In the Church were appointed the offices of preacher, doctor, deacon, and lay-elder. The institution of episcopacy was denied; but Calvin did not object to the government of bishops in States differently constituted from his own little republic; and he himself, during his lifetime, exercised a more than episcopal authority in Geneva.

"The government of the Church was vested in a consistory, composed of six ministers and twelve lay-elders. According to the constitution of this body, one of the syndics was to be the president; but Calvin soon contrived to secure the presidency for himself, retained it throughout his life, and offered to bequeath it to his friend Beza. The consistory met weekly, and took cognizance of doctrine and morals. Exclusion from the Lord's Table was the highest punishment which this tribunal could of itself inflict. When spiritual punishments were insufficient, the offenders were handed over to the civil court, and there dealt with in no gentle way."

In addition to all Calvin's labours in regulating the Church, he was employed to draw up a code of civil law; and here the law which he had acquired at Orleans and Bruges was turned to account. The joint object of the civil and the spiritual legislations was to establish a theocracy on the ancient Jewish model.

Calvin's system, however, was more severe than that of Moses. Its punishments were generally heavier; it inflicted death more frequently, and substituted more terrible for milder modes of execution.

All manner of merriment was sternly put

down. It was criminal to celebrate any of the abolished festivals, or to offer children for baptism after the names of popish saints. Some young persons were excommunicated for playing a twelfth-night game. Men were imprisoned for reading Amadis de Gaul. Unchastity of every shade was sternly punished. All kinds of blasphemy were visited with heavy penalties; and it was considered a blasphemy to speak against the foreigners who had taken refuge at Geneva for the sake of religion. Parental authority was enforced with great severity. One child was beheaded for striking his parents, and another was condemned to death for a mere attempt to strike his mother, and with difficulty escaped the extreme penalty.

Witchcraft was zealously sought out. Within some sixty years, no fewer than a hundred and fifty were put to death for this crime. Spies or watchmen were established, charged to report to the consistory all breaches of discipline; and it may be easily believed that this institution became subject to great abuses. There was an annual visitation of every house in the city; not a quiet pastoral call, but a solemn inspection of the family by a minister and a lay-elder, with an inquisition into the habits of the members. To this was added, in 1550, a system of catechizing from house to house.

Attendance at sermons was rigidly insisted on. To laugh during a sermon was a matter which drew after it three days' imprisonment, and the necessity of publicly asking pardon. To impugn Calvin's doctrine, or the proceedings of the consistory, endangered life. For such an offence a Ferrarese lady was condemned, in 1569, to beg pardon of God and the magistrate, and to leave the city in twenty-four hours, on pain of being beheaded.

Calvin's promptitude and firmness were now conspicuous: he was the ruling spirit in Geneva; and the Church which he had established there he wished to make the mother and seminary of all the Reformed Churches. His personal labours were increasing: he preached every day for two weeks of each month; he gave three lessons in divinity every week; he assisted at all the deliberations of the consistory and company of pastors; he defended the principles of the Reformation against all who attacked them; he explained those principles both in writing and discourse; and maintained a correspondence with every part of Europe. Geneva, however, was the common centre of all his exertions, and its prosperity peculiarly interested him, though

less for its own sake than to make it a fountain for the supply of the world : he established an academy there, the high character of which was long maintained; he made the city a literary mart; and having finished the ecclesiastical regimen, he directed his attention to the improvement of the municipal government of the place.

His hands were indeed full of business. "I have not time," he writes to a friend, "to look out of my house at the blessed sun ; and if things continue thus, I shall forget what sort of appearance it has. When I have settled my usual business, I have so many letters to write, so many questions to answer, that many a night is spent without any offering of sleep being brought to nature."

CONTROVERSIES.

Of the controversies in which Calvin now embarked, one of the most important was that in which he defended his doctrine concerning predestination and election. The first who attacked him on the subject was Pigeus, a Romanist, to whom Calvin replied in a work published in 1543. So potent were his reasonings in the estimation of his opponent, that the latter, though owing nothing to the gentleness or courtesy of Calvin, was led to embrace his views.

A more troublesome and protracted dispute on the same subject took place in 1551, when Calvin was called on to defend his views against one Bolsec, originally a Carmelite friar, but now a physician. Bolsec, as was to be expected, was vanquished and banished from Geneva.

CONTROVERSY WITH CASTELLIO.

Another controversy into which Calvin entered with heartiness and zeal was with Sebastian Castellio. Calvin had, as we have already mentioned, made the acquaintance of Castellio at Strasburg. At first a warm friendship sprang up between them, and Calvin exhibited a praiseworthy inclination to be of service to Castellio, whose poverty and learning had excited his sympathy. On his return to Geneva, he invited Castellio to join him there, and procured for him the title of Regent or Tutor in the Gymnasium of the city.

There were few points of resemblance, however, between the characters of the two men ; and the differences in their tastes and views soon became apparent. The learning of Castellio was intensely humanistic ; a classical spirit and a somewhat arbitrary opinionativeness moulded all his studies; and as soon as he began to apply himself to theology, he came into collision with Calvin. In

a letter to Farel written in 1542, we find the Reformer speaking of the freaks of "our friend Sebastian, which may both raise your bile and your laughter at the same time." These freaks consisted in Castellio's ideas of Scripture translation, and his refusal of Calvin's offer to revise the translation which he had made of certain parts of Holy Writ.

Two years later, Castellio wished to enter the ministry, but Calvin dissuaded the council from accepting him on account of some peculiar views which he entertained. These were certain rationalistic opinions as to the authenticity and character of the Song of Solomon, the descent of Christ into hell, and the doctrine of election.

Castellio now removed from Geneva ; but on his return soon afterwards, he publicly attacked the views of Calvin. A violent scene in church followed, very strongly painted in Calvin's letters, and Castellio was forced to leave the city.

The two old friends, now sworn enemies, did not henceforth spare each other. When at a later date an anonymous pamphlet appeared, attacking with keen logic and covert sarcasm the Genevan doctrines, the publication was attributed by both Calvin and Beza to Castellio ; and they replied to him in vigorous language, stigmatising him as a deceiver and vassal of Satan.

One fact in the controversy, not at all to the credit of Calvin, must be recorded. In his old age, Castellio sank into poverty, and was obliged to gather sticks on the banks of the Rhine at Basle by way of supporting himself. Calvin did not hesitate to accuse him of stealing the sticks. "Such polemical truculence," says one writer very truly, "may well make us turn away in disgust and indignation."

Calvin was also involved in a protracted and somewhat vexing dispute with the Lutherans on the subject of the Lord's Supper. This ended in the separation of the Evangelical party into the two great camps of Lutherans and Reformed—the former of whom maintain that in the Eucharist the body and blood of Christ are objectively and consubstantially present, and so are actually partaken of by the communicants; whilst the latter hold that there is only a virtual presence of the body and blood of Christ, and, consequently, only a spiritual participation thereof through faith.

CONTROVERSY WITH SERVETUS.

The most memorable, however, of all the controversies in which Calvin took part was that into which he was brought in 1553 with his old antagonist Servetus.

Miguel Servet was born at Villanueva, in Aragon, in 1509, the year of Calvin's birth. He studied law at Toulouse, and at the same time paid much attention to theology. The writings of the German Reformer failed to satisfy his craving after novelty; he adopted antitrinitarian opinions, and, not finding himself secure at Toulouse, fled into Germany, where, before completing his twenty-second year, he published a work, "*De Trinitatis Erroribus*." The heterodoxy of this production was rendered more offensive by the levity of the author's tone.

He soon discovered that his notions were as distasteful to the Protestants of Germany as to the Romanists; and after publishing at Hagman two dialogues, in which he developed his heresies still further, he adopted the name of Villeneuve (in allusion to his birthplace), and became a student of physic at Paris in 1532.

We have already seen that he challenged Calvin to a disputation in 1534, and failed to keep his appointment. Since that time he had travelled in Italy; he had lectured at Paris with great applause, but had quarrelled with the faculty of physicians, and had, in consequence, retired from the capital; and, after various adventures, he had established himself at Vienne in 1540. The originality of his genius and the variety of his acquirements had been displayed in several publications, not without some manifestations of vanity, arrogance, and a diseased love of innovation.

For years Servetus brooded over a work which he called "*Restitutio Christianismi*." He believed that the Millennium was at hand, and that he was destined to take a leading part in the enlightenment of the world. According to him, the angels in the prophetic part of the Apocalypse were so called only by a metaphor—that *men* were meant; and that the Michael who was to triumph over the dragon of the Papacy was no other than himself.

In 1546, he submitted his manuscript to Calvin. It was not in the character of either party that the differences between them should be calmly discussed. Calvin broke off the correspondence, referring Servetus to the "*Institutes*" for any information which he might require; and Servetus in return sent him a copy of that work with bitter manuscript notes.

Calvin took notice of his rejection of correspondence with Servetus in a letter to a common friend. "He expressed in this letter a faint hope that the Spaniard might come to a better mind; and on the same day he wrote of him to Farel as

* follows:—

"He offers to come hither if I will allow him; but I am unwilling to give any pledge; for if he does come, and my authority be of any avail, I will never suffer him to depart alive."

The manuscript which he had forwarded to Geneva was not returned; but Servetus had either retained a duplicate or re-written the whole; and in 1552 it was secretly printed at Vienne. There was no attempt to circulate it there; but copies were sent to various cities at a distance, and one of them fell into the hands of Calvin.

Within a short time Servetus was seized by the Catholic authorities at Vienne, and put on his trial for heresy. It has been maintained that Calvin was the instigator, through a creature of his own of the name of Trie, of the whole transaction; it is *certain* that he forwarded to the authorities, through Trie, private documents which Servetus had entrusted to him, with a view to the heretic's identification, and as materials for his condemnation. But the history of the affair is very complicated and obscure.

Servetus contrived to supply himself with money; and on the 7th of April, 1553, he made his escape. The process against him was continued in his absence. He was condemned to be burned by a slow fire; and this sentence was executed on his effigy.

THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF SERVETUS.

About the middle of July a traveller entered Geneva, and took up his abode at a small inn. Although alone and on foot, he was evidently a man of superior manners. The traveller was Servetus, who had lingered in France since the time of his escape from Vienne, and was now on his way to Naples, where he intended to practise as a physician.

After remaining for some time unmolested, he was about to leave for Zurich, when, at the instigation of Calvin, he was arrested, and lodged in prison on a charge of blasphemy. This charge was based on certain statements in the book called "*Restitutio Christianismi*," in which he had animadverted in terms of needless offensiveness on the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity, and advanced sentiments strongly savouring of Pantheism.

He was altogether a singular opponent whom Calvin had thus pounced down upon. Learned, painstaking, unwearied in research, Servetus was as vehement in the assertion of his conclusions as he was independent in his method of reaching them. The controversies of the age were seldom softened by the amenities of language; and

Servetus, standing generally on ground where none cared to associate themselves with him, was as bitter as any in the use of epithets which charged his opponents with wilful perversity and measureless ignorance. With a knowledge of anatomy and physiology which enabled him to anticipate some at least of the discoveries of Harvey, and which gave him a right to share in Harvey's fame, he exhibited in other respects a credulity scarcely inferior to that of the most credulous of his time, and made no small profit by the practice of astrology. When to this we add that the mystical element was strong in the man, and that he enforced his mysticism with a pertinacity equal to the thoroughness with which he rejected and derided the mysticism of others, we can readily understand the repulsion which his mode of disputation would cause in the minds even of the less bigoted reformers of the day. Having at first felt some liking for him, Œcolampadius soon waxed wroth at the "haughty, daring, and contentions" stranger, while the comparatively gentle Zwingli and Melancthon were gradually alienated from the "troublesome" Spaniard.

The trial of Servetus followed, Calvin appearing as his accuser. The conflict between him and the prisoner at the bar was conducted with much ability on both sides, and at the same time with no small bitterness. In the end, Servetus was condemned to be burned to death, a sentence which was carried into effect at Champel, near Geneva, on the 27th of October, 1553. Farel attended him in his last hours, and accompanied him to the place of execution. He had an interview also with Calvin on the morning of the fatal day, when he begged his forgiveness, but refused to withdraw any of his expressions.

CALVIN'S PART IN THE EXECUTION OF SERVETUS.

"Calvin," remarks Dr. Alexander in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "has been much censured, not to say vituperated, for his share in this unhappy transaction. In order to aggravate the charge against him, it has been alleged that it was by his invitation that Servetus came to Geneva; that it was by his urgency that the magistrates, over whom his influence was unbounded, condemned Servetus to death; and that it was to gratify a personal pique and through hatred of Servetus that he thus cruelly and relentlessly pursued him.

"Of these allegations not one can be proved, and some are undoubtedly false. It is not true that Calvin induced Servetus to come to Geneva; on the contrary, when Servetus inti-

mated a wish to visit that city if it pleased Calvin that he should do so, Calvin intimated very plainly that it did not please him, and refused to pledge himself for his safety should he come, as he was resolved to persecute him to the death. That Calvin influenced the magistrates to condemn Servetus is true only in the same sense in which any public prosecutor, who pleads before the judge for the condemnation of one against whom he brings a criminal charge, may be said to influence the judge to condemn him. As to the assertion that Calvin's influence with the magistrates was unbounded, that falls to the ground before the fact that at this time he was in a state of antagonism to the dominant party. That Calvin hated the doctrines which he found in Servetus's book there can be no doubt, and that he thought the author of such views as were there advanced deserving of death, if he refused, when reasoned with, to recant, is unhappily true; but that he was actuated by any personal spite or animosity against Servetus himself, there is no evidence; on the contrary, we have his own express declaration, that after Servetus was convicted, he used no urgency that he should be put to death, and at their last interview he told Servetus that he never had avenged private injuries, and assured him that if he would repent it would not be his fault if all the pious did not give him their hands. There is the fact also that Calvin used his endeavour to have the sentence which had been pronounced against Servetus mitigated, death by burning being regarded by him as an "atrocious," for which he sought to substitute death by the sword.

"All that can be justly charged against Calvin in this matter is that he took the initiative in bringing on the trial of Servetus; that, as his accuser, he prosecuted the suit against him with undue severity; and that he approved the sentence which condemned Servetus to death. When, however, it is remembered that the unanimous decision of the Swiss Churches was that Servetus deserved to die; that the general voice of Christendom was in favour of this; that even such a man as Melancthon affirmed the justice of the sentence; that an eminent English divine of the next age should declare the process against him "just and honourable;" and that only a few voices here and there were at the time raised against it, candid and impartial men will be ready to accept the judgment of Coleridge that the death of Servetus was not "Calvin's guilt specially, but the common opprobrium of all European Christendom."

That Calvin should, in the circumstances in

which he was now placed, show marks of intolerance towards others, is not surprising; and to seek a palliation of his guilt we need not go back to the time when he belonged to the Church of Rome, nor yet to the notions of civil and religious liberty prevalent in his age. We have only to reflect on the constitution of the human mind, and the constant care necessary to prevent power in any hands from degenerating into tyranny.

Servetus was executed on an extended eminence at some distance from the city, where he was fastened to a stake surrounded by heaps of oak wood and leaves, with his condemned book and the MS. he had sent to Calvin attached to his girdle. His agony was long protracted: with his last breath he uttered a cry to the Saviour for mercy, expressed in words which showed that he persisted in his heresy.

THEOLOGICAL CONTESTS; HARD AT WORK.

The heretical doctrines of Servetus were not extinguished by his death. None of those who embraced them, however, were visited with severe penalties than that of banishment from Geneva. For several years, much of Calvin's time was taken up by the trials of these persons, together with the conferences and controversies arising out of them.

In 1554, the year following Servetus's death, Calvin published a work in defence of the doctrine of the Trinity against the errors of Servetus, and to prove the right of the civil magistrate to punish heresy. Beza the same year published a work on the like subject, in reply to the treatise of Castellio.

A time of troubles followed this triumph. The affair of Servetus gave Calvin's enemies an advantage. Such was his unpopularity, that he was repeatedly insulted in the streets; the Libertine party became audacious in its disorders; the council exercised a censorship on the printing of the Reformer's writings; and the influence of Berne was used against him. A change, however, soon took place in Calvin's favour. A large admission of refugees to the rights of citizenship was carried against all opposition, and greatly strengthened his hands; and an attempt of the Libertines to effect a revolution, ended in the utter ruin of their party. Several of them were captured and executed, and sentence of death was passed on those who had escaped.

The remainder of Calvin's life was undisturbed by political opposition. Theological contests, however, continued to the end.

In spite of all this, Calvin produced a number of works independent of those called forth by the various controversies in which he was engaged. The most numerous of these were of an exegetical character. Not to speak of discourses taken down from his lips by faithful hearers, we have expository comments on nearly all the books of Scripture. These are written partly in Latin and partly in French, and, in the opinion of many, constitute the most valuable of his works. His candour and sincerity as an inquirer into the meaning of Scripture; his judiciousness, penetration, and tact in eliciting his author's meaning; his precision, condensation, and continuity as an expositor; the accuracy of his learning, the closeness of his reasoning, and the elegance of his style, all conspire to confer a high value on his exegetical works, and to make them at once rich sources of Biblical knowledge, and admirable models of Biblical exposition.

During this period Calvin also attended several conferences, which were held with a view to the settlement of religion. At the last of these, the celebrated Diet of Ratisbon, he was one of the representatives of Strasburg.

It was not only in religious matters that Calvin found employment for his restless energies; nothing was indifferent to him that concerned the welfare of the State or the advantage of its citizens. His work, it has been truly said, embraced everything; his advice was taken on every matter great and small that came before the council. He discussed questions of law, police, economy, trade and manufactures, as well as matters of doctrine and Church polity. To him Geneva was indebted for her trade in cloths and velvets, by which her citizens gained so much wealth, and for those sanitary regulations that made the city the admiration of every visitor. In Calvin we see also the founder of the College of Geneva, which still exists, and which has imparted instruction to so many eminent men.

In 1559, the Theological College was established. The funds necessary for the foundation were chiefly supplied by the munificence of Bonniard, "the prisoner of Chillon." It was Calvin's earnest endeavour to supply these institutions with teachers of eminent learning. The rectorship of the College was conferred upon Beza, who, with other members of the Calvinistic party, had lately been obliged to leave Lausanne in consequence of disputes as to predestination.

The Reformer's fame and influence were now at their height. We find him called in as arbiter in the disputes of the English congregation

at Frankfort (1555); he corresponds with the King of Poland, and endeavours to guide the Reformation of that country; he influences the change of religion in Scotland by means of Knox; his discipline is adopted by the Church of the Palatinate in 1560; he is in high regard with eminent members of the ruling party in England after the accession of Elizabeth, and at the same time is the very oracle of the Puritans; he directs the great movement which for the time seemed likely to prevail over Romanism in France.

A FRIEND AND BIOGRAPHER.

In 1549, Geneva received within its walls a person who was destined to play a conspicuous part in its history. Theodore de Bèze was born at Vezelay in 1519. He had been known to Calvin at Bourges, and subsequently led the life of a gay, accomplished, dissipated man of the world. A severe illness, however, changed his views, and he had married a woman with whom he had before cohabited. Calvin procured for him a professorship at Lausanne, and directed him in his theological reading. Beza soon became the Reformer's most confidential friend. He seconded him in controversy, and took up opponents whenever Calvin grew tired of them; he succeeded him in no inconsiderable part of his authority both at home and abroad; he edited some of his works, and wrote his life with "more of friendship," it has been said, "than of candour."

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

The strongest constitution could not have endured the incessant and exhausting labour to which Calvin devoted himself; so it was no wonder that his feeble frame soon broke down. Spite, however, of severe suffering and repeated attacks of illness, he manfully held on his way for twenty-eight years, setting fever, asthma, stone, and gout, the fruits for the most part of his sedentary habits and ceaseless activity, all at defiance.

Of all the testimonies to the merits of Calvin at this time, the most unsuspected is that of the canons of Noyon, who, in 1556, publicly returned thanks to God on occasion of his recovery from an illness which it was thought would prove mortal.

The citizens of Noyon, however, it is but fair to add, showed themselves by no means proud of their townsman. They celebrated a false report of his death with public rejoicings; there is, too, a story, not so well supported, that they pulled down the house in which he

was born, and hauged a man who ventured to rebuild it.

It was no doubt the state of Calvin's health which prevented him going in 1561 to the famous Conference of Poissy: nothing but his many pains and infirmities, as it appears from his correspondence with Beza, who was sent to the Conference from Geneva, would have prevented his attending an assembly which promised to be of so much consequence, and which was indeed remarkable in this respect, that from that time the followers of Calvin became known as a distinct sect, bearing the name of their leader.

Amidst all his sufferings, however, neither his public functions nor his literary labours ceased; he continued to edify the Church of Geneva by his sermons and his intercourse with the people, and to instruct Europe by his works; and to the last he maintained the same firmness of character which had distinguished him through life.

At last, early in the year 1564, it was clear that his earthly course was rapidly drawing to a close. On the 6th of February he preached for the last time, having with great difficulty found^{ed} breath enough to carry him through his sermon. After this he was several times carried into the church, but he never again was able to take part in the service. With noble disinterestedness, he now refused to receive his stipend, on the ground that he was no longer able to discharge the duties of his office.

He still worked on, however; and when remonstrated with for such unreasonable toil, he replied, "Would you that the Lord should find me idle when He comes?"

A deep impression seems to have been made on all who visited him on his death-bed. They saw in him the noble spectacle of a great spirit that had done its life-work calmly and trustfully, passing through the gate of suffering into the long-desired and firmly-expected repose of heaven.

The magistrates of Geneva attended on him in his chamber, to take a solemn farewell; he spoke to them at some length, exhorting them to the performance of their duties, and desiring their forgiveness for such wrong as his natural vehemence might have led him to commit.

On his death-bed he took God to witness that he had preached the Gospel purely, and exhorted all about him to walk worthy of the divine goodness: his delicate frame gradually became quite emaciated, and on the 27th of May, 1564, he died, without a struggle, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

"On that night and the following day," says Beza, "Geneva seemed plunged in universal mourning. The State had to regret the loss of one of its wisest citizens; the Church its pastor; the academy its teacher; whilst private persons felt as if deprived of a common parent and comforter."

In obedience to Calvin's wish, his contemporaries abstained from marking his grave by any memorial. The spot is not now known with certainty.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER.

The person of Calvin was middle-sized and naturally delicate; his habits were frugal and unostentatious; and he was so sparing in food, that for many years he had only one meal in the day. He had a clear understanding, an incredible memory, and a firmness and inflexibility of purpose which no opposition could overcome, no variety of objects defeat, no vicissitude shake. In his principles he was devout and sincere, and the purity of his character in private life was without a stain.

"His grace in preaching," we are told, "was the meanest of all other gifts in him; yet even that was so had in honour and estimation, that a hearer of his being asked wherefore he came not to other men's sermons as well as Calvin's, answered, that if Calvin and St. Paul himself should preach both at one hour, he should leave St. Paul to hear Calvin."

The private character of Calvin was what one might expect from his public reputation. He was inclined to be severe and irritable, but at the same time no one ever lived who was more just and truthful; so long as conscience would permit, he stuck fast by his friends, and never, so far as was possible for frail human nature, took an unfair advantage of his adversaries. Now and again we find him cheerful and even facetious among his intimate associates. "I have been a witness of him for sixteen years," says Beza, "and I think I am fully entitled to say that in this man there was exhibited to all an example of the life and death of the Christian, such as it will not be easy to depreciate, such as it will be difficult to emulate."

CALVIN'S POSITION AND INFLUENCE.

We can hardly sum up this great character in language more just than that of Mr. Thos. H. Dyer in his "Life of John Calvin:"—

"In any circumstances, his wonderful abilities and extensive learning would have made him a shining light among the doctors of the Reforma-

tion; a visit to Geneva made him the head of a numerous and powerful sect. Naturally deficient in that courage which forms so prominent a trait in Luther, and which prompted him to beard King and Emperor face-to-face, Calvin arrived at Geneva at a time when the rough and initiatory work of reform had already been accomplished by his bolder friend Farel.

"Some peculiar circumstances in the political condition of that place favoured the views which he seems to have formed very shortly after his arrival. By the extent of its territory, and the number of its population, a small city; by its natural and artificial strength, and by its Swiss alliances, an independent State, secure from the attacks of its powerful neighbours; by its laws and institution a Republic, tending towards an oligarchy; and by the enthusiasm of a new religion which had helped to establish its civil liberties, disposed to bend its neck to the yoke of the Gospel, Geneva offered every facility to a master mind like Calvin's, which had conceived the idea of establishing a theocracy, of which he himself was to be the oracle, the prophet, and the dictator, and from which, as from a common centre, his peculiar opinions were to spread in successive and still expanding circles through the rest of Europe.

"The tact and skill, the fortitude, the consistency of purpose and energy of will which he displayed in carrying out his design, are worthy of all admiration.

"That a man who devoted himself so ardently to the study of divinity, and who laboured with such industry and warmth to defend and propagate the Reformation, should have been influenced solely by the hope of attaining reputation and power, is scarcely credible; whilst, on the other hand, there are parts of his conduct which it would be difficult to refer to purely religious motives. An irritable pride is one of the salient features of his character. This feeling particularly betrayed itself where his literary reputation or his authority as a teacher was concerned; for these were the instruments of his power and influence. . . . Beza admits Calvin's proneness to anger, which, however, is sometimes more correctly characterized by Calvin himself by the name of morosity. And, indeed, not only his conduct, but the tenor of the greater part of his controversial tracts, show that a man may be a profound theologian, and yet not comprehend the true spirit of Christianity.

"Calvin's mode of life was frugal and temperate, and he was untainted with the mean passion of avarice. The last is peculiarly the vice of

little minds ; and it may be safely affirmed that no man of enlarged understanding and commanding genius ever loved money for its own sake. Calvin's ambition was of a different kind. He rather sought to leave his name and principles to posterity than a few thousand dollars more or less to his heirs.

"Like all men of truly deep thought, he never leaves his reader at a loss for his meaning. His Latin style is not marked by unnecessary *verbiage*, merely for the sake of rounding a period, nor by the affectation of Ciceronian purity, the besetting sin of the writers of that age ; and if it be truly said that the best test of modern Latin is that it should be read with facility and pleasure by a scholar, Calvin's may be pronounced excellent.

"The merits of Calvin as a commentator have been universally recognized, even by those opposed to his peculiar views. His 'Institutes' bear the impress of an independent and comprehensive study of Scripture, from which, aided by the works of the Fathers, and especially of St. Augustine, Calvin built up his system ; which deserves the praise of originality rather for the coherence and symmetry with which it is arranged, and which shows it to be the work of a single mind, than for any novelty in the views which it develops. Probably his best claims to originality with regard to any single part of his doctrines, rests on that of the Lord's Supper."

His writings are very numerous ; but, except his "Christian Institutes," his Commentaries on the Bible, and a few others, they have long been covered with undisturbed dust, though in their day none of his works were without their influence. There have been various collections of his works. In 1552, all his minor pieces, or "Opuscula," were collected and published at Geneva. In 1576, a similar collection was made of his theological tracts ; and the same year Beza published a collection of his letters, with a life of Calvin. We find also in Senelier (*Hist. Lett. de Geneve*, tom. i.) not only a list of all Calvin's publications, but a catalogue of sermons preached by him, which yet remain in MS. in the public library of Geneva.

WHAT IS CALVINISM ?

The system of religious doctrine and church government maintained by Calvin and his followers now demands our attention. Calvin, as we have seen, published his system in his "Christian Institutes" in the year 1536 ; but it does not appear to have obtained the name of Calvinism, nor its supporters the name of Calvinists, till the Conference of Poissy in 1561.

The Reformer, as we have already said, was not himself present at that assembly, being prevented from attending by his local duties and the ill state of his health ; but we see from his correspondence with Beza, the deputy from Geneva, how deep was his interest in its proceedings, and that nothing was done on the part of the Reformers without his knowledge and advice. In the debate which took place on the Augsburg Confession, the points of difference between the Lutherans and Calvinists were drawn out ; and they were such as that from thenceforth the latter became known as a distinct sect under that denomination.

The tenets of Calvinism respect the doctrines of the Trinity, predestination, or particular election and reprobation, original sin, particular redemption, effectual or irresistible grace in regeneration, justification by faith, and the perseverance of saints ; together also with the government and discipline of the Church, the nature of the eucharist, and the qualification of those entitled to partake of it. The great leading principles of the system, however, are the absolute decrees of God, the spiritual presence of Christ in the eucharist, and the independence of the Church.

Calvinism was, perhaps, like Lutheranism, exemplified first at Strasburg ; where, in the year 1538, Calvin established a French Church on his own plan. But it was at Geneva that the system was seen in all its vigour ; and from thence it spread into France, Germany, Prussia, the United Provinces, England, and Scotland. To this last place it was carried by Knox, the disciple and intimate correspondent of Calvin ; and as within the little territory of Geneva there was neither room nor need for the parochial sessions, presbyteries, provincial synods and general assembly, into which the presbyterial government expands itself in a large community, we shall briefly advert to its leading features in Scotland as it appeared there in the lifetime of Knox. We shall thus indeed see the Church of Scotland in its infancy ; but at the same time—and it is that we have chiefly in view—we shall thus perhaps have the best idea of the matured opinions of the great Reformer.

CALVINISM IN SCOTLAND.

The Confession of Faith, ratified by the Scots Parliament in 1560, declares that by the sin of our first parents, "commonly called original sin, the image of God was utterly defaced in man, and he and his posterity of nature became enemies of God, slaves to Satan, and servants unto sin ; in-

somuch that death everlasting has had, and shall have, power and dominion over all that have not been, are not, or shall not be, regenerated from above, which regeneration is wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost working in the hearts of the elect of God an assured faith in the promise of God revealed in his Word ; " that " from the eternal and immutable decree of God all our salvation springs and depends ; " " God of mere grace electing us in Christ Jesus His Son before the foundation of the world was laid ; " and that " our faith and the assurance of the same proceeds not from flesh and blood, that is to say from our natural powers within us, but is the inspiration of the Holy Ghost ; " " who sanctifies us and brings us in all verity by His own operation, without whom we should remain for ever enemies to God and ignorant of His Son Christ Jesus ; for of nature we are so dead, so blind, and so perverse, that neither can we feel when we are pricked, see the light when it shines, nor assent to the will of God when it is revealed, unless the Spirit of the Lord Jesus quicken that which is dead, remove the darkness from our minds, and bow our stubborn hearts to the obedience of His blessed will ; " " so that the cause of good works we confess to be not our free will, but the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, who dwelling in our hearts by true faith, brings forth such works as God has prepared for us to walk in ; " and " whoso boast themselves of the merits of their own works, or put their trust in works of supererogation, boast themselves in that which is not, and put their trust in damnable idolatry." It further admits that " we now, in the time of the evangel, have two chief sacraments only," to wit, Baptism and the Lord's Supper ; by the former of which " we are ingrafted in Christ Jesus to be made partakers of His justice, by which our sins are covered and remitted ; " and in the latter it is asserted that there is a real though only spiritual presence of Christ, and " in the Supper rightly used, Christ Jesus is joined with us, that He becomes very nourishment and food of our souls." The marks of a true Church are said to be the true preaching of the Word of God, the right administration of the sacraments, and ecclesiastical discipline rightly administered as the Word of God prescribes. The polity or constitution of the Church, however, is not detailed ; this was done in the " Book of Discipline," drawn up by Knox and his brethren. The highest Church judicatory is the General Assembly, composed of representatives from the others, which are provincial synods, presbyteries, and kirk sessions. The officers of the Church are pastors or ministers,

doctors or teachers, and lay elders, to which are to be added lay deacons, for the care of the poor. Among the clergy there is a perfect parity of jurisdiction and authority, and in the Church courts clergy and laity have equal voices. The minister and the elder, indeed, are both *presbyters*, — the one a preaching presbyter, and the other a ruling presbyter ; indeed, when Bucer expressed his approbation of the episcopal hierarchy of England, Calvin said it was only another papacy. Another principle, recognised alike by Calvin and the Reformers of Scotland, was the education of the people ; which both seem to have regarded as the rock upon which the Reformed Church should be built ; and in Scotland, as was fit, this foundation was as broad as the building, it being meant that, besides the universities of the kingdom, there should be in every district a parish church and a parish school.

In its earlier history, the Church of England, though mediæval and Catholic in its ritual, was Calvinistic in its creed. Puritanism was neither more nor less than an attempt to reduce it altogether to a Calvinistic model. In the reaction which followed this movement, the Church of England, while retaining its original articles, nearly parted with its Calvinistic faith ; and throughout the eighteenth century, its leading divines were conspicuously Arminian or Latitudinarian. With the revival of the Evangelical party, however, in the end of the century, Calvinism revived ; and it still maintains a powerful influence over many minds in the Anglican establishment.

MR. FROUDE ON CALVINISM.

" Calvin's name," says Mr. Froude, " is now associated only with gloom and austerity. It may be true enough that he rarely laughed. He had none of Luther's genial and sunny humour. Could they have exchanged conditions, Luther's temper might have been somewhat grimmer, but he would never have been entirely like Calvin. Nevertheless, for hard times are needed hard men, and intellects which can pierce to the roots where truth and lies part company. It fares ill with the soldiers of religion when the accursed thing is in their camp. And this is to be said of Calvin, that so far as the state of knowledge permitted, no eye could have detected more keenly the unsound spots in the received creed of Europe, and no hand could have been found so resolute to excise, tear out, and destroy what was distinctly seen to be false, so resolute to establish

what was true in its place, and make truth to the last fibre of it the rule of practical life.

"Calvinism, as it existed in Geneva, and as it endeavoured to be wherever it took root for a century and a half after him, was not a system of opinion, but an attempt to make the will of God as revealed in the Bible an authoritative guide for social as well as personal direction. Men wonder why the Calvinists, being so doctrinal, yet seem to dwell so much and so emphatically on the Old Testament. It was because in the Old Testament they found, or thought they found, a divine example of national government, a distinct indication of the laws which men were ordered to follow, with visible and immediate punishments attached to disobedience. At Geneva, as for a time in Scotland, moral sins were treated, after the example of the Mosaic law, as crimes to be punished by the magistrates. 'Elsewhere,' said Knox, speaking of Geneva, 'the Word of God is taught as purely, but never anywhere have I seen God obeyed so faithfully.'

"If it was a dream, it was at least a noble one. The Calvinists have been called intolerant. Intolerance of an enemy who is trying to kill you seems to me a pardonable state of mind. It is no easy matter to tolerate lies clearly convicted of being lies under any circumstances; specially it is not easy to tolerate lies which strut about in the name of religion; but there is no reason to suppose that the Calvinists at the beginning would have thought of meddling with the Church if they had been themselves let alone. They would have formed communities apart. Like the Israelites, whom they wished to resemble, they would have withdrawn into the wilderness—the Pilgrim Fathers actually did so withdraw into the wilderness of New England—to worship the God of their fathers, and would have left argument and example to work their natural effect. The Catholics chose to add to their already incredible creed a fresh article, that they were entitled to hang and burn those who differed from them; and in this quarrel, the Calvinists, Bible in hand, appealed to the God of battles. They grew harsher, fiercer, if you please, more fanatical. It was extremely natural that they should. They dwelt, as pious men are apt to dwell in suffering and sorrow on the all-

disposing power of Providence. Their burden grew lighter as they considered that God had so determined that they must bear it. But they attracted to their ranks almost every man in Western Europe that "hated a lie." They were crushed down, but they rose again. They were splintered and torn, but no power could bend or melt them. They had many faults: let him that is without sin cast a stone at them. They abhorred, as no body of men ever more abhorred, all conscious mendacity, all impurity, all moral wrong of every kind so far as they could recognize it. Whatever exists at this moment in England and Scotland of conscientious fear of doing evil is the remnant of the convictions which were branded by the Calvinists into the people's hearts. Though they failed to destroy Romanism, though it survives and may survive long as an opinion, they drew its fangs; they forced it to abandon that detestable principle that it was entitled to murder those who dissented from it. Nay, it may be said that by having slamed Romanism out of its practical corruption, the Calvinists enabled it to revive. . .

"The power of Calvinism has waned. The discipline which it once aspired to maintain has fallen slack. The argumentative and logical side of Calvin's mind has created once more a fatal opportunity for a separation between opinion and morality. We have learnt, as we say, to make the best of both worlds,—to take political economy for the rule of our conduct, and to relegate religion into the expression of orthodox doctrines. . . Calvinism was the spirit which rises in revolt against untruth; the spirit which has appeared and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God be a delusion, and man be as the beasts that perish. For it is but the inflashing upon the conscience with overwhelming force of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed—laws which exist, whether we acknowledge them or whether we deny them, and will have their way, to our weal or woe, according to the attitude in which we please to place ourselves towards them—inherent, like electricity, in the nature of things, not made by us, not to be altered by us, but to be discerned and obeyed by us at our everlasting peril."

S. I. A.



MARTIN LUTHER.

"Believest thou? Then thou wilt speak boldly. Speakest thou boldly? Then thou must suffer. Sufferest thou? Then thou shalt be comforted. For faith, the confession thereof, and the cross do follow one after another."

—Luther's "Table Talk."

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THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

AS there are certain epochs in the world's chronicle that stand out distinct and prominent as signalling great changes, and

forming land-marks indicating where a new era commences, where we begin a new chapter in the history of the ages; so do we mark at long intervals the appearance of men upon the stage

of the world with whom the great changes or movements are identified; men who, by their genius and strength, dominate their century, and produce definite and lasting forms in forces which uncontrolled and unguided would but have called forth a disastrous conflagration, ravaging and destroying the things that existed, but calling forth nothing new to take their place. Such heroes in the world's broad field of battle were pictured by the Greeks of old as demi-gods and kings of men; in later times the Church held them up to the admiration and reverence of posterity as saints; chivalry clothed them with all knightly virtues. But in whatever form they appeared, one characteristic was common to them all,—the courage that amid peril and temptation would stand boldly forth, and in the face of persecution, hatred, and tyranny nobly assert the thing that was right and good, never doubting that truth, by its own greatness, would prevail in the end.

Such a man was the great prophet of the Reformation in Germany; the peasant's son, the man of the people, who dared to stand alone and unprotected in the presence of the Kaiser on whose empire the sun never set, and in the presence of princes and potentates and dignitaries of the Church and State to do battle for the cause of evangelical truth; declaring that, come what would, he could not speak against his conscience, or deny what in the inmost depths of his great heart he felt to be true. "He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men," said the wise king, speaking of the man diligent in his vocation; and the words were fulfilled in Martin Luther. He was eminently zealous in the great task appointed him to do; he wrought with his whole heart, mind, soul, and strength; and it was his great reward to be during his lifetime the champion of the reformed faith in Germany, and to be remembered after his death with love and reverence as unquestionably the greatest man in a century fertile in heroic men. "Better it were that the temple brake in pieces than that Christ should therein remain obscure and hid," was his reply when his enemies would have put him to silence. The secret of his power, and of the hold he obtained on his time and on posterity, lay in his perfect honesty and simplicity.

Whatever the great Reformer did was done openly, in the face of the whole world, without concealment or subterfuge. "No man ever lived," Archdeacon Hare has well observed, "whose whole heart and soul and life have been laid bare as his have been to the eyes of man-

kind. Open as the sky, bold and fearless as the storm, he gave utterance to all his feelings, all his thoughts. He knew nothing of reserve; and the impression he produced on his hearers and friends was such that they were anxious to treasure up every word that dropped from his lips. No man, therefore, has ever been exposed to so severe a trial; perhaps no man was ever placed in such difficult circumstances, or assailed by such manifold temptations. And how did he come out of the trial? Through the power of faith, under the guardian care of his Heavenly Master, he was enabled to stand through life, and still he stands, and will continue to stand, firmly rooted in the love of all who really know him."

LUTHER'S PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.

It was in the little town of Eisleben, in Saxony, that Martin Luther was born, on the 11th of November, 1483. His father, Hans Luther, was a miner, earning his bread by daily labour. "I am the son of a peasant," said Luther—the words are preserved in his "Table Talk,"—"my father, my grandfather, my great grandfather were all mere peasants." His mother, Grelha Lindemann, was a pious, God-fearing woman. It is related by Conrad Schellisburg that Hans Luther was accustomed to pray, by the side of the babe's cradle, that God would give the child grace to exemplify in his life the meaning of his name, Luther, *i.e.*, *Lauter*, or pure. His baptismal name Martin was given to him as born on the day of that saint. Mathesius, who mentions the circumstance, adds that Luther maintained the honour of his baptismal name by being all his life a valiant soldier of Christ.

Though Hans Luther was but a labouring man, he seems to have been not without ambition. His great desire was to give Martin an education, with the ultimate view of his studying the law, in those days the readiest road to advancement. Thus Martin was sent to school at Mansfeld, to which place his father removed soon after the boy's birth. In later years Luther was accustomed to complain of severities practised by the schoolmasters of his youth, who seem to have rivalled the "Plagosus Orbilius" of the Roman poet. "Schools," he said, "were in former times mere prisons and hells, and schoolmasters tyrants and floggers, punishing the poor children indiscriminately and unmercifully, and unable to teach them anything good or useful, for the very sufficient reason that they knew nothing themselves."

The scholastic system in Germany four hundred years ago was sufficiently comprehensive to include the education of many children of the poor; and indeed, to the present day it has been able to boast of having given many a scholar to Germany who sprang from the ranks of the peasantry, and, like Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford, was bound to pray for all charitable souls whose benevolent contributions enabled him to "scholaia." Even at the present time many students at the great Universities of Germany and pupils at the Gymnasias or high schools are received as regular guests at the tables of citizens on certain days in the week, while dinners are provided for a certain number from funds left by charitable donors to the Universities at various times. Even in the old "Thomas-schule" at Leipsic, a famous high school dating from the thirteenth century, the alumni, or foundation scholars, who still sing as choristers in the churches, were accustomed at certain seasons to collect money from the Leipsic citizens wherewith to support themselves till they should matriculate for the University. In the less squeamish fifteenth century there was no disguise at all about the matter. The poor scholars in all the great towns in Germany formed themselves into choirs or bands, and went from door to door, like carol singers at Christmas, singing hymns, appealing to the benevolence of the charitable, and thankfully accepting contributions in money and food. They received the name of "Currend Schüller," or running scholars; and Martin Luther, as a boy, was fain to appeal in this manner to public benevolence. "Despise not those poor lads who cry at your door 'Panem propter Deum!' and sing their song for their daily bread," he once said to a party of friends. "I myself was once one of these screeching boys, and have sought my bread at people's doors, particularly in my beloved town of Eisenach."

Even in his childhood, signs of the strenuous earnestness appeared that afterwards became the leading feature in the great Reformer's character. The poor scholar gained a warm and constant friend in a certain Mistress Ursula Cotta, a devout matron of Eisenach, who, attracted to the boy by the fervour with which he sang, and perhaps pitying the forlorn condition of one who sought knowledge under truly adverse circumstances, received him into her house, gave him a place at her table, and especially gave the lad the opportunity of cultivating his taste for music. He learned to play on several instruments. Here he acquired that love for music as an art which he not only retained to the end of

his eventful life, but which strengthened and deepened in him as he became conscious of the important part it might fulfil in humanizing and softening the rude manners of the people, and how psalmody might go hand in hand with religious teaching. "Music is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind," said Luther, "through which the heart is refreshed, and settled again in peace. Music is in itself half a discipline and schoolmistress, making people more gentle and meek, more modest and understanding. . . . I have always loved music; he who hath skill in this art, is of a good mind, and apt for all things. We must of necessity maintain music in schools; a schoolmaster ought to have skill in music, otherwise I would not regard him. . . . Music is a fair gift of God, and nearly allied to divinity; I would not for a great matter be destitute of the small skill in music which I have."

It was a rough discipline, that of Luther's school-time. We hear of his being beaten fifteen times in one day; and even his parents, anxious as they undoubtedly were for his welfare, evidently believed that to spare the rod would be to spoil the child. The first object of Hans Luther's ambition, however, seemed likely to be realized. Martin entered the University of Erfurt as a student of law; and Hans Luther looked forward to the time when his son should take a place among the legal luminaries of Saxony.

MARTIN LUTHER AT THE UNIVERSITY.

During his residence at Erfurt a great change began in the young student. In the library of the convent he found a Latin Bible,—several having been purchased by the convent,—the first time the sacred Volume had ever fallen into his hands. His first feeling he himself describes as that of astonishment at the varied contents of the Book, the number of texts, epistles, and gospels contained in it, which he had never heard explained or even mentioned in the homilies and sermons that made up a great part of the services of the day. Mathesius relates how the history of Hannah and Samuel, which he lighted on by accident on opening the book, was read hastily by him with great joy and delight; and how he began to wish from his whole heart that he might some day be the possessor of a copy of the sacred Volume. "Could I have one of these Books," he exclaimed, "I would ask no other treasure."

The perusal of the Bible in precious moments stolen from his classical and legal studies was of immense importance in determining the destiny

of Luther. His eager and ardent mind became at once impressed with the enormous discrepancy between the teaching of the monks and priests of his time and the truth as set forth in the Old and New Testament. A restless spirit of enquiry awoke within him; and the study of the law became as distasteful to him as it appeared centuries afterwards to Schiller. But though his inclination led him so strongly to theology, he still pursued his classical studies. Melancthon declares that at Erfurt Luther read most of the works of the Latin authors of antiquity,—Virgil, Cicero, etc. His classical training, in conjunction with his legal studies, had a great effect towards the attainment of the terse, nervous, logical style which in his preaching afterwards astonished Germany. Vehement and frequently even intolerant as he was in his discourses and treatises, Luther never in speech or writing stooped to adopt the ranting and raving style of many of his opponents. He had too well-trained an intellect to mistake vehement assertion for argument, or piled-up superlatives for force.

His talents as a scholar are proved by the early age at which he took his degree. Though not, like Wolsey, a "boy bachelor," in his twenty-first year he was already "Baccalaureus Philosophiæ," and soon afterwards proceeded to take the degree of Master of Arts. During his student life he seems to have dressed and lived much in the fashion of the ordinary German student of the time. We have a record of his marching out of Erfurt, on one occasion, on a visit to his friends, accounted with sword and dagger; with the latter of which weapons he contrived, awkwardly enough, to wound himself in such a way as necessitated his being carried back to Erfurt on a friend's shoulders. The dagger, falling from its sheath, had pierced an important vein.

DEATH OF ALEXIS; LUTHER ENTERS A CONVENT.

At the beginning of the summer of 1505, an event occurred that gave a new direction to his whole life. He was journeying on the high road with Alexis, a friend, when a thunder-storm arose; and a flash of lightning stretched his young companion a corpse at his feet. The sight of this awfully sudden death, of the comrade at one moment full of life and joyousness, at the next gone "to his account, unhoused, disappointed, unanel'd, with all his imperfections on his head," struck the young graduate with horror. A great fear of judgment to come fell upon him; and trembling for himself, he uttered a vow that if preserved he would devote his life

to religion in the fashion generally understood and practised in those days. "Help, Saint Anna!" he exclaimed, "and I will forthwith become a monk."

The vow once made, Luther proceeded with characteristic energy to take measures for its fulfilment. A fortnight sufficed him wherein to settle his worldly affairs, to return his Master of Arts gown and ring to the authorities of the University, and to apprise his father of his intention, who received the intelligence with deep sorrow, for he had looked forward to a brilliant legal career for his gifted son. On St. Alexius' day, July 17th, 1505, he entered the portals of the Augustine convent at Erfurt. "I became a monk," he wrote some time afterwards to his father, who seems to have earnestly dissuaded him from the step, "not of my own will, and still less to pamper my body, but because, when I was by the terror and fear of impending death, I vowed a forced and hasty vow."

His superiors themselves seem to have had some doubts of the permanency of a resolution so suddenly and violently taken, and to have attempted, conscientiously enough, to prove the novice's firmness by putting him to hard and degrading tasks. He was sent out to beg for the convent, made to sweep out the cells, to wind up the clock, etc. The constant repetition of the Hours, or prayers to be said at stated times, was also a sore trial to his active mind, which naturally revolted from mere mechanical and perfunctory exercises. But for two years he remained constant, and then was admitted to ordination,—with the very reluctant consent of his father, who, in his straightforward way and fashion, expressed his idea that there was such a thing as filial duty, and that his feelings had been entirely disregarded in this monastic scheme of his son's. At the dinner given on the occasion of Martin's ordination as a priest, honest Hans Luther somewhat startled the company by rising in his place and bluntly asking, "Is it not written in the Word that a man shall honour his father and his mother?" and on being answered in the affirmative, he turned to his son, and with a very expressive look, hoped that "this might not be a snare of the devil." He knew his son's nature well, the plain old miner, and saw how much spiritual pride was mingled in the persistence of the young ecclesiastic in his sudden and rash resolution. "It is a fine thing," Martin Luther himself afterwards said, "to be a new priest, and to celebrate mass for the first time. Blessed was the mother who had borne a priest! A consecrated person, as compared with an

ordinary baptised person, appeared like the morning star compared to a flickering candle."

RELIGIOUS STRUGGLES; PEACE THROUGH FAITH.

But whatever his pride in his new dignity may have been, it gave place, after a time, to doubt and despondency, bordering on despair. A great horror of darkness fell upon him; he deemed himself an object of the anger of the Deity, whom he pictured to himself as an offended God, exacting vengeance for human sin. "Ah, dear Doctor," was his despairing cry to Staupitz, a most benevolent and exemplary man, the Superior of the Augustines at Erfurt,—“our Lord God deals with us in such a terrible manner! Who can serve Him if He thus strikes all around Him?” “Thy thoughts are not according to Christ,” was Staupitz’s grave reproof to him; on another occasion, “Christ does not terrify, He consoles.” By various kinds of conventual mortification, by fasting, watching, and prayer, by “afflicting his soul” until his reason almost gave way, he endeavoured to storm heaven, and to conquer peace, and quiet the terrors of conscience. “I,” he says, “who led the life of a harmless monk, and who yet felt painfully within myself the uneasy consciousness of sin, without being able to attain to the idea of the satisfaction I might offer up to God, felt no love, but rather, to say the truth, hatred for this just God, the punisher of sin; I was indignant against Him, and even gave utterance to murmuring, if not to blasphemy.” In Luther’s description of his mental conflict and troubles there is a remarkable likeness to the account we have of the condition of mind in which Bunyan passed that doleful period that preceded the beautiful calm of holiness in which his later years were spent. “I was lying sick in the infirmary,” says Luther; “the most cruel temptations tortured me, and wore out my frame, so that I could scarcely breathe. No man comforted me; all those to whom I represented my piteous condition replied, ‘I know not.’ Then I said to myself: ‘Am I then the only one among you who is to be thus sad in spirit?’ Oh, what spectres, what terrible forms did I constantly behold!” And Pfizer tells us of nights of anguish passed by the unhappy man, kneeling at the foot of the bed in his narrow cell, with streaming eyes and clasped hands beseeching pardon for his sins. The words in which the great author of the “Pilgrim’s Progress” described his sufferings during his period of mental anguish are strikingly similar to those of the

monk of Erfurt, especially where Bunyan tells us of that walk during which he sat down on a settle in the public street, and mused over the most fearful state into which his sin had brought him; when the very sun seemed darkened to him, and the stones in the street seemed to shout forth his reprobation. “Methought they all combined to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of men, and unfit to dwell among them, because I had sinned against the Saviour. Oh how happy now was every creature over I (*sic*), for they stood fast and kept their station! But I was gone and lost.”

But finally light broke through the darkness. Luther’s study of the Bible helped him at last to the conviction that man must seek salvation, not in the merits of his own works, but in faith in the mercy of God, through the atonement made by Jesus Christ. From that day until the end of his life he made the Bible his sheet-anchor. “I would rather lose my head than abandon the Divine Word,” he said boldly at Worms to the Archbishop of Trèves. “In what concerns the Word of God and the faith, every Christian is as good a judge for himself as the pope can be for him; for each man must live and die according to that faith. The Word of God is the common heritage of the whole Christian world; each member of which is competent to explain it. The passage from St. Paul (1 Cor. xiv.): ‘If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace,’ proves clearly that the minister must follow the disciple, if the latter understand the Word of God better than he himself does.”

Never was the Divine command “Search the Scriptures” fulfilled with a greater accompanying blessing than in the case of Luther. The Bible was to him as a light unto his feet, and a lamp unto his path. It was the anchor of his hope, his strong defence against his enemies. “Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn, und keinen Dank, dazn haben (“They shall let the Word stand, and no thanks to them for it”) he wrote in his famous hymn. Not one jot nor one tittle of the sacred Book would he abandon. Of his convent days he himself said: “I made myself so well acquainted with the Bible, that I knew the page and place of every text. No other study than that of the Scriptures interested me; I read them zealously and imprinted them on my memory. Many a time one single significant text dwelt in my thoughts for a whole day.”

LUTHER AT WITTENBERG UNIVERSITY.

In Staupitz, Luther found an influential and constant friend. The Superior valued highly the rare talents and the fiery zeal of the young priest, who was now in his twenty-fifth year, with a mind stored with biblical knowledge, his brain disciplined by study, and his heart purified by the fire of suffering through which he had passed. A new University had been founded at Wittenberg, by the Elector of Saxony; and Staupitz recommended Luther for the post of Professor of Philosophy. Hurriedly summoned by the Elector's mandate to this new scene of labour, the young priest set off to Wittenberg with a stock of worldly goods which could not certainly be said to infringe his monastic vow of poverty, consisting as it did of a coarse stuff robe, a small stock of linen, some books of devotion, and but two especial treasures—a Latin and a Greek Bible. His dislike to having to expound Aristotle was relieved when soon after the more congenial office of Professor of Theology was bestowed upon him. Before this he had already been appointed town preacher, again at the instance of Staupitz, who put him forward against the wish of Luther himself; for, distrustful of his own powers, he declared he should not be able to carry on the thing for three months, and that Staupitz was killing him. "Well, my son," the Superior gravely replied, "if you die, it will be in the Lord's service; and how noble is such a sacrifice!"

LUTHER'S PREACHING.

It soon appeared that Staupitz was right, and that Luther had underrated his own talent. Whenever he preached in the royal chapel, in the collegiate church, or in his monastery, he astonished his hearers. A manner strikingly original, a voice full of power, and an eloquence that proclaimed the preacher's heart to be in his work, at once aroused the attention of his hearers; as did the wonderful felicity and fertility of his illustrations, drawn, not from the dry treatises of the old scholastics, but glowing with the living fire of Holy Writ. Never had such sermons been preached in church or chapel at Wittenberg; and Staupitz's judgment was fully vindicated. With the lectures he had to deliver as Professor of Theology in the University Luther took especial pains, passing, it is said, many nights in study, preparing his expositions, which were luminous in style and full of matter. Dr. Pollich, the first rector of the new University, a learned and far seeing man, was, according

to Mathesius, the first to discover the extent of the future labours of the brilliant Professor. "That monk," he said, "will confound all the learned doctors, propound a new teaching, and reform the whole Roman Church; for he studies the writings of the prophets and the evangelists. He relies on the Word of Jesus Christ: no one can subvert that, either with philosophy or sophistry."

HE VISITS ROME; STATE OF THE PAPACY.

It is curious to follow the successive stages by which the mind of Luther was prepared for the great work he was to do. His university appointment had brought with it the necessity of cultivating his argumentative and logical talent; his zeal for the reform of abuses was now to be awakened by an entirely new experience; he was to see with his own eyes the corruption that existed in the city that claimed to be the head-quarters of the Christian faith, the metropolis of the Popes. In 1510 he was despatched by Staupitz on a mission to Rome.

The papacy was at that period in the height of its splendour and magnificence, as it had been at the height of its power two centuries before, under Innocent III. The age of Leo X., the great Medicean Pontiff, was a great epoch for the arts and sciences; painting, sculpture, architecture, flourished exceedingly. It was the time of Raphael and Michael Angelo, of Titian and Leonardo da Vinci. The master-pieces of ancient art were being disinterred; the Apollo Belvidere had been discovered at Antium in 1500, the Laocoon in Rome in 1506. Never had the Popes more thoroughly affected the manners and pursued the policy of magnificent temporal princes than in the days of Julius V., the warlike, and Leo X., the sumptuous. Among the great and magnificent projects of the papacy at this time the construction of the Church of St. Peter was the most stupendous, alike in its design and in its unexpected results; for it taxed the resources of Europe, and the price it ultimately cost was—the Reformation. But in Germany, among all ranks and conditions of men, a deep dissatisfaction prevailed concerning Rome, and the position of the Church in general; and this dissatisfaction had been increasing for a century, ever since the important councils of Constance and Basle had ended in disappointment. The princes were convinced that no voluntary reforms would emanate from the Church itself, and said angrily that the arrogance of the hierarchy, the determination of the Churchmen to resist the action of secular courts, the exactions of the

cardinals and prelates, the appointment of foreign and non-resident cardinals to offices in various states, all tended to strengthen the papacy at the expense of their territories. The German prelates, moreover, were indignant at the interference with their rights by the Romish Curia ; the working clergy looked with distaste upon the mendicant friars, who, favoured by the Romish chair, usurped influence everywhere among their congregations. The unclerical lives of many ecclesiastics excited the indignation of the pious ; and the superstitions kept alive and fostered among the people by their clerical teachers awakened the disgust of the thoughtful ; and now, added to all these causes, had come the overturning of the edifice of sophistry raised by the schoolmen, who were encountered partly with the weapons of classic antiquity, recovered by the revival of learning, and still more by the potent weapons of the Bible armoury. The imperial cities, too, were annoyed at the various privileges and immunities which placed the clerics above their authority, while they declared that the convents encouraged mendicancy and vagabondage, and the right of sanctuary was abused for the protection of robbers and murderers. Thus, in all classes, from prince to peasant, the Church had its foes ; and the popular literature of the time, especially in Germany, abounded in satire, directed against priests and monks. •

Such was the state of things when Martin Luther, despatched by Staupitz on business connected with the convent, arrived in Italy. The single-minded Saxon was astonished at the sights he beheld, and at the lives led by the Churchmen. Convents, with idols of marble, feasts served up at monastic tables that might have graced kings' palaces, a general laxity of all clerical and moral discipline, not even Friday kept as a day of abstinence,—these were the things he saw, and at Rome matters were worse than elsewhere. On first coming in sight of Rome, he had fallen on his knees, and with an enthusiasm not yet quenched by all the sorry sights he had beheld in upper Italy, had exclaimed : "I greet thee, thou holy Rome ! Yes, truly holy through the blood of the martyrs, which was here shed." But a fortnight's time, to which he limited his residence in the Papal city, sufficed to utterly alter his views as to the sanctity of the metropolis of the Popes. "I have myself heard it said at Rome," he afterward declared, "that it is impossible matters can remain as they are ; things must change or break down." He saw plainly that the priesthood did not believe the

religion they taught ; and that a huge imposture was being carried on. "I would not take a hundred thousand florins not to have been at Rome," was his energetic exclamation as recorded by Mathesius. "I should always have had an uneasy doubt whether I was not doing the Pope injustice. As it is, I am quite satisfied on the point ;" and again, "Whoever has been at Rome knows well that things are worse there than can be expressed in words or believed."

LUTHER A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY ; THE NINETY-FIVE THESSES.

Certainly Luther was not, in the worldly sense of the word, an ambitious man ; for again we find him endeavouring to draw back, when in 1512 Staupitz puts him forward for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, to which by his exertions in the university and in the pulpit he had become fully entitled. Staupitz, with a foreboding that troublous times were coming upon the Church, declared that there would be much work to do soon, and that the services of many vigorous young doctors would be needed. His experience was soon still farther enlarged ; for during an absence of Staupitz in the Netherlands, Luther had to fulfil the duties of vicar ; and he entered upon his temporary office with all his usual energy. He visited the various convents, admonishing the inmates to holiness of life and to the study of the Bible. In a letter to his friend Lange, at Erfurt, written in 1516, he half-playfully complains of the multifariousness of his occupations ; he is vicar, "which means as much as eleven priors," and has, besides, his lectures to deliver, to preach to the brotherhood, to be director of studies, pleader, assessor and conservator of ponds, etc., etc. Certain it is that he had unusual facilities for making himself acquainted with various phases of clerical life.

The next year, 1517, is a memorable one in the life of Luther and in the history of Christianity ; for it was then that the first blow was struck in the great conflict against Church abuses and delusions. Leo X. was frequently in embarrassment for money, the building of St. Peter's in itself absorbing vast sums. He had recourse to the old oft-tried expedient, by which the papal coffers had many times been replenished,—the sale of indulgences, in which forgiveness of sins, release from the fires of purgatory, with other advantages, were promised to the purchaser ; the promises increasing in number and in fervour in proportion to the anxiety of the seller to dispose of his wares. The Archbishop Elector Albert of Mayence,

commissioned by Leo, caused a sale of indulgences to be preached in Saxony in 1517; and the work was entrusted to a Dominican monk named Tetzel, who conducted it in such a shameless manner that general scandal was excited. In the previous year already Luther had heard of Tetzel as carrying on his traffic in indulgences, and had angrily declared, "I will make a hole in his drum, so God will." But now the zeal with which Tetzel lauded his ecclesiastical ware surpassed all former efforts in that direction. "So bald das Geld im Kasten klingt, Die Seel alsbald in Himmel springt,"—"So soon as the money rattles in the box" (the iron chest in which he stored up the money paid for his pardons), "the soul at once leaps into heaven,"—was the formula with which the shameless Dominican allured his customers, like a mountebank at a fair. At last Luther, who had already preached vehemently against indulgences as a mischievous delusion, on a day that has become historical, the 31st of October, All-hallows Eve of the year 1517, affixed to the door of the "Schloss-Kirche" at Wittenberg ninety-five theses, or propositions, which he undertook to defend against all comers. At the same time he wrote urgent letters to the Archbishop Elector Albert, and to Jerome, Bishop of Brandenburg, pointing out the probable consequences of Tetzel's proceedings in producing scandal and injury to the Church. To the letter to Archbishop Albert Luther received no answer. "I did not know," he afterwards said, "that he, Albert, had bargained with the Pope to keep for himself half the money received for these indulgences, sending the other half to Rome." The Bishop of Brandenburg did deign to reply; but merely to point out to Luther that he was attacking the Church, and had better be silent. Dr. Staupitz, too, a well-meaning but timid man, remonstrated with Luther, as we find recorded in the "Table Talk" of the latter. "What are you about?" said Staupitz; "they will not allow you to do this!" "But suppose they are compelled to allow it," replied the undaunted Dr. Martin. Some of the points insisted upon in the theses are put in a very terse and graphic way, as in the following: "The treasures of the Gospel are the nets with which they fish for men of worth. The treasures of the indulgences are the nets with which they fish for men of wealth." "Why does not the Pope, in his very holy character, empty purgatory at once, where so many souls are suffering? This would be using his power far more worthily, than by delivering souls for money (money thus earned brings misfortune): and, for what, moreover?

For a building." "They preach devices of human folly, who declare that as soon as the money rattles in the box, the soul soars away out of purgatory." "Christians are to be taught that if the Pope knew of the extortions of the preachers of indulgences, he would rather the metropolitan church of St. Peter were burnt to ashes, than see it built with the skin, flesh, and bones of his sheep." "They teach the doctrines of anti-Christ who assert that to deliver a soul from purgatory or to buy an indulgence there is no need of contrition or repentance."

Such was the outspoken fashion in which the apostle of the reformation declared himself ready to do battle for the truth. The trumpet gave no uncertain sound, and many lifted their heads joyfully, and prepared for the battle. The theses were printed and distributed throughout the length and breadth of Germany, everywhere finding an echo in the hearts of the people. Luther himself was astonished at their popularity, and declared that had he known they would be so extensively circulated, he would have prepared them with greater care. The manly outspoken tone of the theses, the strong common sense clothed in plain yet not undignified remonstrance, and the evident marks of religious earnestness in the writer, roused the enthusiasm of all Germany, especially of the educated youth, who thronged to Wittenberg to listen to the man who was not afraid to stand up for the truth against the Pope himself.

Tetzel replied to the theses with a furious, foaming pamphlet, laden with abuse against heretics and heresiarchs, and upholding, in unmeasured terms, the Pope's infallibility and power to pardon sins. This pamphlet, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, was received with indifference or contempt. Tetzel burnt Luther's theses publicly at Frankfort; whereupon a number of students and others retaliated by making a bonfire of Tetzel's productions, in the great square at Wittenberg. Dr. John Eck, vice-chancellor of Ingolstadt University, also attacked Luther violently, with abuse for argument,—"that person did a vast amount of harm to his own party, while he rendered me an unintentional service," Luther afterwards wrote. On the other hand, Luther's sermons were full of words as fearless as the theses. "My desire, my prayer, and my advice is, that you do not buy these indulgences. Leave it to bad, idle, sleepy Churchmen to buy them; you can dispense with them. They that preach up indulgences make fools of you; they are not looking after your salvation, but after your pence."

MARTIN LUTHER.

LUTHER BEFORE CARDINAL CAJETAN.

The enormous excitement occasioned by the events at Wittenberg at last excited alarm in Rome. Luther was summoned to appear there; but the intervention of the Elector of Saxony, who was favourably inclined towards the Reformer, procured another arrangement. Cardinal Cajetan, a learned Dominican, came to Augsburg as the Pope's nuncio, and before him Luther appeared in his monk's garb, to speak in defence of his doctrines. The haughty cardinal thought to crush the humble monk at once with the weight of his scholastic learning; but found himself confronted by a man of far more erudition than he had expected. "Because he sat there representing the Pope," says Luther, "he insisted that I should submit and agree to all he said; while, on the contrary, all that I said against it was contemned and laughed at, although I quoted the Scriptures. In short, his fatherly love went no further than that I must suffer violence or recant, for he declared he would not dispute with me." Cajetan ordered Luther out of his presence, forbidding him to appear again until ready to make submission.

To maintain an opinion publicly against a cardinal, who was, moreover, a pope's nuncio, was no light matter. Luther's person was not safe in Augsburg; and he fled from the city by night, after inditing an appeal, "*Au den besser zu unterrichtenden Pabst*," in which he gives Leo X. an account of the circumstances that had brought him in peril. He got safely back to Wittenberg. Cajetan angrily demanded that the Elector should either send Luther a prisoner to Rome, or at least banish him from his dominions; but the Duke, who revered Luther's courage, and approved of his teaching, and who looked upon him also as the chief glory of the University of Wittenberg, replied that his request to have the matter discussed before an impartial tribunal seemed just and reasonable.

ATTEMPT AT COMPROMISE; LUTHER AND MELANCHTHON.

The death of the Emperor Maximilian, "the last of the knights," in January 1519, brought about a change in the affairs of Luther. Frederick the Wise, the Elector of Saxony, and Luther's protector, had been appointed Regent of the Empire until a new emperor should be chosen. Of the two candidates, Charles of Austria and Francis of France, the Pope secretly favoured the latter; for he dreaded the influence of so mighty a potentate as Charles would be-

come if the diadem of Germany were awarded to him. Wishing to gain the good-will of the Elector of Saxony, he accordingly sent him the mark of distinguished papal favour, the Golden Rose. The Pope's chamberlain, Miltiz, a courtly Saxon nobleman, was also despatched to Wittenberg; and by friendly remonstrances to Luther, with whom he thoroughly coincided on the question of the scandalous indulgence traffic, promising that it should be forthwith abolished, obtained from the Reformer a promise, which was loyally kept, that he would drop the controversy on the subject, provided his opponents did the same. At the same time a letter was stipulated for, and despatched from Luther to the Pope, declaring that there had been no intention to attack the privileges of the papal chair.

But there was a man who would not be satisfied with this apparently peaceful turn of affairs, and who longed to gain a triumph for Rome over the heretics of Wittenberg. This was Dr. Eck, of Ingolstadt, who invited Carlstadt and Luther, the Wittenberg theologians, to a disputation in the Pleissenburg, at Leipsic. The invitation was accepted, and the meeting greatly embittered the strife; for here Luther affirmed boldly, in the presence of the Elector, who was an attentive listener to the arguments on both sides, that he did not consider the authority of the Pope, as head of the Church, to have been derived from the Saviour directly, but that this power had been given by human agency in later centuries. "I do not recognise any one as head of the Church militant," he declared, "but Jesus Christ only, on the authority of the holy Scriptures." And when Eck taunted him with a leaning towards the Hussite heresy of a century ago, his undaunted opponent boldly declared that some of the propositions of Huss and the Bohemians were truly Christian and evangelical. He maintained, moreover, that it would be difficult to prove the infallibility of the Church councils.

This public declaration greatly increased the influence of Luther, who was now more regarded at Wittenberg than ever. Now, also, that he had taken a bolder position by denying the infallibility of the Church councils, he began to enter more deeply into the question of the Romish Church, its pretensions and authority. And here he received invaluable aid from a man who had far more classical learning than he himself could boast, who was rightly spoken of as "*abyssus eruditionis*," the accomplished Greek and Hebrew scholar who had sounded all the

depths of learning, and upon whom rested all the hopes of the "humanists," or advocates of education and enlightenment in Germany. This was Philip Melancthon, who had been called to Wittenberg as professor of Greek and Hebrew, and who soon contracted a friendship with Luther, only to be severed by death. The two men thoroughly respected and appreciated each other; and never were two labourers in the same cause better fitted to work together; for they represented, respectively, boldness and policy. Luther, fearless, sometimes even aggressive, and not unfrequently obstinate, displayed the combative spirit that could pull down and overturn; Melancthon, gentle and persuasive, was willing to give up much for the sake of peace, and was more anxious to build up than to cast down. "I am born," Luther once wrote, "to make war upon hordes and devils, and to take the field, and therefore my books are stormy and warlike. I must tear up the roots and stems, hew away thorns and brambles, and fill up the pit-holes; I am the rough pioneer, who has to clear and prepare a way. But Magister Philip wends quietly and soberly onwards, cultivating and planting, sowing and watering the seed joyfully, God having vouchsafed him of His gifts richly." The whole arrangement of the Church and school system in Saxony is due to Melancthon, in whom Protestant theology and education found the true "præceptor Germaniæ."

THE BULL OF EXCOMMUNICATION BURN'T BY LUTHER.

Again it was Dr. Eck who hurried on the next scene of the great drama of the Reformation in Germany. Luther and Melancthon had declared that neither the Pope nor the Church Councils could be regarded as infallible. The indefatigable man of Ingolstadt wrote a book, in which he sought to prove the contrary proposition; and with this he hastened to Rome, and gave such an account of the proceedings at Wittenberg that a papal bull was at once issued, denouncing a number of Luther's propositions as heretical, condemning his works to the flames, and pronouncing him excommunicate unless he recanted within sixty days. Eck returned with this potent weapon to Germany, and everywhere published the decree. But only in a few places, such as Mayence, Cologne, and Louvain, was the sentence carried out regarding the books. The general feeling was one of sympathy with Luther, and of indignation against the condemnation passed upon him, absent and unheard. Mathæius quaintly and graphically describes the

order and its results. "But when the people from Louvain and other universities," he says, "the monasteries, and the bishops attacked Luther's work with glowing fire, such fire having been stirred up and blown into a flame by the Pope at Rome, the Spirit of God came upon this second Samson. On the 10th of December, 1520, he again caused a great fire to be made at Wittenberg before the Elster gate, and into it he himself threw the decrees of the Pope, and also the bull of Leo X., saying, 'Because thou, godless book, hast aggrieved or defamed the saint of the Lord, let eternal fire grieve and consume thee.' This step of Luther's, which was accompanied by the greatest possible publicity—for he went out at the head of a solemn procession of students to burn the book of decretals and the papal bull—cut off all hope of reconciliation with the papal See. He had drawn the sword three years before; he now flung away the scabbard.

Two works published at this time, and entitled respectively "To the Christian Nobility of the German Nation," and "Of the Babylonian Captivity and Christian Freedom," embodied the doctrines afterwards elaborated into the Lutheran system. The most important points were the granting of the sacrament in both forms to the laity, the curtailing of the papal power, the abolition of the celibacy of the priesthood, and the general subordination of the Church to the secular magistracy.

THE DIET OF WORMS, 1521.

We now come to the greatest and most important scene in the life of Luther, the time when he appeared most bravely and undauntedly to stand forth and vindicate the position he had taken up, in the face of the princes, spiritual and temporal, of the whole of Germany.

When the young Emperor Charles V. made his progress up the Rhine after his coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle, at the beginning of 1521, Sickingen, Hutter, and other patriotic men urged him to put himself at the head of the great movement then stirring the country to its lowest depths, and to give his powerful countenance to the formation of a National Church of Germany. It was a grand opportunity, but Charles missed it; for he did not understand the people he had been called to govern, and was persuaded to take the side of the Pope in the great question of the day, and to begin his reign, as he completed it, as an avowed enemy and opponent of the Reformation. The first great diet of the reign was held at Worms, in April 1521; and to that city was Luther summoned to

appear before the great council. A safe-conduct was sent to him from the Emperor, and several princes guaranteed him a free and unhindered departure from Worms and return to Wittenberg; but some of his friends shook their heads when they thought how a similar document had been given to Huss for his appearance at the Council of Constance a century before, and how it had not prevented his being arrested, tried, and burnt to death. But Luther declared he would go, and confront every danger. "Christ lives!" he exclaimed, "and I will go to Worms to brave the gates of hell and the powers of the air." On his way he stopped at the village of Möhra, near Eisenach; and here, beneath a great tree, he preached to the thousands who thronged to see him a sermon that was remembered in Germany for many a year; for he spoke boldly and clearly, declaring the truth and the priceless value of the Scriptures, and denouncing with a mighty and soul-stirring energy those who sought to make the Word of God of none effect by their traditions.

The first time Luther appeared before the Diet he appeared somewhat bewildered by the novelty of his position, alone, before that brilliant and majestic assembly. There was no denying the gravity of the danger in which he stood, with the whole power of the Emperor and of the Church arrayed against him. "My little monk," said the renowned commander George of Frundsberg, who met him at the door of the council-hall, which Luther was about to enter, "you are going forth on a path, and are about to take up such a position as I and many other leaders have never ventured on in our most serious combats. If the right is on thy side, and thou art sure of thy cause, go forward in God's name, and be of good cheer, God will not forsake thee." Called upon to recant, Luther asked for time for deliberation to enable him to reply with full knowledge of the point at issue. They granted him until the following day.

On his second appearance he was himself again, and the presence of the numerous and brilliant assembly only seemed to give him fresh courage. Unless convicted of error by the testimony of Scripture, recognizing no other guide than the Bible, the Word of God, he declared that he could and would not recant, inasmuch as a man must never act contrary to his conscience. His concluding words were: "My conscience and the Word of God hold me prisoner; therefore I may not and will not recant! Here I stand! I cannot do otherwise; God help me! Amen."

Thus, before the Emperor, and the magnates spiritual and temporal, of Germany, did the undaunted champion stand up to do battle for biblical truth. "The Catholic himself," says Audin, in his "Life of Luther," "if he will for a moment forget the sectary in the man, cannot but contemplate with admiration, in this grand historical scene of the Diet of Worms, that black-robed monk, standing face to face with and bearding the throng of princes and nobles in their steel panoply, their gauntleted hands grasping the massive hilts of their swords; and his heart will swell within him, as he hears the clear, firm voice of the obscure Brother Martin defying all the powers of the earth. That youthful Emperor of Germany, on whose head rest all the interests of Germany, and whom a mere monk stops short at every turn of the conference; those grave priests, Arnsdorf and Justus Jonas, full of love and enthusiasm, pressing close up to their master, and ready to defend him with their arms, if need be, as well as with their learned voices; that populace, in whose eyes the Augustine monk was wonderful, as the latest novelty of the time; that old Frundsberg, who addresses the indigent monk as if he were an armed warrior; that archbishop, his venerable head whitened in the service of God, conspicuous among the steel casques that glitter in the sun's rays; that Velus, eloquent by mere force of logic; those warm, excitable, southern faces, full of restless energy, contrasting with the motionless features of the German spectators,—all this forms a magnificent spectacle."

Every effort to induce him to modify his declaration proved unavailing. On the 25th of April the Archbishop of Treves announced to him that since he had not chosen to listen to the counsels of his Imperial Majesty and the states of the empire, action would be taken against him by the Emperor. Meanwhile, twenty days were accorded to him, under the Imperial safe-conduct, to return to Wittenberg, whence he had come. It seems indeed marvellous, considering the boldness with which Luther had spoken, that he was permitted to depart unmolested from the Diet; but the times were dangerous, and the Emperor himself was half-bewildered by manifestations that indicated a new spirit among the people. The enthusiasm exhibited for Luther, the sympathy and interest with which his words were listened to, not merely by the people but by many among the nobles, rendered any attempt on his personal liberty dangerous and doubtful; and thus, on the 26th of April, he turned his back on the cathedral city that had

witnessed his confession of faith, made before the Emperor and in the face of the world, and took the road to Wittenberg. Shortly afterwards the ban of the Empire was pronounced against him and his followers. His works were condemned to the flames; and after the 15th of May, the day on which the safe conduct expired, all were forbidden to give him shelter or assistance, while every one was enjoined to seize the outlaw wherever he should encounter him, and deliver him into the hands of justice, that he might be dealt with according to his deserts. Luther had warned earthly powers and dignities—"Beware," he had publicly cried in the Diet, "lest if you condemn the Divine Word that Word send forth upon you a deluge of ills, and the reign of the noble young Emperor, upon whom, next to God, repose all our hopes, be speedily and sorely troubled. . . . For God confounds the hypocrite in his hypocrisy, and overturns mountains ere they know of their fall." Such plain speaking was not, in Charles's opinion, compatible with the maintenance of his own authority; and he determined, in conjunction with the ecclesiastical powers of Rome, to extirpate the heresy this bold man had proclaimed, at all costs and all hazards.

LUTHER AT THE WARTBURG.

Frederick, the Elector of Saxony, a warm admirer and a constant friend of Luther, was in considerable perplexity on his account. It was dangerous to stand forward openly as the champion of a man under the ban of the empire; while to abandon the Reformer would be to ensure his imprisonment if not his death. Under these difficult circumstances, the wary Prince judged it best to cause Luther to disappear for a time from the eyes of his countrymen; the withdrawal of their leader and champion, he sagaciously judged, would excite indignation among the followers of the Reformer, inflame their zeal, and probably increase their numbers; while the act of outlawry, when the flush of novelty had gone, would probably become a dead letter. Accordingly he adopted a method by which the Reformer was snatched from the enemies who lay in wait for him, while the Elector did not appear as his rescuer. By the order of the Duke Frederick, Luther's carriage was stopped on the road near the castle of Altenstern, not far from Waltershausen, by a party of armed men, led by Captain Hans von Berlepsch and Barkard von Hund, Lord of Altenberg. His younger brother jumped from the carriage in terror, and ran away into

the forest. Annsdorf, his other companion, was driven on alone, Luther having been compelled to alight and proceed with his captors, who took from him his robe, and dressed him in a military garb, disguising his features with a false beard. Luther was carried off to one of the Elector's castles, the famous Wartburg, near Eisenach, where he lived in safety and concealment for nearly a year, under the name of "Junker" or "Rerter Georg." At first his friends mourned him as one dead, or condemned to secret and perpetual imprisonment; but soon letters, despatched at intervals to his more intimate friends, and dated, whimsically enough, in reference to the lofty position of the Wartburg: "From the region of the air;" "From the region of birds;" "From the mountain;" "From my Patmos," convinced his adherents that he was not only alive, but active and zealous as ever in the cause. "While our doctor was kept quite secretly at the Wartburg," writes Mathesius, "he was not idle, but pursued daily his studies and his prayers, and devoted himself to the Greek and Hebrew Bibles." Luther himself writes: "In the meantime I intend to translate the New Testament into our mother tongue, as our people wish. Oh that every city had its own translator; so that this book might be in the hands and heart of every one!"

He was in safety; but his spirit pined in enforced retirement, while he mournfully persuaded himself at times that the work he had begun was not prospering, and that though Paul might sow and Apollos water, the blessing of increase had been denied. Bodily ailments and afflictions weighed heavily upon him also; and so unfit did he feel for study and work, that to his disturbed imagination it appeared as if the spirits of evil were visibly present, mocking at him, and hindering his work. Witness that black ink-stain on the wall of his little room in the Wartburg, still pointed out by the attendants as made "when Luther threw his inkpot at the devil, who mocked him for translating the Bible." A bag of walnuts is put into his room; he fancies that the nuts, after jumping about in the sack, come to the side of his bed to "make noises at him." Though continually busy, not only with his Bible translation, but with various controversial works, he fancies he is doing nothing, while, in truth, Germany is inundated with his books. He reproaches himself for not having done more at Worms to testify to the truth. "I am full of trembling," he writes, "and my conscience troubles me, that when at Worms yielding to your advice and that of your friends

I allowed the spirit within me to give way, instead of showing myself as another Elias to those idols. They should experience very different things from me if once again I came in contact with them." To Archbishop Albert of Mayence, who had again taken up the sale of indulgences, he despatched a letter of warning and reproof, not unmingled with threatenings. "My God lives, be assured," he writes, "and He is well able to fight against a Cardinal of Mayence, even if that Cardinal had four emperors at his side. It is His pleasure to break the cedars, and to abase proud hardened Pharaohs. I entreat Your Grace not to tempt the anger of that great God." Part of his letter is positively abusive, as where he writes, "I will treat you as I have treated the Pope, and will show the world what difference there is between a wolf and a bishop." It is due to Archbishop Albert to record that he replied in a temperate spirit, assuring his angry opponent that a remedy had already been applied to the abuses against which Luther wrote.

Here also he deeply considered the question of the monkish and priestly vows of celibacy; and came to the conclusion that monastic engagements, generally entered into without due knowledge or consideration, or under external pressure, should not be held as binding. At the same time he disapproved of the turbulent manner in which many monks and nuns had quitted their convents. "After the example of Cyrus in Herodotus," he writes to Wenceslaus Link, "I would have you give full liberty to those who desire to leave their seclusion;—but by no means compel any to leave it; nor on the other hand force any to stay who wish to go."

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

It was not until thirteen years afterwards that the first complete edition of Luther's translation of the Bible, begun in the Wartburg, and the result of long years of study, was published. It is the chief work of Luther, and would be enough to immortalize his name had he produced nothing else but this. Apart from its priceless value in spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures throughout Germany, this translation is enormously important in the history of high German literature, which may be said to have its commencement here. The difficulties of the task weighed upon him heavily in his retirement in the Wartburg. "I have taken upon myself a burden beyond my strength," he writes. "Now for the first time I perceive what is meant by a translation, and why no one has until now

ventured to put his name to one. It is to be hoped that we may give to our Germany a better version than the Latin one. It is a great work, well worthy that we should all labour at it."

Luther looked upon this Bible translation as the most important of all his achievements, and his zeal not only carried him to the end of his task, but stimulated him to fresh efforts at its completion. After the German version had been published, he at once commenced revising it, with the help of the best coadjutors he could bring together. The learned Melancthon, Justus Jonas, Drs. Kreutziger, Bernhard Ziegler, and Forstenius, with some foreign philologists, Jewish rabbis, and others, formed a kind of synod, with Luther as President, for the revising of the text, holding their consultations with the Greek, Chaldee, Hebrew, and Latin versions before them for reference and comparison. The Germans have good reason to hold "Luther's Bible" in honour, for this translation was the life-work of a great and ardent man. Of all his assistants he placed the highest value upon the learned gentle-hearted Melancthon. "No commentator has come nearer to the spirit of the Apostle Paul than my Philipppus," he said, in 1524.

THE ICONOCLASTS.

Meanwhile grave events had been happening at Wittenberg. With all his sturdy out-spoken vehemence against what he considered mischievous error, Luther was yet conservative by nature, and opposed to sudden, sweeping, and ill-considered changes. It was therefore with bitter chagrin and disquietude that he heard how some of his friends had been showing far more zeal than discretion during his absence in his Patmos. Dr. Carlstadt (Bodenstedt) especially, an unwise, changeable, and fanatical man, abolished the mass, thundered against Church ceremonies generally, and pronounced the presence of images in churches to be a form of idolatry. He even put himself at the head of a party of violent and ignorant men, with whom he entered All Saints' Church at Wittenberg; and shouting the second commandment as a justification of their proceedings, they began during divine service to break the images of saints in pieces. This iconoclastic fury quickly spread to other towns; and paintings, and even stained-glass windows, were included in the list of idolatrous ornaments. Zwingli, the Zurich reformer, was so ill-advised as to countenance these proceedings from the pulpit, vehemently declaiming against "graven images." These were among the things that alienated from the Reformation the learning and genius of

Erasmus, who, protesting against this vandalism, wrote that the symbols which adorn our Christian temples were not placed there for the adoration of the faithful, but as elegant decorations or pious memorials. Carlstadt presently placed himself at the head of a fanatical sect, calling themselves Zwickau prophets. From among these arose those Anabaptists whose extravagances, afterwards including among the most violent of them the practice of polygamy and the doctrine of community of possessions, prejudiced the minds of many against the Reformation altogether.

These disorders induced Luther to quit the Wartburg suddenly, without waiting for the permission of the Elector. In March 1522 he made his way, disguised as a trooper, the "Cavalier George," to Wittenberg, by his presence and exhortations to put an end to these abuses. "My bitterest enemies," he declared, "though they have at times pressed me hard, have never dealt me so heavy a blow as I have just received from my own people." During a week he preached daily at Wittenberg against the over-hasty, ill-considered innovations, and succeeded in winning the minds of men for the gradual and natural development of the Reformation. It was at this time that the book of Henry VIII. against Luther appeared, for which the title "Defender of the Faith" was accorded to that fickle and imperious monarch. Luther replies to his royal traducer in no measured terms, attributing the King's anxiety to defend the papacy to an uneasy knowledge of the weakness of his own title, and a consequent anxiety to secure the countenance and protection of the holy See. "Hal and the Pope," he writes, "have exactly the same legitimacy; the Pope stole his tiara as the King did his crown; and this is the reason why they are as thick together as two mules in harness." But though his language at this period frequently betrays a deplorable violence, arising partly, it would seem, from the irritation caused by over-work and anxiety, the rock to which Luther clings, the foundation upon which he builds up his whole system, the idea of Bible truth as the one infallible guide, appears in his writings more strongly relied on than ever. He declares the Word of God to be superior to everything else. If he has the Divine Majesty on his side he cares not though a thousand Augustines, a thousand Cyprians, a thousand churchfuls of Henries, should rise up against him. He is convinced that God, as manifested in His Word, cannot err or deceive, while Augustine and Cyprian, like other holy men, may err and have erred.

Pope Adrian VI. was urgent for the carrying

into effect of the sentence against Luther; and promised that he would himself institute a reformation in the Church. But the movement had gone too far. Luther was now looked upon as the representative of the principle of resistance against papal tyranny. Wittenberg had become the head-quarters of German culture, and was visited by students from all parts of the empire. The Bible translation continued to appear in parts at intervals, and every now and then a pamphlet, none the less relished for its polemic character, kept up the zeal and interest of the adherents of the reformers. Melancthon, learned, wise, and moderate, gave a definite form to the new faith, in his "Loc. Communes," and the party of progress in Germany not only gave in their adhesion to the Reformation, but represented that movement as the struggle of civilization against barbarism, of enlightenment against medieval ignorance. The citizens especially, and before all those of the imperial free cities, were zealous for its cause. Even the popular literature took the direction of praise of the reformers, and of satire against their opponents. Hans Sachs, the "cobbler bard" of Nuremberg, hailed Luther as the Wittenberg nightingale; and to religious zeal was added the impulse that arose from the prospect of more temporal advantages. As a German historian tersely expresses it: "To princes were promised Church lands, to the priests wives, to the people freedom."

LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.

Of his detestation of the Romish institution of the celibacy of monks, priests, and nuns, Luther gave a practical proof in 1525. In that year he married, taking to wife Catherine of Bora, who had formerly been a nun. His domestic life was singularly happy. His wife, though not a woman of high intellectual powers, was warm-hearted and affectionate; the marriage was blessed with five children. Luther himself describes his wife as "gentle, obedient, and kind in all things, far beyond my hopes."

It was a great advantage to the cause of the Reformation that the attention of the Emperor was called off from Germany by the war in which he became involved in Italy, and which brought him into opposition against Clement VII. who succeeded to the papal chair after the short reign of Adrian VI. The new faith had thus time to become firmly rooted in the empire, before it had to take the field, and maintain itself by force of arms. Besides the Elector Frederick of Saxony, other princes also gave in

their adhesion to the doctrines of the Reformation, and adopted the new faith. And even in Southern Germany, in the Bavarian and Austrian States, the cause flourished exceedingly.

THE PEASANT WAR.

But a new danger menaced the cause. The condition of the peasantry throughout Germany had for a long period been miserable, and was now almost unbearable. The government was weak, and could not shield these poor serfs against the oppression of their feudal lords, who harried them grievously, subjecting them to a crushing taxation, and treating them in all respects like slaves. Understanding, under the idea of evangelical liberty, the form of freedom they most coveted and could best comprehend—immunity from taxes—the poor ignorant bondsmen rose in revolt in various parts of Germany, and soon disgraced their cause by excesses resembling those of Cade's rebellion in London. In various instances the nobles, who had certainly done enough to earn the undying hatred of the peasantry, were murdered, as in the case of Count Helfenstein, massacred with spears by an enraged throng. Castles were burned and houses plundered; and it was not until a general union of the forces of the princes against these marauders had taken place, that the rebellion was put down; ending, as such attempts are wont to do, in the yet deeper degradation of the rebels. Luther, who saw in these disturbances a potent weapon that might be used with advantage against the Reformation, was especially anxious to sever his cause from that of the peasants, with whom he would have nothing in common. He even for a time lost sight of Christian charity, and, forgetting how dire had been the provocations that had driven these unhappy men into rebellion, roused up all Germany, in fiery pamphlets, against the "murdering and plundering peasants," who, he said, should be hunted down and slain wherever they were met with. He was especially anxious that nothing should occur to deprive the Reformation of the support of the princes, upon whose co-operation and goodwill he chiefly depended to maintain it against the Emperor and the Romish Church. In his anxiety to dissipate the idea of religious reform from that of opposition against temporal authority, Luther sometimes went so far as to substitute one tyranny for another, preaching a doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance with regard to the princes, that was, to say the least of it, burdensome and not free from servility. Thus Sebastian Frank,

Luther's contemporary, and one of the most enlightened men of his century, bemoans the dogmatic and uncompromising severity with which the power of the ruler, whether exercised for good or for evil, is upheld by the Lutheran system. "Formerly, under the Papacy," he writes, "one had much more freedom in denouncing the vices even of lords and princes; but now everything must be done courtier-like, or it's called sedition, Lord help us!" A German historian has justly remarked that rebellion, when once it has attained authority, generally becomes conservative, and maintains its own authority by all and every means. The story of the combat between irresponsible power and freedom has frequently shown that the rebels of yesterday may become the despots of to-day.

LUTHER AND ZWINGLI; CONFESSION OF AUGSBURG.

It is greatly to be deplored that Luther did not see his way to co-operate with Zwingli, the head of the Zurich Reformers; and that the debate between the two chiefs, in 1529, in the castle of Marburg, on the vital question of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, ended in the separation of two great bodies of Christians who should have stood together, especially in those dangerous times. Zwingli showed a far more conciliatory spirit, and held out his hand, even with tears, desiring friendship with his opponent. "There are no people on earth with whom I would sooner be united than with those of Wittenberg," he exclaimed. But Luther sternly rejected the proffered union. "Ye have a different spirit from ours," was his reply.

Less than thirteen years after the theses had been affixed to the church door at Wittenberg, the seed then sown had ripened into a plentiful harvest. On the famous 31st of October, 1517, it was a solitary priest who stood up to maintain the cause of the truth; on the 25th of June, 1530, a goodly assemblage of Reformers met the Emperor at Augsburg, to proclaim before the face of all men their confession of faith. Luther himself was not present on this great occasion, for he was still under the ban of the Empire, pronounced against him nine years before at Worms. He was in the castle of Coburg; but in the spirit he was present with his friends on the day of the Confession of Augsburg. "With sighing and prayer I am truly and faithfully beside you," he is writing to Melancthon. "The cause itself concerns me also; indeed, more than any of you."

MARTIN LUTHER.

DOMESTIC LIFE AND TRIALS.

For some time after his marriage he was very poor, and at no time could his household dispense with the strictest economy. But with undiminished cheerfulness he learned the art and mystery of wood-turning; content, like St. Paul, to labour with his hands for his family's support and his own. His income never exceeded two hundred Meissen florins, a sum which, even in those days of cheap living, could afford only the necessaries of life, and at one period he hardly had these. "You ask me for eight florins," he writes to Spalatin; "where on earth am I to get eight florins?" Though his bookseller offered him an income of four hundred florins annually, for whatever he might write, whether it were less or more, he refused. His rigid conscience would not permit him to take money for proclaiming the truth. Some copies of each work, for distribution, constituted the only stipend he received.

His health, in the latter years of his life, was broken; he was subject to various painful maladies; and his strong belief in direct agency in the government of the world caused him to ascribe these attacks, when they came, to Satanic power. "I take it," he says, "that my malady is made up, first of the ordinary weakness of advanced age; secondly, of the results of my long labours, and habitual tension of thought; and thirdly, above all, of the blows of Satan: if this be so, there is no medicine in the world will cure me." Nevertheless he continued working to the last—exhorting, preaching, watching over the growth of the Church of which he had been the corner-stone.

DEATH OF LUTHER.

His life ended at Eisleben, where it had begun. In January of the year 1546, he set forth, accompanied by his three sons, on a journey to visit the counts of Mansfeldt, in the character of a peace-maker, a quarrel having broken out in the family concerning that fertile source of strife, worldly possessions. He succeeded in his mission; but on his return fell ill at Eisleben, and laid himself down to die. His faith burned brightly up as his bodily strength waned. And still there was a touch of the old combative spirit to the last. He thanked God in prayer that the Saviour had been revealed to him, "Jesus Christ in whom I have believed, and whom I have confessed, and whom *the sorry Pope* and godless people persecute." His friends were assembled round his

dying bed. The faithful old companion Justus Jonas asked him if he died faithful to the doctrine he had professed and preached, and the dying Reformer's last word was an emphatic "Yes!" Then he closed his eyes and gradually fell asleep. It was the 18th of February, 1546.

ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

As with many other great men, attempts have been made to invest Luther with graces of which he knew himself to be deficient, to represent him as a perfect man. We prefer giving the picture that shows him as he was. In Luther we find the strong rugged nature of the peasant of lower Germany. He was a man of deep feeling, thoroughly penetrated with the conviction of the truth and of the saving power of biblical Christianity; but at the same time hard-headed and opinionated, thoroughly after the fashion of a Saxon peasant, somewhat narrow in his views, and of limited theological education.

But such as he was, and showed himself to be, Luther was eminently the man to set up the standard of revolt against Rome, to enter upon a combat for life or death, to wrestle shoulder to shoulder with the colossal power of the Papacy. He feared only God and the Devil—fear of man was unknown to him. In the beginning, his progress on the path of anti-papal rebellion was cautious, almost marked by timidity. On several occasions it was in the power of the Romanists to have brought back the rebel, or at least to have arrested his onward progress. But just in proportion as the measures taken by the opponents of the brave monk became more arrogant, displaying increased hatred and obstinacy, did his figure become more heroic. The grandest period of his life was the year 1521, when, undeterred by danger, difficulty, and the warning of his friends, he undertook that heroic journey in a peasant's waggon to Worms, there to confront all that the power of an Emperor and a council of princes and the malice of Romish hierarchy could bring against him. "If they were to kindle between this and Worms," he said, "a fire that should reach to Heaven, yet will I pass through it, and go forth into the very teeth of the behemoth." It was the perfection of heroism; and like Ridley and Latimer at the stake, on the day when Luther stood alone, in the strength of his sure and certain belief, undaunted in the presence of that great assembly, he kindled a flame in the heart of the German people, that from that hour to this has never been extinguished.

H. W. D.



CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

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EMINENT DENOMINATIONAL PREDECESSORS.

THE history of the denomination to which the distinguished pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle belongs is in some respects a singularly chequered narrative; but at the same time the story is closely associated with the names of men who were eminent for piety, for genius, and for the philanthropy which leaves its mark upon the world. The Baptists and the Quakers have always been considered the farthest removed

from the Papacy of all Protestant sects; and hence, in the Reformation era, they naturally attracted the bitterest hatred of all who showed a disposition to retain old abuses, and stand by the old order of things. The records of three centuries and a half ago are not only very obscure, but what they contain at all is, for the most part, supplied by enemies, who, in those exciting times of fierce controversy and no quarter, were not likely to tell an impartial or

unvarnished tale. There were doubtless indiscretions committed by zealots who chose to attach to themselves a particular name; but these were not committed by one side alone; and in any case the acts of individuals are not sufficient warrant for misrepresenting a whole class. Whatever may have been their general failings, the members of the body in question have been stout-hearted enough to face the gaol, the gallows, or the stake, rather than surrender their belief; and for this reason the roll of their martyrology is somewhat extended, whether reckoned in connection with this country alone, or whether including the wider area of Europe. That roll commences with the sufferings of some of the earliest victims of intolerance, while it includes Edward Wightman, who was burned at Lichfield in 1612, and was the last person executed in England for the crime of "heresy."

Coming to later times, we find that the first pastor of Devonshire-square Chapel, William Kiffen, was important enough to advance Charles II. £30,000; and while in the same century John Bunyan was the most clear-shining star among the preachers, there is presumptive evidence that the author of *Paradise Lost* belonged to the same sect as the author of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. In the next century, William Carey rose from the position of a common shoemaker to become one of the most distinguished linguists of his time, and one who devoted energy and talent to the task of translating the Bible into many of the languages of India. Contemporary with Carey was William Knibb, who did more than anyone else to abolish slavery in Jamaica. Belonging to the same age were Robert Hall, a man whom the late Dean Stanley judged to be the greatest preacher England has ever produced; John Foster, who on account of the additions he made to standard literature, is still recognised as the Essayist; and John Howard Hinton, one of the most vigorous theological thinkers of his time, whose son James won equal distinction in the walks of science. These are representatives selected from a large number of others. Mr. Spurgeon himself has frequently referred to his once eminent predecessor, Dr. Gill, the commentator and Hebrew scholar, whose published works fill some ten thousand folio pages.

ANCESTRY AND PARENTAGE.

The family of Spurgeon originally belonged to the Netherlands; but not content to live under the cruel rule of a proud tyrant like the Duke of Alva, they emigrated to the Eastern counties of England during the reign of Elizabeth.

The emigrants who thus found a congenial home in this favoured isle, where the Reformation had permanently struck its roots, did not keep together, however; for while one section remained in Norfolk, others went further afield to settle in Essex; and from this latter stock the present world-renowned preacher is descended. For generation after generation did these two branches of the family cling with unflagging tenacity to the faith of their ancestors—a faith they have retained in its purity down to our own times. "Early in his ministry in London," says Mr. Stevenson, speaking of our immediate subject, "he was introduced at a book-store in Paternoster-row to Mr. John Spurgeon, a descendant of the Norwich branch of the family; and on comparing notes of their respective ancestors, piety, uprightness, and loyalty were found alike in both." About a century after their settlement in England the family had a further taste of persecution; for when the rigorous laws against Nonconformists were in force under Charles II., we find a member of the family, one Job Spurgeon, suffering a long and painful imprisonment at Chelmsford for 'conscience' sake. From the earliest times the family were evidently ranked among the Puritans; and when Puritanism broke with the Established Church in the secession of 1662, they doubtless became Nonconformists.

The Rev James Spurgeon, the grandfather of the popular preacher, is still well remembered by many persons of our acquaintance as an elderly gentleman who dressed after the manner of the old-fashioned school, and who was of spare habit and rather short in stature. Born in 1776, He was of the Independent denomination, and had been educated for the ministry at Hoxton Academy, once an important college of the Dissenters, and the remains of which may still be seen in the chapel still standing in the interesting High Street of Hoxton Old Town. James Spurgeon followed business pursuits until he was twenty-six, when he relinquished other worldly prospects for the sake of the Christian ministry. After going through the usual four years' curriculum, he settled at Clare, in Suffolk, in 1806; but in 1810 he removed to Stambourne, in Essex, where he remained until the time of his death in 1864.

Retaining till the last a predilection for the old school of Calvinistic theologians, this veteran also at times could deal in that species of wit which is supposed to be characteristic of a Puritan ancestry. Subject to a hereditary affliction, we have heard that when advanced

nearly to the end of the ninth decade of his life, he would sit by the fire on a winter night, and rubbing both aching knees, declare that there was a probability of his days being, after all, cut short by rheumatism. He showed the strongest possible partiality for his grandson; and perhaps was never happier than when that grandson could be announced as the centre attraction of some coming festival—the preacher of an anniversary sermon. On one memorable occasion, through some disarrangement on the railway, the young orator, eagerly expected, was so long delayed, that the old pastor commenced a sermon himself, but on seeing his relative enter the chapel, he immediately stopped and descended from the pulpit. When the new-comer had finished his more brilliant discourse, the delighted octogenarian quietly told the people, that although the grandson could preach better than the grandfather, he could not preach a better Gospel.

A minister with whom we are acquainted some time ago supplied us with an original reminiscence of Stambourne, which shows how decidedly old Mr. Spurgeon was prejudiced in favour of one classic hymn-writer above all others. Our friend was appointed to preach on a special occasion for the octogenarian pastor, and he had hardly entered the chapel before a well-wisher approached, who, in a tone of nervous eagerness, ventured to express a hope that the hymns selected for singing were all by Dr. Watts. Unluckily this was not the case; but as time was too pressing to make any alteration without inconvenience, those selected were allowed to pass, let the consequences be what they might. When the first hymn was announced, the aged pastor betokened grave disapproval by a significant shake of the head; when he discovered the authorship of the second, he closed the book, and refused to join in the singing; and on finding that the third was no improvement on its predecessors, he shook his fist as though he knew of a way of teaching preachers better manners, were not summary action held in check by reverence for times and places. When the people had dispersed, he approached our friend, and, with eyes twinkling with excitement, gave utterance to feelings too long pent up in his soul. “Young man,” he cried, as he gave ominous significance to his words by raising a stout stick which he usually carried about,—“young man, if you do not want your brains knocked out, you must sing Dr. Watts’s hymns!” We are able to vouch for the fact that the indiscretion of the morning was not repeated in the evening. Elated at this grateful change, the venerable man no longer

clenched his fist; nor was the stout stick any longer in requisition; but on the contrary, venting that extreme satisfaction which now filled his soul, he spoke accordingly, “Right, sir, right,” he cried, “I am glad to see you can appreciate the best authors so quickly!”

The Spare Half-Hour, by Mr. Spurgeon, opens with “A tale of my Grandfather,” which contains one or two very striking passages respecting a place called Honey-wood Park, whither the old man had been wont to resort at stated intervals for private devotion and meditation; the once secluded retreat being the more sacred to him because there, while passing along, his own father had fallen down and died. On one occasion, as the Rev. J. Spurgeon told his grandson at one of the last interviews the two were privileged to enjoy together, he had to go from Coggeshall to Halstead, and the road passed by the spot above-mentioned, to which so many hallowed memories were attached. The narrative goes on to say that “on the previous night he dreamed very vividly that the devil appeared to him, and threatened to tear him in pieces if he dared to go along that footpath and pray under the oak as he had been wont to do. The evil one reminded him that there was another way through the farmyard, and that if he took the farmyard path all would go well with him. When my grandfather awoke, the impression on his mind was overpowering, and he reasoned thus with himself:—Whether it be a dream or a temptation from Satan I cannot tell, but anyhow I will not yield to it, but will show the devil that I will not do his bidding in anything, but will defy him to his face. This was the good man all over. Like Luther, he had a vivid impression of the reality and personality of the great enemy, and was accustomed to make short work with his suggestions. . . . My grandfather, then a young man, went on cheerily enough till he came to the stile where the two paths diverged; then a horrible fear came upon him, and he felt his heart beat fast. Suppose he really should meet the arch-fiend, and should find him too strong for him, what then? Better take the farm-yard path. No, that would be yielding to Satan, and he would not do that for ten thousand worlds. He plucked up courage, and tremblingly pressed on. The stile was leaped, the narrow track through the wood was trodden with resolution mingled with forebodings. The oak was in sight, the sweat was on his face, his pace was quickened, a dash was made, and the tree was grasped, but there was no Satan there. Taking breath a moment, the young man uttered aloud

the exclamation, 'Ah, cowardly devil, you threatened to tear me in pieces, and now you do not dare show your face!' Then followed a fervent prayer and a song of praise, and the young man was about to go on his way when his eye was caught by something shining on the ground. It was a ring, a very large ring, he told me, nearly as large as a curtain-ring, and it was solid gold; and how it came there it would be hard to guess. Inquiries were made, but no claimant ever appeared, and my grandfather had it made into my grandmother's wedding ring, in memory of the spot so dear to him." The Rev. James Spurgeon celebrated his ministerial jubilee year in 1856; and No. 81 of his grandson's printed sermons is a discourse preached at Stambourne on that occasion. We have dwelt thus long on Stambourne and its associations, because there, in the manse of his grandfather, and under the care of a maiden aunt, the future great preacher spent several of his earliest years.

His own recollections go back to times when, as a child, he used to spend many of his hours in his grandfather's study, sitting on a hassock looking at missionary pictures in *The Evangelical Magazine*; and when the choicest recreation was to follow horses and dogs on foot, over hedges and ditches, in the hunting field.

John, second son of the above, one of a family of ten children, is the father of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Engaged in business until middle life, he afterwards turned attention to the Christian ministry, and has held pastorates successively at Tollesbury and Cranbrook, at Fetter Lane in London, and at Upper Street, Islington. Though a Pædobaptist, the theology of the Rev. John Spurgeon corresponds with that of his father before him, and also with that of his celebrated son. He married Miss Jarvis of Colchester, who is still living, and who, according to the testimony of all her children, has been one of the best of mothers.

EARLY DAYS AND YOUTHFUL ASSOCIATIONS.

Mr. Spurgeon was born at the old-fashioned Essex village called Kelvedon, on the 19th of June, 1834; and with his brother James, who is three years younger, he received his first education at a school in that place. Charles appears thus early to have been celebrated for having a larger head than James, but both were popular with their playmates and schoolfellows. A reminiscence of these earliest days comes from the Rev. John Spurgeon himself: "I had been from home a great deal," he once remarked to an American divine visiting this country,

"trying to build up weak congregations, and felt that I was neglecting the religious training of my own children while I toiled for the good of others. I returned home with these feelings, I opened the door, and was surprised to find none of the children about the hall. Going quietly up the stairs, I heard my wife's voice. She was engaged in prayer with the children. I heard her pray for them one by one by name. She came to Charles, and specially prayed for him, for he was of high spirit and daring temper. I listened until she had ended her prayer, and I felt and said, 'Lord, I will go on with Thy work. The children will be cared for.'" The religious and moral discipline to which the young people were subject in such a home was, of course, of unspeakable value; but happily their advantages were not limited to the boundaries of home. The clergyman of the parish, the Rev. Charles Dalton, who held the living for over fifty years, having been a pattern in his profession worthy of ranking with Dr. Primrose in *The Vicar of Wakefield*. How shall we account for the remarkable manner in which the air of these old Essex manses seems to have promoted longevity? The Rev. James Spurgeon and three others ministered to the same people for two centuries; and Kelvedon was in a way a rival of Stambourne.

At the age of seven years, C. H. Spurgeon returned to the home of his parents, who were then living at Colchester, and who were anxious that the already precocious child should enjoy the best possible educational advantages. His education, therefore, went forward satisfactorily; for with good masters and kind friends the pupil gave evident signs of yielding back at another day something more than good interest for all the trouble expended upon him. We once heard Mr. Spurgeon relate an anecdote of these early days at school, which was very characteristic of himself and his surroundings while he was a school-boy. One extremely cold morning, while engaged with a tutor in the class, the bottom and least honourable place happened to be near a large stove; and as the grateful warmth seemed to be more desirable than any transient scholastic honours, the wary lad took care not to manifest that knowledge which would have sent him up higher into the cold. Questions continued to be asked to remain unanswered; but being a shrewd observer, the tutor presently detected where the shoe was pinching, and thus immediately ordered a wheel round so that the head of the column should be next the fire. That unexpected stratagem had the looked for effect of at once curing Master Spurgeon's un-

accountable dulness. No sooner were questions asked than he replied to them; and in less time than it has taken to describe, he was again enjoying the warm place by the fire. It was in this same academy that he subsequently became a tutor; and he did so at a time when many of the boys who were subject to his authority were bigger than himself.

During those early and happy days of life at school, C. H. Spurgeon still passed his vacations in the manse at Stambourne; and in *The Spare Half-Hour* he relates, in his usual vivid style, several recollections. It was customary with the grandfather to allow his grandson to read the Scriptures at family worship; and strangers who were occasionally present were wont to remark on the unerring correctness with which the youthful reader went through the exercise. "Once upon a time," writes Mr. Spurgeon, "when reading the passage in Revelation which mentions the bottomless pit, I paused and said, 'Grandpa, what can this mean?' The answer was kind but unsatisfactory: 'Pooh, pooh, child, go on.' The child, however, intended to have an explanation, and therefore selected the same chapter morning after morning, and always halted at the same verse to repeat the inquiry, hoping that by repetition he would importune the good old gentleman into a reply. The process was successful; for it is by no means the most edifying thing in the world to hear the history of the Mother of Harlots, and the beast with seven heads every morning in the week, Sunday included, with no sort of alternation either of psalm or gospel; the venerable patriarch of the household therefore capitulated at discretion, with, 'Well, dear, what is it that puzzles you?' Now the child had often seen baskets with very frail bottoms, which in course of wear became bottomless, and allowed the fruit placed therein to drop upon the ground; here, then, was the puzzle: If the pit aforesaid had no bottom, where would all the people fall to who dropped out at its lower end?—a puzzle which rather startled the propriety of family worship, and had to be laid aside for explanation at some more convenient season."

One of the visitors at Stambourne nearly forty years ago was the Rev. Richard Knill, a worthily still remembered as a man who did eminent service in the way of Bible distribution in Russia. A strong attachment sprang up between the missionary and the pastor's grandson; and the former, with a prophetic eye sufficiently wonderful at the time, declared his belief that the child would grow up to preach to crowds of

unparalleled numbers. The two had much talk together about the Saviour in the early morning; the elder prayed for the younger, kneeling in the garden arbour, and at parting the youth received a gift of sixpence, on condition that he would commit to memory Cowper's favourite hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," etc.; and this was to be given out when he should grow up to be sufficiently famous to preach in Rowland Hill's pulpit. The day came in due course, as was predicted, and Cowper's hymn was sung. Mr. Knill was, we believe, the first Englishman who dared to break through conventional rules by conducting religious services in a theatre; and it was this example which afterwards encouraged Mr. Spurgeon to begin preaching in the Surrey Music Hall.

During his educational days we are thus able to follow the future preacher from Kelvedon to Stambourne, and thence to Newmarket, Colchester, Maidstone, and Cambridge. We do not know where the notion had its origin that Mr. Spurgeon's early training was defective; in point of fact his education was the best he could have received for the work he has had to do, and for the position he has had to occupy. The tutor to whom he was chiefly indebted, Mr. Edward Leeding, still keeps an academy for young gentlemen at Auckland Hill, Lower Norwood; and such is the pupil's unbounded respect for his old master, that several handsome presents have from time to time been pressed upon that master's acceptance. The inestimable services he rendered in youth will never be forgotten. These facts are mentioned because this retired schoolmaster, who was both a competent and a conscientious judge, held very decided views concerning his celebrated scholar's attainments. He was able and ready to set those right who went about retailing the news that Mr. Spurgeon was no scholar; the truth being that at an unusually early age he was not only one of the best scholars of the neighbourhood in which he lived, but one who could have taken his degree at the university without the slightest difficulty.

Great changes occurred even in boyhood, which had the effect of shaping Mr. Spurgeon's future course, and these he has himself described with his usual force. At the age of sixteen he fell into a condition of religious despondency something akin to that which overtook John Bunyan in his unenlightened days, and he determined on visiting all the chapels in Colchester, with the view of obtaining relief. After going to one place after another without result, a Primitive Methodist sanctuary was entered, where "a very

thin-looking man came into the pulpit," and preached from the words, "Look unto Me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth." That preacher's rendering of the sacred text, "Look! look! look!" entered the young hearer's soul; the chains of bondage were snapped; he went forth feeling a freedom he had never experienced before. That preacher was a labouring man whose name has never been given to the public; he was no more Mr. Eaglen, as some have averred, than Mr. Eaglen is Mr. Spurgeon. About the same time, while studying the New Testament in the original Greek, he also changed his views on the question of baptism; and thus, in 1851, formally identified himself with the Baptists, one of the Three Denominations of Protestant Dissenters in England.

THE BOY PREACHER.

Before he was sixteen, Mr. Spurgeon had become accustomed to use both his voice and his pen. He gave addresses in a Sunday-school at Colchester, which had attractions for hearers older than the ordinary scholars; and the Rev. John Spurgeon has now in his possession an unpublished essay, written at this early date, entitled "Anti-Christ and Her Brood; or, Popery Unmasked." This was one of three productions sent in to compete for a prize offered by a gentleman at Nottingham; and though it did not carry off the chief premium, the effort was nevertheless rewarded with a gift of money, probably through the recommendation of Dr. G. Smith the adjudicator.

The more arduous work of preaching was also commenced about the same time; and the start was made in a manner as memorable as it was unexpected. Mr. Spurgeon was now associated with the Baptist congregation at St. Andrews-street, Cambridge, a church which once had for its pastors, the greatest pulpit orator of his time, Robert Hall, and his eloquent and learned predecessor Robert Robinson, whose familiar hymn, "Come, thou fount of every blessing," is a favourite in all evangelical denominations. Attached to this assembly was a Local Preachers' Association, the agents of which held meetings in the villages around the University, as opportunity offered. The Superintendent was a venerable man whom the fraternity recognised as Bishop Vinter; and, wrote Mr. Spurgeon a few months ago, "We had one Saturday finished morning school, and the boys were all going home for the half-holiday, when in came the aforesaid bishop, to ask us to go over to Teversham next Sunday evening, for a young man was to preach there who was not

much used to services, and very likely would be glad of company." This was a carefully-laid trap, and the unsuspecting youth fell into the snare, finding, when he would have gone back, no way of retreat. Being obliged to preach, he did so to the best of his ability. To his own surprise and wonder there had been no symptoms of a break down in any one of the divisions; on the contrary, such was the uninterrupted flow of ideas, that at the close an aged dame called out, "Bless your dear heart, how old are you?" "You must wait till the service is over before making any such inquiries," answered the preacher as he proceeded to give out the finishing hymn. Then, after the benediction had been pronounced, the desire to talk seemed to spread to the whole congregation, and the query, "How old are you?" was asked again with renewed earnestness. "I am under sixty," said the young orator at length, unable any longer to evade some sort of a reply. "Yes, and under sixteen," added the first interrupter of the service. The people were at least gratified with the assurance that the youthful genius, who had, as it were, burst upon the world that afternoon, would come again provided the gentlemen at Cambridge thought him fit to do so. "Very great and profound," adds Mr. Spurgeon, "was our awe of those 'gentlemen at Cambridge' in those days."

After a beginning was thus made, the young preacher took engagements in various parts of the country, and among the places he visited was Houghton, in Huntingdonshire. Some time ago, at the special request of the present writer, a gentleman in that locality recovered some things from people who remembered Mr. Spurgeon when he wore a short jacket, and a broad, turn-down collar. One friend encountered had been present at the cottage service at Teversham above described. Another heard him preach at Somersham at seventeen years of age, when the boyish voice seemed strangely to contrast with that of the aged man who usually occupied the pulpit. Many with whom he then came in contact had sufficient sagacity to see that the boy would eventually become a powerful and popular preacher. "One old minister," according to our friend's report, "for whom Mr. Spurgeon preached, was plagued with a bad wife, and she must needs go to America; but with great patience the husband waited for her return, never fastening the door of the house, nor suffering others to do so, until she came back to him." Several others remembered the precocious talent of the preacher;

and it was believed that the late eccentric miller of Houghton, Potto Brown, looked upon the youthful phenomenon with less favour than otherwise he would have done, because he thought it utterly impossible that the discourses given could be the preacher's own productions.

As a wealthy man and a local philanthropist, the above-mentioned Mr. Brown was known during his long life far and near as one of the most eccentric men of his time; and among others, Mr. Spurgeon has good reason to remember the miller's quaint wit and kind heart. "In our youth we preached at Houghton, and had the felicitous misery of being the good miller's guest," wrote the Pastor in 1879. "How he shocked our Calvinistic propriety! But we gave him no quarter as to what we remember denouncing as worthless theology. It was all fair to speak very plainly to Mr. Brown, for he never minced matters himself. We recollect his telling us that our preaching was *very well for an apprentice boy*, which was, no doubt, a correct estimate; but after he had spoken in that style we felt quite at home with him, and gave him a Roland for his Oliver without the slightest compunction. It was a battle royal, and both the old gentleman and the 'prentice boy' grew sufficiently warm; but no scars remained on either combatant. Mr. Brown walked to Huntingdon with us in loving conversation, and afterwards sent us 'Haldane's Life' as a present, with his sincere regards; and one whom he had horrified with his doctrinal statements felt an inward drawing towards the bluff heretic. Looking back over some six or seven-and-twenty years, we venerate the old man's memory." We may add that he was a man worth remembering. He erected a chapel, grew grapes for the sick poor, presented bacon to those who stole his cabbages, and even drew the teeth of the peasantry for nothing. "Richard," said he to one man of heavy build, who opened his enormous mouth wider than necessary to have a troublesome fang extracted, "I can stand outside to draw the tooth." Such were his kindness and pointed wit. The argumentative combat between this veteran descendant of a Quaker ancestry and the rapidly developing *protégé* of the Stambourne Puritan, must have been a sight of a thousand.

As a preacher in his teens, Mr. Spurgeon can tell of numerous adventures both on the road and in the pulpit—the very things which enliven an autobiography. He never pleaded unpropitious weather as an excuse for holding back from duty; for we have heard him tell how, on a stormy winter night, he had, on finding an empty chapel, gone round a Cambridgeshire

village, lantern in hand, to collect a congregation. Long before his name was known in London, he was popular among the rural population of the University county.

FIRST SETTLEMENT AT WATERBEACH.

At the age of seventeen, or in 1851, Mr. Spurgeon became pastor of the Baptist Church in the quiet village of Waterbeach, situated four miles from Cambridge on the Norwich main line of railway. Twice have we visited that now classic spot for the purpose of gathering reminiscences first hand from surviving friends, so that what is offered to the reader has at least been gathered with more than ordinary care.

The congregation was small but respectable, the previous minister's stipend having been only twenty pounds a year, and the original old thatched chapel was accidentally burned in 1861. "If it had not been burned down, it would never have been pulled down," we were assured by a local farmer, "for there were people there who venerated the very smoke." Another friend on the spot described Mr. Spurgeon's first service on an autumn Sunday in the year of the First Great Exhibition; how he looked, pale and thoughtful beyond his years, though at first sight he was but a school-boy, who appeared to be incapable of getting through a service. As soon as he began to speak, however, all fears were removed, and misgivings about abilities at once gave place to fears that the young pastor would too soon be called away to a larger sphere. What has since occurred in London took place on a more minute scale at Waterbeach. The hitherto scantily attended chapel became filled; then the aisles were invaded; and when other space filled, hearers crowded about the doors. As a result, a reformation of manners became apparent in the district,—drunkards became sober; profligates seemed to be awed into greater propriety of living. Some of the discourses of those days are still vividly remembered; and at one time Mr. Spurgeon intended giving a volume of these village sermons to the world, but the publication never appeared.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that at this time the preacher, young as he was, was hidden in a corner; the truth is, that at eighteen he was one of the most popular men in Cambridgeshire, and one whose services were in constant request for anniversaries and festivals. We have heard Mr. Spurgeon tell how, on one occasion, in 1852, he was invited to preach by a staid octogenarian of the old school, who had heard of his neighbour's popularity without having seen his face. When

the preacher for the day arrived, the old man was so disconcerted at his youthful appearance, that instead of according the usual welcome he indulged in rude expressions, deprecating the custom of boys going up and down the country preaching before their mother's milk was well out of their mouths. The country people were crowding to the services in vehicles of every sort and size; but as a manifest failure was in prospect, that merely made matters worse than otherwise they would have been. As if to lighten his own responsibility the old pastor went round the village to express personal disgust from door to door; and when the time of trial came, he sat at first in a corner where he could not be seen. Mr. Spurgeon selected for reading Proverbs xvi; and in commenting on "A hoary head is a crown of glory," he argued that, in spite of Solomon's assertion, it was not always so. There were tongues in some hoary heads which could not be civil to the boy who came to preach for them; and rudeness gave no glory. Then followed, "if it be found in the way of righteousness." In that case Solomon was right after all, for unless it were so, red hair for a crown would be as honourable as white. In the meantime the old pastor had come forth from his hiding-place; and at the conclusion of the service, full of wonder and delight, he ascended towards the lately despised "supply," and accompanying the words with a smart slap on the loins, called out before the people, "You are the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit."

It was at this time that judicious friends recommended Mr. Spurgeon to go through a course of theological training at the denominational college then situated at Stepney, but since removed to Regent's Park. As Dr. Angus, the tutor, happened to be visiting Cambridge, a meeting was arranged to come off beneath the roof of Mr. Macmillan, the well-known publisher. Mr. Spurgeon arrived exactly to time; the tutor also came as he had promised; but being shown into separate rooms, each waited until patience was thoroughly exhausted, and then went away, one to London, the other to the school, disappointed. Still the idea of entering the college was not relinquished until it was dispelled by the subsequent experience of that singularly eventful day. That very afternoon a preaching engagement had to be kept in the suburbs of Cambridge. "I walked slowly in a meditative frame of mind over Midsummer Common," writes Mr. Spurgeon, "to the little wooden bridge which leads to Chesterton; and in the midst of the common I was startled by what seemed a loud voice, but which may have been a singular illusion; which-

ever it was, the impression was vivid to an intense degree. I seemed very distinctly to hear the words, 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!' This led me to look at my position from another point of view, and to challenge my motives and intentions." He resolved to stay with his people; and the wisdom of the decision has never since been doubted.

THE CALL TO THE METROPOLIS.

Writing rather more than two years ago about his early experience, Mr. Spurgeon shows that the first intimation of his services being required in London came on a Sunday morning, and in the chapel at Waterbeach. The letter "was an unusual missive, and was opened with curiosity. It contained an invitation to preach at New Park-street Chapel, Southwark, the pulpit of which had formerly been occupied by Dr. Rippon, . . . whose name covered New Park-street Chapel and its pulpit with awe unspeakable." Supposing a mistake had been made, the receiver of this message returned the letter to a friend on the opposite side of the table; but ominously shaking his head, that gentleman intimated his fear that the affair was only too genuine. He had always been sure that their pastor would be called away from a little place like that; but at the same time he thought it somewhat unaccountable that Londoners should have scented them so soon. An evasive answer was returned, and then came a second letter reiterating the request of the former, the result being that the invitation was accepted. The truth was that the people at New Park-street had had news carried to them by one of their own number of the boy-preacher's exceptional powers, and they determined on making a trial of his services.

Arriving in London on a Saturday evening, Mr. Spurgeon himself tells something about his experience at the boarding-house in Queens-square, whither he had been directed for a lodging. "As we wore a huge black satin stock, and used a blue handkerchief with white spots, the young gentlemen of that boarding-house marvelled greatly at the youth from the country who had come up to preach in London, but who was evidently in the condition known as verdant green. They were mainly of the Evangelical Church persuasion, and seemed greatly tickled that the country lad should be a preacher. They did not propose to go and hear the youth, but they seemed tacitly to agree to encourage him after their own fashion, and we were encouraged accordingly. What tales were narrated of the great divines of the metropolis and their con-

gregations! One we remember had a thousand *city* men to hear him; another had his church filled with *thoughtful* people, such as could hardly be matched all over England; while a third had an immense audience, almost entirely composed of the *young men* of London, who were spell-bound by his eloquence. The study which these men underwent in composing their sermons, their Herculean toils in keeping up their congregations, and the matchless oratory which they exhibited on all occasions, were duly rehearsed in our hearing; and when we were shown to bed in a cupboard over the front door, we were not in an advantageous condition for pleasant dreams." The dark December night was one of solitary misery; but the youth was hoping to get clear of the scrape in which he was landed, and already looked back upon Waterbeach as upon a Garden of Eden.

On the next morning he wended his solitary way to New Park-street Chapel, the sight of which imposing structure awakened new emotions, and he wondered at his own boldness at venturing to leave a country charge to preach in such a cathedral-like edifice. There were seats for twelve hundred persons, and probably about a sixth part of that number were present; but in the evening there was a considerable increase, and a gentleman who was present once assured us that the effect was amazing. The boy of nineteen seemed to have the experience of a professor of ninety; while the brilliance of his imagination and the boldness of his metaphors, joined to his striking departure from pulpit conventionalities, marked him at once as a genius of originality the like of whom no one had before looked upon. The members of a failing cause and a well-nigh deserted chapel were that night raised from the despondency of their low estate. The benediction was pronounced, but the congregation were too excited to go away to their homes. They gathered in groups to discuss the young preacher's eligibility for the pastorate; and nothing would satisfy them short of the official assurance that no effort would be spared to secure his services. Mr. Spurgeon himself relates how different were his emotions as he "trudged back to the Queen-square narrow lodging." He felt able to assume a bolder face. "Our tone was altered, we wanted no pity of any one; we did not care a penny for the young gentlemen lodgers and their miraculous ministers, nor for the grind of the cabs, nor for anything else under the sun. The lion had been looked at all round, and his majesty did not appear to be a tenth so majestic

as when we had only heard his roar miles away."

The congregation meeting in New Park-street Chapel was of Puritan origin, and dating back two centuries, had been served by eight pastors, some of whom were in their day men of considerable eminence. Of the founder, William Rider, little is known; but Benjamin Keach, 1668-1704, was an able man, and the author of the well-known "Key to Open Scripture Metaphors." Keach's successor, Benjamin Stinton, 1705-19, was followed by the celebrated Commentator, Dr. Gill, 1720-71, whose works have been already mentioned. Then came John Ripon, D.D., 1773-1836, the compiler of a once popular hymn-book; Joseph Angus, D.D., 1837-40, the present President of Regent's Park College; James Smith, 1842-50; and William Walters, 1851-53. Mr. Spurgeon is, therefore, the ninth name on the roll; and the congregation has existed for 230 years. The original meeting-house was in Horselydown; but in the time of Dr. Gill another was erected in Carter-lane, a site now included in the Southwark approaches to London Bridge. It was the opening of the new bridge which necessitated the building of New Park-street Chapel, in which Mr. Spurgeon commenced his London ministry.

SETTLEMENT IN LONDON; TWO HISTORICAL LETTERS.

The congregation which, in spite of the illustrious associations of the past, was hastening towards extinction, now saw a door of hope unexpectedly open. Mr. Spurgeon was invited, and, after some hesitation, heartily responded to the call. The letters which he wrote on that occasion have become historical documents; they were first given to the world by the present writer a few years ago. In the first, dated from 60, Park-street, Cambridge, on January 7th, 1854, reference occurs to Waterbeach, a "little Garden of Eden," which would not have been forsaken had the stipend been sufficient to ensure a maintenance. The people in London were naturally impatient for the new era of prosperity to go forward without interruption; the friends at Waterbeach were quite as naturally a good deal dejected in prospect of a permanent separation. In regard to the impression he had made in London, Mr. Spurgeon wrote:—"Enthusiasm and popularity are often the crackling of thorns, and soon expire. I do not wish to be a hindrance if I cannot be a help. Then turning to the devoted villagers who had won his first love, he added,—"I owe

them much for their kindness, although they insist that the debt lies on their side. Some of them hope, and almost pray, that you may be tired in three months, so that I may be again sent back to them."

In the second letter, written three months later, and in which we find the charge formally accepted, some striking expressions also occur, *e.g.*: "I sought not to come to you, for I was the minister of an obscure but affectionate people; I never solicited advancement. The first note of invitation from your deacons came to me quite unlooked for, and I trembled at the idea of preaching in London. I could not understand how it came about, and even now I am filled with astonishment at the wondrous Providence. . . . Remember my youth and inexperience, pray that these may not hinder my usefulness. I trust also that the remembrance of these may lead you to forgive the mistakes I may make, or unguarded words I may utter."

Whatever misgivings were experienced they were soon set at rest; for on a larger scale what had occurred at Waterbeach was repeated in Southwark. The Rev. John Spurgeon had disapproved of his son's entering on a larger sphere before he had passed through a regular college curriculum; and when the father of the rising preacher met them in the street, Essex seers comforted him with the prophecy, "Your son will never last in London six months; he has no education." The fairness of such estimates were now tested. Every one of the 1,200 seats in the chapel were speedily occupied; then the crowd invaded all the standing-room, and an overflow struggled for admittance around the doors. It was admitted on all hands that an original genius had appeared in the English pulpit; and everyone wanted to know who he was, and whence he came. He was unlike all the popular men who had preceded him, his very style being as unique as his illustrations were fresh from the storehouses of Inspiration and of Nature. People in London asked one another as a standing question of the day, "Have you heard Spurgeon?" so that the crowd of one Sunday went home to stimulate the ever-increasing popular curiosity. Newspapers carried the news to provincial towns, and readers in quiet villages eagerly purchased the sermons which were already occasionally issued. Then arose a host of critics, votaries of the pencil and the pen, some of whom were friendly; some were neutral; others, who were the minority, were bitterly antagonistic. According to the representations of some, readers inferred that

the new phenomenon was another Whitefield, a messenger raised up to arouse a sleeping world. More carping writers looked on with other eyes; the preacher was to them a mere passing meteor, which, having suddenly flashed into sight, would as suddenly be extinguished in darkness when his little course was run. A good many other prophecies were ventured which time has never seen fulfilled. In the meantime the atmosphere of the overcrowded chapel at New Park-street was compared by the preacher to "the Black Hole of Calcutta;" and some method of ventilation became urgently necessary. "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down," remarked Mr. Spurgeon, when he had been in London a few weeks, "and by faith this wall at the back shall come down too." This prediction was at once accomplished; but when enlarged to the utmost capacity of the site, the chapel was hardly more able to accommodate the pressing crowds than it was before.

EXETER HALL; THE ROYAL SURREY GARDENS; A GREAT CATASTROPHE.

While the old chapel was in course of being enlarged, Mr. Spurgeon preached in Exeter Hall, commencing in February, and ending with the last Sunday in May, 1855. This move naturally tended to increase his popularity; for the building now occupied was not hidden in a by-street of Southwark, but stood in a commanding situation in a leading West-end thoroughfare. The newspapers had now another story to tell,—of how, on each successive Sunday, the broad area of the Strand was at one point rendered impassable by people who congregated to hear a young man who had recently removed from Waterbeach to London as a Nonconformist minister. "Remarks of no very flattering character appeared in various journals, and the multitude was thereby increased," writes the preacher himself, while recalling the adventures of those days. "Caricatures such as 'Brimstone and Treacle' adorned the printsellers' windows; the most ridiculous stories were circulated, and the most cruel falsehoods invented; but all things worked together for good." In the summer of 1856, after using the enlarged chapel for more than a year, Mr. Spurgeon returned to Exeter Hall; but on learning that they would not be allowed to use that place continuously, the managers looked about for some other spacious building likely to suit their purpose. Their choice fell on the monster music-hall at the Royal Surrey Gardens, then lately erected for the concerts of M. Jullien. "With some trembling at the magnitude of the enterprise,"

on the part of the young pastor, "this hall was secured for Sabbath evenings."

The first service was held on the evening of October 19th, 1856, when probably 10,000 persons entered the building. All went well until the commencement of the prayer; but just at that quiet time, according to the entry in the church-book, "a disturbance was caused (as is supposed by some evil-disposed persons acting in concert), and the whole congregation were seized with a sudden panic. This caused a fearful rush to the doors, particularly from the galleries. Several persons, either in consequence of their heedless haste, or from the extreme pressure of the crowd behind, were thrown down on the stone steps of the north-west stair-case, and were trampled on by the crowd pressing upon them. The lamentable result was that seven persons lost their lives, and twenty-eight were removed to the hospitals seriously bruised and injured." Not knowing that the accident was so serious as it subsequently proved, Mr. Spurgeon remained in the pulpit, and used all his powers to restore quiet and confidence, without avail. When he learned the whole sad truth, the shock to his nervous system was such that he was utterly prostrated, and unable to preach for some time afterwards. "Until this catastrophe occurred, uninterrupted health had been enjoyed; this was the first break-down of the strong man, whose robust constitution had till now allowed of his preaching a dozen times a week in different parts of England. The pain endured was greatly increased by the inconsiderate, or even virulent, attacks and misrepresentations of the newspaper press. By one London daily paper, a type of many others, the distressed preacher was portrayed as "a ranting charlatan," who uttered "vile blasphemies," and hurled "damnation at the heads of his sinful hearers." It is well known that these calumnies have long since been lived down; but it is nevertheless a singular fact that the very journals which were Mr. Spurgeon's most violent enemies a quarter of a century ago, have since turned round to become his fastest friends, the defenders of his character, and the advocates of his institutions.

It was just about this time, when other papers were indulging in detraction, that some utterances of a very different quality appeared in *The Times* in reference to the ordinary doings at the Royal Surrey Gardens: "Fancy a congregation consisting of 10,000 souls streaming into the hall, mounting the galleries, humming, buzzing, and swarming,—a mighty hive of bees,—eager to secure at first the best places, and at last any place at

all. After waiting more than half an hour,—for if you wish to have a seat you must be there at least that space of time in advance,—Mr. Spurgeon ascended his tribune. To the hum and rush and trampling of men succeeded a low, concentrated thrill and murmur of devotion, which seemed to run at once, like an electric current, through the breast of every one present; and by this magnetic chain the preacher held us fast bound for about two hours." More in the same strain followed, and then the writer threw out a suggestion which has never been adopted, *e.g.*, "Here is a man not more Calvinistic than many an incumbent of the Established Church, who 'humbles and mumbles,' as old Latimer says, over his liturgy and text,—here is a man who says the complete immersion, or something of the kind, of adults is necessary to baptism. These are faults of his doctrine; but if I were the examining chaplain of the Archbishop of —, I would say, . . . 'May it please your Grace, here are two churches in the metropolis, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. What does your Grace think of inviting Mr. Spurgeon, this heretical Calvinist and Baptist, who is able to draw 10,000 souls after him, just to try his voice some Sunday morning in the nave of either of these churches?'"

About twelve months after the above was written, Mr. Spurgeon preached to nearly 24,000 people at the Crystal Palace. The occasion, October 7th, 1857, was the day set apart for national humiliation on account of the troubles in India, and a sum of £686 was collected for the National Fund. At different times services of exceptional interest were also undertaken on very memorable occasions on the Continent. Thus during the earlier months of 1860, we find Mr. Spurgeon preaching at the Eglise de l'Oratoire, and elsewhere at Paris; then in Calvin's pulpit in Geneva cathedral, and also in the church of the historian Merle d'Aubigne. About two years later he preached in nearly all the principal Dutch towns, when a lengthened interview occurred between the English pastor and the Queen of the Netherlands. In 1867, while the Metropolitan Tabernacle was in process of renovation, the largest congregations ever attracted together for consecutive Sundays under one roof, assembled to hear Mr. Spurgeon in the Agricultural Hall at Islington.

It does not appear, indeed, that there were wanting at any time authoritative voices to silence the voice of detraction. It is said that the late Dr. Binney one day came upon a party of theological students who were indulging in a vein of uncharitable criticism regarding the

popular preacher, and before proceeding, he invited their attention to this remark: "I myself have enjoyed some amount of popularity; I have always been able to draw together a congregation; but in the person of Mr. Spurgeon we see a young man, be he who he may and come whence he will, who at twenty four-hours' notice can command a congregation of 20,000 people. Now, I have never been able to do that, and I never knew of anyone else who could do it."

If we take into consideration the vast crowds he has uniformly attracted, the services conducted by Mr. Spurgeon have been remarkably free from mishaps of any kind, and also from the interruptions of crazy enthusiasts. At Halifax, on April 7th, 1858, a gallery, which had seated 2,000 people, gave way after the service, and two were injured. What would the panic and destruction of life have been if the accident had happened earlier! "Had such a thing occurred, and had I been the unhappy preacher on the occasion," said Mr. Spurgeon, "I feel certain that I should never have been able to occupy the pulpit again. Such was the effect of the first calamity that I marvel that I ever survived."

ERECTION OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE.

The Metropolitan Tabernaacle is one of the most conspicuous objects on the main southern road out of London; and it stands within a stone's throw of the *Elephant and Castle*, the sign of a tavern which sorely puzzled the Paris *quidnuncs* on the occasion of the visit of Napoleon III. to this country some years ago. Soon after Mr. Spurgeon's settlement in London, his friends saw that it would be imperatively necessary to provide a building whose accommodation would be something like proportionable to the multitudes drawn together; but not until the autumn of 1856 was a commencement made of the work of collecting funds. The freehold site was purchased of the Fishmongers' Company for £5,000; and the largest donation to the building fund reached that amount. Thoroughly determined to open the chapel free of debt, Mr. Spurgeon himself was the chief collector of the £31,332 expended, as he preached in all parts of England, taking half of every collection for the great enterprise in which the people were embarked. The memorial stone was laid by Sir S. M. Peto on the 16th of August, 1859; and the opening services, which lasted over a month, were commenced in March 1861. The building will seat 5,500 persons; there is standing-room for about 1,000 more; the lecture-room holds a

congregation of over 900; the Sunday-school room will accommodate more than 1,000 children; while there are six class-rooms, eleven vestries, kitchen, and numerous minor store-rooms below stairs, as well as on the second floor.

While the Tabernaacle was in course of erection, each Sunday morning service was conducted in the Surrey Music Hall; but in December 1859, this tenancy was given up in consequence of the Company announcing their determination to open the place for Sunday evening recreation. The Hall was soon afterwards burnt down, and the grounds have since been built upon. For nearly fifteen months, or until March 1st, 1861, the congregation again occupied Exeter Hall.

In the days under review, the newspapers of each Monday morning usually chronicled a catalogue of the aristocratic visitors who had attended Mr. Spurgeon's service on the Sunday preceding; and among these none were more illustrious than Dr. Livingstone, who once occupied a seat on the platform in the music-hall. Another visitor was Dr. Armitage of America, whose mission was to invite Mr. Spurgeon to undertake a lecturing tour in the United States for the purpose of collecting money for the building fund. This was the first of several similar endeavours, every one fruitless, although a thousand dollars in gold, besides expenses, have been offered to this world-famed preacher for each lecture he would promise to deliver on the other side of the Atlantic.

In the years which have succeeded, Mr. Spurgeon's life has been so bound up with his publications and institutions, that we shall best convey a clear idea of what has occurred by referring to these under separate heads. Even did space allow, it would be tedious to refer to all the calumnies circulated and misrepresentations of words and actions which have been made from time to time. A ridiculous rumour once gained currency at the antipodes that the pastor kept a public-house; and by friends nearer home he has been abused for smoking a cigar. A leading quarterly once declared that he was little other than "a regular pope;" and a journal of lighter calibre had the effrontery to describe the weekly sermons as being unworthy of the attention of persons of common sense, and the preacher's ailments as arising from excess. Friends have become familiar with things like these until they have ceased to be either surprised or annoyed at them. We might also refer to providential escapes from peril of which the present generation knows little. In 1855, while

in an overcrowded boat with a drunken sailor on the Clyde, he was within a little of being drowned. In 1878, when taking carriage exercise in the Highlands of Scotland, the harness broke just as the party were going rapidly down a steep with a precipice at the bottom; and through the horses bolting at a runaway speed, there seemed to be a clear prospect of the tourists being knocked to pieces. At the bottom, however, the horses turned and stopped, and thus all were saved.

THE PREACHER; THE PUBLISHED SERMONS.

"Before I had ever entered a pulpit," Mr. Spurgeon once remarked, "the thought had occurred to me that I should one day preach sermons which would be printed. While reading the penny sermons of Joseph Irons, which were great favourites with me, I conceived in my heart that one day I should have a penny pulpit of my own." Mr. Spurgeon has not only a penny pulpit of his own, but the weekly issue has gone on uninterruptedly for nearly twenty-seven years, or rather five discourses have been published every month, making the total, at the end of 1881, no less than 1,634 numbers. The preacher's position is in this respect quite unique; all other attempts on the part of eminent divines to publish their utterances periodically having proved failures in a short time.

It is of course one of the most surprising religious phenomena of this century, when the printed sermons of one man are found retaining their place in public favour for so long a period; but the farther we look into the particulars of their circulations in various countries and languages, the greater reason shall we find for astonishment. Though the ordinary weekly sale in London ranges from twenty to thirty thousand, there are individual sermons, such as that on Baptismal Regeneration, of which over a quarter of a million have been sold. Besides this diffusion in England, a still larger edition appears to find readers in America, where the newspapers also, in numerous instances, insert the discourse regularly, unabridged; and the example of journalists in the United States is followed by editors in our Colonies. The circulation is thus world-wide, and cannot, with any approximation to correctness, be estimated. Then we have to take account of the numerous translations which have already been made. The Dutch have from the first shown a strong partiality for the discourses both in their native country and at their Cape of Good Hope settlements. In German there are several collections; but how many not one person

knows, although Mr. Spurgeon remarks that he has "picked up in divers places sermons bearing date from Baden, Basel, Carlsruhe, Ludwigsburg, and so on." The French, Italian, and Welsh languages have altogether several volumes; while in Sweden a collection in four volumes has found great favour; "and the translator informed me," says the preacher, "of the conversion of some of noble and even royal birth through their perusal." Hungary has also to be included in the category. In addition to all these, single sermons have been issued in a large number of other tongues spoken in Europe, Asia, or at the antipodes. Works by Mr. Spurgeon in Arabic and many other languages are published in London by the Religious Tract Society alone; and probably the best informed person on this subject could not tell us of every translation, the number of which is continually being augmented.

Until the end of the year 1861, the sermons were issued in a small-sized type; but in the following year, the repeal of the last of the taxes on knowledge allowed of a larger sheet, with improved type, being given to the purchaser. It was also at this date that the publication, which had hitherto been associated with New Park-street, altered its title to *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*. In regard to his editorial labours, Mr. Spurgeon tells that although, in consequence of his constant wanderings abroad, the earlier volumes received only little revision, the later ones "are more carefully corrected, and the work of revision has been a very useful exercise, supplying in great measure that training in correct language which is obtained by those who write their productions before they deliver them." He goes on to intimate that the labour, so much heavier than persons might suppose, "has usually occupied the greater part of every Monday, involving the burning of no inconsiderable portion of midnight oil."

In connection with this long continued weekly issue more remarkable things have occurred than can ever be told, because some of them are forgotten; but persons whose curiosity tends in this direction may consult the monthly notes in recent volumes of *The Sword and the Trowel*. We hear of one gentleman who paid for their insertion as ordinary advertisements in Colonial newspapers; another, who was a Quaker merchant, sold them at his office in London; and a third, who gave away a quarter of a million copies, sent volumes to every royal palace in Europe, to all the students in our home universities, to every member of both Houses of Parlia-

ment, and to a large number of householders. Hence, in ordinary and extraordinary ways, the diffusion has been extended; and while the majority of readers have been edified, a minority of critics have dealt in bitter deprecation and innuendo. In the preface to his first volume the preacher gave out that he was "invulnerable either to criticism or abuse;" and he has ever since abided by that excellent rule.

THEOLOGICAL AND LITERARY WORKS.

Besides being a preacher and a theologian, Mr. Spurgeon is a practised *litterateur*. He had not been resident in London very long before he began to use the pen, the still well known work, "The Saint and His Saviour," being the first of his books apart from separate sermons. Inexperienced in the ways of London, and unacquainted with the details of publishing enterprise, the young author of this very successful work actually parted with the copyright for fifty pounds; nor was that trifling honorarium ever supplemented by the purchaser. This book has exercised a wide influence, and large numbers who have been stimulated or raised from the depths, have learned to value its wise counsels and fervent appeals. The copyright was lately purchased by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, who have issued a new and attractive edition.

Though the above at once became a popular work, it has since been excelled in popularity by the shilling *brochures*, "John Ploughman's Talk," and "John Ploughman's Pictures," of which 400,000 copies have been sold. In both of these the author deals out every-day philosophy for the people in that racy, pointed style of which he is a master, and the *Pictures* more especially advocate the cause of the temperance reformation. The next in point of popularity are "Morning by Morning" and "Evening by Evening," the sale of which together amounts to 145,000 volumes. Then come four volumes of a uniform series, "Lectures to My Students," "Commenting and Commentaries," and "Speeches at Home and Abroad," collected by G. H. Pike. The last named contains many of Mr. Spurgeon's happiest platform efforts; but theological students and preachers will find in the book on *Commentaries* some of the most valuable advice which it was in the power of the writer to give. This counsel is also given in that lively manner which admits of being relieved by anecdotes and pleasantry. Thus in comparing two eminent writers, who represent different schools of theology, the lecturer says: "I have placed next to Gill in my library *Adam*

Clarke; but as I have no desire to have my rest broken by wars among the authors, I have placed Doddridge between them. If the spirits of the two worthies could descend to the earth in the same mood in which they departed, no one house would be able to hold them." Further on, we are glad to find Dr. A. Clarke characterised as "a prince among commentators," and one who "frequently by a sort of sidelight brings out the meaning of the text in an astonishing novel manner."

But the principal effort which has engaged Mr. Spurgeon's pen for more than sixteen years is "The Treasury of David," of which five large 8vo volumes have been published. From early life the author has shown the strongest affection for the Psalms; and accordingly the reader finds in this commentary some of his best and most finished work. The plan adopted is to give an exposition, and at the end of that a rich array of quotations collected from the whole range of literature; so extensive, indeed, is the field from which the gleanings have been made, that one or more amanuenses are employed for this special department. Of this standard work about 80,000 volumes have been sold.

Mr. Spurgeon has issued a number of other works. Chief among them are "Types and Emblems," and "Trumpet calls to Christian Energy," both being specimens of the week-night discourses given at the Tabernacle; "Feathers for Arrows," a book of illustrations for preachers and teachers; and the Shilling Series of popular little books for the people. Of the last, seven volumes have been published. Nor should we omit from the list *The Sword and the Trowel*, the threepenny monthly magazine which Mr. Spurgeon has edited since 1865. This serial has obtained a high position, and the early volumes, now out of print, realize a high price. Mr. Spurgeon's publishers are Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, the former having belonged to New Park-street Chapel in the memorable year 1854.

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

All of Mr. Spurgeon's friends are aware that the institution which he regards with choicest favour is the Pastors' College, a school for theological training, founded in 1856. "When it was commenced," says the founder, "I had not even a remote idea of whereunto it would grow. There were springing up around me, as my own spiritual children, many earnest young men who felt an irresistible impulse to preach the Gospel, and yet with half an eye it could be seen that their want of education would be a sad hin-

drance to them." The college was really inaugurated by the pastor and Mr. W. Olney, while the two were riding in a cab together; and they contributed the first twenty guineas to the funds.

During the first years, however, as the number of students increased, the necessary funds were gathered with some difficulty. Mr. Spurgeon himself subscribed from £600 to £800 annually; but at length, with diminished receipts from America, in consequence of the sermons containing denunciations of slavery, the exchequer declined until a weekly offering was suggested as a source of supply. This increased to £1,869 in 1869; and the people have since made the annual number of pounds collected correspond with the years of the Christian era. Then every year, during the Conference week in April, friends are invited to a supper, at which, on the average, a sum of £2,000 is subscribed. The offering and the supper are thus the two chief sources of supply; and the yearly expenditure is at least £6,000. The Vice-President is the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, who since 1864 has also served as the efficient Co-pastor at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and by so doing has relieved his brother of that pressure which is too heavy for one man to bear alone. The college owes much of its success to the earnest labours of the first tutor, the Rev. G. Rogers, in whose house the students were originally housed, and who, after twenty-three years of service, has lately retired.

The number of students in course of training is usually about 100; and about 500 have gone forth into the world as preachers of the Gospel. Of these 355 are in the British Isles; the remainder are scattered over the wide world. Some are serving as missionaries in India, and some other mission fields; and many are found in Canada and at the antipodes. In addition to other things the college is thus a missionary agency; and at home three very successful evangelists are regularly employed in itinerating over the country.

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

The founder of this institution was the late Mrs. Hillyard, a clergyman's widow, who in the autumn of 1866 pressed upon Mr. Spurgeon's acceptance nearly the whole of her fortune, or £20,000, for the purpose of establishing a home for fatherless boys. Though this sum was insufficient to carry out the work, supplemental contributions were received, the estate in the Clapham-road was purchased and put in trust, and the memorial stones of several houses were

laid in the summer of 1867. These are named after the persons who supplied funds for their erection. The cost of the Boys' Orphanage, including the land, amounted altogether to about £12,000; and the endowment is at present valued at over £30,000. No debt was ever contracted; and the money was collected by persons representative of various Christian sects. The management is entirely catholic; for out of 646 children received, 230 were of Church of England parentage; the remainder belonged to Nonconformist denominations.

At the time of writing, an orphanage for girls is in course of erection, on a site contiguous to that of the boys; and when completed the whole will form a square with accommodation for 500 orphans. The cost of maintenance will in future not be less than £10,000 a year.

THE COLPORTAGE SOCIETY; THE BOOK FUND.

The first of these agencies was commenced in 1866; but for some time the progress made was inconsiderable; and Mr. Spurgeon says that "had it not been for the persevering entreaties of the principal promoter of this work, we should have allowed it to die out." The affairs of the colporteurs took a favourable turn, however, and one district after another has been occupied until at present nearly eighty men are in the field. From the last report we learn that books and periodicals of the value of £7,577 had been sold during the year by the men, who also got through a vast amount of other work in the way of diffusing religious knowledge among the industrial population.

The Book Fund, for supplying needy ministers with theological literature, has been entirely conducted by Mrs. Spurgeon for about six years. Like some kindred institutions, this agency sprung up as it were spontaneously, without any planning or forethought on the part of its present friends. When "Lectures to my Students" first appeared, Mrs. Spurgeon happened to express the wish that every preacher could possess a copy, and forthwith funds were supplied for giving away a number of volumes. When a beginning was made, a desire had been kindled to extend the boon to a wider circle, and to include other books in the distribution. Though an invalid, and at times a great sufferer, Mrs. Spurgeon has from the first conducted this delicate business with that rare tact and devotion by which women sometimes prove themselves superior to men. The annual reports are from a literary point of view skilfully written; but more valuable is the warm-hearted sympathy pervading

their pages. Nor is the constituency to which Mrs. Spurgeon has volunteered to minister a small one; for during the last year between seven and eight thousand volumes have been distributed among over 1,000 recipients of several denominations, 130 having been clergymen of the Established Church.

THE SILVER WEDDING TESTIMONIAL;
CONCLUSION.

In the above review of Mr. Spurgeon's life and labours no reference has been made either to the frequent ailments by which those labours have been interrupted, nor to the Silver Wedding Testimonial of £6,233 presented in 1879. That testimonial was given to Mr. Spurgeon unconditionally to do with as he thought proper; and while the whole was devoted to charitable purposes, about £5,000 of the amount will remain invested for ever as an endowment on the Almshouses associated with the Tabernacle.

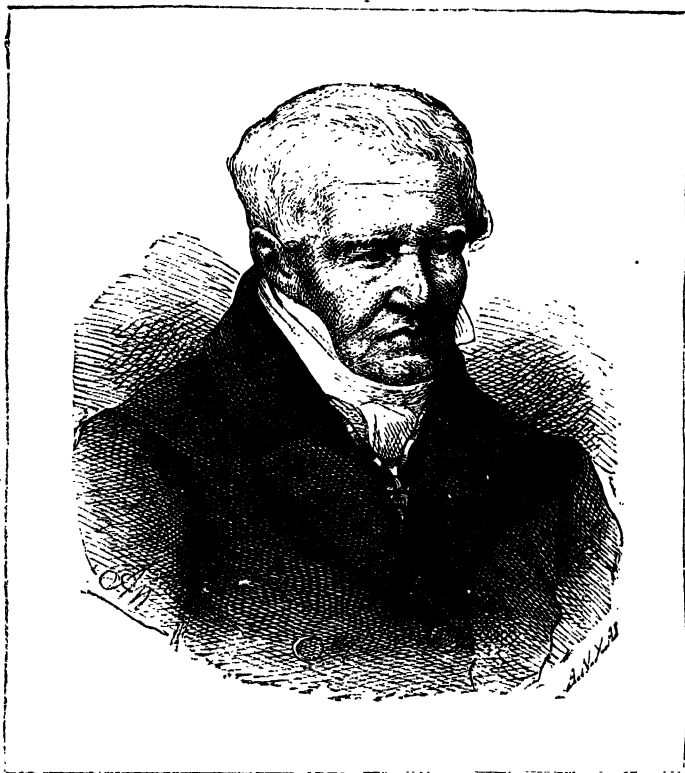
When the presentation was made in May 1879, Mr. Spurgeon gave several lengthy addresses, in the course of which he reviewed his work and made several personal allusions. Referring to the fact that he had been laid aside almost every year, he frankly confessed that "flesh and blood cannot bear the strain, at least such flesh and blood as mine." "I believe," he added, "that affliction was necessary to me, and has answered salutary ends." Then in connection with the proverb, "There is life in the old dog yet," he said, "I may by degrees mend and improve, and get over my physical trouble, and perhaps be more hale and hearty in days to come than I have been for years. Who knows? may God grant me this high favour!"

Though rheumatism may be hereditary, there has of course been a near connection between Mr. Spurgeon's frequent sufferings and the excessive mental wear and tear to which he has been subjected. In point of fact, the popular notions regarding such a man are more likely to be erroneous than founded in reason or truth. Thus people believe that he is not only rich, but able to obtain fabulous sums by merely asking, for any new project that may be started. It would be nearer truth to say, that Mr. Spurgeon is really a man whom many prosperous city merchants would call poor; for the balance in hand at the bank has often been small indeed when the heavy demands on available resources are taken into account. Then preaching as he has preached is assuredly not easy work. "For years," he says, "I never entered this pulpit without such a fit of trembling and distress of

mind that sickness of the most violent kind came upon me . . . Often have I felt that I would sooner be flogged than face the crowd again." At the same time he confesses that he could not live without the preaching which has been the chief delight of life; and every week, as need arises, "the fitting words have been given." The object aimed at by the preacher is represented by neither wealth nor fame; he is able to confess with truth, "I have no riches;" while his unparalleled success is ascribed to a Higher Power, and under God to the worthy band of helpers who have risen up around him. No one can doubt that Mr. Spurgeon's career has been altogether unselfish; there has been much of self-denial, but no self-seeking. Many self-confident critics have from time to time made ingenious attempts to account for an unexampled popularity; but observers nearer home—those who have been acquainted with the man in his life and work—have ever been acquainted with its springs.

Though Mr. Spurgeon has made his mark on the age, the time has not come for estimating, in its full extent, his life influence. Under fifty years of age, he is now at the zenith of his usefulness, and is hoping to outgrow those infirmities which have too often checked a constitutional enthusiasm. Mr. Spurgeon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle is a great power, and in himself is quite an institution of modern London; but we shall only correctly estimate his influence by keeping in view those agencies, evangelistic and civilizing, which have been set in motion. Every member of the church, now numbering between five and six thousand, is supposed to undertake some kind of work among the surrounding people. The weekly sermon published in London is supposed to reach 100,000 readers in Great Britain, and many times that number in other quarters of the globe. From the Pastors' College 500 preachers have gone forth. Some of these occupy very important spheres; they have founded more than 100 new churches, and about a third of a million sterling has been expended in chapel building. Then the colporteurs are scattering nearly £700 worth of pure literature every month among the classes who otherwise would purchase mental aliment of a very different kind. Finally, a number of minor institutions too numerous to mention are working for similar ends. The spectacle as a whole is quite unique: nothing so striking has occurred since the Reformation; and in the preacher and his work we seem to have a prophetic warning of the conquests which Christianity is yet destined to achieve in the world.

G. H. P.



ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

"Dring, und durchdringe die Natur,—
Wer sie durchdringt beherrscht sie nur."
(Search, penetrate through Nature's land,—
Who searcheth only doth command.)

MATTHIAS CLADIUS.

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IMMATURE AND MATURE GENIUS; A COMPLETE CAREER.

AMONG the men who have endowed the world with something that, to use the expressive words of Milton, "it would not will-

ingly let die," two classes may be considered as occupying the opposite points, at the beginning and the end, as it were, of the list of Worthies. In the first class may be placed those who, making their way out of the surrounding crowd by sheer

force of intellect, gave unequivocal evidence of the power that was in them, and were then cut off before the promise had ripened into fruition. To this order belong such geniuses as Chatterton, "the wondrous boy who perished in his pride," self-slaughtered, after enduring, till they could be borne no longer, the pangs of hope deferred, and neglect and hunger, till doubt darkened into despondency, and the torn-up manuscripts and the phial of poison remained to show how despondency had blackened into despair; poor mild, gentle Kirke White, in his very eagerness to improve the gifts that were in him, and from feverish anxiety to vindicate the good opinion of those who had put him forward, studying himself into a decline; André Chénier, the graceful and genial French poet, perishing by the guillotine on the 25th of July, 1794, only two days before that fatal ninth of Thermidor which witnessed the fall of the tyrant Robespierre and his faction, and would have opened the prison-door to the poet as it did to thousands of other captives. "C'est dommage, il y avait encore quelque chose là," said Chénier sententiously, touching his forehead, as he climbed into the tumbril for the last short grim journey; the Fates were against him. He had not time to tell the world half he had to say before the grim sergeant, Death, here personated by Citizen Sanson, arrested him and bore him off to the shades, and thus was he relegated to the ranks of those whose names remain to show what might have been. The opposite class consists of those whose lives are marked by completeness; whose work, begun early, is carried through to a perfect and satisfactory end. To few is it given to labour on successfully and happily from the morning to the late evening of their day; to feel such pleasure in their toil that they continue it with hardly an effort, never feeling the longing to crown a life of labour with an age of ease; men who in their lives win some of that loving appreciation which is in general awarded only to those who have passed beyond the consciousness of earthly praise or blame. Such a man, indefatigable, earnest, and happy in thoroughly fulfilling his vocation as one of the leading scientific investigators of the present century, was the great philosopher whose life and work we here endeavour briefly to sketch.

A GREAT AND LENGTHENED USEFULNESS.

Living to the almost patriarchal age of ninety years, at work almost till the last, publishing his latest great literary effort at an interval of more than sixty years after his earliest work, the friend of kings and princes, and yet proud and glad

to popularize science; by public lectures to his countrymen; marvellously gifted and deeply learned, yet a student to the end of his days,—this great investigator has left behind him a name equally revered and beloved among his own nation and honoured throughout the world. It is hardly possible to estimate too highly the services he rendered to science; and a detailed account of his life and labours alone could put forward in their true proportions and importance the result of seventy years of work. Suffice it to say, at the outset, that he was the first to teach, by his own unwearied investigations, the unity of the great operations of the natural world, the relation each of the elements bears to the whole; to arrange in marvellous order and method before the eye of his reader, in logical sequence and proportion, the various truths before presented in mere aimless confusion; separating ascertained fact from hypothesis, showing the operation of great natural laws in phenomena that appeared dependent on chance; uniting the scattered and isolated natural objects into groups, and investing with new interest the wondrous works of creation.

The duration of the distinguished natural philosopher's career is as remarkable as the astonishing diversity of his acquirements. Between the publication of his first scientific treatise and the completion of the great work, the "Cosmos," which he looked upon as the crowning achievement of his life, more than sixty years elapsed; the first-mentioned work being published in 1790, the latter in 1854,—and the whole interval between these two dates that thus mark the beginning and the end of Humboldt's literary activity was filled with work in various departments, one of which would have been considered amply sufficient to employ all the energies of even an active and untiring man. Every division of natural philosophy was enriched by new facts, theories, and conclusions drawn out by the genius of this extraordinary man, who may be looked upon as the ver: "admirable Crichton" of science. At one time he is found writing, with a marvellous fund of well-ordered information, on the distribution of plant-life over the globe; at another he discourses learnedly and originally on the structure and action of volcanoes;—electric science, the laws and conditions of climate in various parts of the earth, the geological structure of continents, the wonders of insect life,—all came within the comprehensive scope of his investigations. And eminent as he was, and vast as were the stores of his knowledge, he was entirely free from all

taint of self-consciousness or intellectual pride. Ever ready to give all credit and honour to his fellow-workers in the field of science, he seems, in his works, to rejoice with the cordial heartiness of a friend at every success achieved by one of them, criticising their work in the kindest spirit, ready to approve, slow to reprehend. With himself, on the contrary, he is severe, speaking as if under correction even where he chronicles the result of long and patient research. Of him it may be said, as of Chaucer's grave clerk of Oxford, "Of study toke he moste care and hede; and gladly would he learne, and gladly teche."

EARLY YEARS; A FORTUNATE CHILDHOOD.

The year of the birth of Alexander von Humboldt was remarkable as giving to the world various men who in widely different spheres became famous. It was 1769, the year in which Wellington, Napoleon, and Cuvier were born. The Humboldts were an old Pomeranian family, with a strong military dash in their blood. The grandfather of Alexander was a captain in that well-drilled army of Frederick William I. of Prussia, whose giant guard regiment excited the astonishment of Europe; and the philosopher's father, Alexander George von Humboldt, occupied the distinguished post of adjutant to Ferdinand of Brunswick, the hero of Minden, and of many another hard-fought field, during the great Seven Years' War. The little Alexander, with his elder brother, Wilhelm von Humboldt, afterwards distinguished for his classical and historical attainments, had the advantage of an excellent education. The boys' first tutor was that Joachim Heinrich Campe who afterwards became celebrated throughout Germany as one of the first men who regarded education as a science, and based instruction on an appeal to the reasoning powers, and not merely the memory. Campe especially strove to interest his little pupils in the wonders of foreign lands, and the marvels of animated nature; and thus from an early age was kindled in the mind of the young Alexander that thirst for knowledge and desire of discovering scientific truths, that led him at a later period to undertake journeys and voyages into distant climes, under circumstances of exceptional peril and difficulty.

The boys appear to have spent a happy childhood at their father's old country home at Tegel, not far from Berlin, where Major von Humboldt, now in retirement after the close of the great war, was honoured annually by a visit from the Prince of Prussia, afterwards king under the

title of Frederick William II. It is remarkable, and may perhaps be a comforting reflection to anxious parents and teachers who are apt to be discouraged by an absence of quickness of apprehension in boys, that Alexander von Humboldt was acknowledged to be slow at learning; so that even his mother and his tutor, who after the death of the Major watched carefully over the boys' progress, were fain to acknowledge that Alexander was dull of comprehension, and would probably not make a scholar.

As in a thousand similar instances, the reflective, quiet cast of the boy's mind, deliberate in grasping ideas, but tenacious in retaining, and indefatigable in comparing them, was misunderstood, while the readiness and facility of comprehension in the elder brother William were perhaps over-valued.

A REMINISCENCE OF A GREAT KING; UNIVERSITY DAYS.

One notable reminiscence of the two brothers, who were then, as they remained to the end, fondly attached to each other, was a grand review of the troops at Spandau by the grand old hero, Frederick the Great, at which they were present, on the 19th of May, 1783. The "snuffy old lion," as Carlyle calls him, though long past the Psalmist's threescore and ten, had still as sharp an eye, and as ready an interest in things military, as in the days of his strength: and only the year before his death he remained for many hours on horseback, on a field day, in a pelting rain that wetted him to the skin, and sent the broad brim of his cocked hat slouching over his brave old face. It was the exceptional fate of Alexander von Humboldt that his life was prolonged till the reign of the fourth successor of the great Frederick.

Never surely were two fortunate youths more favoured in the preparation for the active duties of life than were the two brothers. Early association with some of the best teachers in Germany awakened and stimulated their interest for learning. A residence at the University of Frankfurt on the Oder, then rising fast in reputation, afforded each of them an opportunity of following his peculiar bent of study; William inclining to classical literature and Alexander to science. After two years Alexander removed to Göttingen, then considered as the most distinguished of the German seats of learning. The acquaintance of the celebrated naturalist Blumenbach, and still more that of George Forster, who had accompanied Captain Cook on his second voyage round the world in the capacity of botanist, and was never weary

of relating the marvels of the tropical world, increased in the young student the longing for scientific exploration and adventure that had been long before awakened by the teaching of Campe, now a high dignitary in Brunswick, but still preserving his friendship for his former pupils. At the end of their University career the two brothers parted for a time. William, who was about to enter on a diplomatic career, went off, in 1789, to Paris with Campe, who desired, as he expressed it, to witness the obsequies of French despotism; for the Revolution had begun, the Bastille was down, and Mirabeau was thundering in the hall of assembly on the sovereignty of the people. Alexander, for whom natural science had far greater charms than politics, started soon after, with Forster, on his first scientific journey to the Rhine, Holland, and England; and then it was that his first investigations were embodied in a modest work entitled: "Mineralogical Considerations on Some Basalts on the Rhine."

GEOLOGICAL STUDIES AND USEFULNESS.

Geology had now begun to engage attention. Gottlieb Werner, of Freiburg, the Government inspector of mines, the "father of modern geology," had just started the Neptunian theory, wherein, forming his conclusions from observations confined to the restricted area of the mountain systems of Saxony, he ascribed an aqueous origin to rocks of all kinds; soon to be confuted by Hutton, of Glasgow, who, rightly judging that the Grampians presented indications of the action of fire rather than water, started the opposing Plutonic theory, soon in its turn to be supplanted by the completer system of "Stratum Smith," of Cheltenham, who assigned to each of the actions a certain share in the arrangement of the earth's crust. Humboldt, at first a follower of Werner and his theory, found reason in the course of time considerably to modify his views on this as on many other questions of natural science.

For a time Humboldt was a diligent student in the Academy of Mines at Freiburg, under the direction of Werner. Soon afterwards, in 1792, he received important Government employment; a proof that his geological acquirements had already attracted public attention. He was appointed in the first instance assessor in the Department of Mines at Berlin, and afterwards chief director in the Franconian mines in Bayreuth, that he, lately been added to the Prussian dominions. At this time his associates were the naturalist Leopold von Buch, and a distinguished

French botanist, Aimé Bonpland, a kindred spirit in enthusiasm and scientific zeal. The acquaintance with Bonpland quickly ripened into friendship, and had in the end most important results, in the discovery of new and valuable facts in scientific knowledge, by the united investigations of the congenial associates.

DETERMINATION TO TRAVEL; HUMBOLDT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS WISHES.

The position of the young Government official was in many respects an enviable one. Raised, at the outset of his career, to high and responsible office, with duties peculiarly congenial, ample leisure to pursue the studies dear to him, and such plentiful private means as secured him from all anxiety for the future, it would seem natural that he should settle down contentedly to his work. But it was not so. He felt within himself the capacity for greater things, and longed to be "up and doing;" to achieve the bloodless and beneficent triumphs of science in a wider field than the limits of his present sphere of action would permit. He himself has left on record, in plain, forcible words, the aspirations and hopes that rendered him dissatisfied with things as they were. "From my earliest youth," he says, "I had felt an ardent desire to travel in distant regions seldom traversed by Europeans. This desire is characteristic of a period in our life, when such a prospect opens a boundless horizon before us, and nothing has a greater attraction for us than strong emotions of the soul, and the picture of physical dangers. Brought up in a country which maintains no direct communication with the two Indies, and afterwards a dweller among mountains that are far from the coast, and celebrated for the extensive mining operations carried on there, I felt an increasing passion for the sea and for long voyages developed within me. Those things with which we are acquainted through the lively representations of travellers have an especial charm for us; our power of imagination is attracted towards all that is indefinite and unlimited; the enjoyments that are denied to us appear more considerable than those within our reach during the daily course of a sedentary life." And thus, though this "sedentary life" of official duty was sweetened by all that fortune could give, with congenial occupation, and the society of such distinguished friends as Goethe and Schiller themselves, Humboldt resolutely determined to give up his appointment, to turn his back on the agreeable society-life of Germany, and to go forth

as a pioneer of science into regions untrodden and unknown.

The death of his mother, and the consequent division of the two family estates between himself and his brother, facilitated the long-cherished project of a great voyage to the equatorial regions of America. Humboldt sold his estate of Ringenwalt, to devote the purchase-money to his travels. After various delays, caused by the unsettled state of Southern Europe, —for it was the time of Bonaparte's Italian and Egyptian campaigns,—he started with his friend Bonpland on what proved a most important and remarkable voyage; rich in results to science, richer and more important still in its suggestiveness and the indications it gave to future travellers.

THE GREAT JOURNEY OF EXPLORATION BEGUN; ASSISTANCE FROM SPAIN.

The starting-point was Corunna, in Spain; the date the 6th of June, 1799. Alexander von Humboldt had received from the King of Spain a most important concession, in the form of a royal permit to visit every part of the dominions of Spain in the New World. "Never had so extensive a permission been granted to any traveller," says Humboldt, "and never had any voyager been honoured with greater confidence on the part of the Spanish Government. To dissipate every doubt which the viceroys or captains-general representing the royal authority in America might entertain with respect to the nature of my labours, the passport of the Chief Secretary of State set forth that I was at liberty to make use of my scientific instruments, that I might make astronomical observations through the whole of the Spanish dominions, measure the height of mountains, examine the products of the soil, and execute all operations I might judge useful for the progress of the sciences." And indeed, this solemn permission in passport-form was not by any means superfluous; for the colonial Spaniards of those days looked with considerable jealousy upon visitors from Europe, to whose researches they obstinately insisted on attaching political rather than scientific motives. "Ye are spies; to view the nakedness of the land ye are come," was the welcome with which they were most likely to receive strangers. Captain Cook's desire to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, some years before, had been described by a Spanish governor as an unaccountable whim of the English commander "to see the north star go through the South Pole." Even in the case of Humboldt and Bonpland,

though their credentials secured them welcome and assistance everywhere, many of the officials and dignitaries, lay and clerical, with whom they came in contact, were utterly at a loss to imagine what object these two men could have in taking so much trouble, and enduring so much danger and difficulty. One old prior of a South American mission-station especially "smiled superior" at the zeal of the investigators, as he stared with good-humoured contempt at their collection of dried plants, their voluminous sheets of notes, and their scientific apparatus; finally declaring that he knew nothing of the use of all those toys, and that, as to the pleasures of science, to his mind the greatest of earthly pleasures, not excepting sleep itself, consisted in the enjoyment of a good succulent piece of roast beef.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ATLANTIC.

It had been the travellers' intention to attach themselves to a scientific expedition that was to have sailed from Marseilles under Admiral Baudin; but France had now other matters more urgent than exploration in hand, and war thrust aside science. Therefore the friends were glad to take the liberal offer of the Spanish King; who thus deserved the credit of having assisted the great scientific discoverer, Humboldt, as his remote ancestor had furthered the aims of the great geographical discoverer, Columbus. From the day when the *Pizarro* ran out of the harbour of Corunna, Humboldt was indefatigable in investigating, comparing, and experimenting on the various phenomena of nature. Among his first observations, afterwards embodied in his "Personal Narrative," were very valuable remarks on ocean currents, especially on the Atlantic Gulf Stream. He points out how tropical plants, and waifs and fragments of ships and cargoes from the Antilles and the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, are carried across to North-western Europe by this great "river in the sea;" how the wreck of the *Tilbury*, an English ship, drifted across from Jamaica to the coast of Scotland; how even canoes with American savages in them have come across the Atlantic to the Azores and the Canary Islands. "This last example," he says, "is the more worthy of attention, as it proves at the same time how, at a period when the art of navigation was yet in its infancy, the motions of the waters of the ocean would contribute to disseminate the different races of men over the face of the globe."

The striving of Humboldt, in all his investigations, was to bring together instances of various

kinds, collected over a vast area, to prove the existence of great general laws. Later scientific observers have followed in the track first indicated by the great Prussian philosopher, whose work is equally valuable for what it achieves and what it suggests. The subject of oceanic and atmospheric currents, as popularly elucidated in the late Commodore Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," is based, so far as its propositions and reasoning are concerned, on the work of Humboldt, especially in the parts relating to currents and counter-currents, and the recognition of difference of density caused by change of temperature as the cause of motion of large bodies of air and water.

**TENERIFFE AND ITS WONDERS; THE PEAK;
THE DRAGON-TREE OF OROTAVA.**

Fortune favoured the travellers. England and Spain were at that time at war; but no British cruiser fell in with the good ship *Pizarro*; and Teneriffe, and afterwards Cumana, on the American coast, were reached in safety. The aspect of the famous island drew from the geological knowledge of Humboldt some interesting remarks on the difference in the appearance of organic and inorganic nature, of the earth itself, and of the plants and animals with which it is covered in different parts of the world. Animal and vegetable types, he observes, are distributed in bands or zones across the earth's surface; the palm trees and arborescent ferns and grasses being characteristic of inter-tropical, as the acicular-leaved trees, the pine and fir tribe, are of the colder regions; but the inorganic crust of the earth has the same features everywhere. The different masses of rock, granitic, basaltic, cretaceous, and the rest, appear under the same aspect in all latitudes; and the mariner approaching an unknown coast frequently recognises in its structure the familiar appearance of the rock systems he has been accustomed to see in his native land.

The ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe drew the attention of Humboldt and his companion to a great point, which continued to be one of the chief subjects of the investigations of Humboldt during many years, and which he treated with wonderful clearness and force in a treatise on the structure and action of volcanoes in various parts of the world. The more he travelled, the more his opportunities were multiplied of comparing the dimensions and general features of what are popularly known as "burning mountains," the more was he impressed with the imperfect nature of the information till then

obtained on the subject of volcanic action, and with the fallacy of the method adopted by the scientific men of his time, who almost invariably generalized on incomplete data, and drew conclusions from too narrow premises. Vesuvius and Etna, he said, had generally been accepted as representing the sole existent form of volcanoes,—conical mountains with large craters; whereas the mountains that may justly be included in the category are as varied in form and appearance as the manifestations of volcanic action itself. He draws attention to the stupendous extent of volcanic action in an earlier period of our planet's existence, the tremendous outbreaks that heaved up the huge Andes range from beneath the surface of the earth; and aptly illustrates the fallacious conception that identifies volcanic action with low conical mountains alone, by the classical tale of the Italian peasant of ancient times, who fancied he saw in his little village the outlines and dimensions of imperial Rome. A few restricted phenomena can never be a safe basis for general conclusions. "To raise ourselves to geological conceptions worthy of the greatness of nature," he says, "we must set aside the idea that all volcanoes are formed after the models of Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna." He also points out that the peak once an active volcano, and now in the condition of a solfatara, or one with a burnt-out crater, may some day burst forth again in eruption, as Vesuvius did on the occasion of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum, A.D. 79, after remaining during a long period quiescent.

Humboldt and Bonpland took advantage of their short stay at Teneriffe to visit and measure one of the most remarkable trees of the world, the famous dragon-tree of Orotava. Judging by the small increase in the size of this tree in the course of centuries, and comparing its dimensions with those of the young dragon-trees that surround it, Humboldt assigns to it a vast age. It is just mentioned by the voyagers, the Bethencourts, who visited Teneriffe in 1402, and appears to have been worshipped as a sacred tree by the Guanches, the original inhabitants of the island, as the ash-tree of Ephesus was by the Greeks, the sacred banyan-tree in Ceylon, or the Lydian plane-tree which Xerxes decked with trophies. This visit to the dragon-tree of Orotava was afterwards the occasion of an interesting series of observations on the age of trees. Humboldt says that Decandolle, the naturalist, judging by the rings formed in successive years under the bark of the trunk

assigns to the celebrated yew-tree in the village of Braborne in Kent an age of three thousand years, and to the Scotch yew of Portugal twenty-five or twenty-six centuries; while the celebrated rose-tree, in the ruins of the crypt of the cathedral of Hildesheim in Germany, has an ascertained age of a thousand years. The cathedral was founded by Louis the Pious, the son and successor of Charlemagne; Louis died in 840; and that this rose-tree was planted at the foundation of the cathedral is attested by a document of the eleventh century, which records how on the rebuilding of the cathedral the rose-tree of good King Louis was preserved, and its branches spread out over the walls of the crypt. At Ripon in Kent and Crowhurst in Surrey are also trees of an estimated age of from twelve to fourteen centuries.

PASSAGE TO CUMANA; VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

On the voyage from Teneriffe to Cumana, the travellers were impressed by the first sight of the Southern Cross, rising from the bosom of the waters; and remembered how the navigators of the fifteenth century, sailing forth into unknown seas, and losing sight of the familiar constellations that had shone down upon them like the eyes of friends, were comforted when this new group arose, exhibiting the form of the sacred symbol of Christianity to cheer and encourage them on their way. . . . They passed near the great fucus banks, where the sea is covered with enormous lengths of seaweed. In one case, that of the *fucus gigantes* of Forster, the stem of the weed attains a length of 800 feet. Fever broke out on board the *Pizarro* before Cumana was reached; the reasons of the visitation are acutely summed up by Humboldt as overcrowding, dirt, and want of ventilation. One poor fellow died on board; another, after being bled to a state of utter exhaustion by the surgeon on board—who must have been a descendant of Dr. Sangrado, and seems to have thought the one efficacious treatment to consist in getting rid of as much vitiated blood as possible—was brought out of the fetid hole, where he had been lying with his face within ten inches of the deck, that the last sacraments of his Church might be administered. So soon as the poor wretch felt the purer air he began to mend; whereupon the medical gentleman triumphantly pointed to the efficacy of his system of bleeding, which had evidently saved the man's life.

Only eighteen months before, Cumana, the travellers' destination, had been more than half

destroyed by an earthquake. The attention Humboldt was at once drawn to a subject to which he devoted much study during a series of years, the varying frequency and violence of earthquakes in different parts of the world, and in some instances in places situated under the same latitude. He draws the great distinction between the eruptions of volcanoes and the occurrence of earthquakes, that the former are evidently independent of difference of latitude, volcanic eruptions being equally violent in mountains near the poles and in those under the equator; while earthquakes are almost confined to tropical regions, that of Lisbon, in 1755, being altogether an exceptional phenomenon as regards the violence of the shocks, and the area over which its influence extended; the Scottish and even the Swedish lakes being affected in their level by the disturbance of their beds. Accordingly, while he considers that earthquakes are due to causes of disturbance comparatively near the earth's surface, he declares the eruptions of volcanoes to proceed from such depths as to be entirely uninfluenced by conditions of climate or of atmospheric temperature. He also notices the greater violence of the earthquakes where there are no volcanoes in the district; and comes to the conclusion that beneath the surface are many unfilled veins or passages, in which expansive gases accumulate, and burst forth at times through the natural chimneys or craters of the mountains; sometimes the escape of the gases and of the heated lava takes place not through a crater, but through a fissure opening along the ridge of a mountain. In noticing the various nature of volcanic eruptions, he observes how the Spanish inhabitants of South and Central America distinguish between volcanoes "*de agua y de fuego*," water and fire volcanoes,—hot lava but boiling mud being in some instances hurled into the air, as in the famous mountain eruption of the Moya, by which 40,000 Indians lost their lives. This occurred in 1797. The observations of Humboldt put beyond a doubt the interesting fact of the existence of underground communication between volcanoes situated at great distances from each other; thus he points out that this great Moya eruption took place just at a time when the volcano of Pasto, two hundred miles away, which had been throwing up a column of black smoke uninterruptedly for three months, ceased to do so, and the explosive gas found another outlet. In one instance, in South America, a volcanic outburst was preceded by an underground rumour.

bling noise, like the sound of artillery, that extended over a district of 35,000 square miles.

THE NEGROES OF CUMANA ; LIFE IN THE CITY.

The negroes round Cumana are noticed by Humboldt as shiftless, lazy, and unambitious—as negroes have ever proved themselves to be, the eulogies of enthusiastic partisans notwithstanding. The slaves were in a wretched condition, driven to their work like cattle, and utterly spiritless and wretched; the free negroes were apathetic and listless, too idle even to cultivate gardens for themselves, because they could get vegetables and fruit from Cumana in return for the fish they carried to the town for sale. An amusing account is given of a Castilian living among the negroes and mulattoes of the Araga coast, a “triton of the minnows,” looking down with lofty contempt upon the savages among whom he had set up his rest. He was a shoemaker by trade, this great *hidalgo*, but it appeared he made little profit, for the people had an inveterate tendency to go barefoot. He received the travellers with much pomp and ceremony, presented them with a few small opaque pearls of slight value, with a liberal flourish—desiring that the visit and the donation might be recorded in their diary; they promised it should be so, and kept their word, and the Castilian cobbler was cheaply immortalised.

In former times the peninsula of Araga was remarkable for a brisk trade in pearls and slaves. Among the curious customs of the people of Cumana Humboldt notices their amphibious propensity of passing several hours daily in the waters of their river, the Manzanares. Children and grown-up folks alike are distinguished by this propensity. On moonlight nights men would put chairs in the river, and gravely proceed to smoke their cigars sitting in the water; and hospitably invited the travellers to join them.

In visiting the Roman Catholic mission stations Humboldt, while acknowledging warmly the kindness and hospitality extended to himself and his companion, judiciously doubts whether the system pursued, of isolating the natives, and keeping them in strict dependence, like children who must obey unconditionally, is not the surest way utterly to demoralise them. He describes the natives as generally submissive, very much afraid of the white men, whom they are anxious to propitiate, and utterly unable to do anything for themselves.

SAGACIOUS MULES ; CAVERN OF CARIBE ; A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE.

Here the travellers had their first experience of mountain journeying on horseback, or rather on mule-back. The initiation was useful, as a prelude to the experiences of travel among the mighty Cordilleras of the Andes. The sagacity of the mules excited the admiration of the travellers, who found it uniformly the best way to leave their four-footed bearer to his own resources, and trust him to bring them safely through all perils. In his personal narrative our traveller says: “It is on the frightful roads of the Andes, during journeys of six or seven months across mountains furrowed by torrents, that the intelligence of horses and beasts of burden displays itself in an astonishing manner. Thus the mountaineers are accustomed to say: ‘I will not give you the mule whose step is easiest, but him who reasons best (*le mas racional*).’ This popular saying, dictated by long experience, perhaps better combats the saying that makes animals mere living machines, than all the arguments of speculative philosophy.”

Among the remarkable localities near Cumana, visited by the travellers, was the Cavern of Caribe, a dark cave of unknown dimensions, the object of superstitious fear with the Indians, who declare it to be haunted by the spirits of the dead, as it certainly is by strange birds called *guacheros*, that live in the darkness, uttering wailing cries, and moving heavily to and fro in their dark domain.

Humboldt makes a whimsical observation concerning the apes of these regions. He declares that in proportion as these animals get to resemble human beings more closely in their appearance, they lose their natural liveliness and Simian activity, and acquire a melancholy and careworn look, their cheerfulness seeming to diminish in proportion to the apparent increase of their reasoning powers.

The second residence of the travellers at Cumana produced a startling incident, which might have given their scientific career as sudden and tragic a termination as that of Captain Cook. On the 27th of October, 1799, as they were walking at evening on the margin of the gulf, there rushed suddenly from a neighbouring thicket a half-naked coloured man, or “*Sarabo*,” a half-breed between Indian and negro. This wretched native, who had, it appeared, been driven half mad by ill-treatment on board ship, and who, hearing the two friends speak French, mistook them for a couple of his oppressors,

aimed a tremendous blow with a heavy club at Humboldt, who fortunately avoided it, and then struck Bonpland to the ground, stunned and bleeding, and endeavoured to follow up the attack with a long knife. Hereupon he fled, but was captured by some merchants who had seen the occurrence at a distance, and came running up to the rescue. Fortunately for the travellers, the miserable Sambo escaped from the prison where he had been laid by the heels to await his first examination. The stream of justice flowed very tardily in those regions, and the travellers might have been detained for many months to give evidence against the poor wretch. Bonpland felt the effects of the assault for some time.

His companion utilised the time occupied by his friend's recovery for the observation of an eclipse of the sun. Never, indeed, was a more active and indefatigable searcher into the secrets of nature than Alexander von Humboldt. His constitution, originally weak, had been fortified by exercise, temperance, and the cheerfulness engendered by an engrossing and congenial pursuit. He had the faculty, like Napoleon, of sleeping almost at will, and a short repose sufficed him. The amount of actual work, in the way of observation and carefully conducted experiments, he went through during this journey, and, indeed, throughout every part of his career, is amazing. And here is one of the chief causes of the great value of the results he achieved for science. He gives, as it were, chapter and verse for every assertion he makes; nothing is hurried, nothing left incomplete, nothing accepted on hearsay. Step by step the great votary of natural science clears his path as he marches onward, wresting one secret after another from nature, and enriching the world with knowledge.

AN EARTHQUAKE; ASCENT OF THE SILLA.

The travellers now had occasion to make acquaintance with a somewhat startling incident of tropical life—an earthquake; and Humboldt graphically describes the impression made upon him when for the first time he felt the earth, naturally associated with the idea of firmness and stability, trembling beneath him. Afterwards during their residence at Quito, when from the great volcano of Pichincha came the "formidas" or internal rumblings, the precursors of heavy earthquake shocks, lasting eight or nine minutes, they had become so accustomed to the phenomenon that they did not even rise from their beds; and at last were no

more astonished at seeing the earth heaving around them than the sailor is to see the ocean rising in billowy waves. He was told that 1784 had been a year especially fertile in earthquake shocks; the Mexicans at that time had been as much accustomed to hear the subterranean thunder rolling beneath their feet as at others to hear it rumbling through the air.

At Caracas, whither they had proceeded soon after, Humboldt and Bonpland ascended a remarkable mountain, the Silla, or Saddle mountain, in the neighbourhood of the city. The energy of Humboldt is shown in the fact that though he had spent the whole of the previous night in watching occultations of the satellites of Jupiter, he started at five in the morning on this expedition. Some inhabitants of Caracas who set off to take part in the expedition soon turned back; among others, a young Capuchin monk, of whom Humboldt gives an amusing account. This amateur explorer boasted of the great things he would do; but very soon sat down, almost at the foot of the mountain, and watched the ascent of the climbing party with his telescope.

THE LLANOS OF THE ORINOCO.

No part of this eventful journey is more interesting than the expedition now undertaken by the travellers across the vast steppe or plain that stretches to the south, behind Caracas, towards the mighty Orinoco and the great rivers its tributaries. At that time these regions were completely a *terra incognita* even to the scientific world; nothing was known of those vast equatorial regions of America beyond the coast-line, and Humboldt's account reads almost like an account in a fairy tale. To him the vast treeless plains stretching away at a dead level to the horizon, with only banks or ridges of floetz rising here and there above the uniformity of the surface, suggested the idea of a petrified ocean; but like the ocean it is far from being devoid of life. The steppes or llanos are inhabited by wild animals of the most different kinds,—striped viverræ or bats, the armadillo, the maneless lion, the jaguar or American tiger, whose strength enables it to drag to the summit of a hill the body of a bull it has killed. Enormous herds of cattle roam, almost wild, over the llanos; and Humboldt calls attention to the wonderful adaptability displayed by the ox and horse tribe to various conditions of climate and vicissitudes of circumstances; an adaptability also possessed in the vegetable world by the cereals or corn plants. The animals and plants, he observes, that are

most necessary to the comfort and well-being of man, appear to have followed him over the face of the globe, and to flourish and increase wherever he can make his dwelling; on the bleak hills of Norway and on the burning plains of India alike they find subsistence; and from the hardy rye to the lordly maize every zone of the earth's surface produces a corn plant of one kind or another.

In the llanos the cattle struggle on against difficulties and dangers of the most opposite kinds. The drought of summer converts the plains into arid deserts, and numbers of creatures perish for want of water. The cunning mule obtains a supply from the melocactus, a globular plant covered with thorny spikes, and containing a watery pulp. Many mules are seen lamed from thorns in the feet by kicking these plants open. The sufferings endured by the animals, when the rivers have become dry watercourses, are pitiable, the stings of myriads of insects greatly increasing them. Then comes the wet season, and the whole region is converted into a swamp, with great lakes, from which the higher portions stand out in the form of islands. Then the cattle have to live like amphibious animals, swimming from island to island, and menaced by alligators and jaguars; while the formidable gymnotus, or electric eel, lurking in the water, destroys many of them, stunning or numbing them with repeated shocks. In no part of the world does nature appear in more wonderful diversity of climate, or exhibit a greater and more marvellous fullness of animal life, than in these vast llanos of Venezuela.

LIFE OF ANIMALS IN THE FOREST; ASCENT OF CHIMBORAZO; RETURN.

During a long journey by water in native canoes, the travellers penetrated to the frontier settlements of the Spaniards on the Rio Negro, in the south. Returning by the Casiquiare into the Orinoco, the connection of the latter great river with the mighty Marañon, the Amazon river, was established as a geographical fact. The wondrous wealth of animal and vegetable life in the primeval forests, where climbing plants or lianas, of more than a hundred feet in length, stretched from one colossal tree to another, like the tackle of a ship; the generally impenetrable thicket, with paths broken through it only here and there by the animals coming down to the river to drink, in such numbers and variety that one of the boatmen, who had learnt biblical history at one of the Spanish mission stations, declared, "It is here as in Paradise,"—the noc-

turnal noise and confusion occasioned by the beasts of prey hunting through the trees—with all the other experiences of that remarkable journey in regions where the foot of civilized man had never yet trod,—all these things are to be found described, in clear yet eloquent language, in the "Personal Narrative" and the "Aspects of Nature," in which latter work the author presented for the benefit of the reading public some of the most striking scenes of his wanderings.

The ascent of the mighty Cordilleras, of the Andes, including that of the mighty Chimborazo, the Snow Mountain, which Humboldt was the first to climb, formed another part of the enterprising traveller's experience; and here he noticed the wonderful diversity of plant-life under the same parallel of latitude at different elevations above the sea level. From the hot valleys, where the vegetation is entirely tropical, as the traveller ascends to the higher regions, he passes by regular gradations, through districts exhibiting in a series the plants first of the temperate and then of the cold regions; at length arriving at the heights where a few lichens and mosses are the last representatives of the vegetable world before he reaches the region of perpetual snow. The remarkable distribution of animals also excited his wonder—the highest peaks of the Andes and the depths of hot springs alike exhibited traces of animal life in various forms. The plan of the journey in South America, and afterwards in Mexico, was several times altered in consequence of rumours, which always turned out delusory, that Baudin's expedition was expected to arrive in one port or another. After pursuing this scientific will-o'-the-wisp for a long period, to his great detriment in loss of time and temper, Humboldt at length wisely determined to give up the idea of joining Baudin altogether, and finish his journey independently as he had begun it. The great enterprise was not concluded until 1804, and never had a journey enriched science with such vast and varied results—geology, botany, ethnology, electric and meteorological science, physical geography, astronomy—there was not a department in which this admirable Crichton of science did not show himself an admirable proficient and a patient, persevering, and reverend investigator. When at length, in August 1804, he landed at Bordeaux, on his return, he had to contradict by his presence a report that he had died of yellow fever at Vera Cruz.

SPLENDID EDITION OF HUMBOLDT'S TRAVELS.

The only continental city where at that time the resources could be found adequate to the publication, in a worthy form, of the account of these travels was Paris; for the other capitals of continental Europe were agitated by the turmoil of war, and the fear of invasion. Humboldt accordingly conceived the idea of establishing his residence in the French metropolis. After an excursion into Italy for scientific purposes, and a visit to Berlin, which capital he found in the possession of the French, he carried this design into effect; and until 1827 he resided mostly in Paris, occupied in the task of preparing for the press, revising and publishing the account of his travels. Humboldt was a man to whom money was valuable only in so far as he found it necessary for carrying out his scientific designs. At the very outset he had, as we have seen, sold his landed property to provide funds for his travels; and now he devoted the remainder of his fortune to the expenses of publishing in twenty-nine volumes, some written in French, others in Latin, a splendid collection of narratives, treatises, and notes embodying the results of his travels and researches in the New World. The work was enriched with more than fourteen hundred engravings, many of them coloured; and the expense from first to last amounted to \$45,000; for wonderful as was Humboldt's energy, and indefatigable as he showed himself as a worker, it would have required the hundred hands of Briareus to execute even the mechanical part of the gigantic task; and the author was obliged to enlist the assistance of eminent men like Cuvier, Bonpland, Latreille, and Kunth, in the botanical, zoological, and other departments. And in carrying out this work, priceless in its importance to science, he received no kind of assistance from his own or any other European Government.

He had his reward, however, in the consciousness of having given an entirely new impulse to scientific study and exploration. It is not alone what he achieved, but what he taught others to achieve that renders this work of Humboldt's a magnificent success. Other travellers had investigated each a separate department of science; he combined his teaching to one great and complete result.

"All are but parts of one harmonious whole,"

is the truth he inculcates and exhibits in all his explanations of the separate phenomena and operations of natural forces; it was the task of

his life to investigate and exhibit, not natural history, but the history of nature. That order is heaven's first law, and that in the working of the great forces of nature, as in the structure, form, organization, and distribution of animals and plants over the face of the globe, as also in inorganic nature, from the blazing star in its orbit, to the grain of dust in the dark cavern, the relation of each part to the whole may be traced, is the main idea that permeates the whole of his labours.

VARIETY AND EXTENT OF HUMBOLDT'S WORK; TARDY APPRECIATION BY HIS GOVERNMENT.

The titles of his chief works are enough in themselves to indicate the vast and varied field covered by this great traveller's scientific and general researches. Thus, among the books published in the period of his residence in Paris are: "*Voyage aux Régions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent*," with a splendid atlas; the "*Ansichten der Natur*," views or aspects of nature, in which the till then dry and unattractive subjects of physical geography, geognosy, and the history of plants are popularized in such a way that the least scientific reader is charmed into interest, and awakened to the sense of the marvels of the animal and plant world,—

"Finding therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be;"

the "*Essai Politique sur le Royaume de la Nouvelle Espagne*," wherein he gives practical advice and hints of great value concerning the cultivation of useful plants, and the revenue to be thence derived—the first practical lessons in the political economy of agriculture offered to those fertile but ill-governed regions. Then come the splendid botanical works, wherein he classes plants, not according to the arbitrary Linnean system, but with reference to their general features and habitat, dividing them rationally and scientifically into those of tropical, temperate, and cold regions. Among these were the "*Essai sur la Géographie des Plantes*," and "*De distributione geograph. plantarum secundum cœli temperiem et altitudinem montium*" (On the distribution of plants according to climate and the height of mountains). The system of using the chronometer for the determination of longitude, and of the measurement of the height of mountains by the sinking of the mercury in the barometer, also arose from his fertile brain. Amid all his multifarious occupations, he still found time to work for the political benefit of his country, and his political

acumen was highly valued by the reigning house of Prussia; as is shown by the fact of his accompanying Prince William on a difficult diplomatic mission in 1807, his arrival in London, as the companion and friend of the King of Prussia, in 1814, and afterwards by his presence, as the representative of his country, at the congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle and Verona.

The world-wide reputation of his works, and the reverence with which his name was uttered by every mouth, awoke that portion of the world in which a prophet has proverbially the least chance of finding honour—his own country—to a sense of his worth; King Frederick William III. of Prussia became somewhat tardily impressed with the idea that so illustrious a subject of Prussia ought not to be living among strangers, and pressed the philosopher to take up his residence at Berlin; which Humboldt accordingly did in the year 1827.

His elder brother William rejoiced, and with good reason, at this return of the traveller to his native land. "Alexander is here," he writes jubilantly to his friend Gentz, on the 21st of May, 1827, "and has regularly established his residence here—he is more industrious and livelier than ever."

SCIENCE POPULARIZED; HUMBOLDT'S LECTURES.

Not only William von Humboldt, who had always regarded his brother with an affection mingled with wonder and veneration, had reason to rejoice at the philosopher's return to Berlin; for indeed the whole of Germany had reason to remember the year 1827 as a remarkable epoch,—as the time when science was for the first time popularised before a German audience; and the result of long years of unwearied labour and research was presented to the public in a series of lectures, so admirably lucid and yet so solidly wise—so attractive in the playful fancy which enlivened the delivery, and yet so closely logical and convincing in their arguments,—that the capital was fairly taken by storm, and many a man dated the opening of a new world of wonder and enchantment to his mental ken from the day when he heard the quiet, modest, and good-humoured voice of Alexander von Humboldt in the hall of the Academy of Sciences. The subject of his series of lectures, that occupied six months, was the physical description of the world. Crowded and enthusiastic audiences filled the hall; and the enforced exclusion of hundreds for want of room occasioned a pressing petition for a repetition of the course in the

great hall of the Singing Academy of Berlin. The King, accompanied by the royal family and some members of the Court, came regularly to hear the wonders of creation expounded by the traveller; and what was even more gratifying to the man who had laboured so long to spread, knowledge among the community generally, the people came thronging to learn from him what a marvellous world it was in which they lived, and how the earth, like the heavens, declares the glory of the Creator;—how the mountains and the plains, equally with the firmament show His handiwork; how day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. These lectures, delivered in presence of King and magnates and people, were a public recognition of the fact that knowledge was no longer to be the heritage of an exclusive and privileged caste, but like the glorious sunlight was to shine on all alike who would come forth to rejoice in its rays.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AND HUMBOLDT.

And now, when he had almost entered upon his sixtieth year, the grand old scholar prepared for a new and arduous course of travel. It was to the Ural Mountains, and thence to the vast regions of Central Asia, and the mighty range of the Altai, that his unwearied energy now led him. The occasion of this new journey was in itself a highly honourable one. The Czar Nicholas of Russia has not left behind him the kind of memory that, redolent of justice and benevolence, "smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust." We think of him generally as the stern, ambitious, unscrupulous autocrat, who closed a long reign of tyranny and repression with an unjust war, and broke his heart when the failure and destruction of his hosts in the Crimea brought home to his proud spirit the lesson that the glories of even an emperor's birth and state "are shadows, not substantial things," and that the best-laid plans of aggrandizement may collapse in sudden and overwhelming ruin. It is only just, on the other hand, that he should have all credit for the enlightenment and largeness of view he showed on certain occasions; and never were these qualities more advantageously exhibited than when, in 1828, he made a proposition that Humboldt should undertake a comprehensive journey through his empire, at the sole expense of the Russian Crown; any idea of advantage that his government might reap from the investigations of the distinguished traveller, with respect to mining and other national industries, to be rigidly subordinated,

to the interests and advancement of science, which were to be regarded as the first and chief object of the expedition. Humboldt was not the man to refuse an offer so congenial to his tastes and wishes; but it speaks well for his patriotism that his acceptance was coupled with the condition that the journey should be delayed until the spring of the next year. He had yet to finish the course of lectures promised to his own countrymen; and in the autumn he felt called upon to preside at the annual meeting of German naturalists and professors of medicine, which was this year to be held at Berlin. This and other duties to his own people being rigidly and punctually fulfilled, in the spring of 1829 he set forth on his Asiatic travels.

HUMBOLDT'S JOURNEY INTO CENTRAL ASIA.

In this second great journey Humboldt was accompanied by two most efficient coadjutors, Gustav Rose and Ehrenberg. The former undertook to conduct the chemical mineralogical analysis, and to keep the scientific diary of the expedition; while the zoological and botanical department was entrusted to Ehrenberg. Humboldt himself was fully occupied with observations on the magnetism of the earth, and with astronomical geography, and the general investigation of the geognostic and physical features of North-western Asia.

The orders of the Czar naturally procured for the travellers every possible assistance and protection in their arduous undertaking that the word of an autocrat can give. A mining official of high position was commissioned to accompany them everywhere, and assist them with his local knowledge, besides seeing that the authorities in the various towns furnished all necessary supplies; and thus equipped, and provided with all that Imperial hospitality and patronage could afford, they quitted St. Petersburg on the 20th of May, to make their way to Moscow over the Ural range. In his investigation of the nature and features of this great mountain chain, Humboldt was frequently reminded of his experiences among the Andes many years before; especially he remarks on the similarity in the direction of the chain, parallel with a meridian, from the pole towards the equator. The number of new facts which he obtained for the departments of geology and mineralogy, during a four weeks' residence among the Ural mountains, afterwards astonished even those who were aware of his unfailing energy and industry. After a visit to the malachite quarries of Zhetysai, the travellers continued their journey

by way of Ikaterinenborg and Tobolsk into the heart of Asia, passing over the terrible Borabinsky steppe, formidable for the myriads of stinging insects that infest it, and accordingly avoided by the inhabitants of the country around, who seldom, unless urged by necessity, venture into its precincts. But in the cause of science Humboldt encountered the dangers and discomforts of the Borabinsky plain, as he had faced the perils of the steppes of the Orinoco. He made his way to the banks of the Obi river, and on the 17th of August reached what he considered the exact central point of Asia, to the north of Lake Osaisang. He returned by way of Astrakan to the banks of the Volga and the Caspian, and so back to Moscow and St. Petersburg.

RESULTS OF THE ASIATIC JOURNEY.

The energy and activity displayed by Humboldt, who was now sixty years old, during this remarkable journey, are sufficiently attested by the fact that within the short period of eight months and a half he had traversed by land a distance of more than eleven thousand geographical miles, or nearly half the extent of the earth's surface measured round the equator. By the end of December he was back again in St. Petersburg, having completed one of the most remarkable land-journeys of modern times. The distance traversed, though in itself remarkable, was the least salient feature of the achievement; the chief wonder lay in the enormous mass of scientific material, in the number of observations and notes on geology, mineralogy, and physical geography, collected by this indefatigable searcher into the secrets of nature, at a time of life when the energies of the majority of men have begun to diminish, and they are prone to look forward to rest, rather than to increased exertion. But immediately on his return the old philosopher sat down to the arduous task of giving to the world in various most valuable volumes the result of his Asiatic researches. This was accomplished chiefly in the great work entitled, "*Asie Centrale; recherches sur les Chaines de montagnes, et la climatologie comparée*," published in French and German respectively at Paris and Berlin, in 1843.

THE ONE TRIAL OF HUMBOLDT'S LIFE.

The reputation of the great man of science in his own country was increased by every new work that poured from his prolific pen. After the death of Frederick William III., that monarch's successor, the late King Frederick William IV., continued to treat the now aged philosopher

with marked distinction, and at various times employed him on diplomatic missions of honour and importance, especially to Paris. The King took especial pleasure in Humboldt's society, and chose him as his travelling companion on his visit to England in 1841, and to Denmark in 1845. Amid all the honour and respect of this later period of Humboldt's life, there was, however, one exceedingly black spot, which the sage was compelled perforce to contemplate from time to time,—a bitter drop in the cup of his life, which interfered most unfortunately with the flavour of the draught. Thackeray somewhere relates how once, when a housekeeper had shown and expounded to him all the glories of a grand country house, he turned upon the stately dame, after the treasures of various cupboards and cabinets had been displayed and admired, and utterly put her out of countenance with the startling question: "And pray, ma'am, where do you keep the skeleton?" There was a skeleton in Humboldt's cupboard that occasionally thrust itself forth amid all the satisfactions and all the useful labours of his distinguished life, and would not be banished. This skeleton was Debt. Though, at the outset of his career, Humboldt had inherited a considerable fortune, that fortune had been entirely absorbed in the expenses of his travels and of his publications, in which he spared no cost, his one object being to attain the utmost completeness, especially in illustrations. For him money had no value apart from his scientific pursuits, and in distributing to the necessities of others he was generous to a fault. In his later days, accordingly, he found to his dismay that his fortune had not only melted away completely, but that the pension awarded to him by Frederick William III., and continued by that king's successor, was all he had left for his maintenance. It was insufficient, for he was careless of his affairs, and benevolent to a fault, easily imposed on by a fictitious tale of distress, and unable to answer an application with a refusal. Thus his embarrassments increased, and were a source of annoyance to him almost to the end of his long life. It was the brother of the king, afterwards Emperor of North Germany, who, during the time he acted as Regent, relieved the illustrious old man of the load of debt that had long weighed upon him. His activity continued undiminished, and long after he had passed his seventieth year his correspondence amounted to between three and four thousand letters annually.

"COSMOS"; A GREAT END TO A GREAT CAREER.

Finis coronat opus; the greatest triumph of his scientific career was still to be achieved in the form of a book that to a certain extent embodied and summed up the experiences of his long and eminently useful life. This work was his magnificent "Cosmos;" and was left as a legacy in the first instance to his German fellow-countrymen, and then to all searchers after knowledge in every civilized country in the world. In the preface the venerable author tells his readers that the design had been present for nearly fifty years in his mind before it found definite expression in this book. The Greek word *Cosmos* indicates the scope and intention of the work. The design is to exhibit, as he expressed it, "the appearance of corporeal things in their relation to each other, for the comprehension of nature as a whole, animated by inner forces." The idea of the universe as exhibiting in its highest development the perfection of order, beauty, and harmony is carried out with wonderful completeness in the "Cosmos," a worthy conclusion to a splendid and glorious life-work. The task of uniting the various branches of scientific knowledge, before isolated and separate, into an orderly and systematic whole, was a gigantic effort for a veteran; but Humboldt achieved it in a most satisfactory manner. Never had any of his books being welcomed with such enthusiasm, never had the appearance of successive volumes been watched for with such impatience of anticipation, as was exhibited in Germany, France, and England alike, as the various volumes of the "Cosmos" were issued from the press; to be immediately translated into the principal European languages, and eagerly studied by all the scientific world. It was not until 1854 that the concluding volume appeared; and the author was eighty-five years old, when at length he laid down his pen, and felt that his life's work was done. To the last he was a student, anxiously comparing, enquiring, adding fact to fact, and conscious that the scientist, like every other searcher after truth, after all only "sees through a glass darkly." It is touching to note the modesty with which he spoke and wrote of himself and his attainments, while all Europe was ringing with his praises, extolling what he had done, and holding him up as the model of a votary of science. "I am at once surprised and flattered," he writes to a London publisher in 1861, in reply to a letter proposing an English version of the "Cosmos," "at the interest evinced

in your worthy and intelligent country for the last work of my late age ;" and in answer to a respectful request that he would indicate another work suitable for the general public, in an English dress, he good-humouredly observes that authors are not good people to consult on such a subject ; but suggests that the " *Ansichten der Natur* " has been popular in Germany, and might achieve success in England also ; but he gives his suggestion with a diffidence exceedingly grateful in one who had done so much, and held such a position as he could command in the domain of scientific knowledge.

DEATH OF HUMBOLDT ; SPECIMEN OF HIS STYLE.

At the age of ninety years, full of days and honour, Alexander von Humboldt was laid at last in the grave of his family at Tegel, on the 11th of May, 1859. He was never married. The chief possession he left behind him, his valuable library, he had bequeathed to his faithful servant, assistant, and friend, Seiffert, the companion of his travels. It was afterwards removed to America.

The following Extract, descriptive of the great treeless llanos or steppes of Venezuela, is taken from the " *Aspects of Nature*." It will give an idea of the author's picturesque style in the description of natural scenes :—

" Separated by days' journeys from each other, huts are found, constructed of bundles of reeds bound together with thongs, and roofed with ox hides. Countless herds of wild cattle, horses, and mules swarm in the steppes. Forests, thousands of years old, and an impenetrable gloom cover the moist region that surrounds the desert ; and mighty granitic masses narrow the beds of the foaming rivers. The wood resounds with the thunder of falling waters, the roaring of the jaguar, and the dull howling of the apes. Where the shallow stream leaves a sandbank exposed, lie outstretched, motionless as masses of rock, with open jaws, and frequently covered with birds, the clumsy bodies of the crocodiles ; its tail rolled round the branch of a tree, lurks by the bank, certain of its prey, the chequered boa. Stretching suddenly forward, it seizes in the track the young bull or the weaker game, and forces its prey, covered with saliva, down its distended throat. But when, beneath the perpendicular rays of the never-clouded sun, the burnt-up grassy surface has crumbled into dust, the hardened ground gaps open, as if shattered by a mighty earthquake ; like rushing water-spouts opposing currents of air spring upward in

funnel shape ; a dull straw-coloured twilight is spread by the apparently lowering sky over the desert plain ; the view suddenly narrows, and the plain contracts, the heart of the wanderer sinks within him. The hot, dusty sand, floating in the misty, veiled horizon, increases the sultriness of the pestilential air.

" As the animals in the icy north grow torpid through cold, so here the crocodile and the boa slumber motionless, buried deep in the dry clay. Everywhere drought signifies death, everywhere the thirsty creature is pursued by the delusive aerial mirage of a waving mirror of waters. With thick clouds of dust whirling round them, and tormented by burning thirst and by hunger, the horses and oxen roam to and fro, the latter with frightened roar, the former with outstretched necks snuffing the wind to detect, by the dampness of the current of air, the proximity of some water-puddle not yet entirely evaporated. When the burning heat of day is succeeded by the coolness of the night of equal length, even then horses and oxen cannot enjoy their rest. Enormous bats suck their blood in vampire fashion, attaching themselves closely to their backs, where they cause festering wounds, into which swarms of stinging insects penetrate. When at length, after a long drought, the beneficent rainy season succeeds, the scene suddenly changes. The deep blue of the till then unclouded sky becomes at once overcast. At night the weak light in the constellation of the Southern Cross can barely be recognized. The soft phosphoric gleam of the magellanic clouds is extinguished, even the constellations of the Eagle and of Ophiucus in the zenith glimmer with a trembling light. Some scattered clouds in the south appear like distant mountains, and the vapours spread like mists over the zenith, and distant thunder announces the vivifying rain. . . . Hardly has the surface of the earth been moistened before the fragrant steppe is covered with the most various kinds of grasses. Excited by the light, herb-like mimosas unfold their slumbering leaves, and welcome the rising sun, together with the morning song of the birds and the opening blossoms of the aquatic plants. Horses and oxen now pasture in the full enjoyment of life. But in the grass that shoots up high lurks the beautifully-spotted jaguar, that springs catlike with airy bound upon the animals as they pass by. . . . Sometimes, on the margin of the swamp, the moistened clay is seen slowly rising upward in clods—with a violent noise, as at the outbreak of the little mud volcanoes, the upheaved earth is hurled high into the air ;—

those who understand the meaning of it flee from the appearance, for a gigantic watersnake or a mailed crocodile comes forth from the depths, awakened from a trance by the downpour of rain. . . . As the rivers gradually swell, nature forces the same animals that during the first half of the year were fainting with thirst on the dusty parched earth, to live like amphibious creatures—for a portion of the steppe now appears like an enormous lake. The mares take refuge with their foals on the higher banks, that stand forth like islands above the mirror of waters. Every day the dry space becomes narrower. For want of pasture the crowded animals have to swim about for hours together, cropping a bare subsistence from the blossoming grass that rises above the brown-coloured turbid water. Many foals are drowned; many are caught by the crocodiles, crushed by the pointed teeth, and then devoured. Not unfrequently horses and oxen are seen that have escaped from the jaws of these rapacious lizards, and still carry on their bodies scars from crocodiles' jagged fangs.

"But as in these steppes tigers and crocodiles fight with horses and oxen, so in certain parts of this wilderness we likewise see man in continual combat against his fellow. With unnatural greed the tribes drink the blood of their enemies—others, apparently weaponless, yet equipped for murder, slay their foe with a poisoned thumb-nail. The weaker hordes, when they pass along the sandy shore, carefully, with their hands, efface the marks of their timid footsteps, to conceal them from the stronger tribes. Thus man, in the lowest state of brutal savagery, as in the fictitious glory of higher civilization, everywhere prepares unrest for himself in life—thus the wanderer in distant regions, crossing land and ocean, like the historical investigator searching the records of the ages, everywhere encounters the lamentable spectacle of a race divided against itself. And, therefore, he who amid the yet unsettled strife of nations longs for spiritual repose, gladly casts down his eyes to contemplate the peaceful life of plants, and the inner working of the holy power of nature;—or, following the innate impulse that has glowed for centuries in the human heart, he fixes his gaze upwards, on the distant stars that in undisturbed harmony sweep onward in their ancient unchanging course."

The following is Humboldt's picture of the

nocturnal life of animals on the banks of the great rivers of South America:—

"Below the mission of Santa Barbara de Arichuna we passed the night, as usual, in the open air, on a sandy flat on the bank of the Apure, skirted by the impenetrable forest. We had some difficulty in finding dry wood to kindle the fires with which it is here customary to surround the bivouac as a safeguard against the attacks of the jaguar. The air was bland and soft, and the moon shone brightly. Several crocodiles approached the bank; and I have observed that fire attracts these creatures as it does our crabs and other aquatic animals. The oars of our boats were fixed in the ground to support our hammocks. Deep stillness prevailed, only broken at intervals by the blowing of the fresh-water dolphins, which are peculiar to the river network of the Orinoco, as, according to Colebrooke, they are also to the Ganges, as high up the river as Benares; they followed each other in long rows.

"After eleven o'clock, such a noise began in the adjacent forest, that for the remainder of the night sleep was impossible. The wild cries of animals resounded through the woods. Among the many voices which echoed together, the Indians could only recognise those which, after short pauses, were heard singly. There was the plaintive, monotonous cry of the howling monkeys, the whining flexible notes of the little sapagous, the grunting murmur of the striped nocturnal ape, the fitful roar of the great tiger (jaguar), the cougar, or maneless American lion, the peccary, the sloth, and a host of parrots, parraquas, and other birds of the pheasant kind. Whenever the tigers approached the edge of the forest, our dog, which before had barked incessantly, came howling to seek protection under the hammocks. Sometimes the cry of the tiger resounded from the branches of a tree, and it was then always accompanied by the plaintive piping tones of the apes, which were endeavouring to escape from the unwonted pursuit.

"If the Indians are asked why such a continuous noise is heard on certain nights, they answer with a smile that the animals are rejoicing in the beautiful moonlight, and celebrating the return of the full moon. To me the scene seemed rather to be owing to an accidental, long-continued, and gradually-increasing conflict among the animals."

E. W. D.



JOHN KNOX, THE GREAT SCOTTISH REFORMER.

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INTRODUCTORY.

WE have here the life of one of whom Scotland has good reason to be proud. Of all the brave and remarkable men whom that country has produced, John Knox, the hero of the Scottish Reformation, was perhaps the bravest and most remarkable.

"In the history of Scotland," says Mr. Carlyle, speaking of the Reformation, "I can find properly but one epoch: we may say it contains nothing of world-interest at all but this reformation by Knox. . . . Knox is the one Scotchman to whom, of all others, his country and the world owe a debt."

The career of this eminent Reformer is, then, well worthy of our study. The incidents of his life are highly picturesque, for he was the central point in an age of excitement. He was made for his work; and to understand his character is to comprehend also that spiritual revolution which has done so much for his native land, and of which he was the moving spirit.

Even if we take exception to many of the things Knox did or encouraged, we cannot but admire his consistent boldness, his deep earnestness, and his self-denying, unflinching zeal. No one can deny that but for him Scotland would not now occupy the proud place she does in the world, as one of the leading representatives of religion, education, and freedom.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

John Knox was the son of obscure parents, and was born in 1505. There is some doubt respecting his birthplace, which was probably the village of Gifford, in East-Lothian, although it has been asserted that he was born at Haddington.

His education was more liberal than was usual in those days. In his youth he was sent to the grammar school at Haddington, and about 1524 was removed to the University of St. Andrews, where the learning principally taught was the philosophy of Aristotle, scholastic theology, civil and canon law, and the Latin language. Greek and Hebrew were at that time little understood in Scotland; and Knox did not acquire the knowledge of them till somewhat later in life.

After Knox became Master of Arts, he taught philosophy, most likely as an assistant or private lecturer in the University, and his class became celebrated.

He was ordained a priest before the age fixed by the canons of the Church, which must have taken place previous to the year 1530; at which time he had attained his twenty-fifth year, the canonical age for receiving ordination.

His first instruction in theology was received from John Major, the Professor of Theology in the University; but the opinions founded upon it were not long retained. The writings of Jerome and Augustine attracted his attention, and the examination of them led to a complete revolution in his sentiments. It was about the year 1535 that his secession from Roman Catholic doctrine and discipline commenced; but he did not declare himself a Protestant until 1542.

KNOX'S SHARE IN THE REFORMATION.

Reformed doctrines had made considerable

progress in Scotland before this time. Knox was not the first reformer; there were many persons, earls, barons, gentlemen, honest burghesses, and craftsmen, who already professed the new creed, though they durst not avow it. It was to the avowal, extension, and establishment of the Reformed religion that Knox's zeal and knowledge so powerfully contributed.

His reprehension of the prevalent corruptions made him regarded as a heretic; for which reason he could not safely remain in St. Andrews, which was wholly in the power of Cardinal Beaton, a determined supporter of the Church of Rome; and he retired to the south of Scotland, where he avowed his apostacy. He was condemned as a heretic, degraded from the priesthood, and it is said by Beza that Beaton employed assassins to waylay him.

He now for a time frequented the preaching of the Reformed teachers Williams and Wishart, who gave additional strength to opinions already pretty firmly rooted. Having relinquished all thought of officiating in the Roman Catholic Church, he became tutor to the sons of Hugh Douglas, of Langquidrie, a gentleman of East Lothian, who had embraced the Reformed doctrines.

After the murder of Cardinal Beaton, Knox removed with his pupils from Langquidrie to St. Andrews (1547), where he conducted their education in his usual manner, catechising and reading to them in the church belonging to the city. There were many hearers of these instructions who urged him, and finally called upon him, to become a public preacher. Diffident and reluctant at first, he consented to their request. In his preaching, far more than the Reformed teachers who had preceded him, he struck at the very foundations of Popery, and challenged his opponents to argument, to be delivered either in writing or from the pulpit; and so successful were his labours, that many of the inhabitants were converted to his doctrines.

AFTER THE CAPTURE OF ST. ANDREWS; ON BOARD THE GALLEYS; IN ENGLAND; ON THE CONTINENT.

It was not long before an event took place by which his efforts received a temporary check. The murder of Cardinal Beaton had given offence and created great excitement through the kingdom. It was a severe blow to the Roman Catholic religion and the French interest in Scotland, both of which Beaton had zealously supported, and vengeance was loudly called for upon the conspirators by whom he had been

murdered. These conspirators had fortified St. Andrews; and the art of attacking fortified places was then so imperfectly understood in Scotland, that for five months they resisted the efforts of Arran, the Regent. From their long wars in Italy and Germany, the French had become as experienced in the conduct of sieges as the Scotch were ignorant. The French were allies of Scotland; to France, therefore, Arran sent for assistance. About the end of June, 1547, a French fleet, with a considerable body of land forces, appeared before the town (*Robertson*, vol. i., p. 314). The garrison capitulated, and Knox, among many others, was taken prisoner, and conveyed to Rouen, where he was confined on board the galleys.

After some fifteen months' close imprisonment, Knox was liberated, with his health greatly injured by the rigour with which he had been treated. This was in February 1549. He now repaired to England; and though he had never received ordination as a Protestant, Crammer did not hesitate to send him from London to preach in Berwick. In Berwick and the north of England he followed his arduous undertaking of conversion until 1551, when his fame at last reached the ears of Edward VI., who first offered him the living of All-Hallows, and then a bishopric; both of which he declined.

In consequence of this his enemies brought charges against him; and on the 14th of April he was called before the Council, and required to answer the following questions:—

"Why he refused the benefice proposed for him at London? Whether he thought that no Christian could lawfully serve in the ecclesiastical ministrations according to the laws and rites of that realm? And if kneeling at the Lord's Table was not indifferent?"

To the first he answered that his conscience witnessed to him he might profit the Church more in some other place than in London. To the second, that many things needed reformation in the ministry of England, without which no minister did or could discharge his duty before God; for no minister had authority to prevent the unworthy from partaking of the sacrament, which was a chief part of his office; and that he refused no office which might in the least promote God's glory and the spread of Christ's Gospel. And to the third he replied, that Christ's action at the communion was most perfect; that it was most safe to follow His example; and that kneeling was a human invention.

The answer which he gave to these questions

occasioned a good deal of altercation betwixt him and the Council. There were present on the occasion the Bishops of Canterbury and Ely, the Lord Treasurer, the Earls of Northampton, Shrewsbury, and Bedford, the Lords Chamberlain and Treasurer, and the Secretaries. After long reasoning with him, he was desired to take the matter farther into consideration, and dismissed.

Knox was in London at the time of Edward's death, but thought it prudent to fly the kingdom as soon as Mary's policy towards the Protestants became apparent. In January 1554, he landed at Dieppe; from Dieppe he went to Geneva; and from Geneva to Frankfort, where Calvin requested him to take charge of a congregation of English refugees. In consequence, however, of some disputes, he soon left Frankfort and returned to Geneva.

Here he wrote an "Admonition to London, Newcastle, and Berwick;" "A Letter to Mary, Dowager of Scotland;" "An Appeal to the Nobility;" "An Admonition to the Commons of Scotland;" and his "First Blast of the Trumpet." This "Trumpet" he intended to have blown three times, if Queen Mary's death had not happened in 1558.

In this *First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women*, he vehemently attacked the admission of females to the government of nations. Its first sentence runs thus: "To promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire, above any realm, nation, or city, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, a thing most contrarious to His revealed will and approved ordinance, and, finally, it is the subversion of all equity and justice." This inflammatory composition, as might have been expected, excited much hostility against its author. At the time of its publication, both England and Scotland were governed by females: Mary of Guise, the Queen-Dowager of Scotland, was likewise regent of that kingdom, while the Princess Mary was heiress of its throne; and in England Mary was queen, and her sister Elizabeth the next in succession to the crown. It hardly admits of wonder, then, that when, in 1559, Knox was desirous of returning to England, Queen Elizabeth's ministers would not permit him to do so, and he was compelled to land at Leith.

While at Geneva he contracted a close intimacy with John Calvin. The conversation of this celebrated man, then in the height of his reputation, confirmed Knox in his affection for that form of worship which had been established at Geneva. His solitary reflections in exile and under perse-

cution, had, as we learn from his eloquent and pathetic letters, assumed an extraordinary bitterness of self-reproach; they seemed to upbraid him as one who had fled from the fold, and deserted his flock when the spiritual conflict most required his presence; and he returned to Scotland in 1555, with the stern resolution to "spare no arrows," to abide at his post, and to sacrifice everything for the complete establishment of the Reformation, according to those principles which he believed to be founded on the Word of God.

THE PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

During his absence from his native country the persecutions of Mary had driven some of the English Reformers to take refuge in Scotland. Harlow, originally a tradesman in the lower ranks of life, but afterwards a zealous preacher under Edward VI., took up his abode in Ayrshire, and assembled around him a little congregation; John Willock, a Scottish Franciscan friar, who had been converted to Protestantism, and afterwards admitted a chaplain to the Duke of Suffolk, was another of these labourers. He had been sent twice, in 1555 and 1558, on missions from the Duchess of Friesland, in whose dominions he had sought refuge, to the Queen-Regent; and as his affability, moderation, and address were equal to his learning and piety, he was received with distinction, and privately permitted to address his exhortations to all who were anxious for instruction.

The second arrival of Willock gave a great impulse to the cause of the Reformation. "The images," says Knox, "were stolen away in all parts of the country; and in Edinburgh that great idol called St. Giles was first drowned in the North Loch, and afterwards burned, which raised no small trouble in the town." Notwithstanding this marked demonstration, it was resolved by the Queen-Regent and the bishops that the usual procession appointed for the saint's day should not be omitted; and having procured another image from the Grey Friars, and fixed it to a wooden barrow, which was borne on men's shoulders, the cavalcade, headed by the Regent herself, surrounded by priests and canons, and attended by tabors and trumpets, proceeded down the High Street towards the Cross.

The sight inflamed the passions of the Protestants; and various bands of the citizens, abhorring what they esteemed an abomination, resolved upon revenge. Nor was it long before this was accomplished; for scarce had the Queen-Regent

retired, when some of these, under pretence of assisting the bearers, caught hold of the barrow, cast down the image, and dashed it to pieces on the pavement; and then, to use Knox's words, "the priests and friars fled faster than they did at Pinkie-cleuch: down go the crosses, off go the surplices, round caps, coronets, with the crowns. The Grey Friars gaped, the Black Friars blew, the priests panted and fled; and happy was he that first got to the house, for such a sudden fray came never among the generation of Anti-Christ within this realm before!"

A VEXED QUESTION.

Yet although some progress had been made, and Knox hailed with gratitude the co-operation of Willock, it was with feelings of astonishment, bordering upon horror, that he found the friends of the Protestant opinions unresolved upon the great question whether it was their duty openly to separate from the Roman Catholic Church. Many of them continued to sanction by their presence the celebration of low mass; and as the Queen-Dowager had found it necessary, in the prosecution of her political objects, to extend her favour to the Protestants, they were anxious to stretch their uniformity to the National Church as far, perhaps even farther, than their consciences permitted.

The discourses of the Reformer, who at first preached privately to a few friends in the house of John Syme, a Burgess of Edinburgh, soon threw a new light upon the danger of such concessions. Men's consciences became alarmed. A conference was held at the house of Erskine of Dun, one of the few among the landed adherents of the Reformation in Scotland who seems to have had religion at heart.

Knox had the advantage which is ordinarily possessed by the single-purposed and headstrong—the others must either break with him or submit. "The question was proposed, and it was answered by the said John, that nowise it was lawful to a Christian to present himself to that idol." He admits that there was much ingenious pleading on behalf of the "temporisers," and that especially they put forth very plausibly the precedent "that Paul, at the commandment of James and of the elders of Jerusalem, passed to the temple, and feigned to pay his vows with others."

Knox, however, repudiated the precedent. Saying vows and attending mass were not the same thing. Then he greatly doubted "whether either James's commandment or Paul's obedience proceeded from the Holy Ghost." But his most

telling point was, that the incident was recorded for a warning rather than an example; for in reality it proceeded, and was probably the cause, of St. Paul's danger and calamity.

Both in broad determination of purpose and skilful Biblical criticism he was master of the situation; and he records, with his usual chuckling exultation, how young William Maitland of Lethington, "a man of good learning and of sharp art and reasoning, "admitted himself to be utterly defeated by Knox's reasoning, saying, "I see perfectly that our shifts will serve nothing before God, seeing that they stand us in so small stead among men."

HEARERS AND FOLLOWERS; A LETTER TO ROYALTY.

Among his hearers and followers at this time—about the year 1555—we find some men who became afterwards noted in the history of their country: Erskine of Dun, a baron of ancient family, whose learning was superior to the times; Sir James Sandilands, commonly called Lord St. John, a veteran in his adherence to the Reformation; Archibald, Lord Lorn, afterwards Earl of Argyle; the Master of Mar; the Lord James, afterwards Regent; the Earl of Glencairn, and the Earl Marshal, were usually present at his sermons, and were ardent admirers of his doctrine.

At length the Roman Catholic clergy, hitherto unaccountably indifferent, roused themselves from their lethargy, and Knox was summoned to appear before an ecclesiastical convention in the capital. He repaired to Edinburgh, prepared to defend his principles; and to his astonishment, found the diet deserted, and his pulpit surrounded, not by his accusers, but by crowds of affectionate and zealous disciples, to whom for a short season he was permitted to preach without interruption or disturbance. This liberty he probably owed to the toleration of the Queen-Regent; but when, at the request of the Earl Marshal, he carried his boldness so far as to address to this daughter of the house of Guise a letter, in which he exhorted her, not only to protect the Reformed preachers, but to lend a favourable ear to their doctrines, he found his propositions received with derision and contempt. Receiving his letter from Glencairn, and glancing hastily over it, the Dowager handed it to the Archbishop of Glasgow, asking him if his Lordship was solicitous to read a pasquil—a mode of proceeding which the Reformer treated afterwards with uncommon severity.

A RETREAT TO GENEVA.

At this critical period, when rejoicing in the success of his preaching, and congratulating himself that the time of the Church's deliverance was drawing nigh, Knox received an invitation to become pastor of the Reformed congregation in Geneva; and the readiness with which he obeyed the summons is one of the inexplicable circumstances of his life. Although his labours had been signally rewarded, the infant congregation, of which he was the head, still required his nurture and protection. During his last journey into Angus, the threatenings of the friars and bishops had increased, and the clouds of persecution were seen gathering round him. The state of the Reformation at Geneva, on the contrary, was prosperous. He had before bitterly upbraided himself for deserting his appointed charge in the hour of peril; yet he now repeated the same conduct, left his native country, and settled with his family on the Continent. It was in vain to tell his followers, as he did, that if they continued in godliness, whenever they pleased they might command his return. They were continuing in the truth, as he himself informs us, and they earnestly but unsuccessfully endeavoured to detain him. The rage, indeed, of his opponents was about to assume at this time a deadly aspect. They had denounced him to the Queen as an enemy to magistrates, as well as a seducer of the people, and, possibly, by retiring he saved his life; but, judging with all charity, it must be admitted, that whilst his writings at this period had all the impassioned zeal, his conduct betrayed some want of the ardent courage of the martyr.

His retreat had an immediate and unfavourable effect on the spread of the new opinions. The bishops and the friars increased in boldness and violence. Knox, whose personal encounter they dreaded, now that his appearance was impossible received a summons to stand his trial; condemnation followed, and he was burnt in effigy at the high cross of the capital. Previous to his departure, the Reformer exhorted his followers to continue their private meetings, which, he said, they ought to open and conclude with prayer, to read the Scriptures, and to listen to the word of exhortation from any experienced brother, provided his instructions were given with modesty and a desire to edify. Such directions they willingly obeyed; and secure in the countenance and protection of the queen-mother, who at this time courted their assistance, they became less the objects of jealousy and persecution to their adversaries of the Catholic faith.

INVITED TO RETURN; AT DIEPPE.

At last the leaders of the Reform party thought they might safely request the return of Knox to his native country. In a letter addressed to the Reformer, they informed him that the "faithful of his acquaintance were steadfast to the belief in which he had left them, that they thirsted for his presence, and were ready to jeopard their lives for the glory of God. Little cruelty," they observed, "had been used against them, the influence of the friars was decreasing, and they had good hopes that God would augment his flock."

Obedying this invitation, Knox resigned his charge at Geneva, and arriving at Dieppe on his way to Scotland, was met there, to his grief and mortification, by letters which arrested his journey. They stated that the zeal of the Reformers had suddenly cooled; that many, contented with the toleration they enjoyed, preferred the security of worshipping God in private according to their consciences, to the peril attending a public reformation; and that the scheme which had given rise to their letter had been precipitately abandoned.

It did not belong either to the disposition or principles of the Reformer to bear this vacillating conduct in silence. He addressed to them an immediate and indignant remonstrance, urged upon them the sacred duty of accomplishing the great work which they had begun; assuring them that although dangers and trials must be met with in its prosecution, their relinquishing it would not save them from the most tyrannical prescription; and concluded by reminding them that so vitally important a matter as the reformation of religion belonged to them, the nobility, even more than to the clergy or chief rulers called kings.

This epistle, which was accompanied by a detailed address to the nobles, and by private letters to Erskine of Dun and Wishart of Pittarrow, two leading men among the reformers, produced an astonishing effect. The lords deplored their weakness; a new impulse was given to the cause; zeal and resolution animated their repentant followers; and on the 3rd of December, 1567, that memorable bond or covenant was drawn up which henceforth united the Protestants under one great association, which was subscribed immediately by their principal supporters, and could not be deserted without something like apostacy.

It described in no mild or measured terms the bishops and ministers of the Roman Catholic

Church as members of Satan, who sought to destroy the Gospel of Christ and His followers; and declared that the subscribers felt it to be their duty to strive in their Master's cause even to death, certain as they were of victory in Him. For this purpose it declared that they had entered into a solemn promise, in the presence of the "Majesty of God and His congregation, to set forward and establish with their whole power and substance His blessed Word; to labour to have faithful ministers; to defend them, at the peril of their lives and goods, against all tyranny;" and it concluded by anathematising their adversaries, and denouncing vengeance against all the superstition, idolatry, and abomination of the Roman Catholic Church.

This bond, which was drawn up at Edinburgh, received the signatures of the Earls of Glencairn, Argyle, Morton, Lord Lorn, Erskine of Dun, and many others. It was evidently an open declaration of war against the established religion: toleration and compromise were at an end; and their next step showed that the Congregation, for so the Reformers now named themselves, were determined to commence their proceedings in earnest. They passed a resolution, declaring "that in all parishes of the realm the Common Prayers (by which was meant the service-book of Edward VI.) should be read weekly on Sunday, and other festival days, in the parish churches, with the lessons of the Old and New Testaments; conform to the order of the Book of Common Prayer; and that if the curates of parishes be qualified, they shall be caused to read the same: but if they refuse, then the most qualified in the parish were directed to supply their place." It was resolved at the same time that "doctrine preaching, and interpretation of Scripture, be used privately in great houses, avoiding great conventions of people thereto, until such time as God should move the prince to grant public preaching by true and faithful ministers."

These resolutions the Lords of the Congregation proceeded to put in execution in such places as were under their power. The Earl of Argyle encouraged Douglas, his chaplain, to preach openly in his house; other barons followed his example; and a second invitation was addressed to Knox requesting his immediate presence among them. The Reformer in consequence landed in Scotland, the 2nd of May, 1559, he being then fifty-four years of age.

IN SCOTLAND AGAIN.

Knox found the cause of the Congregation in a

very different condition from that in which he had left it at the period of his retreat from Scotland in 1557. It acquired a wonderful accession of strength in the return of this bold, uncompromising, and eloquent adherent, who, without delaying in the capital, repaired directly to Dundee. Here he learned that proceedings had been taken against the preachers of the Congregation, who had been summoned to appear at Stirling to answer for their conduct on the 10th of May. Knox at once expressed a wish to assist his brethren, and make confession of his faith along with them.

It was now resolved by the leaders of the Congregation that they would accompany their preachers to Stirling; and the principal barons of Angus and Mearns took their journey for this purpose to Perth. They wore no armour, but declared that they came as peaceable men, and solely to make confession of their faith, and to assist their ministers in their just defence. Lest their numbers might create alarm, Erskine of Dun, a grave and prudent man, noted for his early adherence to the Reformed opinions, leaving his brethren in Perth, went forward to Stirling, and requested an interview with the Queen. On this occasion ~~he~~ the Regent acted with much dissimulation. She listened with apparent moderation; and when the envoy assured her that the single wishes of the Congregation were to be permitted to worship God according to their conscience, and to secure liberty to their preachers, she declared that if the people would disperse, the preachers should be unmolested, the summons discharged, and new proceedings taken which should move all ground of complaint.

Relying upon this promise, Erskine wrote to his brethren who were at Perth: their leaders sent home the people; and it was expected that peace and toleration would be restored. But with the removal of the danger the Regent thought it politic to forget her promises; and with a precipitation which was as treacherous as it was short-sighted, the summons was continued; the ministers, who did not appear, were denounced as rebels; and all were prohibited, under the penalty of high treason, from receiving or supporting them.

Enraged at such perfidy, the Laird of Dun withdrew indignantly from court; rejoined his brethren who were still at Perth; excused himself for having too implicitly trusted a princess who he was now convinced was resolved upon their destruction, and warned them to prepare for those extreme measures which were meditated against them. His representations made a deep

impression; and Knox seized the moment to deliver to the people a sermon against idolatry, with all that fervid and impassioned eloquence for which he was so remarkable. He described how odious this crime appeared in the sight of God; what positive commands had been given in Scripture for the destruction of its monuments; and concluded by a denunciation of the mass as one of the most abominable forms in which it had ever appeared to ensnare and degrade the human mind.

AN OUTBREAK AT PERTH.

This gave rise to the first outbreak of popular reforming zeal into actual violence. The scene is thus described in Knox's own words:—

"The manner whereof was this: the preachers before had declared how odious was idolatry in God's presence; what commandment He had given for the destruction of the monuments thereof; what idolatry and what abomination were in the mass.

"It chanced that the next day, which was the 11th of May, after that the preachers were exiled, that after the sermon, which was vehement against idolatry, that a priest, in contempt, would go to the mass; and to declare his malapert presumption he would open up one glorious tabernacle which stood upon the high altar. There stood beside certain godly men, and amongst others a young boy, who cried with a loud voice,—

"This is intolerable, that when God by His Word hath plainly damned idolatry, we shall stand and see it used in despite."

"The priest, heretofore offended, gave the child a great blow, who in anger took up a stone, and casting it at the priest, did hit the tabernacle and broke down an image; and immediately the whole multitude that were about cast stones and put hands to the said tabernacle and to all other monuments of idolatry, which they despatched before the tentmen in the town were advertised (for the most part were gone to dinner), which noised abroad, the whole multitude convened, not of gentlemen, neither of them that were earnest professors, but of the rascall multitude, who, finding nothing to do in that church, did run without deliberation to the Grey and Black Friars; and notwithstanding that they had within them very strong guards kept for their defence, yet were their gates incontinent burst up.

"The first invasion was upon the idolatry, and thereafter the common people began to seek some spoil; and in very deed the Grey Friars

was a place so well provided, that unless honest men had seen the same, we would have feared to have reported what provision they had. Their sheets, blankets, beds, and coverlets were such as no earl in Scotland hath the better; their napery was fine. There were but eight persons in convent, yet had eight puncheons of salt beef (consider the time of year, the 11th of May), wine, beer and ale, besides stores of victuals effeiring thereto. The like abundance was not in the Black Friars; and yet there was more than became men professing poverty.

"The spoil was committed to the poor; for so had the preachers before threatened all men that for covetousness' sake none should put their hand to such a reformation, that no honest man was enriched thereby the value of a groat. Their conscience so moved them that they suffered those hypocrites to take away what they could of that which was in their places. The Prior of Charterhouse was permitted to take away with him even so much gold and silver as he was well able to carry. So was men's consciences before beaten with the Word, that they had no respect to their own particular profit, but only to abolish idolatry, the places and monuments thereof; in which they were so busy and so laborious that within two days these three great places, monuments of idolatry,—to wit the Grey and Black thieves and Charterhouse monks (a building of wondrous cost and greatness,—were so destroyed that the walls only did remain of all these great edifications."

This extract brings powerfully before us a notorious feature of the Scottish Reformation—the destruction of the monuments of early ecclesiastical architecture throughout the country.

A DIFFICULT PART TO PLAY.

This ebullition of popular fury was not confined to Perth; the infection spread to Cupar, a small town which had embraced the Protestant opinions; and here similar excesses, though on a smaller scale, took place. These things being told to the Queen-Regent, they so incensed her, that she vowed to destroy every man, woman, and child in Perth, and to burn it to the ground. In execution of this threat she caused her French army to march towards it; but being told that great numbers from the neighbouring district were assembling for its defence, her impetuosity was checked, and she resolved to use stratagem where force was apparently useless.

She sent the Earls of Argyll and Moray to ask the design of the leaders of the Congregation in such commotions. Knox, in the name of

the rest, answered, "That they whom she thus persecuted were the servants of God, and faithful and obedient subjects of the realm; that the religion which she would maintain by fire and sword was not of Jesus Christ, but a superstitious device of men, and that her enterprise should not succeed in the end; but that she fought not against man only, but against the eternal God."

Argyll and Moray delivered this message; and in return the Queen-Regent promised that the Reformers should be permitted to leave the town in peace. Knox preached a sermon, exhorting his friends to constancy; adding, "I am persuaded that this promise shall be no longer kept than the Queen and her Frenchmen can get the upper hand;" which happened just as he said, for she immediately took violent possession of the town, and put a garrison of Frenchmen into it. This breach of faith so disgusted the Earls of Argyll and Moray that they forsook her and joined the Congregation, and withdrew into Fife. Having met with the Laird of Dun and others, they sent for Knox, who on his way to them preached in Crail and Anstruther, intending to preach next day at St. Andrews.

This intention came to the ears of the archbishop, who raised a hundred spearmen and sent this message to the Lords, "That if John Knox offered to preach there he should have a warm military reception." They in their turn forewarned him of his danger, and dissuaded him from going. Knox answered that he was fully resolved on preaching. "In this town and church," he said, "did God first call me to the dignity of a preacher, and in this town, when torn from it by the tyranny of France, I expressed my assurance that I would preach again. Therefore preach here I must." And preach he did, and with such boldness and success that the magistrates and the people of the town, immediately after the sermon, agreed to remove all "monuments of idolatry," which, we are told, they did with all expedition.

Accompanying the forces of the Congregation, Knox now went to Edinburgh, where he preached in the principal churches. Soon after, however, he was obliged to leave the capital, in consequence of its occupation by the Regent's army, between which and that of the Reformers several skirmishes had taken place. He now undertook a preaching tour through the kingdom, and within less than two months travelled over a great part of Scotland, diffusing the knowledge and strengthening the interests of the Protestant cause.

A LETTER TO SECRETARY CECIL.

At this time, too, Knox greatly exerted himself in procuring for the Reformers the assistance of England. In this great object he was ultimately successful. The management of the correspondence to which it led chiefly devolved upon his hands; and the reader will gain a good idea of his powers as a letter-writer from the following remarkable epistle addressed to Secretary Cecil. His work against female sovereigns had made him odious to Elizabeth; and in this letter to Cecil he endeavours to deprecate her resentment. He intended to have enclosed at the same time an epistle to the Queen herself, but this he delayed owing to the sudden departure of the messenger.

"I understand," said he, in that honest and undaunted style of writing which was unacceptable to the courtly taste of the English Secretary, "I am become so odious to the Queen's Grace and to her Council, that the mention of my name is displeasing in their ears; but yet I will not cease to offer myself, requiring you, in God's name, to present to the Queen's Grace this my letter, smelling nothing of flattery, and therefore I hope it shall be the more acceptable. Why that either her Grace, either that the faithful in her realm, should repute me as an enemy, I know no just cause. One thing I know, that England by me this day hath received no hurt, yea, it hath received, by the power of God working in me, that benefit which yet to none in England is known, neither yet list I to boast of the same: only this will I say, that when England and the usurped authority thereof was enemy to me, yet was I friend to it; and the fruit of my friendship saved the Borders in their greatest necessities. My eyes have long looked to a perpetual concord betwixt these two realms, the occasion whereof is most present, if you shall move your hearts unfeignedly to seek the same. For humility of Christ Jesus crucified, now begun here to be practised, may join together the hearts of those whom Satan, by pride, hath long dissevered: for the furtherance hereof I would have license to repair towards you. God move your heart rightly to consider the estate of both the realms, which stand in greater danger than many do espy. The common bruit, I doubt not, carrieth unto you the troubles that be lately here risen for the controversy in religion. The truth is, that many of the nobility, the most part of barons and gentlemen, with many towns and one city, have put to their hands to

remove idolatry and the monuments of the same. The Reformation is somewhat violent, because the adversaries be stubborn; none that professeth Christ Jesus with us usurpeth anything against the authorities, neither yet intendeth to usurp, unless strangers be brought in to subdue and bring in bondage the liberties of this poor country: if any such thing be espied, I am uncertain what shall follow."

IN ACTIVE WORK.

The exertions of Knox at this period were incredibly great. By day he was employed in preaching; by night in writing letters on public business. He was the soul of the Congregation, was always found at the post of danger, and by his presence, his public discourses and private advices, animated the whole body, and defeated the schemes employed to corrupt and divide them.

Such zeal and activity could not but expose him to the most deadly resentment of the Papists and the Queen-Regent. A reward was publicly offered to any one who should apprehend or assassinate him; and not a few, actuated by hatred or avarice, lay in wait to seize him. But all this did not deter him from appearing in public and discharging his duty as usual.

At length, however, the Queen-Regent died, and a general peace, which lasted for some time, was procured; during which the Commissioners of the Scottish nobility in 1560 began to settle ministers in different places. Knox was appointed to Edinburgh, where he continued till the day of his death.

The same year the Scots' Confession was compiled and agreed upon; and that the Church might be established upon a good foundation, a commission and charge was given to Knox and five others to draw up a form of government and discipline. When they had finished their task, they presented it to the nobility, and by them it was afterwards approved and ratified.

AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF QUEEN MARY; A CONFERENCE WITH THE QUEEN.

The advancement, however, which the Reformation was daily making soon after met with a severe check by the arrival of Queen Mary from France in August 1561. Along with her came Popery, and the mass was again publicly set up. This highly offended the religious part of the nation, and none more so than Knox, who, expressing the evil and danger of it on every occasion, by that means greatly exasperated the Queen and court.

On one occasion he was called before them and charged with being guilty of high treason. The Queen was present ; and she produced a letter written by him, in which it was alleged he had convoked Her Majesty's lieges against law. On this a long argument ensued between him and Secretary Lethington as to the contents of the letter. Knox gave such sensible and bold answers in defence of himself and his doctrines, that at last he was acquitted by the Lords of the Council, to the great displeasure of the Queen and the popish party.

Some time previous to this, indeed immediately after the Queen's arrival in Scotland, Knox displayed similar independence and boldness in a long private conference which he was permitted to hold with the Queen. The Reformer has himself left us an account of their conversation.

The Queen blamed him for the violence of his book against female government ; and with a clearness and vigour of argument for which he was probably not prepared, pointed out its evil consequences in inciting subjects against their rulers. She then advised him to treat with greater charity those who differed from him in opinion.

"If, Madam," said he, "to rebuke idolatry, and to persuade the people to worship God according to His Word, be to raise subjects against their princes, I cannot stand excused, for so I have acted ; but if the true knowledge of God and His right worshipping lead all good subjects (as they assuredly do) to obey the prince from their hearts, then who can reprehend me ?" As for his book, he allowed it was directed against female government, but excused its principles as being more matters of opinion than of conscience, and professed his willingness to live in all contentment under Her Majesty's government as long as she kept her hands undefiled by the blood of the saints of God. He contended that in religion subjects were bound to follow, not the will of their prince, but the commands of their Creator. "If," said he, "all men in the days of the apostles should have been compelled to follow the religion of the Roman emperor, where would have been the Christian faith ? Daniel and his fellows were subjects to Nebuchadnezzar and Darius, and yet they refused to be of their religion."

"But," interrupted the Queen, "these men did not resist."

"And yet," replied Knox, "they who obey not the commandment may virtually be said to resist."

"Nay," said Mary, "they did not resist with the sword."

"That," rejoined Knox, "was simply because they had not the power."

"What," cried the Queen, starting and speaking with great energy, "do you maintain that subjects, having power, may resist their princes ?"

"Most assuredly," continued the Reformer, "if princes exceed their bounds. God hath nowhere commanded higher reverence to be given to kings by their subjects than to parents by their children ; and yet if a father or mother be struck with madness and attempt to slay his children they may lawfully bind and disarm him till the frenzy be overcome. It is even so, Madam," added this stern champion of resistance, fixing his eyes upon the young queen, and raising his voice to a tone which almost amounted to a menace,—"it is even so with princes that would murder the children of God, who may be their subjects. Their blind zeal is nothing but a mad frenzy, and therefore to take the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison till they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because it agreeth with the Word of God."

At these words Mary stood for some time silent and amazed ; she was terrified by the violence with which they were uttered. She thought of her own youth and weakness ; of the fierce zealots by whom she was surrounded ; her mind pictured to itself, in gloomy anticipation, the struggles which awaited her, and she burst into tears. On being comforted and soothed by Moray, who alone was present at the interview, she at length collected herself and said, turning to Knox, "Well then, I perceive that my subjects shall only obey you and not me ; they must do what they list, not what I command ; whilst I must learn to be subject unto them, and not they to me."

"God forbid," said the Reformer, "that it should ever be so ; far be it from me to command any, or to absolve subjects from their lawful obedience. My only desire is that both princes and subjects should obey God, who has in His Word enjoined kings to be nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers to His Church."

"Yea," quoth Mary, "that is indeed true ; but yours is not the Church that I will nourish. I will defend the Church of Rome, for I think it is the true Church of God."

At this strong assertion of her belief the indignation of Knox flamed fierce and high. "Your will, Madam," said he, "is no reason, neither doth your thought make that Roman harlot to be the immaculate spouse of Christ. And wonder not, Madam, that I call Rome an harlot, for that

Church is altogether polluted with every kind of spiritual abomination, as well in doctrine as in manners. Yea, Madam, I offer myself to prove that the Church of the Jews, who crucified Jesus Christ, when they manifestly denied the Son of God, was not so far degenerated from the ordinances and statutes which God gave by Moses and Aaron unto His people, as the Church of Rome is declined, and for more than five hundred years hath declined, from that purity of religion which the Apostles taught and planted."

"My conscience," said Mary, "is not so."

"Conscience," said Knox, "requires knowledge; and I fear of right knowledge you have but little."

After some further exhortations, the Reformer exposed the idolatry of the mass, and threw down his defiance to the most learned Papists in Europe, declaring his earnest wish that he might have an opportunity of engaging with them in controversy before the Queen herself.

"In that wish," said Mary, "you may perhaps be indulged sooner than you expect."

She was then called to dinner; and Knox, on taking his leave, prayed that she might be blessed in the commonwealth of Scotland as richly as ever was Deborah in the commonwealth of Israel.

OTHER INTERVIEWS WITH THE QUEEN.

This was not the only interview Knox had with the Queen. They had four or five conversations, sometimes in her own palace, at her own request, sometimes by summonses of her Council. Mary often enough burst into tears, oftener than once into long-continued fits of passionate weeping—Knox standing with mild and pitying visage, but without the least hairsbreadth of recanting or recoiling; waiting till the fit should pass, and then with all softness, but with all inexorability, taking up his theme again.

"The high and graceful young Queen," remarks Mr. Carlyle, "we can well see, had not met, nor did meet, in this world with such a man. The hardest-hearted reader cannot but be affected with some pity, or think with other than softened feelings of this ill-starred young, beautiful, graceful, and highly-gifted human creature, planted down into so unmanageable an environment. So beautiful a being, so full of youth, of native grace and gift; meaning of herself no harm to Scotland or to anybody; joyfully going her progresses through her dominions: fond of hawking, hunting, music, literary study; cheerfully accepting every gift that outdoor life, even in Scotland, can offer to its right joyous-minded and ethereal

young Queen. With irresistible sympathy one is tempted to pity this poor sister-soul, involved in such a chaos of contradictions, and hurried down to tragical destruction by them."

A memorable interview took place in 1562, when Knox had to defend himself from the charge of preaching against the Queen's dancing. Mary, he says, made a long harangue or oration; and Knox answered at length, showing that he had been misrepresented. We give the conclusion of the conversation in the words and orthography of Knox's "History:"—

"The Queyn," he says, "looked about to some of the reaportaris, and said: 'Your wourdis ar scharpe yneuch as ye have spooken thame: but yitt thei war told to me in ane uther maner. I know,' she sche, 'that my uncles and ye ar nott of ane religioun, and thairfoir I can nott blame you albeit you have no good opinion of thame. But yf ye hear anything of myself that myslikis you, come to myself and tell me, and I shall hear you.'

"'Madam,' quod he, 'I am assured that your uncles ar eneymes to God, and unto His Sone Jesus Christ; and that for mantenance of thair awin pompe and worldlie glorie, that thei spair not to spill the bloode of mony innocents; and thairfoir I am assured that thair interpryses shall have no better successe than otheris haif had that befoir thame have done that thei do now. But as to your awin personage, Madam, I wold be glade to do all that I could to your Grace's contentment, provided that I exceed nott the boundis of my vocation. I am called, Madam, to ane publict function within the Kirk of God, and am appointed by God to rebuk the synnes and vices of all. I am not appointed to come to everie man in particular to schaw him his offense; for that labour war infinite. Yf your Grace please to frequent the publict sermonis, then doubt I not but that ye shall fullie understand boith what I like and myslike, als weall in Your Majestie as in all otheris. Or yf your Grace will assigne unto me a certane day and hour when it will please you to hear the forme and substance of doctrin whiche is proponed in publict to the churches of this realme, I will most gladlie await upoun your Grace's pleaur, tyme, and place. But to wait upoun your chalmers doore or ellie whair, and then to have no farther libertie but to whisper my mynd in your Grace's eare, or to tell you what otheris think and speak of you, neather will my conscience nor the vocation whairto God hath called me suffer it. For albeit at your Grace's commandment, I am heare now, yett can not I tell what other men shall judge of

me, that at this tyme of day am absent from my book, and wayting upon the courte.'

"You will not alwayis," said sche, 'be at your book'—and so turned hir back. And the said Johne Knox departed with a reasonable meary countenance; whairat some Papists offended said: 'He is not effrayed.' Which heard of him he answered: 'Why should the pleasing face of a gentill woman effray me? I have looked in the faces of many angric men, and yit have nott bene effrayed above measure.' And so left he the Quene and the courte for that tyme."

After the Queen's marriage with the Earl of Darnley in 1565, on Sunday the 19th of August, Mary's husband came to the High Church of Edinburgh, where Knox preached from the words, 'O Lord, our Lord, other lords beside Thee have had the dominion over us,' etc. In his sermon he took occasion to speak of wicked princes, who for the sins of a people were sent to them as scourges; and also said that "God set in that room boys and women."

The consequence of this indiscreet sermon was that Knox was immediately ordered before the Council. He came to court after dinner, and was brought into the Queen's presence by Erskine of Dun, one of the Superintendents of the Kirk; but the presence of royalty was no restraint. The Queen wept as she listened to his bold harangue; and Knox left her at length as she yielded to a passionate flood of tears. As he passed from the outer chamber, he paused in the midst of a gay circle of the ladies of the royal household, in their gorgeous apparel, and addressed them in a grave style of banter on the pity that the silly soul could not carry all these fine garnishings to heaven.

A VISIT TO ENGLAND; IN DANGER; AT ST. ANDREWS.

About this time Knox visited his two sons, whom he had sent to reside with their mother's relations in England; and he endeavoured to render his journey thither subservient to the interests of religion, by carrying a letter from the Assembly to the English Bishops, interceding for lenity towards those of the clergy who scrupled to use the sacerdotal dress enjoined by the law. He returned to his charge about the time of the Queen's flight with Bothwell to Dunbar; and was delegated by the General Assembly to repair to the west in order to persuade the Hamiltons to join the confederated Lords in settling the kingdom.

On the 29th of July, 1567, he preached a sermon at the Coronation of James VI. in the parish

church of Stirling; and was one of those who strongly urged the trial of Mary for the alleged murder of her husband, and her connection with Bothwell.

At the meeting of Parliament towards the end of the same year, he pressed the ratification of all the Acts of 1560 in favour of the Reformed faith, and was appointed one of the Commissioners for drawing out the particular points belonging to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, which were to be presented at next meeting of Parliament.

In October 1570, Knox had a stroke of apoplexy, which, to a considerable degree, affected his speech; and though in a few days he was able to resume the duty of preaching, he never recovered from the debility produced by the attack. But though so much weakened in body that he never went abroad except on Sundays to the pulpit, yet whenever he saw the welfare of the Church or Commonwealth threatened, he entered into the cause with all the keenness of his most vigorous days.

In April of the following year, his situation was rendered very critical. The popish faction, having found that it would be impossible to get their form of worship re-established while the Reformation was making such progress, and while Knox and his associates were in such favour with the people, began to try other plans than those they had hitherto used. They spared no pains to blast his reputation by the most malicious calumnies. They tried even to gain their end by making attempts upon his life; for one night as he was sitting in his own house, he was fired at from the other side of the street. The shot entered at the window; but he being at another side of the table from that at which he usually sat, the assassin missed his mark: the bullet struck the candlestick, and then lodged in the roof of the apartment.

At the earnest entreaties of his friends, Knox reluctantly withdrew to St. Andrews, where he continued with undiminished boldness to denounce the enemies of the Reformed faith, and to withstand the encroachments made by its false friends upon the polity and revenues of the Church. The Earl of Morton, who afterwards became Regent, urged him to inaugurate the Archbishop of St. Andrew's; but he declined to do so, with solemn protestations against it; and pronounced an anathema both on the giver and receiver of the office. Though he was then very weak in body, he would not refrain from preaching, and was obliged to be supported in going to church; and when in the pulpit, he had to rest a

little before he began to preach; but before he ended his sermon, he became so vigorous and active that he was like to have broken the pulpit to pieces.

At St. Andrews Knox remained till the end of August 1572, when the civil broils were a little abated, and he returned to his flock at Edinburgh. He was now much oppressed with the infirmities of old age, and the extraordinary fatigues he had undergone. The death of the Regent Moray had made a deep impression upon him; and when he heard of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the murder of the Admiral Coligni, the melancholy news almost deprived him of life.

NOMINATING A SUCCESSOR; THE LAST SERMON.

Feeling his end approaching, he persuaded the Council and Kirk Session of Edinburgh to unite with him in admitting James Lawson, at that time Professor of Philosophy in the college of Aberdeen, as his successor. He wrote a letter to Mr. Lawson, entreating him to accept the charge, and added this postscript: "Make haste, my brother, otherwise you will come too late;" meaning that if he came not speedily he would find him dead. Mr. Lawson accordingly set out, making all possible haste for Edinburgh, where, after he had preached twice to the full satisfaction of the people, the 9th of November was appointed for his admission.

When the 9th came, Knox, though then still weaker, preached with much power. In the close of his sermon he called God to witness that he had walked in a good conscience among them, not seeking to please men, nor serving his own or other men's inclinations, but in all sincerity and truth preaching the Gospel of Christ. Then praising God, who had given them one in his room, he exhorted them to stand fast in the faith they had received; and having prayed fervently for the Divine blessing upon them, and for the increase of the Spirit upon their new pastor, he gave them his last farewell; at which all the congregation were much affected.

He was carried home; and on the 13th was so weak that he had to abandon his ordinary reading of the Scriptures. The next day he expressed his determination to rise; and being asked what he intended by getting out of bed, he replied that he would go to church, thinking it had been Sunday. He told them that he had been all night meditating on the resurrection, which he should have preached on in order after the death of Christ, having made that the subject of his sermon the Sabbath before. He had often, we

are told, prayed that he might end his days in meditating and preaching upon that doctrine; a desire that seems to have been granted to him.

LAST DAYS.

Upon the 17th, the elders and deacons were sent for by him, and, raising himself in his bed, he addressed them in these solemn words: "The time is approaching for which I have long thirsted, wherein I shall be relieved of all cares, and be with my Saviour Christ for ever. And now God is my witness, whom I have served with my spirit in the Gospel of His Son, that I have taught nothing but the true and solid doctrine of the Gospel; and that the end I proposed in all my preaching was to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the weak, to comfort the consciences of those who were humbled under the sense of their sins; and bear down, with the threatenings of God's judgments, such as were proud and rebellious. I am not ignorant that many have blamed, and yet do blame, my too great rigour and severity; but God knows, that in my heart I never hated the persons of those against whom I thundered God's judgments. I did only hate their sins, and laboured with all my power to gain them to Christ. That I forbore none of whatsoever condition, I did it out of the fear of my God, who had placed me in the function of the ministry, and I knew would bring me to an account. Now, brethren, for yourselves, I have no more to say, but that you take heed to the flock over whom God hath placed you overseers, and whom He hath redeemed by the blood of His only-begotten Son. And you, Mr. Lawson [this was his successor], fight a good fight. Do the work of the Lord with courage and with a willing mind; and God from above bless you and the Church whereof you have the charge: against it, so long as it continueth in the doctrine of the truth, the gates of hell shall not prevail."

During his illness he continued to exhibit all his wonted interest in public affairs, often bewailed the defection of Grange, one of his oldest friends, and sent a message to him, which at the time was regarded as almost prophetic. "Go," said he, addressing Lindsay, the minister of Leith, "to yonder man in the castle, whom you know I have loved so dearly, and tell him that I have sent you yet once more to warn him, in the name of God, to leave that evil cause. . . . Neither the craggy rock in which he miserably confides, nor the carnal prudence of that man [meaning the Secretary Lethington] whom he esteems a demi-god, nor the assistance of strangers, shall

preserve him; but he shall be disgracefully dragged from his nest to punishment, and hung on a gallows against the face of the sun, unless he speedily amend his life and flee to the mercy of God."

It appears probable enough that in this and other similar predictions, the dying Reformer, who was not only intimately acquainted with, but engaged in, the secret correspondence between his party and England, availed himself of this knowledge to fulminate his threats and warnings, which he knew the advance of the English army was so soon likely to fulfil.

One of Knox's visitors having desired him to praise God for the good he had done, he answered: "Flesh of itself is too proud, and needs nothing to puff it up;" and protested that he only laid claim to the free mercy of God in Christ. Among others, to the Earl of Morton, who was then about to receive the regency (the Earl of Mar having died the preceding month), he was heard to say, "My Lord, God hath given you many blessings; He hath given you high honour, birth, great riches, many good friends, and is now to prefer you to the government of the realm. In His name I charge you, that you will use these blessings better in time to come than you have done in time past; in all your actions seek first the glory of God, the furtherance of His gospel, the maintenance of His Church and ministry; and then be careful of the King, to procure his good and the welfare of the kingdom. If you act thus God will be with you; if otherwise, He will deprive you of all these benefits, and your end will be shameful and ignominious." This threatening, Morton, to his melancholy experience, confessed was literally accomplished; at his execution in June 1581, he called to mind Knox's words, and acknowledged that in what he had said to him he had been a true prophet.

Knox's weakness rapidly increased; and on Friday the 21st of November, he desired his coffin to be made. The succeeding Saturday and Sunday were spent by him almost uninterruptedly in meditation and prayer, in pious ejaculations, and earnest advices addressed to his family and friends. These words were frequently in his mouth: "Come, Lord Jesus. Sweet Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Be merciful, Lord, to Thy Church which Thou hast redeemed. Give peace to this afflicted Commonwealth. Raise up faithful pastors who will take care of Thy Church. Grant us, Lord, the perfect hatred of sin, both by the evidence of Thy wrath and mercy."

Monday, the 24th of November, was the last

day he spent on earth. He rose out of bed about ten o'clock, sat up for about half an hour, and then returned to bed again. Being asked if he had any pain, he answered, "No pain but such as, I trust, will soon put an end to this battle; yea, I do not esteem that pain to me which is the beginning of eternal joy." In the afternoon he caused his wife to read the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. When it was ended, he said, "Is not that a comfortable chapter?" and a little after, "I commend my soul, spirit, and body into Thy hands, O Lord."

About eleven o'clock he gave a deep sigh, and said, "Now it is come;" upon which Richard Bannatyne, his faithful friend and secretary, drew near, and said, "Now, sir, the time you have long called to God for doth instantly come; and, seeing all natural powers fail, give us some sign that you live upon the comfortable promises which you have so often showed to us." Upon this Knox lifted up one of his hands, and immediately after, sighing twice, he expired without any struggle, as one falling asleep.

The Reformer was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles, upon Wednesday the 26th of November. His funeral was attended by the Earl of Morton, then Regent, other Lords, and a great multitude of people of all ranks. When he was laid in the grave, the Earl of Morton said, "There lies a man who in his life never feared the face of man: who hath been often threatened with dog and dagger, but hath ended his days in honour and peace."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE; THE DOCTRINES OF KNOX.

Knox was little in stature and of a weak constitution, which led Principal Smeaton, one of his contemporaries, to say, "I know not if ever God placed a more godly and great spirit in a body so little and frail. I am certain that there can scarcely be found another in whom more gifts of the Holy Ghost for the comfort of the Church of Scotland did shine. No one spared himself less; no one was more diligent in the charge committed to him, and yet no one was more the object of the hatred of wicked men, and more vexed with the reproach of evil speakers; but this was so far from abating that it rather strengthened his courage and resolution in the ways of God." Beza calls him "the great apostle of the Scots."

The doctrines of Knox were those of the English Reformers impregnated to a certain extent with Calvinism. His opinions respecting

the sacraments coincided with those of the English Protestants; he preached that all sacrifices which men offered for sin were blasphemous; that it was incumbent to make an open profession of the doctrine of Christ, and to avoid idolatry, superstition, and every sort of worship not authorized by the Scriptures. He was altogether opposed to Episcopacy.

The opposition of Knox as well to Episcopacy as to prelacy has caused his reputation to be severely handled by many writers of contrary opinions on these points. The elaborate character drawn of him by his biographer Dr. McCrie, appears to us on the whole a just representation, and we give a brief summary of it:—"Knox possessed strong talents, was inquisitive, ardent, acute, vigorous, and bold in his conceptions. He was a stranger to none of the branches of learning cultivated in that age by persons of his profession, and he felt an irresistible desire to impart his knowledge to others. Intrepidity independence and elevation of mind, indefatigable activity and constancy, which no disappointments could shake, eminently qualified him for the post which he occupied. In private life he was loved and revered by his friends and domestics. When free from depression of spirits, the result of ill-health, he was accustomed to unbend his mind, and was often witty and humorous. Most of his faults may be traced to his natural temperament and the character of the age and country in which he lived. His passions were strong, and as he felt he expressed himself without reserve or disguise. His zeal made him intemperate; he was obstinate, austere, stern, and vehement. These defects, which would have been inexcusable in most other persons, may be more easily forgiven in him, for they were among the most successful weapons in his warfare.

KNOX'S FAMILY; HIS LITERARY WORKS.

Knox was twice married. It was while one of Cranmer's chaplains at Berwick-on-Tweed that he became a visitor in the family of Richard Bowes, captain of Norham Castle, who was connected by marriage with the Wiclif family. Inclining still to the old faith, Captain Bowes opposed the advances of John Knox to his fifth daughter, Marjory; but the girl herself, and, still more her intensely Puritan mother, favoured his suit. In 1553 Marjory became betrothed to him, and was ever after alluded to and addressed as his "wife" and "dearest spouse." In 1556, after his Continental experiences, he seems to have been married; and his sickly mother-in-law was an inmate of his house till she died. At the close

of 1560, after he had settled in Edinburgh as city minister, his wife died at the age of twenty-seven. When Calvin condoled with him, he described her as "a wife, the like of whom is not everywhere found." His own epithet for her was "suavissima."

It is around Knox's second wife that public interest centres. After three years he married a girl of sixteen, of royal blood; and the union excited the jealousy of Queen Mary, of whom Randolph wrote to Cecil—"The Queen stormeth wonderfully for that she is of the blood and name." She was Margaret Stewart, second daughter of Andrew, third Lord Ochiltree, and was descended from Robert II. through his second son, Robert, Duke of Albany. Her father was "the good Lord Ochiltree," and intimate friend of John Knox; but the marriage caused much gossip, curious and malevolent. By his first wife Knox had two sons, both of whom died unmarried.

John Knox's second wife became a widow at twenty-four, was allowed the Reformer's pension of 500 merks for one year by the General Assembly, and the year after married Andrew Ker, of Faldonsyde, Roxburghshire, a zealous friend of the Reformation.

Of the three daughters whom she bore to John Knox, the youngest, Mrs. Welch, appears to have been a remarkable person.

John Knox's literary works are, "An Admonition to England," "An Application to the Scots Nobility," "A Letter to Mary the Queen-Regent," "A History of the Reformation," "A Treatise on Predestination," "The First and Second Blast of the Trumpet," and "A Sermon Preached in August 1565," on account of which he was for some time prohibited from preaching.

His chief work is "The History of the Reformation of Religion within the Realm of Scotland," printed after his death. Having been written at intervals, and amid the distractions of a busy life, much of it is in a confused and indigested state; but it still maintains its value as a chief source of information on the ecclesiastical history of the eventful period during which the author lived; and, though sometimes inaccurate, and the production of a partisan, it has, in the main, been confirmed by the researches of later historians.

Speaking of Knox's "History," the late Dr. John Hill Burton says: "There certainly is in the English language no other parallel to it in the clearness, vigour, and picturesqueness with which it renders the history of a stirring period. Whoever would see and feel the spirit of the Reformation in Scotland—and in England, too, for that matter—must needs read and study it

The reader who may happen not to be a zealous Calvinist, will deal with it as the work of a partisan. From first to last there is no mistaking it for anything else. It is throughout the living spirit of partisanship, strong, resolute, and intolerant.

"But for all that it is truth. In fact, the author had achieved a perfection of positivism which is incompatible with dissimulation and concealment. Whatever is done by him and his is so absolutely right, and so valuable as an example and encouragement to others, that the more loudly and fully it is proclaimed to the world the better.

"Of all the revelations in this book, none is more remarkable than its writer's own character. His arrival in Scotland is an important event; all his doings are important in his own eyes as well as in those of others. Whether it be for the adoration of the just, or the malignity of the wicked, 'John Knox' is ever the conspicuous figure in John Knox's book. When the Regent, Mary of Lorraine, is seized with a fit of untimely exultation, it is against him that she flings. 'She burst forth in her blasphemous railing, and said, "Where is now John Knox's God? My God is now stronger than his, yea, even in life."' Speaking of the last ecclesiastical Council, which attempted the internal reform of the Church, he says: 'The bishops continued in their Provincial Council until that day that John Knox arrived in Scotland;' as if this conjunction aggravated the audacity of their doings.

"The way in which he thus sets forth his notions, as if he were writing the biography of some great man whose deeds he had the good fortune to witness, might be called egotism or vanity in one less in earnest. But it all comes of natural impulse, and reads naturally. All the world is astir, and he, John Knox, is the centre of its motion. He was a man of thorough practical experience, who had seen life in all its grades, from the court to the galley-slave's bench. He was signally acute in penetrating political mysteries, and unflinching the designs of men when these were hostile; but he was as signally blind to the true character of compliant or perfidious partisans. Working with greedy, selfish men, intent on their own aggrandisement, he deemed them to be as completely as himself under the influence of an unselfish religious spirit; and when the evidence of sordidness was all too flagrant, he turned his honest eyes on it with surprise, like one who beholds his sober,

sedate friend take suddenly to drinking, or go off in a fit of acute madness."

It may be mentioned that in more than one quarter Knox was charged with innovation on the old language of the country, which he corrupted by modern additions. When put in a friendly shape, the import of this charge is that he improved the language of his country as he reformed its religion; and it has been pointed out as a singular coincidence that Luther has the fame of reforming the language of Germany, and Calvin of reforming the language of France.

THE TEST OF A GREAT MAN.

There is, perhaps, no juster test of a great man than the impression which he has left, or the changes he has wrought upon his age; and under this view, none is more entitled to this appellation than Knox, who has been deservedly regarded as the father of the Reformation in Scotland. The history of his life is, indeed, little else than the history of this great religious revolution; and none can deny him the praise of courage, integrity, and indefatigable exertion in proclaiming that system of truth which is believed to be founded upon the Word of God. To this he was faithful to the last; and whatever faults he may at times have committed in the prosecution of his designs, on no occasion do we find him influenced by selfish or venal motives. In this respect he stands alone and pre-eminent over all men with whom he laboured. To extirpate a system which in its every part he believed to be false and idolatrous, and to replace it by another of which he was as firmly persuaded that it was the work of God, seems to have been the master passion of his mind. In the accomplishment of this none who have studied the history of the times or his own writings, will deny that he was often fierce, unrelenting, and unscrupulous; but he was also sincere, upright, and disinterested. He neither feared nor flattered the great; the pomp of the mitre or the revenues of the wealthiest diocese had no attraction in his eyes; and there cannot be a doubt of his sincerity, when, in a last message to his old and long-tried friend Lord Burghley, he assured him that he counted it higher honour to have been made the instrument that the Gospel was simply and truly preached in his native country, than to have been the highest prelate in England.

S. I. A.



CONFUCIUS

THE TEACHER AND LAWGIVER OF CHINA.

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INTRODUCTORY.

IN the following pages we have sketched the life of one whose memory is cherished by a third part of the human race, and whose character and teachings have for over two thousand years influenced the institutions of his native land.

We see in Confucius the patron saint of China; an intensely earnest teacher whose words have there given laws to thought, and have kept alive throughout that vast empire a reverence for the past and a sense of duty that have made the Chinese the most orderly and most moral people on the face of the earth, however true it may be

that to "the mighty hopes that make us men" they are still strangers.

Confucius was a man, to use the words of a distinguished writer, who, six centuries before Christ, considered the outward economy of an empire a worthier object of study than all hidden and abstracted lore; who prized maxims of life and conduct more than all speculations regarding the Divinity; who had actually anticipated some of the most modern propositions respecting the governor and the governed.

This man was not a mere name for a set of opinions; he had a distinct, marked personality. All his words and acts have not been limited to a narrow circle or to one or two centuries. He has left an impression of himself upon the most populous empire in the world. After two thousand years his authority is still sacred among the people, the mandarins, the emperors of China; his influence is felt in every portion of that vast and complicated society.

The study of such a career as that of this famous sage will do much to banish from our minds the idea that the little circle of thought and opinion in which we ourselves move is the only possible one. It introduces us to ways most unlike our own; and whilst we recognise the fact that human nature is everywhere pretty much the same, we also see that it is capable of very strange developments.

CHINA IN THE TIME OF CONFUCIUS.

The China of the time of Confucius was a feudal kingdom, and consisted of only about a sixth part of the present vast empire. It embraced thirteen States of note, and a considerable number of smaller ones; the population might be from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000.

It has been pointed out by Professor Legge that feudal China was a very different thing from feudal Europe. There were three elements which combined to give feudal China peculiarities of character for which our better acquaintance with feudal Europe would not have prepared us.

"First we must take into account the long duration of time, through which the central authority was destitute of vigour. For about five centuries, State was left to contest with State, and clan with clan in the several States. The result was chronic misrule and misery to the masses of the people, with frequent famines. Secondly we must take into account the institution of polygamy, with the low status assigned to woman and the many restraints put upon her. In the ancient poems, indeed, there are

a few pieces which are true love tales, and express a high appreciation of the virtue of their subjects; but there are many more which tell a different tale. The intrigue, quarrels, murder, and grossness that grew out of this social condition it is difficult to conceive, and would be impossible to detail. Thirdly, we must take into account the absence of strong and definite religious belief properly so called, which has always been a characteristic of the Chinese people. We are little troubled, of course, with heresies, and are not shocked by the outbreak of theological zeal; but where thought as well as action does not reach beyond the limits of earth and time, we do not find man in his best estate. We miss the graces and consolations of faith; we have human efforts and ambitions, but they are unimpregnated with divine impulses and heavenly aspirations."

The supreme rulers of this Kingdom were of the Chow dynasty, the third which, within historic time, had held dominion over the country; but the dynasty had passed its zenith, and held the sceptre with anything but a firm hand. The chiefs of the different States belonged to the five orders of nobility, which corresponded closely to the dukes, marquises, earls, counts, and barons, who played a leading part in feudal Europe. These princes, as they might be called, paid an annual tribute to the King, and might, at any time, be summoned, with their military levies, to act in his service.

Without energy and ability on the part of the sovereign, a feudal kingdom is sure to become a prey to disorder, and the period was one of widespread and ever-increasing suffering and degeneracy. The general government was weak, and disorganization was at work in each particular State.

Even at this early period of history there was much literary culture, and many of the arts of civilization were practised. Not only at the royal court, but at the court of every feudal chief, we find historiographers and musicians. Institutions of an educational nature also abounded.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

The birth of Confucius took place in the State of Loo either in the year 550 or 551 B.C., in one of the months of winter. His clan name was K'ung. Confucius, we may add, is just the Latinized form of K'ung Fu-tze, which means "the philosopher or master K'ung."

The father of Confucius, Heih by name, appears in the history of the times as a soldier of great prowess and daring. In the year B.C.

562, when serving at the siege of a place called Peih-yang, a party of the assailants made their way in at a gate which had purposely been left open; and no sooner were they inside it than the portcullis was dropped. Heih was just entering. Catching the massive structure with both hands, he gradually, by dint of main strength, raised it and held it up till his friends had made their escape.

Confucius's mother's name was Yen Ching-tsai. Her marriage with Heih took place when Heih was seventy years old; and the prospect, therefore, of his having an heir having been so slight, unusual rejoicings commemorated the birth of the son who was destined to achieve such everlasting fame.

Tradition reports that Confucius was born in a cave on Mount Ne, whither Ching-tsai went, in obedience to a vision, to be confined. But this is, no doubt, only one of the many legends with which Chinese writers delight to glorify their sage. It is about as likely to be true as the account they give of how the event was heralded by strange portents and miraculous appearances; how genii announced to Ching-tsai the honour ~~this~~ was in store for her, and how fairies attended at Confucius's nativity.

EARLY YEARS; PUBLIC EMPLOYMENTS.

As to the early years of Confucius we have slight information. It would seem that from his childhood he exhibited marked ritualistic tendencies, and as a boy took great delight in playing at the arrangement of vessels and at postures of ceremony. As he grew up he became earnest in the study of history; and we find him looking back with love and reverence to the golden age of the reigns of the great and good Yaou and Shun.

When fifteen years old, we are told he bent his mind to learning. In his twentieth year he married a lady from the State of Sung. Unfortunately he only supplied another illustration to the rule that literary men and philosophers seldom are happy husbands. In the end, he divorced his wife, not, however, before she had borne him a son.

His abilities attracted attention; and not long after his marriage, he was offered the post of Keeper of the public stores of grain. The necessity for doing something for a living induced him to accept it; and in the following year we find him promoted to be Guardian of the public fields and lands. Whilst engaged in these official duties, his son was born; and Confucius was regarded with so much respect, that the reigning duke, on hear-

ing of the event, sent him the present of a carp. From this circumstance the child got the name of Le (a carp).

It was, as we have already hinted, at a critical period in the history of China that Confucius passed his early years. The world, says Mencius, one of the most celebrated of his followers, had fallen into decay, and right principles were nowhere to be found. Oppression and perverse discourse were everywhere prevalent. Rulers were murdered by their ministers, and fathers by their sons. Confucius was terrified by what he saw, and he resolved to take in hand the work of restoration.

In his twenty-second year we find him assuming the position of a public teacher; and his house began to be frequented by young and inquiring spirits, who wished to gain acquaintance with the doctrines of antiquity. However small the fee his pupils could afford to pay, the sage never refused to give instruction. All he asked for was an ardent desire to learn, and the capacity to take advantage of what was taught. "I do not open the truth," he said, "to one who is not eager to gain knowledge, nor help out any one who is not anxious to explain for himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to any one, and he cannot learn from it the other three, I do not repeat my lesson.

HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.

The mother of Confucius died in the year 528 B.C. This interrupted his administrative functions. According to the ancient and almost forgotten laws of China, children were obliged to resign all public employment on the death of either of their parents; and Confucius, desirous of renewing the observance in his native land of all the practices of venerable antiquity, did not fail to conform to the enactment.

He further resolved, that instead of consigning the dead, as was now customary in China, to any waste piece of ground at hand, the obsequies of his mother should be celebrated with a pomp and magnificence which should be an example to the whole country. This spectacle, in which pomp united with propriety, struck his fellow citizens with astonishment, and inspired them with such touching recollections, that they resolved to restore the observance of what were supposed to be the ancient funeral rites, and to bury their dead with all the honours of antiquity. This example was soon followed by the inhabitants of the neighbouring States, and the whole nation, excepting the lowest class, has continued the practice to the present day.

Confucius, however, was not satisfied with a

splendid ceremony, which might be forgotten before the "funeral baked meats" were cold. He inculcated the necessity of repeating acts of homage and respect at stated times, either at the grave or in a part of the dwelling-place consecrated for the purpose. Hence arose the hall of ancestors and anniversary feasts of the dead, which now distinguish the Chinese as a nation, and in which, unfortunately, the Confucian testimonials of affection and respect have degenerated into idolatrous worship. Delighted at the success of his experiment, Confucius shut himself up in his house to pass in solitude the three years of mourning for his mother.

When the mourning for his mother was over, Confucius remained in Loo, most likely pursuing his studies in the history, literature, and institutions of the empire, and imparting instruction to the inquirers who flocked to listen to his words.

AT LOO AND AT CHOW.

In B.C. 523, when Confucius was about twenty-nine years old, we find him studying music under a famous master called S'ung. His convictions on the subjects to which he had been giving attention for the previous fifteen years were now fully matured, and he was ready to take advantage of an opportunity which soon presented itself.

Ho-ke and Nun-kung King-shuh, sons of one of the principal ministers of Loo, became his disciples, their wealth and standing in the State giving him a position he had never enjoyed before. By the influence and kindly offices of King-shuh, a wish he had entertained of visiting the Court of Chow was gratified; and he went thither in a carriage and pair placed at his disposal by the Duke Ch'au.

At Chow he appeared not as a politician, but as an inquirer into the ceremonies and maxims of the founder of the dynasty. He did not remain long there, returning within a year to Loo, where he recommenced his work of teaching. His fame was greatly increased; disciples came to him from different parts till their number amounted to about 3,000. We are not to conceive of these disciples, Professor Legge points out, as forming a community and living together, though parties of them may have done so. We shall find Confucius hereafter always moving amid a company of admiring pupils; but the greater number must have had their proper avocations and modes of living, and would only resort to the master when they wished specially to ask his counsel or listen to his instructions.

His stay in Loo, however, did not last much longer. The three leading clans of the State, those

of Ke, Sh'uh, and Mang, after frequent contests among themselves, engaged in a war with the reigning Duke, and defeated his armies. On this the Duke fled to the State of Ts'i, whither Confucius followed him.

AT TS'I.

Possibly Confucius was attracted to Ts'i by knowing that the music of the emperor Shun was still preserved at the Court. At all events we are told that, having listened to a strain of the much desired music on his way to the capital, he hurried on, and was so charmed with the airs he heard, that for three months he never tasted flesh. "I did not think," said he, "that music could reach such a pitch of excellence."

On crossing the Ta'i Mountains on his way to Ts'i, an interesting incident occurred. We mention it, for it is a good illustration of the way in which the sage took advantage of every incident for conveying to his disciples some wholesome moral lesson. They came upon a grave, and beside it sat a woman weeping and wailing. Confucius stopped, and sent one of his little band to ask the reason of her grief. "Why," said the woman, "my husband's father was killed by a tiger, and my husband also, and last of all my son has fallen a victim to the wild beast." "But why do you not leave so fatal a spot?" "Because," replied she, "there is here no oppressive government." "Take heed, my children, said Confucius to his disciples, "oppressive government is fiercer and more dreaded than any tiger."

Hearing of the arrival of Confucius, the Duke of Ts'i, King by name, sent for him; and after some conversation, being minded to play the part of patron to so distinguished a visitor, offered to make him a present of the city of Lin-k'ew, with all its revenues. But this the sage declined, remarking to his disciples: "A superior man will not receive rewards except for services done. I have given advice to the Duke King, but he has not followed it as yet, and now he would endow me with this place. Very far is he from understanding me." He still, however, discussed politics with the Duke, and taught him that "there is good government when the prince is prince, and the minister is minister, when the father is father, and the son is son." "Good," said the Duke; "if, indeed, the prince be not prince, the minister not minister, and the son not son, although I have my revenues, can I enjoy it?"

Confucius did not find in Ts'i a residence to his mind. The Duke King could not make up his mind exactly how to treat him. The newcomer was not a man of rank; but the ruler

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felt that as much honour was due to him as rank could lay claim to. Some of the advisers of the Court set him down as "impracticable and conceited, and marked by a thousand oddities." In the end it was proposed to settle a considerable revenue upon him; but Confucius would not accept any pension unless his counsels were followed. This the people of Ts'i were not quite so ready to do. Dissatisfaction followed, and he returned to the State from which he had come. Loo, however, he found still in disorder, the reins of government being in the hands of the strongest party for the time being.

IN LOO AGAIN; AS MINISTER OF CRIME.

In Loo he remained in private life for fifteen years, his time being occupied in the prosecution of his studies, and in adding to the number of his disciples. A portion of his leisure he devoted to the compilation of the Book of Odes and the Book of History.

At last order was restored, and an opportunity was afforded him of entering into the service of the State. He was made Minister of Crime, and had a chance of putting his principles of government to the test. The appointment was sufficient to deal crime its deathblow. There was no need to put the penal laws in force, for there were absolutely no offenders. The people gloried in his rule, and used to sing at their work songs in which he was described as their saviour from oppression and wrong.

In Confucius we have an enthusiast to whom want of success in the reformation of his age never seemed to suggest a doubt as to the complete wisdom of his creed. If his theory was to be successful in practice, his official administration should not only have secured the reform of the subjects of his sovereign, but should have effected an equally healthy change in the neighbouring state. But what was actually the case? The contentment which reigned among the people of Loo, instead of rousing the Duke of Ts'i to institute a similar system, only excited his jealousy. "With Confucius at the head of the Government of Loo," said he, "Loo will become supreme among the States; and Ts'i, which lies nearest to it, will be the first to be swallowed up. Let us propitiate it by a surrender of territory."

A more sagacious statesman, however, suggested that they should first attempt to bring about the disgrace of the sage. With this object in view, he sent, by way of a present to the Duke of Loo, eighty beautiful girls, accomplished in the arts of music and dancing, and a

hundred and twenty of the finest horses to be seen anywhere.

The result was just what was anticipated by the wily minister. The girls found a splendid welcome in the Duke's harem, the horses were safely housed in the ducal stables; and Confucius was left to his own reflections on the folly of men who preferred the frivolous songs of pretty girls to the wisdom of Yaou and Shun.

Confucius felt that he must leave the State. The neglect of the Duke to send round among the ministers portions of the flesh after a great sacrifice, furnished a plausible reason for withdrawing from the Court. He left very slowly and unwillingly, hoping that a change would come over the Duke and his counsellors, and that they would recall him. But no recall came; and he went forth, in his fifty-sixth year, to a weary period of wandering among various States.

CONFUCIUS'S IDEAS OF GOVERNMENT.

As to Confucius's ideas of government, which we may pause here to examine, we quote from Professor Legge the following instructive summary:—"A disciple once asked him what he would consider the first thing to be done, if entrusted with the government of a State. His reply was, 'The rectification of names.' When told that such a thing was wide of the mark, he held to it; and, indeed, his whole social and political system was wrapped up in the saying.

"He had told the Marquis of Ts'i, as we have already seen, that good government was obtained when the ruler was ruler, and the minister minister; when the father was father, and the son, son. Society, he considered, was an ordinance of heaven, and was made up of five relationships—ruler and subject, husband and wife, father and son, elder brothers and younger, and friends. There was rule on the side of the first four, and submission on the other. The rule should be in righteousness and benevolence, the submission in righteousness and sincerity. Between friends the mutual promotion of virtue should be the guiding principle. It was true that the duties of the several relations were being continually violated by the passions of men, and the social state had become an anarchy. But Confucius had confidence in the preponderating goodness of human nature, and in the power of example in superiors. 'Not more surely,' he said, 'does the grass bend before the wind, than the masses yield to the will of those above them.' Given the model ruler, and the model people would forthwith appear.

"And he himself could make the model ruler,

He could tell the princes of the States what they ought to be; and he could point them to examples of perfect virtue in former times—to the sage founders of their own dynasty; to the sage S'ang, who had founded the previous dynasty of Shang; to the sage Yer, who first established a hereditary kingdom in China; and to the greater sages still who lived in a more distant golden age.

"With his own lessons and these patterns, any ruler of his day, *who would listen to him*, might reform and renovate his own State, and his influence would break forth beyond its limits, till the face of the whole kingdom should be filled with a multitudinous relation—keeping well-fed, happy people. 'If any ruler,' he once said, 'would submit to me as his director for twelve months, I should accomplish something considerable; and in three years I should attain the realization of my hopes.' Such were the ideas, the dreams of Confucius. But he had not been able to get the ruler of his native State to listen to him. His sage counsels had melted away before the glance of beauty and the pomps of life."

WANDERING TO-AND-FRO.

Though disappointed of the hopes he entertained of the Duke of Loo, Confucius was by no means disposed to resign his rôle as the reformer of the age. "If any one among the princes would employ me," said he in words we have already quoted, "I would effect something considerable in twelve months, and in three years the Government would be perfected." But the times were unfavourable. The struggle for supremacy which had been going on for centuries between the princes of the various States was then at its height; and though there might be a question as to who would be ultimately victorious, there could be no doubt that the sceptre had already passed from the hands of the ruler of Chow.

When Confucius left Loo, he was in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He did not return to it for thirteen years. During this period, he travelled about among different States, hoping to fall in with some prince who would accept him as his adviser, and so initiate a government which should become the centre of a general reformation. But his hopes were vain; several princes were pleased enough to receive and entertain him, but, spite of his wise discourses, they would not alter their plans.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS.

Many incidents that befell the sage during this

unsettled period of his life are of great interest both as exhibiting the manners of the time, and as showing us the principles which animated Confucius, and the philosophy by which he hoped to regenerate mankind.

During his wanderings, he and his company were once in danger of perishing from want. The courage even of Tze-lu, a leading disciple, gave way. "Has the superior man indeed thus to endure?" he asked. "The superior man may have to suffer want," replied Confucius; "but he is still the superior man. The small man in the same circumstance loses his self-command."

His disciples naturally did not take so exalted a view as he did of what he considered to be a heaven-appointed mission, and were inclined to urge him to make concessions in harmony with the times. "Your principles," said Tsze-kung to him, "are excellent, but they are unacceptable in the empire; would it not be well, therefore, to modify them a little?" "A good husbandman," answered Confucius, "can sow, but he cannot secure a harvest. An artisan may excel in handicraft, but he cannot provide a market for his goods. And in precisely the same way a superior man can cultivate his principles, but he cannot make them acceptable."

When on his way to Wei, he was attacked at Poo by some determined opponents. On this occasion his person was seized; and though his followers struggled manfully with his captors, their efforts did not save him from having to swear that he would not continue his journey to Wei. Spite, however, of his oath, he had no sooner escaped from the clutches of his captors than he resumed his journey as if nothing had happened.

This deliberate forfeiture of his word by one who had commanded them to "hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles," surprised his disciples; and Tsze-kung, who was usually the spokesman on such occasions, asked him whether it was right to violate the oath he had taken. But Confucius, who had learned expediency in adversity, replied: "It was an oath extracted by force. The spirits do not hear such."

CONFUCIUS AND THE HERMIT.

In China in the days of Confucius, as, indeed, there have been in all places and at all periods of the world's history, there existed a class of recluses who had withdrawn themselves from the world in disgust. Learned and well-disposed, they had abandoned the conflict with the vice and disorder that seemed everywhere about them. With these the sage, during the course

of his wanderings, frequently came in contact. His character was beyond their comprehension; they felt almost a contempt for him when they beheld him struggling against the stream, and hoping against hope.

On one occasion, Confucius was looking about for a ford. He saw a man working in a neighbouring field, and sent Tze-lu to ask for information. The man, who proved to be a recluse, having discovered that his questioner was one of Confucius's disciples, said to him: "Disorder like a swelling flood overspreads the kingdom, and no one is able to repress it. Why follow a master who withdraws from one ruler and another that will not follow his counsel? would it not be better to follow those who retire from the world altogether?" So saying he picked up his hoe again, without saying anything about the whereabouts of the ford.

Tze-lu returned and reported what the man had said; on which Confucius said, "It is impossible to withdraw from the world, and associate with birds and beasts that have no affinity with us. With whom should I associate but with suffering men! The disorder that prevails is what requires my efforts. If right principles ruled through the kingdom, there would be no necessity for me to change my State."

"We must," says Professor Legge, "recognize in these words a brave heart and a noble sympathy. Confucius would not abandon the cause of the people. He would hold on his way to the end. Defeated he might be; but he would be true to his humane and righteous mission."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

On his way to visit the State of Ch'in, his way happened to lie through the town of Kwang, which had suffered considerably from the filibustering expeditions of a notorious disturber of the public peace called Yang Hoo. To this objectionable character Confucius bore such a striking resemblance, that the citizens of Kwang surrounded the house in which he lodged, intending to attack him. The situation was certainly disquieting, and his disciples were greatly alarmed. The belief of Confucius, however, in the heaven-set nature of his mission, raised him above fear. "Is not the truth lodged in me?" he said. "If Heaven had wished to let this sacred cause perish, I should not have been put into such a relation to it. Heaven will not let the cause of truth perish, and what, therefore, can the people of Kwang do to me?" Saying which he tuned his lyre, and sang probably some of those songs

from his recently compiled Book of Odes, which breathed the wisdom of the ancient emperors.

From some cause or other—more likely from the people of the town discovering their mistake than from any effect produced by Confucius's ditties—the attacking force suddenly withdrew, leaving the sage free to go wherever he pleased.

RETURN TO LOO.

At last, after having been absent for about thirteen years from his native State of Loo, the time arrived when he was to return to it. But by the irony of fate, the accomplishment of his long-cherished desire was due, not to his reputation for political or ethical wisdom, but to his knowledge of military tactics, for which he had a hearty contempt. There happened at this time to be a disciple of the sage, one Yen Yew, in the service of Ke K'ang; and he had conducted a campaign against Tse with great success. On his triumphal return, Ke K'ang inquired how he had gained his military skill. "From Confucius," replied the general. "And what sort of a man is he?" asked Ke K'ang. "Were you to employ him," answered Yen Yew, "your fame would spread abroad; your people might face demons and gods, and would have nothing either to fear or to ask of them. And if you accepted his principles, were you to collect a thousand altars of the spirits of the land, it would profit you nothing."

Attracted by such a prospect, Ke K'ang proposed to invite the sage to his Court. "If you do," said Yen Yew, "mind you do not allow mean men to come between you and him."

"But," says Mr. Douglas in his "Confucianism and Taoism," "before Ke K'ang's invitation reached Confucius, an incident occurred which made the arrival of the messengers from Loo still more welcome to him. K'ung Wăn, an officer of Wei, where Confucius then was, came to consult him as to the best means of attacking the force of another officer with whom he was engaged in a feud. Confucius, disgusted at being consulted on such a subject, professed ignorance, and prepared to leave the State, saying as he went away, "The bird chooses its tree; the tree does not choose the bird."

Just then Ke K'ang's envoys arrived, and he at once accepted the invitation they brought. He packed up his baggage and set out for a State which he had not seen for so long a time, and which was endeared to him by many early recollections.

UNWELCOME COUNSEL; IN PRIVATE LIFE.

On arriving at Loo, he presented himself at

Court, and, in answer to a question of the Duke Gae on the subject of government, threw out a strong hint that the Duke might do well to offer him an appointment. "Government," he said, "consists in the right choice of ministers." To the same question put by Ke K'ang, he replied, "Employ the upright, and put aside the crooked, and thus will the crooked be made upright."

At this time Ke K'ang was perplexed as to what measures to adopt to suppress the prevailing brigandage. "If you, sir," said Confucius, "were not avaricious, though you might offer rewards to induce people to steal, they would not." From this answer we see the estimate put by the sage on not only Ke K'ang, but the Duke Gae—for the two were so entirely of one mind that the deeds of Ke K'ang never failed to be endorsed by the Duke. It was clearly impossible that Confucius should serve under such a régime; and instead, therefore, of soliciting public employment, he retired into private life, and devoted himself to literary pursuits.

He had now leisure to finish editing the *Shoo King*, or "Book of History," to which he wrote a preface; he also "carefully digested the rites and ceremonies determined by the wisdom of the more ancient sages and kings; collected and arranged the ancient poetry, and undertook the reform of music." He made a diligent study of the "Book of Changes," to which he added a Commentary. This Commentary sufficiently indicates that the original meaning of the work was as great a mystery to him as it had been to others. But he had a high idea of the value of the kernel encased in this unusually hard shell, and used to say, that "if a few years could be added to his life he would give fifty of them to the study of 'The Book of Changes,' and that then he expected to be without great faults."

FATHER AND SON.

In 442 B.C. his son Le died. He is seldom mentioned in the life of his illustrious father; and the few references we have to him are enough to show that a small share of parental affection fell to his lot.

Almost the only instance we have of the manner of Confucius's intercourse with his son Le, is the following: "Have you heard any lessons from your father different from what we have all heard?" asked one of the disciples once of Le. "No," said Le. "He was standing once alone, when I was passing through the court below with hasty steps, and he said to me, 'Have you read the Odes?' On my answering 'Not yet,' he added, 'If you do not learn the

Odes, you will not be fit to converse with!' Another day, in the same place and the same way, he said to me, 'Have you read the Rules of Propriety?' On my replying 'Not yet,' he said, 'If you do not learn the Rules of Propriety, your character cannot be established.' I have heard only these two things from him." The disciple was delighted, and said: "I asked one thing, and I have got three things. I have heard about the Odes; I have heard about the Rules of Propriety; I have also heard that the superior man maintains a distant reserve towards his son."

"I can easily believe," says Professor Legge, "that this distant reserve was the rule which Confucius followed in the treatment of his son. A stern dignity is the quality which a father has to maintain upon his system. It is not to be without the element of kindness, but that must never go beyond the line of propriety. There is too little room left for the play and development of natural affection."

"SPRING AND AUTUMN ANNALS."

In spite of his declining strength and his many employments, he now wrote the *Ch'un ts'ev*, or 'Spring and Autumn Annals,' in which he followed the history of his native State of Loo, from the time of the Duke Yin to the fourteenth year of the Duke Gae, that is, to the time when the appearance of the K'e-lin, which we shall notice presently, warned him to look for the termination of his earthly career.

"This," says Professor Douglas, "is the only work of which Confucius was the author, and of this every word is his own. His biographers say that 'what was written he wrote, and what was erased was erased by him.' Not an expression was either inserted or altered by anyone but himself. When he had completed the work, he handed the manuscript to his disciples, saying, 'By the "Spring and Autumn Annals" I shall be known, and by the "Spring and Autumn Annals" I shall be condemned.' This only furnishes another of the many instances in which authors have entirely misjudged the value of their own works.

"In the estimation of his countrymen even, whose reverence for his every word would incline them to accept his opinion on this as on every subject, the 'Spring and Autumn Annals' holds a very secondary place; his utterances recorded in the *Lun yü*, or 'Confucian Analects,' being esteemed of far higher value, as they undoubtedly are. And, indeed, the two works he compiled, the 'Shoo King' and the 'Shee King,' hold a

very much higher place in the public regard than the book on which he so prided himself. To foreigners, whose judgments are unhampered by his recorded opinion, his character as an original historian sinks into insignificance, and he is known only as a philosopher and statesman."

There was nothing spiritual in the teachings of Confucius. He rather avoided references to the supernatural. In answer to a question about death, he answered, "While we do not know life, how do you know about death?"

GATHERING CLOUDS; THE DEATH OF CONFUCIUS.

In 441 B.C., he lost by death his favourite disciple Yen Hwuy.

When the news of his death reached him, he exclaimed, "Alas! Heaven is destroying me."

A year later, a strange, one-horned animal was caught by a servant of Ke K'ang while on a hunting expedition. No one could tell what sort of creature it was, so Confucius was sent for. At once he declared it to be a K'e-lin; and, according to tradition, it was identical with one which appeared before his birth. This, it is said, was proved by its having a piece of ribbon on its horn fastened there by his mother when the weird animal presented itself to her in a dream on Mount Ne. This second apparition could have only one meaning, and Confucius was profoundly affected by the portent.

"For whom have you come?" he cried, "for whom have you come?" Then bursting into tears he added, "The course of my doctrine is run, and I am unknown."

"How do you mean that you are unknown?" asked Tze-kung.

"I don't complain of Providence," replied the sage, "nor find fault with men that learning is neglected and success is worshipped. Heaven knows me . . . Never does a superior man pass away without leaving a name behind him. But my principles makes no progress, and I, how shall I be viewed in future ages?"

Early one morning, we are told, he rose, and with his hands behind his back, and dragging his staff, moved about by his door, saying softly to himself,—

"The great mountain must crumble;
The strong beam must break;
And the wise man wither away like an herb of the field."

In a little while he came into the house and seated himself opposite the door.

Tze-kung had overheard him, and said to him-

self, "If the great mountains crumble, to what shall I look up? If the strong beam break, and the wise man wither away, on whom shall I lean? The master, I fear, is going to be ill." Upon this he hastened into the house.

Confucius said to him: "Tze, what makes you so late? . . . The intelligent monarch arrives who will make me his master. My time is come to die."

So it was. He lay down on his couch, and after seven days breathed his last.

On the death of their master, the devoted company of his disciples buried him with great pomp. A number of them erected huts in the vicinity of his grave, and remained there for three years, lamenting his loss as if he had been their father. Tze-kung, the last of his favourite three, stayed behind the rest, to indulge his grief for another period of the same duration.

The tidings of the death of Confucius spread through the country, and created a great sensation. As has been too often the case in the history of this world, the man who was neglected during his lifetime became all at once the object of unbounded admiration.

THE GRAVE OF CONFUCIUS.

The grave of Confucius is situated in a large rectangle separated from the rest of the K'ung cemetery, without the bounds of the city of K'uh-fow. Through a magnificent gateway we gain entrance to a noble avenue lined with cypress trees, which leads to the tomb. The tomb consists of a large and lofty mound, with a marble statue in front, bearing by way of inscription the title given to Confucius under the Sung dynasty: "The most sagely ancient instructor; the all-accomplished, all-informing King."

A short distance in front of the tomb, on the right and left hand, are two smaller mounds, one over the grave of his son, and the other over that of his grandson, the author of the remarkable treatise known as "The Doctrine of the Mean."

Scattered all about are imperial tablets of different dynasties, with glowing tributes in honour of the sage; and to the right of the grandson's mound we see a small house said to mark the situation of the hut in which Tze-kung passed his long period of mourning. On the mound grow acacias, cypresses, the *Achillea*, a plant whose stalks are employed for purposes of divination, and the crystal tree, a tree which is said not to be found elsewhere.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS.

As to the personal appearance of Confucius, most that is recorded is decidedly mythical. The legends assign to his figure "nine and forty remarkable peculiarities, a mere fraction of which would have made him more a monster than a man. No doubt he was in size and complexion much the same as many of his descendants of the present day. The statue of Confucius which stands in the temple adjoining his tomb, represents him as tall, strong, and well-built, with a fair red face and large and heavy head.

But if his disciples did not think it worth while to give an account of his personal appearance, they have taken care to transmit to posterity a very minute account of his habits. The Tenth Book of the Analects is all taken up with his deportment, eating, and style of dress. In public he was a man of ceremony, but he threw off all formality when he sat at home.

In the presence of his prince, his manner, though self-possessed, displayed respectful uneasiness. When he entered the palace, or when he passed the vacant throne, his countenance changed, his legs bent under him, and he spoke as though he had scarcely breath to utter a word. When it fell to his lot to bear the royal sceptre, he stooped his body as though he were not able to sustain its weight. If the prince came to visit him when he was ill, he had himself placed with his head to the east, and lay dressed in his court-clothes with his girdle across them. When sent for by the prince to assist in receiving a royal visitor, his countenance appeared to change. He inclined himself to the officers among whom he stood; and when sent to meet the visitor at the gate, "he hastened forward with his arms spread out like the wings of a bird." At the wild gatherings which accompanied the annual ceremony of driving away pestilential influences, he paid honour to the original meaning of the rite by standing in his court robes on the eastern steps of his house, and received the riotous exorcists as though they were favoured guests.

In regard to eating and drinking, he was very particular, and guided, to all appearance, by sound sanitary principles. All his food had to be cut properly and be served with its appropriate sauce. He was not a great eater; and when at meals, he sat silent. Whatever the fare might be, even though it were but coarse rice and thin soup, he would offer a little in sacrifice with a grave, respectful air. There was no fixed limit to the wine he drank, but it is on record that he never indulged to excess.

These and other characteristics of Confucius were carefully treasured up by his disciples, in consequence of every act being held to be closely associated with the great principles which it was his object to inculcate. A few more may prove of interest to the reader.

On occasion of a sudden clap of thunder, or a violent wind, he would change countenance. He would do the same, and rise up, moreover, when he found himself a guest at a loaded board. At the sight of a person in mourning he would also change countenance; and if he happened to be in his carriage, he would bend forward with a respectful salutation. His general way in his carriage was not to turn his head round, nor talk hastily, nor point with his hands. He was charitable. When any of his friends died, if there were no relations who could be depended on for the necessary offices, he would say, "I will bury him."

"The principles," remarks Professor Douglas, "which underlie all these details, relieve them from the sense of affected formality which they would otherwise suggest. Like the sages of old, Confucius had an overwhelming faith in the effect of example. "What do you say," asked the chief of the Ke clan on one occasion, "of killing the unprincipled for the good of the principled?" "Sir," replied Confucius, "in carrying on your Government, why should you employ capital punishment at all? Let your evinced desires be for what is good, and the people will be good." And then quoting the words of King Ch'ing, he added, "The relation between superiors and inferiors is like that between the wind and the grass. The grass must bend when the wind blows across it. Thus in every act of his life, whether at home or abroad, whether at study or in moments of relaxation, he did all with the avowed object of being seen of men, and of influencing them by his conduct. And to a certain extent he gained his end.

A SOLITARY ACCOMPLISHMENT; NO DIS-
PUTANT; THE GOLDEN RULE.

The only accomplishment possessed by Confucius was music; but this he studied less as an accomplishment than as a necessary part of education. "It is by the Odes," he used to say, "that the mind is aroused. It is by the Rules of Propriety that the character is established. And it is music that completes the edifice.

We nowhere read of Confucius engaging in a dispute. When an opponent arose, it was in harmony with the doctrine of the sage to retire before him.

Walking one day with his disciples, Confucius directed their attention to the metal statue of a man with a triple clasp upon his mouth, which stood in the ancestral temple at Loo. On the back of the statue these words were engraved : "The ancients were guarded in their speech ; and, like them, we should avoid loquacity. Many words invite many defeats. Avoid also engaging in many businesses, for many businesses give rise to many difficulties." "Observe this, my children," said he, pointing to the inscription, "these words are true, and commend themselves to our reason."

The golden rule of our Saviour, "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you," which Locke designates as "the most unshaken rule of morality and foundation of all social virtue, was inculcated by Confucius, almost in the same words, four centuries before.

HONOURS AND PRIVILEGES.

Though Confucius was left to end his life in obscurity, the greatest honours and privileges were heaped upon his descendants, who have existed through sixty-seven or sixty-eight generations, and may be called the only hereditary nobility in China. They flourish in the very district where their great ancestor was born ; and in all the revolutions that have occurred, their privileges have been respected. In the earlier part of the eighteenth century, under the great Emperor Kang-ky, the total number of descendants amounted to 11,000 males. In every city, down to those of the third rank, styled Hien, there is a temple dedicated to Confucius. The mandarins, all the learned of the land, the Emperor himself, are bound to do him service. This service consists in burning scented gums, frankincense, tapers, and sandal-wood, etc., and in placing fruit, wine, flowers, and others agreeable objects before a plain tablet, on which is inscribed : "O Confucius, our revered master, let thy spiritual part descend and be pleased with this our respect, which we now humbly offer to thee." The ceremony is precisely the same as that which every man is enjoined to observe in the hall of ancestors to his parents.

CONFUCIANISM.

It was the great object of Confucius to regulate the manners of the people. He thought outward decorum the true emblem of excellence of heart ; he therefore digested all the various ceremonies into one general code of rites, which was called "Lo-ke," or "Ly-king," etc. In this work every ritual in all the relations of human life

is strictly regulated, so that a true Chinese is a perfect automaton, put in motion by the regulations of the "Ly-king." Some of the rites are most excellent : the duties towards parents, the respect due to superiors, the decorum in the behaviour of common life, etc., speak highly in favour of Confucius ; but his substituting ceremony for simplicity and true politeness is unpardonable. The "Ly-king" contains many excellent maxims, and inculcates morality ; but it has come to us in a mutilated state, with many interpolations.

In the writings of Confucius, the duties of husbands towards their wives were slightly dwelt upon. On the other hand, the duties and implicit submission of children to their parents were extended to the utmost, and most rigidly inculcated. Upon this wide principle of filial obedience the whole of his system, moral and political, is founded. A family is the prototype of the nation ; and, instead of the notions of independence and equality among men, he enforces the principles of dependence and subordination—as of children to parents, the younger to the elder. By an easy fiction, the Emperor stands as the father of all his subjects, and is thus entitled to their passive obedience ; and, as Dr. Morrison observes, it is *probably* (he might say *certainly*) this feature of his doctrines which has made Confucius such a favourite with all the governments of China, whether of native or Tartar origin, for so many centuries. At the same time it should be observed that this fundamental doctrine has rendered the Chinese *people* slavish, deceitful, and pusillanimous, and has fostered the growth of a national character that cannot be redeemed by gentleness of deportment and orderliness of conduct.

Confucius was a teacher of morals, but not the founder of a religion. His doctrines constitute rather a system of philosophy in the department of morals and politics than any particular religious faith. Arnauld and other writers have broadly asserted that he did not recognise the existence of a God. In his physics, Confucius maintains that "out of nothing there cannot possibly be produced anything ; that material bodies must have existed from all eternity ; that the cause (*lee*, reason) or principle of things must have had a co-existence with the things themselves ; that, therefore, this cause is also eternal, infinite, indestructible, without limits, omnipotent, and omnipresent ; that the central point of influence (*strength*) whence this cause principally acts is the blue firmament (*Tien*), whence its emanations spread over the whole universe ; that

it is, therefore, the supreme duty of the prince, in the name of his subjects, to present offerings to *Fien*, and particularly at the equinoxes; the one for obtaining a propitious seed-time, and the other a plentiful harvest."

He taught his disciples that the human body is composed of two principles,—the one light, invisible, and ascending; the other gross, palpable, and descending: that on the separation of these two principles, the light and spiritual part ascends into the air, whilst the heavy and corporeal part sinks into the earth. The word *death* never enters into his philosophy; nor, on common occasions, is it employed by the Chinese. When a person dies, they say "he has returned to his family." The body, it was difficult to deny, resolved itself into its primitive elements, and became a part of the universe; but, according to Confucius, the spirits of the good were permitted to visit their ancient habitations on earth, or such ancestral halls or other places as might be appointed by their children and descendants, upon whom, while they received their homage, they (the dead) had the power of conferring benefactions. Hence arose the indispensable duty of performing sacred rites in the hall or temple of ancestors; and all such as neglected this duty, it was believed, would be punished, after death, by their spiritual part being deprived of the privilege of visiting the hall of ancestors, and of the supreme bliss arising from the homage bestowed by descendants.

A belief in good and evil genii, and of tutelary spirits presiding over families, houses, towns, and other places, inevitably arose out of this system. It does not appear, however, that either Confucius or any of his followers attached the idea of a *personal being or form* to the Deity; nor have the true Confucians ever represented the *Great First Cause* under any image or personification whatsoever. The images and idols of China belong to other faiths. It was soon found that the notions of Confucius were too abstract and ideal for the mass of his countrymen, who, like the rest of mankind in nearly all ages and all countries, required something material to fix their attention and excite their devotion.

The moral doctrines of Confucius include, as we have already noticed, that capital one, which, however neglected in practice, has obtained in theory the universal assent of mankind: he taught his disciples "to treat others according to the treatment which they themselves would desire at their hands." In his doctrines there is an evident leaning to predestination or fatalism, and to fortune-telling, or

predicting events by the mystical lines of Fo-shee.

With all his defects and omissions, Confucius was, however, a most wonderful man. His system, without making any pretension to Divine authority, still continues to prevail throughout the most extensive empire in the world. Some religions may have lasted as long, or longer, but we believe no philosophic code can claim anything like such a lengthened period of active practical existence. The Tibetan, the Buddhist, and other religions, have divided and still divide influence with it, but have never overthrown its empire. The superstitious and the vulgar of all classes, from the emperor on the throne to the poor sailor on board the junk, may burn gilt paper and offer sacrifices to wooden idols, practise incantations, and offer up prayers to the "invisible mother of heaven," but at the same time they all revere the name of Confucius; and the more enlightened pretend to be wholly guided by his merely philosophical code. The body of his laws and instructions is still followed, not only by the Chinese, but by Koreans, Cochinchinese, and other people who, taken collectively, are estimated at 400,000,000 of souls.

THE SUPERIOR MAN.

In his "Confucianism and Taouism," Mr. Douglas shows that the leading principle in Confucius's mind as a teacher was that the example of a "superior man" might reform the State. He seems to have thoroughly believed that, if one man could be found who came up to the standard of the ancient worthies Yao and Shun, who were "profound, wise, accomplished, and intelligent," and, combined with these qualities, "were also mild, respectful, and quite sincere," then "the report of such an one's mysterious virtue would be heard on high," and the people would be reformed. Confucius appears to have shaped his life with this aim. He himself disclaimed any right to the title of a sage, or even of a "superior man," but his aim was to base the well-being of society on such principles as the sage would approve, and such as the old kings whom he names illustrated in their conduct. It is not surprising that Confucius lived to find out his error. "A superior man," he at length confessed, "ought not to enter a tottering State," for his teaching and his example would be useless, and he himself subject to contumely and disrespect."

The training necessary to become "a superior man" forms the main subject of Confucius's theories. He regarded the sage as "the equal

of heaven;" but the superior man might be trained and rise to the condition so denoted.

SECRETS OF INFLUENCE.

"It will naturally be asked," remarks Mr. Douglas, "wherein lay the secret of the vast influence which has been exercised by Confucius. And to this we answer, first, that being a Chinaman of Chinamen, his teachings were specially suited to the nature of those he taught. The Mongolian mind being eminently phlegmatic and unspeculative, naturally rebels against the idea of investigating matters which are beyond its experiences, and its calm, placid habit forbids its being the instigator of fiery tempers and hot-headed crimes. With the idea, therefore, of a future life still unawakened, a plain, matter-of-fact system of morality such as that enunciated by Confucius was sufficient for all the wants of the Chinese. Secondly, it was to the interest of both the rulers and the ruled to support his doctrines. The *de facto* ruler found in him a tower of strength; for if the throne was the reward vouchsafed by heaven for eminent virtue, then he who occupied it in peace must necessarily have an unassailable right to it; and the constant exhortations to loyalty to be found on every page of the Confucian writings cannot but have been grateful to the ears of sovereigns.

"The ruled, on the other hand, felt that they were supreme in the estimation of the sage. The promotion of their interests and material well-being was the first duty of the sovereign; and the extent of their loyalty was to be measured by his success in this direction. He recognised no ranks or titles but those won by merit; and thus every office in the State was open to every one alike. The people were to be well cared for, and in case of neglect or oppression they had the right of rebellion. The sovereign was the viceregent of Heaven; but only as long as he walked in the heavenly way were the unswerving loyalty and devotion of his subjects due to him.

"And, thirdly, the possession of so highly-prized a literature at so early a date having suggested its adoption as the curriculum in schools and the test of scholarship at all examinations, the people, ignorant of all else, have learned to look upon it as the quintessence of wisdom, and its author as the wisest of mankind. It might be considered impossible to calculate the effects of the concentration of a nation's mind, century after century, on any given text-book; but in China we have the result worked out before us; and we find that it has amounted to the absolute

subjection of upwards of forty generations of Chinamen to the dicta of one man."

The position and influence of Confucius are, according to another eminent scholar, to be ascribed chiefly to two causes:—his being the possessor first of all of the monuments of antiquity, and the exemplifier and expounder of the maxims of the golden age of China; and, secondly, the devotion to him of his immediate disciples and their early followers. The national and the personal are thus blended in him, each as its highest degree of excellence. He was a Chinese of the Chinese; he is also represented, and all now believe him to have been, the *beau idéal* of humanity in its best and noblest estate.

Confucius felt that he was in the world for a special purpose. It was not to proclaim any new truths or to initiate any new economy. It was to prevent what had previously been known from being lost.

He threw no light on the great problems of human condition and destiny. He never speculated either as to the creation of things or as to the end of them. He was not perplexed as to the origin of man, nor did he seek to know about his hereafter. He meddled with neither physics nor metaphysics. To his practical mind, the toiling of thought amid uncertainties seemed worse than useless.

A REPRESENTATIVE LIFE.

"A very remarkable man," says Professor Legge; "Confucius was persistent and condensed; but neither his views nor his character were perfect. In the China then existing, he saw terrible evils and disorders, which he set himself, in the benevolence of his heart, to remedy; but of one principal cause of this unhappy condition he had no idea. The existence of polygamy, and the evils flowing from it, were subjects to which Confucius never appeared to have given a thought. He mourned, it is true, on the death of his mother, but no generous word ever passed his lips about woman as woman, and apparently no chivalrous sentiment ever kindled in his bosom. Nor had he the idea of any progress or regeneration of society. The stars all shone to him in the heavens behind; none beckoned brightly before. It was no doubt the moral element of his teaching, springing out of his view of human nature, which attracted many of his disciples, and still holds the best part of the Chinese men of learning bound to him; but the conservative tendency of his lessons—nowhere so apparent as in the 'Ch'un Ts'ü'—is the chief

reason why successive dynasties have delighted to do him honour."

To understand Confucius is to understand China. He had no idiosyncrasy. He was an incarnation of the national character, a mouth-piece of the national feelings; and he was only greater than the rest of his countrymen by being imbued with that genius which gives vitality and energy to thoughts that lie dormant, though existing in the minds of meaner men.

Confucius could not have produced the effect which he has produced upon the Kingdom of China; could not be recognised in the character in which he has been recognised for so many ages, if his mind had not been the very highest type of the Chinese mind; that in which we may read what it was aiming at both before and after he appeared to enlighten it. We may, therefore, acquiesce without difficulty in the opinion, that the Chinese religion was from the first of a much less high and mysterious quality than that of almost any people upon the earth; that the belief of the eternal, as distinct from and opposed to the temporal, existed very dimly and imperfectly in it, and was supplied only by a reverence for the past; that the sense of connection or communion with any invisible powers, though not absent, must have been weak and slightly developed; that the Emperor must have been regarded always as the highest utterer of the divine mind; that the priest must have been chiefly valued as a minister of the ceremonial of the Court; that rites and ceremonies must have had in this land a substantive value, independent of all significance, which they have scarcely ever possessed elsewhere; that there was united with this tendency one which to some may seem incompatible with it,—an attachment to whatever is useful and practical; that the Chinese must have entertained a profound respect for family relationships, that the relationship of father and son will, however, have so overshadowed all the rest, that they all have been regarded merely as different forms of it, or as to be sacrificed for the sake of it; that implicit obedience to authority will have been the virtue which every institution existed to enforce, which was to be their only preserver. If we suppose the reverence for the shades of ancestors, for the person of the Emperor, for the dignity of the father, to have been joined with something of a Sabeian worship, with some astrology and speculation about the future, we shall perhaps arrive at a tolerably near conception of China as it may have existed under the old emperors, to whom the sage constantly refers with admiration and regret.

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

The highly-wrought system of ethics of Confucius is the quintessence of worldly wisdom; and if a moral system, without spirit or spiritual aims, could give life to a people or nation, the Chinese might rank high among the peoples of the earth. It teaches a man what he ought to be, but it provides no motive beyond the well-being of society; and it rests on no sanction except the examples of Yaou and Shun and other worthies, whose sayings and whose examples have been patterns for other ages. Hence Confucianism was ever opposed to Buddhist teaching, because Buddhism pretends to rest on a revelation of truth, and holds out an ultimate perfection as within the reach of all men from the highest to the lowest.

China has three national religions: Buddhism, which was admitted as a religion of the State sixty-five years after Christ, Taoism, and Confucianism.

"These three religions," remarks Mr. Clodd in his "Childhood of Religions," "are often professed by the same person; and there is none of that bitter feeling between the believers in different creeds which exists so much among Christians, Moslems, and others. This is, however, owing to the lack of earnestness; for they who feel deeply concerning what they believe cannot be careless in regarding what they think are the errors of others."

Lao-tse, the founder of Taoism, lived between 500 and 600 years before Christ, and was an altogether different man from Confucius. He was a thinker, not a worker, seeking to unravel those same problems which perplexed Buddha; and what there is in the Chinese belief of a spiritual kind may have been aided by the teaching of Lao-tse. Confucius is said to have visited him, and confessed that he could not understand him. Taoism has become mixed up with magic and other senseless beliefs, and its priests are for the most part ignorant men, so that it has no great hold on the Chinese.

THE LEADING FOLLOWER OF CONFUCIUS

After the death of Confucius, the condition of the empire grew worse and worse; and so it continued till 371 B.C., when Mencius, on whom the mantle of Confucius was destined to fall, was born in the principality of Tsow. "On arriving at man's estate," says Professor Douglas, "he adopted, like his great prototype, the calling of a teacher, and gradually surrounded himself with a body of faithful and admiring disciples whom he educated

CONFUCIUS.

to assist him in the work of perpetuating the doctrines of the sage. He had no system of his own to enunciate, but, clothing himself in the armour prepared for him by his master, he went forth to combat the evils of the day, and just in proportion as these were greater and more complex than in the time of Confucius, so was he bolder in attack and more subtle in argument than he. Where Confucius had chastised with whips, he chastised with scorpions; and this not only when he was dealing with his equals and inferiors, but also when princes and governors were the objects of his wrath."

Like his great master, Mencius earnestly looked for some ruler who would follow his counsels, and also, like Confucius, though he visited several Courts, and was hospitably entertained, he failed in his great object. But though fortune refused to smile upon him, he found consolation in his retirement in the belief that his want of success was the appointment of Heaven. "Heaven does not wish," he said, "that the empire should enjoy tranquility and good order;" and it was therefore in no discontented spirit that he finally resigned all hope of seeing his principles carried into practice, and devoted his life to the compilation of his works and the instruction of his disciples.

With the revival of learning under the Han dynasty, the attention of scholars was attracted to his writings; but it was not until the reign of Shin-tsung (A.D. 1068-1085) of the Sung dynasty, that they were included among the Confucian classics: since which time, however, he has held a place second only to that of Confucius in the esteem of his countrymen.

FUNDAMENTAL MAXIMS.

About the close of the seventeenth century the Emperor Kang-hi issued sixteen maxims founded on the teachings of Confucius for the guidance of the people, whose morality had for some time been daily declining, and whose hearts were not as of old." These maxims, which summed up as it were all the essential points of the Confucian doctrine, have been thus translated by Mr. Legge:—

1. Esteem most highly filial piety and brotherly submission, in order to give due prominence to the social relations.

2. Behave with generosity to the branches of your kindred, in order to illustrate harmony and benignity.

3. Cultivate peace and concord in your neighbourhood, in order to prevent quarrels and litigations.

4. Recognise the importance of husbandry and

the culture of the mulberry-tree, in order to ensure a sufficiency of clothing and food.

5. Show that you prize moderation and economy, in order to prevent the lavish waste of your means.

6. Make much of the colleges and seminaries, in order to make correct the practice of the scholars.

7. Discountenance and banish strange doctrines, in order to exalt the correct doctrine.

8. Describe and explain the laws, in order to warn the ignorant and obstinate.

9. Exhibit clearly propriety and yielding courtesy, in order to make manners and customs good.

10. Labour diligently at your proper callings, in order to give settlement to the aims of the people.

11. Instruct sons and younger brothers, in order to prevent them from doing what is wrong.

12. Put a stop to false accusations, in order to protect the honest and the good.

13. Warn against sheltering deserters, in order to avoid being involved in their punishments.

14. Promptly and fully pay your taxes, in order to avoid the urgent requisition of your quota.

15. Combine in hundreds and tithings, in order to put an end to thefts and robbery.

16. Study to remove resentments and angry feelings, in order to show the importance due to the person and life.

CONFUCIAN LITERATURE.

The Confucian literature, as it exists at the present day, is very large; but if we separate from the mass those canonical books which, according to general belief, contain the complete system of the sage, we shall hold in our hands only three thin volumes. First of all, there is the *Lun Yu*, or "Philosophical Dialogues," of which we shall speak in the next paragraph, and from which we shall extract some of the wise sayings. Next comes the *Tu Hiao* or "Great Learning;" and last of all we have the *Chung Yung*, or the "Doctrine of the Mean." The two last-mentioned books have been very generally attributed to Tszsze-sze, the grandson of Confucius; and both of them contain digests of the doctrines of the philosopher. But Confucius was less of an original thinker than a "transmitter," as he called himself.

CHOICE APHORISMS.

In the classical book known as the *Lun-Yu*,

or "Philosophical Dialogues," we have the recorded sayings of Confucius. It embraces his discourses or discussions with his disciples and others on various topics, and his replies to their inquiries. This work has been translated by Dr. Legge, and we are thus enabled to present the reader with the following choice aphorisms from the lips of the Chinese sage :—

Is he not a man of complete virtue who feels no discomposure, though men take no note of him ?

Fine words and an insinuating appearance are seldom associated with true virtue.

Regard faithfulness and sincerity as first principles.

I will not grieve at men's not knowing me ; I will grieve that I do not know men.

In the "Book of Poetry" (the *She-King*) are three hundred pieces ; but the design of them all may be embraced in that one sentence, "Have no depraved thoughts." (This recalls the saying of the later Jewish Rabbis, that all the 613 precepts of the Law were summed up in the words, "The just shall live by faith.")

Learning without thought is labour lost ; thought without learning is perilous.

Shall I teach you what knowledge is ? When you know a thing, to hold that you know it ; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it,—this is knowledge.

When we see men of worth we should think of equalling them ; when we see men of a contrary character we should turn inwards and examine ourselves.

At first, my way with men was to hear their words and give them credit for their conduct. Now my way is to hear their words, and look at their conduct.

Tsze-kung said : "What I do not wish men to do to us, I also wish not to do to men." The master said : "You have not attained to that."

The superior man wishes to be slow in his words and earnest in his conduct.

Let relaxation and enjoyment be found in the polite arts.

Is virtue a thing remote ? I wish to be virtuous, and lo ! virtue is at hand.

To see what is right and not to do it, is want of courage.

Worship as though the Deity were present.

He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray.

If my mind is not engaged in my worship, it is as though I worshipped not.

A good man is serene, a bad man always in fear.

Coarse rice for food, water to drink, the bended arm for a pillow—happiness may be enjoyed even with them ; but without virtue, both riches and honour seem to me like the passing cloud.

When a man is not in the habit of saying, "What shall I think of this ? What shall I think of this ?" I can truly do nothing with him.

What the superior man seeks is in himself. What the mean man seeks is in others.

In language it is simply required that it convey the meaning.

By nature, men are nearly alike ; by practice they get to be widely apart.

When a man at forty is the object of dislike, he will always continue what he is.

He who devotes himself to the study of the true and the good, with perseverance and without relaxation, derives therefrom great satisfaction.

Make yourself completely master of what you have learned, and be always learning something new ; you may then be an instructor of men.

A man devoid of sincerity and fidelity is an incomprehensible being in my eyes ; he is a great chariot without an axle, a little chariot without a pole ; how can he guide himself along the road of life ?

Humanity, or the sentiment of benevolence towards others, is admirably practised in the country ; he who, in selecting a residence, refuses to dwell in the country, cannot be considered wise.

If in the morning you have heard the voice of celestial reason, in the evening you will be fit to die.

If three of us were journeying together, I should necessarily find two instructors (in my travelling companions) : I would choose the good man for imitation, and the bad man for correction.

We may force the people to follow the principles of justice and reason, but we cannot force them to comprehend them.

He who has an unalterable faith in truth, and who is passionately fond of study, preserves to his death the principles of virtue, which are the consequences of this faith and love.

If the State is governed by the principles of reason and justice, speak boldly and worthily, act nobly and honourably. If the State is not governed by justice and reason, still act nobly and honourably, but speak moderately and with precaution.

The superior man blushes with fear lest his words should exceed his actions.

S. I. A.



EDMUND BURKE.

"Burke is a great man by nature, and is expected soon to attain civil greatness."—Dr. JOHNSON, in 1766.

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A PICTURE OF AN HONEST AND UPRIGHT STATESMAN.

"SIR, there is no wonder at all! We, who know Mr. Burke, know that he will be one of the first men in the country!"

Such was the hearty reproof thundered out by rough, honest, warm-hearted old Dr. Johnson, to a supercilious member of the Literary Club, who, smarting under a memorable defeat inflicted upon him in argument by Edmund

Burke, affected astonishment at the immediate and brilliant oratorical success attained by that luminous genius in Parliament. The self-asserting lexicographer, among whose faults a want of power in judging of the moral and intellectual worth of men could certainly not be included, justly said of the friend whom he loved better and respected more than any of that brilliant circle of admirers who assembled round his chair at those famous meetings at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street, "I do not grudge Burke's being the first man in the House of Commons, for he is the first everywhere. . . . No man of sense could meet Burke by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England. . . . If he should go into a stable, and talk a few minutes with the ostlers about horses, they would venerate him as the wisest of human beings. They would say, 'We have had an extraordinary man here.'"

And the sturdy old Doctor was right. Among the great men who adorned the English senate, and toiled for fame and for their country during the closing half of the eighteenth century, Burke stands out as the brightest in intellect, the most unsullied in character. Each of the great "Parliament men" who surrounded him had his fame darkened by some grave fault, amounting even to a vice. "Physician, heal thyself," would be the natural taunt addressed to Charles James Fox, who, while denouncing recklessness in his political rivals, was ruining himself with the dice-box. Sheridan, also, while aspiring to manage the affairs of a nation, was hopelessly and inextricably involved by his own extravagance and waste; and in William Pitt, the arrogance and self-sufficiency developed from too early a possession of power, led to the gravest consequences to his country, and indirectly had no small share in bringing about his premature decease. Of Burke, it may be said, as an enthusiastic admirer said of the great Lord Chatham, "He stood alone; modern degeneracy had not touched him." His countrymen, especially, could point to him with pride as a specimen of the very best and highest type of the Irish character,—ardent, enthusiastic, full of genius, with wit tempered by restraining wisdom, and above all full of ardent zeal for good, and a healthy and uncompromising detestation of wrong. Throughout his long and chequered career we may sometimes be conscious of the presence of error; but no biographer, writing of the life and deeds of Edmund Burke, has ever been obliged to apologise for or to extenuate crime. "Too fond of the right to pursue the

expedient," as Goldsmith graphically and truly describes him, he was sometimes involved in difficulties, and darkened by calumnies a less ardent man would have escaped. In his later years he was sometimes goaded into bitterness by sneering adversaries, or even betrayed into absurdity by the phantoms of his over-excited imagination, as, for instance, on that memorable occasion, made the most of by his enemies, when he flung a dagger on the floor of the House of Commons. But there was no taint of self-seeking or of meanness in his great heart or his majestic intellect. From first to last, the idea of duty, the love for the thing that is right and true, was before him. His friends might sometimes be bewildered and embarrassed by his impetuosity; but they never had to blush for him, or anxiously to explain away inconsistency between his profession and his conduct. Sorely wounded was this good knight in the long life conflict; but never did a Du Guesclin or a Bayard keep his honour more untarnished, through evil and through good report, than Edmund Burke.

The record of his life is honourable alike to himself and to the public history of the time of which he was the most distinguished ornament. In one respect this story resembles that of the great Lord Chatham. It shows how in the England of the eighteenth century, in spite of aristocratic prejudices and the strong influence of hereditary caste, a man might make his way and achieve the highest influence and consideration by the force of industry, ability, and integrity. Speaking from his place in Parliament at that memorable period when the duty of introducing a measure for the retrenchment of public expenditure was entrusted to him by his colleagues, Burke emphatically said: "For my own part, I have very little to recommend me for this or for any task, but a kind of earnest and anxious perseverance of mind, which, with all its good and all its evil effects, is moulded in my constitution." He did himself injustice; the quality for which he modestly took credit was only one among many qualifications for a great career; but it was in his as in the case of nine aspiring men out of ten, the one thing indispensable; that concomitant of the highest genius, "the faculty of taking an enormous amount of trouble," was pre-eminent in him. "Tout vient à la fin à qui sait attendre," says the French axiom; and the triumph of perseverance has seldom been more brilliantly exhibited than in this great statesman's life.

EDMUND BURKE'S EARLY YEARS.

Edmund Burke, the greatest orator, and one of the greatest statesmen of his time, was born on the 1st of January, 1728 (old style, 12th January, 1729, new style, as recorded on his tombstone,) in the house of his father, Mr. Richard Burke, an attorney in Dublin. He received his first rudiments of education from a Mr. O'Halloran, the village schoolmaster of Castletown Roche, who many years afterwards used to pride himself on having taught Burke Latin. Like Sir Walter Scott and other distinguished men, he was prevented by delicate health in his childhood from joining in boyish sports, and was always reading and pondering, sitting by himself in corners. His brother Richard Burke, wondering many years afterwards how it was that Edmund seemed to have monopolized the family brains, explained the phenomenon by the reflection, "To be sure, when we were at play, he was always at work."

At Ballitore, near Kildare, Edmund Burke, with his two brothers, Richard and Garret, was placed under the care of a most kindly and judicious schoolmaster, Abraham Shackleton, a quaker, who had penetration enough to discern and appreciate the great abilities of the quiet "meditative boy. All through life Burke was especially amenable to and grateful for any real sympathy and kindness. He kept up a correspondence with Abraham Shackleton and his son Richard, throughout the most brilliant period of his parliamentary success, and declared in the House of Commons his indebtedness to Abraham Shackleton for the education that had made him worth anything.

Castletown Roche was to some extent classic ground. It was only a few miles from the ruins of Kilcolman Castle, whence Spenser the poet had been driven on the breaking out of Tyrone's rebellion in 1598. Edmund Burke himself could claim kindred, through his mother, with the author of the *Faery Queen*; whose immortal work was his favourite book. "Whoever relishes and reads Spenser as he ought to be read, will have a strong hold of the English language," he afterwards said; a thing worthy of remembrance by the student.

UNIVERSITY CAREER, AND START IN LIFE.

With a stock of reading, such as few lads in the present century, and still fewer in the last, carried with them from school, Burke entered as a pensioner at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1744. There was at that time a young sizar at Trinity, with whom he became acquainted, a somewhat

lazy and exceedingly impecunious person, much given to neglecting the severer parts of the curriculum, having a terrible hatred for dry Burgendicius and Euclid, and much given to wasting his time with "the draggle-tailed Muses," and writing halfpenny ballads. His name was Oliver Goldsmith; unlike Burke, he was continually in scrapes, once even running away from college, and selling his books. Burke, on the contrary, seems to have passed a decorous though merry three years at Trinity; and we have glimpses of him, as airing his oratory in a debating society, perhaps with aspirations, even then, towards that larger debating society—that listening senate, whose applause he was destined one day to command.

After completing his college course, and becoming entitled in the usual way to the letters B.A., he left Ireland, and proceeded to London to study for the bar; entering as a student at the Middle Temple, April, 1747. His observations on London, as preserved in letters to his friends, are always apt, and frequently shrewd. They also exhibit the tendency to the florid rhetorical style for which his speeches and his writings afterwards became famous. To him the turrets of hospitals and charitable institutions appear as "piercing the skies like so many electrical conductors to avert the wrath of heaven from the great arched city." Already he instinctively haunts the Houses of Parliament, the chosen temples of fame; though with all admiration for the eloquence he hears there, he shrewdly observes that, after all, "a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic than the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the trade winds, and then he may sail secure over Pactolean sand." Law soon disgusted him, however, with its dry details, though he toiled manfully at it for some years, on the common-sense ground that a middling lawyer had better hope of success than a middling poet. After refusing, in deference to his father's opinion, a position offered him in New York, he settled down to the London life of a lettered student, writing for Dodsley, of Pall Mall, an account of the European settlements in America, and various other works. The first work he published was somewhat in the nature of a literary mystification. It was entitled "The Vindication of Natural Society," by a late noble writer; and appeared in the shape of a capital imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's style and manner. It aimed, and most successfully, at combating the infidel philosophy of Lord Bolingbroke's works, by showing that the creation itself may be criticised by an unscrupulous man, who

is bold enough "to examine the divine fabrics by his ideas of reason and fitness." The book was well-timed; for there had recently appeared the works of Bolingbroke, published by Mr. David Mallet,—to the intense disgust of Dr. Johnson, who thus pithily expressed his opinion alike of the writer and editor: "Sir, he (Bolingbroke) was a scoundrel and a coward; a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death." Burke did good service by showing that the specious arguments of Bolingbroke, carried out to their ultimate issues, might be used against all human institutions, and would prove society itself to be an evil. So masterly was the imitation of the style, that it deceived many, who took the work for a genuine effusion of Bolingbroke. Among these were the polite Lord Chesterfield, Bolingbroke's intimate friend, and the learned Bishop Warburton. "You see, sir, the fellow's principles," cried the angry church dignitary; "they now come out in a full blaze!" "The imitation, indeed," says Mr. Prior, "was so complete as to constitute identity rather than resemblance. It was not merely the language, style, and general eloquence of the original that had been caught; but the whole mind of the peer, his train of thought, the power to enter into his conception, seemed to be transferred into the pen of his imitator with a fidelity and grace beyond the reach of art."

It must have been a pleasant life that Burke led in London during this period. He became acquainted with men of eminence who appreciated his genius, and in whose conversation he took delight. The genial Arthur Murphy; the versatile Garrick, who gave him some valuable hints on oratory, and at whose table he met men of sense and position; and lastly, Samuel Johnson and Mr., afterwards Sir Joshua, Reynolds; men as different from each other as they could be in manners and appearance, but alike in the possession of sterling worth, and in the power of recognizing and appreciating it in others.

The immediate occasion of his introduction to the great chain of literature "was the publication of a work which at once brought him into notice; his famous *Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*." The originality of treatment and elegance of style in his work attracted general attention and approbation. Goldsmith reviewed the work favourably in the *Monthly Review*; Johnson declared it to be an example of true criticism;

Murphy declared the style to be in many passages "sublime and beautiful," while he disputed some of its positions; old Mr. Burke marked his appreciation of the copy dutifully despatched to him, by sending his son a hundred pounds.

MARRIAGE AND LITERARY INDUSTRY.

At the house of his friend and countryman, Dr. Nugent, at Bath, whither he had gone to recruit his health, weakened by strenuous application, Edmund Burke met the lady who became his wife, and from the time of their marriage until death parted them, was the comfort and solace of his chequered life. "Every care vanished the moment he entered under his own roof," was Burke's emphatic declaration, made in the stormiest part of his career; and in his will, in which he left his whole estate to her, he speaks of her with the highest admiration and gratitude. Even his female friends, Miss Hannah More and Miss Burney, allowed that Mrs. Burke was an admirable and a beautiful woman. This paragon among wives was Miss Mary Jane Nugent, the daughter of the physician. His connection with the worthy bookseller, Dodsley, became more intimate as the necessity for lucrative exertion increased with his marriage; and for some time he had to look to that "excellent crutch," literature, as his chief support. When the *Annual Register*, that most long-lived of periodicals, was established, Burke became the editor and chief contributor. Literary labour was not highly paid in those days, when Johnson was glad to be "fed with guineas," that is, to receive his pay in small sums. A hundred pounds a year was all Burke received for superintending the work, and writing the historical chapters. He certainly had some fine things to chronicle as historiographer; for 1759, the first year of the appearance of the *Register*, was emphatically an "annus mirabilis," full of splendid triumphs that intoxicated the nation with joy and pride; the taking of Ticonderoga and Fort Niagara—the splendid achievements of Hawke in the defeat of Conflans, on a dangerous and rocky coast—the victory purchased by the death of the heroic Wolfe in Canada; successes at Guadaloupe, Havre, Cape Lagos; and, on the other side, the tremendous struggle of the seven years' war in full operation, with the crushing defeat of Kunnersdorf, that unnerved for a time even the iron-hearted Frederick of Prussia. And in other directions this first *Annual Register* could boast of special attractions; for in it Burke wrote a review of Johnson's *Rasselas*, not without a

kindly and outspoken expression of wonder, that the nation should as yet have done nothing in acknowledgment of the merit of the author, who had spent so many laborious years in its service. During these years of literary activity, Burke's reputation was steadily rising. His various knowledge fairly amazed all with whom he came in contact. When the famous Literary Club was formed in 1763, he at once became one of its most honoured members; and at that imaginary banquet, in which Goldsmith so charmingly represented the guests under the emblem of dishes, and was content, with his own good humour, himself to figure as the "gooseberry fool," while he dubbed the versatile Garrick the "salad," in whom opposite ingredients, the sweet and the sour, are found united, Burke, the great in conversation, is most appropriately "tongue, with a garnish of brains." Indeed, Goldsmith placed Burke's abilities in conversation above those of Johnson himself, who, it must be confessed, owed some of his success in the wordy arguments at the club to his impressive and dictatorial manner. "His sayings would not appear so extraordinary," said Lord Pembroke to Boswell, "but for his bow-wow way;" and Goldsmith himself, while acknowledging Johnson's conversational gifts, pithily asked, "Is he like Burke, who winds into a subject like a serpent?"

BURKE AND "SINGLE-SPEECH" HAMILTON.

But before the establishment of the Literary Club, where he was best appreciated, Burke had already gained influential friends, and after patient waiting, obtained an introduction into political life, for which he had by close study of commercial and financial questions, diligently prepared himself. Among the influential public men of the time was a certain Mr. William Gerard Hamilton, afterwards known by the nickname of Single-Speech Hamilton, from the fact that on the night of a memorable debate he electrified the House of Commons by an oration of quite exceptional power and eloquence; and fearful perhaps of disturbing the favourable effect he had produced, he never afterwards repeated the effort. To this Gerard Hamilton, who in 1761 accompanied Lord Halifax, the lord lieutenant, to Ireland, young Edmund Burke had been introduced by Lord Charlemont; and went with Gerard Hamilton as his private secretary. Here his knowledge of political economy, which was so great as to command the respectful admiration of Adam Smith, the author of the *Wealth of Nations*, was of the greatest practical use, and Hamilton was compelled to acknow-

ledge the inferiority of his own knowledge as compared with that of his secretary. In 1763, accordingly, Burke was rewarded by a pension of £300 a year on the Irish Establishment, a usual method, at that time, of repaying political services.

Gerard Hamilton, essentially a coarse-minded and, as subsequent events showed, far from a scrupulous man, considered that by this pension he had bound his brilliant secretary to him body and soul. Indeed, it is curious to note in a certain order of minds the strong reluctance to believe in the existence of merit, unaccompanied by wealth. Thus pompous Sir John Hawkins, admitted into the Literary Club because, having belonged to a former gathering from which the new society was formed, he could not well be kept out, always affected to regard Edmund and Richard Burke as "adventurers," a terrible term, involving the dark imputation that they had their fortunes still to make; and the said Sir John was obliged to withdraw from the club altogether, in consequence of the way in which his rudeness to Edmund Burke was resented by the members who judged by another standard, and showed Hawkins very clearly that they considered him a "snob." Burke had already been irritated and galled by the knowledge that envy and malice sneered at him as "Hamilton's Jackal" and "Hamilton's Genius." This made him especially anxious to maintain his independence; and he wrote to Hamilton, stipulating for time to continue his literary labours. Hamilton, on the other hand, proposed to retain him—to use his own expression—"in a sort of domestic situation." "Would you dare to attempt to bind your footman to such terms?" was Burke's indignant protest. He at once made over the pension by power of attorney to Hamilton, who accepted the money, and retained it until the pension was struck out of the list some two years and a half later. The breach between Burke and Hamilton was irreparable, and again the young aspirant for political honours had to bide his time.

SECRETARY TO LORD ROCKINGHAM.

That time soon came. George Grenville, the prime minister, and his colleagues, especially the Duke of Bedford and his followers, the "Bloomsbury Gang," as they were nicknamed, had offended the king grievously, in the matter of a Regency Bill; for already George III. had been attacked with preliminary symptoms of the mental disease which afterwards darkened the closing years of his life. Overtures were made

to William Pitt; but the Great Commoner, under the combined influence of gout and ill-temper, refused to take office; and through the medium of the old Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis of Rockingham, a young nobleman of high character and respectable talents, was placed at the head of a Whig ministry; and the marquis immediately appointed Edmund Burke as his private secretary. This was too flattering a distinction, and too promising a step on the ladder of preferment, not to have excited the envy of that malignant pack, who throughout his whole career were always baying at the heels of Burke. All kinds of preposterous stories were put into circulation about him; and the meddling and spiteful old Duke of Newcastle ran off with a face full of horror to Lord Rockingham, to whom Burke had until now been personally a stranger. "He is an impostor, my dear lord," was the burden of the old busybody's song; "he is a Papist, sworn to fight against the crown; a Jesuit in disguise, who got his training at St. Omer; a Jacobite, ready and willing to foster a rebellion." In some alarm, the marquis sent for his new secretary; who after contemptuously proving that he was a Protestant, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and had never seen St. Omer in his life, boldly avowed that some of his nearest connections were Catholics; that he was, and always had been, opposed to the penal laws; and that the circumstance of his having incurred suspicion would prevent him from holding the office his lordship had designed for him. But Lord Rockingham, delighted with Burke's spirit, would not hear of his resignation, and a perfect confidence and friendship was established between the two men, and remained unbroken until the death of Rockingham, in 1782. Not all the magnificent offers afterwards made to Burke, when he became a man to be gained at any cost, could induce him for a moment to waver in his fidelity to the chief who had trusted him.

There is an old proverb, to the effect "that of a quantity of mud thrown at a white wall, a certain amount will stick." And so it was with Burke. His enemies could not by any means be got to give up the "Jesuit" notion; and Burke, who had never seen the city of the celebrated Jesuit college in his life, was continually caricatured in the garb of a Romish priest, as "Neddy St. Omer." He treated such attacks with uniform disdain. "If I cannot live down these contemptible calumnies," he said to those who wished him to defend himself, "I shall not deign to contradict them in any other manner."

BURKE IN PARLIAMENT.

The next year saw a new and a great field opened for Burke's exertions; on the 14th of January, 1766, he took his seat as member for Wendover. He had long prepared himself for the position he had at last secured. During the last two sessions he had been a constant and interested visitor in the gallery. Thus he at once felt himself at home in the House; and on the very first day of his attendance delivered a speech of such eloquence as astonished and delighted no less a critic than the elder William Pitt, who happened to be present, and emphatically congratulated Burke on his success, and his friends on the value of the acquisition they had made. Sturdy old Johnson was delighted, and wrote off forthwith to Bennet Langton, "Lanky" as he used to call him: "Burke has gained more reputation than perhaps any man at his first appearance ever gained before. He made two speeches in the House for repealing the Stamp Act, which were publicly commended by Mr. Pitt, and have filled the town with wonder." Arthur Murphy was jubilant; and William Burke wrote triumphantly, a short time after: "Ned is full of real business, intent upon doing solid good to his country, as much as if he were to receive twenty per cent. from the commerce of the whole empire, which he labours to improve and extend."

There was need of honest and wise counsel in the British Parliament, pre-eminent need, at that time; for the ministers who preceded Rockingham and his party had hit upon the foolish and unjust expedient of taxing America, to wipe away the accumulation of debt from the last war. Grenville, the most opinionated and determined of ministers, had passed the Stamp Act, inflicting hardships in various ways on the Colonies, and calling forth a bitterness of feeling which the English Government entirely undervalued. It was the chief business of the Rockingham administration to repeal this enactment; and that they were enabled to do so, was in a great measure owing to the luminous and persuasive eloquence of Burke. One great characteristic in his nature was a deeply rooted hatred of oppression and wrong. Cruelty and injustice inflicted upon man, woman, or child, or even upon dumb animals, made his blood boil; and his vivid imagination placed before him every wrong brought to his knowledge, as vividly as if it had been perpetrated under his very eyes. The taxing of the American Colonies by England appeared to him, not only unjust, but utterly opposed to common sense, as tending to irritate and provoke to hostility a great and powerful community,

otherwise loyally disposed towards England. He was emphatically "the tongue" of the Rockingham party, to which he adhered through evil and through good report, though offers were made to him by the Duke of Grafton, which must have been tempting to an ambitious man of narrow means. During the years that preceded the American war, he was the terror of the "bores" of the House, especially of George Grenville, whose lengthy and tedious harangues, which even the king used to remember with horror, he ridiculed with infinite wit and humour, and whose cloudy logic he mercilessly overthrew. His opponents were bewildered at the torrent of eloquence, imagination, and argument ready to be showered upon them at any moment, and whirling away their arguments in its headlong course. The old taunts of 'Jesuit,' 'traitor,' and 'malcontent,' had now lost credit even with the vulgar, though the figure of Burke in the black robe of a student or a priest of a Catholic seminary might still point the meaning of the old nickname, "Neddy St. Omer." The accusation of disloyalty to the monarch was answered with scathing sarcasm. When George Onslow, from the ministerial side, taxed him with want of respect for the crown, Burke indignantly replied that "he honoured the king as much as any man," but added, with a most significant wave of his hand towards the Treasury bench, "that his feeling did not extend to his majesty's manservant and maid-servant, his ox and his ass." Some of the parliamentary amenities of those days would not have been tolerated in our own more punctilious times; as, for instance, where Burke describes the minister of the day as "coming down in state, attended by his creatures of all denominations, beasts clean and unclean;" or again, when on the chairman of the East India Company beginning to read some well-known public papers in the House, he gravely rose and begged leave to send for his nightcap. One of his finest pieces of sarcasm occurs in a speech against the employment of the Red Indians in the American war. General Burgoyne had summoned seventeen Indian nations "to repair to the king's standard," and while enjoining them to refrain from scalping living prisoners, had engaged to pay a price for the scalps of the dead. Burke illustrated this course of action by the supposed instance of a riot on Tower Hill. There was a menagerie at the Tower in those days, and country cousins visiting London generally included a visit to the wild beasts in the programme of London sights, whence indeed arose the popular expression of

"seeing the lions." Burke supposed the keeper of this menagerie turning his savage charges loose among the people, but saying to them emphatically: "My gentle lions, my sentimental wolves, my tender-hearted hyenas, go forth, but take care not to hurt men, women, or children." On his side, however, he had to endure language which, if used against the obscurest member of the present day, would probably lead to a speedy visit to the "clock tower." When he had been nearly twenty years in Parliament, and was acknowledged as certainly the most brilliant and probably the greatest statesman of that assembly, he was publicly designated as "that reptile Mr. Burke," by Major Scott, the nominee and thick-and-thin partisan of Warren Hastings in the House of Commons.

THE "ROCKINGHAMITES" TURNED OUT; PURCHASE OF "GREGORIES."

George III. had submitted to Lord Rockingham's taking office, as a makeshift, to get rid of Grenville, and consequently turned Rockingham and his friends out, so soon as that purpose was answered. Going into opposition with his patron, Burke did good service by publishing a masterly vindication of the principles and policy of the Rockingham party, under the title, *A Short Account of a late Short Administration*; and still further, in a humorous letter to the *Public Advertiser*, supposed to be written by a tallow-chandler and common councilman, appropriately named Whittington, who clumsily takes up the cudgels for the new ministry against that lately in office. "The main design of my taking pen in hand," says Burke, in the character of the worthy cit, "was to refute the silly author of a late publication, called *A Short Account of a late Short Administration*. This half-sheet account shows his ill-humour in the very title; he calls one year and twenty days a *short* administration; whereas I can prove, by the *rule of three direct*, that it is as much as any ministry in these times had any right to expect." This assertion the correspondent of the *Advertiser* makes good by enumerating the five administrations—of Pitt, of Newcastle, of Bute, of Grenville, and of Rockingham—that had been successively turned out in five years, giving a year and sixty days as the average duration of each. With a humorous and pungent attack on Lord Chatham, who was now once again in office, the letter ends. It fully answered its purpose, and set the whole town laughing.

Burke had always been, for his position, a poor man—a circumstance which supercilious

Horace Walpole does not forget, when he sneeringly remarks, in reference to his fearlessness, that insolence is more easily tolerated in an inferior than in an inferior raised above his superiors. In 1768, however, Burke became a landed proprietor. He says, in a letter to his friend Shackleton, "I have made a push with all I could collect of my own, and the aid of my friends, to cast a little root in this country. I have purchased a house with six hundred acres of land in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London, where I now am. It is a place exceedingly pleasant; and I purpose, God willing, to become a farmer in good earnest."

This "house and land" was the estate of Gregories, or Butler's Court, close to Beaconsfield. It cost Burke £28,000, and many have been the conjectures as to the means by which he raised this considerable sum. Detractors hinted at secret grants of public money, bribes, and other disreputable sources; but the truth seems to have been that Lord Rockingham, who felt the obligation he was under to Burke for the most valuable political assistance, pressed upon his brilliant coadjutor the sum necessary to make up the purchase-money after Burke had devoted to that purpose the inheritance he had received on the death of his father and his brother Garret, and as much as he could raise by way of loan from various members of his family. The Marquess never intended that the sum he lent Burke—it would have been much larger, and bestowed as a free gift, but for the refusal of the latter—should be repaid. Shortly before his death he sent for Mr. Lee, his legal adviser, and desired him to draw up a codicil to his will, cancelling every paper that might be found containing any acknowledgment of debt due to him from Edmund Burke. It was a transaction alike honourable to giver and recipient; for Burke had been a valuable adviser to Lord Rockingham in the management of that nobleman's vast estates; and had remained a poor man, in spite of offers from the ministry, because he would not quit the leader, who had valued and honoured him. He always took great interest in everything that related to his estate, retaining some 160 acres of the land in his own hands, and farming them with a good deal of discrimination. It sounds whimsical to find the orator who made his opponents tremble and falter, in the discussion of imperial questions, descending to details of the fattening of hogs, and the getting of twenty-four acres of wheat into the ground. That he made great efforts in completing the purchase of Gregories is shown, among other

circumstances, by his being compelled, a year later, to apply to his friend Garrick for the loan of a thousand pounds for a year, on his bond. No doubt the request was granted, as was a similar one made not long after by a very different kind of borrower, poor Goldsmith, who, receiving what he asks for, is profuse in acknowledgments to "his honest little man." Burke probably got the money, for Garrick was a friendly man enough. A couple of months later the statesman sends a present of a turtle to the actor, humorously declaring that as the turtle is declared by epicures to contain in itself all kinds of flesh, fish, and fowl, it is a fitting dish for one "who can represent all the solidity of flesh, the volatility of fowl, and the oddity of fish." Whether, on the whole, Burke would not have done better to defer his purchase for a while, or to have chosen an estate where the price was not augmented by the obligation imposed on the purchaser to take the collection of paintings and sculpture belonging to his predecessor, is a question. Certain it is that in his later career the proprietor of Gregories was frequently hampered by debt, though he practised all the economy compatible with the maintenance of a frank but plain hospitality, inviting his friends literally to a joint of mutton, and making his carriage horses take their turn at the plough. Burke had the true light-heartedness of an Irishman, in spite of the cares of statesmanship, and the fret and fever of political life. He took Johnson down to see his new purchase, and the Doctor seems to have stared at the magnitude of the house and the extent of the arrangements generally. "Non equidem invideo, miror magis," was his observation, though Boswell seems to think that a little momentary envy may have mingled with the great lexicographer's natural surprise, when he viewed his friend's broad acres and handsome country house, and thought of the comparatively small reward he had himself obtained for a life of literary toil. But he was not a man to let such a feeling as envy be more than momentary, the brave old Doctor, and knew well how to apply to himself his advice to Goldsmith against the love of outward show. "Nil te quæsieris extra," was a motto he could act up to in his own case; and, with his simple habits, it is a question whether what he called in Mr. Thrall's case, "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice," would have had any especial charms for him.

Burke was always fond of a jest, and appreciated a mystification with an enjoyment that was truly Irish. In the literary club, of course

Goldsmith was the ordinary butt of practical jokes, not always in the best taste. On one occasion a relative was dressed up to personify a wild Irish authoress, anxious to get the great Mr. Goldsmith's patronage for her poems. At another time the simple poet was made to apologize for words he had never uttered; even Burke could not resist playing upon poor Goldy's credulity.

BURKE'S CONDUCT TO BARRY AND CRABBE.

A passage in his life which shows him at his best is connected with the history of that restless and irritable genius, his countryman Barry, the artist. It was in the year 1763 that Barry, young, poor, and quite friendless, found out Burke in Dublin. Struck with the indications of genius and determination in the forlorn young man, Burke brought him to London, introduced him to various artists, found him employment in copying pictures, and subsequently, in conjunction with his brother Richard, sent him to Rome to study. His letters to Barry, who, combative and tenacious, had become involved in various quarrels, are admirable for the kindly wisdom of their general tone. Burke advises him as a father might advise a son, and with kindly foresight sets before him the trouble and annoyance that will inevitably attend a state of continual captiousness. "Believe me, my dear Barry," he says, "that the arms with which the ill disposition of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves. . . . Nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own." Then he gently forecasts the effect, in Barry's own case, of this litigious spirit; and it is remarkable how entirely his words were verified by the event. He supposes Barry to have returned from Italy: "By degrees you will produce some of your own works; they will be variously criticised. You will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren; they will shun you. In the meantime, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will be obliged for maintenance to do anything for anybody; your very talents

will depart for want of hope and encouragement, and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined. Nothing but my real regard for you could induce me to set these considerations in this light before you. Remember, we are born to serve and to adorn our country, and not to contend with our fellow-citizens; and that, in particular, your business is to paint, and not to dispute." It would have been well for Barry had he taken this wise advice to heart; but his combative temper was too much for him, and he managed to offend nearly everybody with whom he came in contact. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most courtly of men, of whom Goldsmith wrote,—

"To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,

When they talked without sense, he was still hard of hearing;"—

even polite Sir Joshua could not endure petulant Barry, who in his turn hated the president of the Royal Academy, and even expected Burke to withdraw his friendship from Reynolds in deference to his own dislike. He rose to eminence, for his talents were too great to be altogether kept down, even by such a character; but he did not achieve half of what he might have done, if, following his wise friend's counsel, he had been content to take men as they were, and to paint instead of disputing. To Burke himself he was impertinent; and at one time, when his friend and patron was sitting to him for a portrait, to be presented to an old friend, Dr. Brocklesby, Barry chose to play the occupied man, and to declare that the statesman, who at some inconvenience was devoting to him the hours he could snatch in the intervals of parliamentary business, should send a day's notice of his coming; and on his arriving unexpectedly, was too much engaged to give him a sitting. Whereupon Burke, in an ironical yet exceedingly temperate letter, made Barry somewhat ashamed of himself. Burke was too generous altogether to withdraw his countenance, even where his forbearance was so sorely tried. He continued to visit Barry, and to assist him, with valuable suggestions, when pecuniary aid was no longer necessary; but the cordiality of their intercourse was gone; and in the correspondence the hearty "My dear Barry" of other days is replaced by the ceremonious "Sir," or "Mr. Burke's compliments." But the wayward and contentious painter in secret cherished a sense of the noble character of the man whose patience he had often tried. When he heard of the statesman's death, he felt, perhaps not without remorse, what this man had been to him. "The

peace of God be ever with Edmund Burke," he tearfully exclaimed; "he was my first, my best, and my wisest friend; and I behaved, indeed, too harshly to him."

Among the works ascribed to Burke's eloquent pen were those remarkable letters, signed "Junius," that appeared in Mr. Woodfall's newspaper, *The Daily Advertiser*, from 1769 to 1770, containing bitterly adverse criticism of the deeds of ministers, and in some instances, as in the celebrated "Letter to the King," using the language of warning and reproof to royalty itself. The authorship of the Junius letters has never been fully proved, though the great preponderance of evidence is towards Sir Philip Francis, for whom Lord Macaulay, for instance, marshals a formidable array of facts. Burke was believed by Sir William Blackstone, Lord Mansfield, and other good judges of evidence, to have been the author; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that he not only gave "his word and honour" that he was not the writer, but long afterwards spoke of the Junius letters as written in a flashy and meretricious style, calculated to mislead the ignorant. He would hardly have done this if they had proceeded from his pen. Barry was not the only man of genius who had reason to bless the day when he first looked on the face of Edmund Burke. In 1779 there came to London, from Aldborough, in Suffolk, a young surgeon's assistant, named George Crabbe. He was full of literary aspirations, and hoped, like Chatterton, to find in London a field whence he should glean fame and profit. Five pounds, borrowed from a sympathising friend, formed his whole stock of money; and by the time he reached London the five pounds had dwindled to three. Like Chatterton, he wrote assiduously, and sent manuscripts to booksellers, who would none of his work. An application for assistance to Lord North, the Prime Minister, remained unanswered; and no wonder, for Lord North, with the American war on his hands, had little leisure to devote to Crabbe's woes and wishes. A copy of verses addressed to Lord Chancellor Thurlow procured from "Old Gruff" only a dry intimation that his avocations left him no time to read poetry. At last, when he was reduced literally to his last shilling, when arrest for a small debt stared him in the face, and he knew not whence to procure his next meal, the unfortunate poet addressed a manly and pathetic letter to Burke, a man proverbial for sympathy and helpfulness. The warm heart of Burke was touched by the modest, manly fortitude and quiet bravery of the unknown,

friendless man of letters, struggling so gallantly against adverse fortune. He received Crabbe into his house, employed all his powerful interest for him, read and revised his poems, and carried two of them to Doddsley, who published one of them, introduced the young poet to Fox, Reynolds, and other men of influence, helped him to enter the Church, and procured him the post of domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. Thurlow also seems to have thought that Burke's *protégé* had something in him, and very practically apologised for his gruffness by the gift of a hundred-pound note to Crabbe, and afterwards by bestowing two small livings upon him. Crabbe used to speak of Burke with hearty gratitude as the founder of his modest fortunes. Various men of minor ability had also cause to thank Burke for substantial help; and this was the more praiseworthy from the fact that his position was far superior to his means, and brought him much more honour than emolument; and frequently he was giving away what he could ill spare.

REPRESENTATION OF BRISTOL. BURKE AS A MINISTER.

At the general election of 1774, Burke was returned for the borough of Malton, in Yorkshire; but just as he was returning thanks to his constituents, came a deputation from "Bristol, to inform him that he had been put in to nomination for that important borough, and begging him to lose no time in presenting himself to the electors. Journeying night and day, with the concurrence of his friends at Malton, he presented himself at Bristol within forty-eight hours—three hundred and fifty miles in two days was not bad travelling a century ago—and after a hard contest of three weeks was returned triumphantly.

Already, at the commencement of his connection with Bristol, he took care to set himself right upon a very important point, the question, namely, whether he would vote in Parliament according to his own opinion or to the wishes of his constituents. Thereupon he spoke out boldly and manfully, and pointed out in a masterly way the difference between a representative and a delegate. He declared himself ready to devote his time and his energies to the benefit of his constituents, and to prefer their interests to his; but reserved to himself full freedom of action according to his unbiassed opinion and his conscience. "Your representative owes you not his industry only," he bravely said, "but his judgment; and he betrays instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion." He

declared Parliament was not a congress of ambassadors from hostile states with different interests, but a deliberative assembly with one interest, that of the whole; that they chose a member, but when he had been chosen, he was not a member of Bristol, but a member of Parliament; and he utterly repudiated the idea of being bound by mandates or authoritative instructions from his constituents. Mr. Kruger, his fellow-candidate, was totally overwhelmed and dumbfounded by the brilliancy of Mr. Burke's oratory, and after an unusually exhaustive and eloquent speech of his colleague, was content to cry emphatically, as his contribution to the oratory of the day, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke! I say ditto to Mr. Burke!"

The independence of judgment for which he stipulated on the hustings, Burke exercised in his place in Parliament. He eloquently spoke in favour of the abolition of some restrictive laws that harassed the trade of Ireland; though his Bristol constituents, from a not unnatural jealousy, petitioned against measures of free trade for Ireland. Burke knew he was risking his seat by opposing himself to the wishes of the electors, but was content to do what he considered right and just, without regard to consequences. He paid the penalty at the next general election, in 1780, when he found himself charged with having, on various matters of policy, voted against the opinion of the good people of Bristol. He defended himself with vigour and dignity, declaring that he found his consolation in the fact that he was not accused of venality, or of neglect of duty, or of sacrificing his constituents' interests to his own ambition, but simply that he had pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far. Seeing that, though he still had many friends among the most respectable of the people, the million were against him, he declined to contest the borough, and took his leave of Bristol, as he expressed it, "in sorrow and not in anger," returning to Malton, for which borough he continued to sit to the end of his parliamentary career.

One of the points upon which the independence and courage of Burke had given umbrage to the worthy Bristol electors had to do with a religious question. The severe penal laws against the Catholics, passed at a time of national excitement and danger, were felt to be quite needlessly harsh and oppressive, now that the necessity for their maintenance had long ceased to exist; and Sir George Savile brought in a bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics, a measure

to which Burke gave his heartiest support; refusing, moreover, a present of five hundred guineas, offered to him as a reward for his exertions by a body of delighted Roman Catholics, on the passing of the Bill, and discouraging also the idea of the erection of a statue to him in Dublin, on the sensible ground that such honours are suitable only as memorials of the dead. In June, 1800, through the mischievous meddling of a crazy fanatic, Lord George Gordon, an enormous crowd of the lowest rabble from the London slums united into a kind of mock confederacy, dignified by the name of the Protestant Association, assembled on Kennington Common, and thence marched to the door of the House of Parliament, to present a petition for the repeal of Savile's Act. Repulsed from the House of Commons, chiefly through the determined conduct of General Conway, they separated into mobs, ripe for mischief, and began burning down Catholic chapels, and attacking and plundering the houses of those gentlemen who had been instrumental in passing Savile's bill. Burke, as a prominent advocate for Catholic relief, had become obnoxious to some of the fanatics, and was again caricatured in his old character of Neddy St. Omers, and the Jesuit stirring up the fires of Smithfield. Nevertheless, he went boldly out among the crowd, and afterwards reported, with great truth, that many of them had no definite idea of a religious question, but were simply riotous and unruly. The supineness of the authorities, however, delivered London into the hands of these rioters for some days. Burke, who had energetically advocated the prompt putting down of these disgraceful disturbances, pleaded for mercy for the many deluded prisoners who were sentenced to death after order was restored; pointing out, with great truth, that the execution of a few ringleaders would strike more terror than the indiscriminate hanging of a number of subordinate agents.

At length, in 1782, the ministry of Lord North, utterly discredited by the state of things in America, by the necessity of increased taxation, and by the general opinion of its inefficiency, resigned office, and the Rockingham party returned to power once more. Burke was made a privy councillor, and obtained the office of Paymaster of the Forces. This office was one to which various irregular gains were attached, such as the interest accruing from the sum, seldom less than £1,000,000, in the paymaster's hands, with various other advantages. With singular disinterestedness, Burke introduced a thorough reform of the department, and sur-

rendered all these perquisites, refusing to receive anything beyond the salary for his office. He thus saved the nation an outlay of £48,000, his own salary being, according to his bill for reforming the finances, cut down to £4,000.

The tenure of power by the new Ministry was brief. Lord Rockingham died, after a very short illness, and Lord Shelburne, a man especially obnoxious to Fox, Burke, and the rest of the Rockingham party, was appointed to succeed him; whereupon Burke and his colleagues resigned their offices. Lord Shelburne, after vainly endeavouring, by means of young Mr. Pitt, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, to effect a reconciliation with Fox, was obliged to go out in his turn, and the Rockingham party resumed their seats, Burke taking up his office of paymaster, while Richard, his brother, became first one of the Treasury secretaries, and afterwards Recorder of Bristol. Lord Portland was placed at the head of the administration, in which Lord North, who still had a numerous following in Parliament, was likewise included; and hence it obtained the title of the Coalition Ministry.

They were not in office long. The misgovernment of India had long become a scandal throughout the world, and Fox brought in his India bill, with the intention of taking all government authority out of the hands of the East India Company; and this was to be done, moreover, in a very high-handed manner. The king became alarmed, and used his influence with such success, that the bill was thrown out in the House of Peers; and the king thereupon dismissed the ministry, chiefly, it is said, out of hatred to Fox, whom he detested with persevering rancour. William Pitt then entered upon his long lease of power, shielded from opposition by the support of George III., and Burke's short tenure of power closed for ever.

LATER YEARS. TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

The time now came when the hardest task of a laborious political life was to be undertaken by the defender of the liberties and rights of America. Burke was now to stand up in the cause of oppressed millions, against a tyranny in comparison to which the worst injustice inflicted upon the American colonies was mercy and benevolence—to denounce the great successful bad proconsul, who had increased the wealth of a mercantile company, while he brought shame upon the name of England in far-off Hindostan. There was much in the splendour and romance that surrounded India, with its ancient civilization and literature, its picturesque architecture,

wonderful tropical vegetation, and above all the various castes of its myriad population, to make that country interesting to a man of Burke's powerful mind. He had studied India and its affairs till he could describe all connected with it with an accuracy a man who had long dwelt there might envy. "All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns, to the wild moor where the gipsy camp was pitched; from the bazaar, humming like a beehive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle, where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas." For years there had come across the ocean, from this great dependency of the British Empire, dark rumours, gradually spreading into outspoken reports, that made the heart of Burke to sicken within him, and his blood to boil at the heights and depths they disclosed of tyranny and wrong. A tyrant, without pity, remorse, or fear, sat enthroned, by the act of the British senate, as Governor-General of India; and the enormous power put by the legislature into his hands had been grossly abused. Aided by unscrupulous instruments, among whom an unjust judge stood forward with infamous prominence, he had plundered the natives, and ill-used and robbed princes and princesses. He had lent English troops to a native ruler for the purpose of enslaving a brave nation who had done no wrong to the English, and had doomed a chivalric race to slavery and subjection under merciless foes, in return for blood-money, paid down as the price of his intervention. During the latter years of the first governor-general's rule in India, as the demands of the Company for more money increased in urgency, the means taken to gratify that lust for wealth, from being unscrupulous, became utterly wicked and horrible. Organized extortion and fraud, upheld by tyranny that called to its aid the infliction of outrages, insult, and tortures; a total denial of the rights of the natives as subjects of the English Government, to the ordinary safeguards of law and justice; oppression at last consolidated into a system against which there was no appeal; such were the realities, partly hidden under the glare of military success and aggrandisement, in the government of India under Warren Hastings. At one time, even in India, there had been a strong opposition to his proceedings. One man especially had shown sufficient courage to head a faction against him at his own council board, and had written in the minute book of the council a memorandum so hostile to the governor-general that he had been compelled to give "satisfac-

tion," in the form of a hostile meeting, to the person denounced, and had been dangerously wounded; but even the bitter hostility and persistent opposition of Sir Philip Francis had been powerless against a man so utterly unscrupulous as Hastings. Once the clamour against him in England had become so formidable that it seemed as if even the Company, who, profiting by his extortions, upheld him, would be unable to stem the torrent of popular indignation. Hastings had sent home his resignation by the hands of his agent, who had duly presented it: when matters took a turn in his favour, he had repudiated his own act and his own handwriting, and the disputed authority of his friend; and had entered upon a new lease of power and oppression. And now, when this man, having gained brilliant successes, and enlarged the empire of Britain, or rather of the Company, in the East, returned to England, the majority were ready to balance the profit against the crimes, and to bury all the bad deeds of Warren Hastings in oblivion, because he had been successful in increasing the territory governed by the British in India, and because the revenue of the Company was augmented.

*The proprietors of India stock were ready to uphold his cause. The king condescended to receive him with great favour, and the queen to accept presents from him. It was said he was even to be raised to the peerage, by the title of Baron Hastings, of Daylesford, from the seat of his ancestors in Worcestershire. But Burke had determined that these evil things should not go down unchallenged into oblivion. Hastings had hardly landed in England before he gave public notice in Parliament of an intention to inquire into the late governor-general's conduct: and after various delays it was determined, chiefly through his exertions, that Hastings should be brought to trial for his crimes, before the peers of England, sitting in Westminster Hall. Burke himself, and his friends Charles Fox, Sheridan, Wyndham, and Grey, were appointed managers to conduct the prosecution. Among many accusations, the chief charges were, that Hastings had lent English troops for the destruction of the Rohillas, in consideration of forty lacs of rupees (£400,000) paid by the Nabob of Oude; that he had been guilty of inflicting hardships, spoliations, and imprisonment on the begums or princesses of Oude; that he had unjustly ruined and deposed Cheyte Sing, rajah of Benares. Though the proceedings were commenced in 1786, it was not until the 13th of February, 1788, that the trial commenced in Westminster Hall.

The great interest the nation took in the proceedings was manifested by the presence, on the opening day, of a crowd of spectators, of both sexes and all ranks, from the royal princesses downwards. Mr. Edmund Burke opened the impeachment by one of the grandest speeches he had ever delivered. The concluding words of this magnificent oration were pronounced with a grandeur and energy that impressed every hearer with admiration. "Therefore," cried Burke, after a masterly and splendid exposition of the case, "therefore hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

The effect produced by the speech, in which Burke described the cruelties perpetrated in India, was tremendous. All present were filled with pity for the oppressed nation, and with hatred for the oppressor. The female portion of the auditory wept and sobbed abundantly; and even Warren Hastings himself declared that for half an hour he felt himself the most culpable of men. Sheridan, in his magnificent, though somewhat theatrical, speech on the case of the begums of Oude, intensified the feeling; and had the trial been at once continued day by day to its conclusion, there is little doubt that a conviction would have followed. But it was not so. From various reasons, such as the necessary absence of the judges on circuit, the pressure of public business, and the tactics pursued by the counsel for the defence, who threw every obstacle in the way of the prosecution, with the hope of tiring the managers out, the affair lingered on from session to session. Frequently points of law were raised, which the law lords had to discuss in their own chamber. "The judges walked, and the trial stood still," said a witty critic. Hastings had enabled many to make their fortunes in India, and had thus many friends in Parliament and out of it, who stood up for him, declared his misdeeds had been exaggerated, and strove to harass the managers by imputations of personal and political rancour. No less a sum than £20,000 was spent by Hastings in influencing the

press. Even the caricaturists were employed to use the potent weapon, ridicule, in the cause of Hastings. The managers were represented as "political banditti, assaulting the saviour of India;" in a coarsely humorous print, "The First Charge," Burke is depicted calling upon the court to find Hastings guilty of not suffering an Indian prince to smoke for two days; in another, he is shown exhibiting a magic lantern microscope that magnifies a 'begum wart' into a mountain, and a Benares flea into an elephant; while begum's tears also attain enormous proportions. But amid the indifference of a large portion of the public, and the active hostility of others, Burke toiled on. He had put his hand to the plough, and he would not look back. During these years of what promised to be fruitless work, his temper sometimes gave way under the violent strain; and the irritability he occasionally displayed was skilfully turned to account by his opponents. Some unguarded and unparliamentary words uttered by him were made the occasion of a vote of censure. It was expected that under such an insult he would retire from the prosecution; but he bowed his noble head, now bent with age and toil, to the rebuke, and persisted in his duty. A dissolution of Parliament took place, and the friends of Hastings declared that the whole proceedings should end with the House of Commons that had ordered the impeachment. But still Burke persevered, and the trial was not dropped. In his conscience he believed Hastings a guilty man. He had undertaken to prove the misdeeds of the governor-general; and a task he had once begun, nothing could induce him to abandon. Charles Fox, his brilliant condjutor, did him justice in this matter. "The affairs of India," said Fox, "had long been hid in a darkness as hostile to inquiry as it was friendly to guilt, but by the exertions of one man these clouds had been dissipated. His ardent virtue, his sublime genius, and that glowing enthusiasm so essential to both, had, with the application of years, left them nothing of information at present to desire."

In June, 1794, when the managers summed up on the different charges, Mr. Burke being the last to speak, his duty in connection with the trial ended. In the next year, in April, a verdict of acquittal, which had been long expected, was given; then Mr. Pitt proposed, and Mr. Dundas seconded, a vote of thanks to the managers on the conclusion of their long and arduous duties, and the motion was carried. And with this the political life of Burke ended; for he immediately afterwards retired from Parliament.

The long and harassing work which the great orator had carried to an end in the face of so much opposition and obloquy, produced great and lasting effects. Hastings indeed was acquitted; but the grand principle of responsibility for which Burke contended was definitely established. It was now fully understood that the arm of the law could stretch across the many thousands of miles separating Great Britain from India; that the "black water," as the natives termed the dreaded ocean, was no obstacle to the passage of British justice. The worst proceedings of Hastings would have been impossible, had not former governors in India been allowed an impunity that made them look upon themselves as unaccountable and despotic. It was Burke who sternly upheld the proposition that despotic power was unknown to the English constitution; that even the king could not bestow it upon any individual, for it was not his to give. Hastings himself, though acquitted, did not escape unpunished. The trial had been fatal to his hopes of having an advancement in government employ in England. While the proceedings against him were in progress, it was impossible to employ him; when they were concluded, he was too old to begin a fresh career. The East India Company came to his assistance by paying the expenses of the trial, £70,000, and by bestowing upon him a pension, upon which he lived in retirement at Daylesford, till, in 1818, he terminated his chequered career at the age of eighty-three years.

BURKE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

During the decade occupied by these Indian proceedings, great and eventful changes took place for Burke, bringing with them estrangement from old friends, and alienation from the political party with whom for a number of years he had been cordially and closely allied. Next to the affairs of India, Burke's attention during the closing portion of his career was absorbed, and his fortunes were influenced, by matters connected with the French Revolution.

For years he had watched with anxious interest the tokens that heralded the coming storm in France. During a visit to that country, shortly before the accession of Louis XVI., he had seen the causes at work that brought about the mighty crash of an ancient throne, and the overthrow of the ancient landmarks of government throughout Europe. Already, in 1789, before the horrible phase of the Revolution, the Reign of Terror, had commenced. Burke had made up his mind concerning the whole move-

ment, which he unhesitatingly condemned. To him the fact that the soldiers were no longer to be depended on by the government, served to stamp the whole movement with the very worst features of sedition and rebellion. He did not see that the refusal to obey blindly the orders of an irresponsible despotism was in itself no unhopeful sign. Intense sympathy with the victims of the excesses which soon began to deface the great popular movement, blinded him to the tremendous wrongs the people had suffered for centuries. His mind, worn by a long public career, which had been almost from the beginning a hard conflict, had no longer the clearness of former days. He is prejudiced and violent whenever he has to deal with the subject of the Revolution, the mention of which acts upon him as the sight of scarlet on a bull. He wrote a work, "*Reflections on the French Revolution*," in which he set forth at length his ideas and prophecies. It had enormous success, was translated into French, and became the text-book of royalists and "empires." But even Horace Walpole, who professed himself delighted with it, owned that in some respects the author had gone too far; "Yet in general," he kindly adds, "there is far less want of judgment than could be expected from him;" the *him* referring, of course, to Burke. The sale of thirty thousand copies of the work attested its popularity.

A passage in this work, very often quoted in proof of the powers of Burke, shows that in this case those powers were rather of imagination than judgment. "It is now sixteen years," he writes, "since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she was just beginning to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy. Oh what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! . . . I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. . . . The unbought 'grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiments and heroic enterprise,' is gone. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness." Now this

was soaring into what a matter-of-fact judge once called "the high sentimental latitudes" most absurdly. To talk of the chastity of honour in reference to the higher classes in France during the last century, from the time of the Regent Orleans and his *roués* to the unutterable infamies of the rule of Louis XV., sounds like bitter irony. The assertion that vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness, is also open to very grave doubt, inasmuch as the grossness of vice, displaying itself in all its hideousness, will deter many by inspiring disgust; and vice that has lost its grossness is the most insidious and dangerous of all. The present generation, too, can to the full pity and deplore the sorrows of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, without being struck with admiration of the utterly frivolous French Court, with its Trianon and mock pastoral fêtes, its fiddling and dancing and coxcombray, in the midst of a nation mad with oppression, and hunger, and despair. George III. certainly perused the *Reflections* with a great deal of pleasure, remarking that it was a book that every gentleman ought to read; but as that royal critic declared a great part of Shakespeare to be "sad stuff," perhaps his judgment would hardly be received as possessing much weight. Miss Burney, Walpole, and Cumberland, the "genteel" dramatist, raised their voices in favour of the work; but though the enthusiastic lady especially declared it to be "the noblest, deepest, and most animated and exalted work she had ever read," posterity has not endorsed the opinion.

The heat and fury with which Burke inveighed against the Revolution and everything thereunto appertaining, startled and irritated his friends of the Whig party, Fox, Sheridan, and the rest, while it gave his enemies new weapons wherewith to goad the old lion to madness. At last, on one memorable evening in the House of Commons, after a bitter speech from Fox, who appears to have considerably lost his temper, Burke solemnly declared that the new Government of France, which Mr. Fox had been praising, was a plundering, ferocious, bloody, tyrannical democracy; and that though at his age it was obviously indiscreet to provoke enemies or to risk the loss of friends, he would put everything to the hazard for his public duty, and with his last breath exclaim, "Flee from the French Constitution!" Fox, unwilling that matters should go to extremity, whispered, "There is no loss of friendship." Burke angrily replied, "Yes, there is! I know the price of my conduct. I have indeed made a great sacrifice. I have done my duty, though I have lost my friend." And though Fox

begged, even with tears, for a reconciliation, and afterwards eagerly seized a fancied opportunity for regaining a footing in his old colleague's esteem, from that time Burke sternly separated himself from the party with whom he had acted during his whole parliamentary career. He went over to the side of Pitt and Dundas. Dr. Parr, his fervent admirer, writes of the events of that memorable evening: "All the papers are with Burke, even the Foxite papers, which I have seen. I know his violence, and temper, and obstinacy of opinion, and—but I will not speak out, for I think him the greatest man upon the earth. . . . He is uncorrupt, I know, but his passions are quite headstrong."

SORROWS OF HIS CLOSING YEARS; THE END.

In 1792 he lost his dear and constant friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who left him a legacy of £2,000. Though his embarrassments rendered this sum a very welcome windfall, Burke devoted part of it to relieving the necessities of two reduced old ladies, distant connections, in Ireland. In this year also occurred the famous dagger scene, a piece of indiscretion on which the caricaturists fastened like flies on a cake of sugar. It appears that Burke saw, at the Secretary of State's office, a dagger which had been forwarded there by a manufacturer at Birmingham, who had received it as a pattern, with an order for a large number, and had considered it prudent to send the sample to the Government for inspection. Burke had borrowed the weapon, intending to show it to the House; and, carried away by the ardour of his address, had given way to the somewhat theatrical action of throwing it on the floor.

Heavy sorrows darkened the close of the veteran statesman's life. In 1794, the year in which he retired from Parliament, he lost his brother Richard, with whom he had always lived on terms of the greatest confidence and affection; and whose "mirth and agreeable vein," so charmingly recorded by Goldsmith in his "Retaliation," had lightened many a weary hour in the stormy career of the elder brother. A far heavier calamity befell him a few months later, in the death of his only son Richard, who died of consumption, at the age of thirty-six, shortly after he had been returned in his father's place for the borough of Malton, so long and nobly represented by Edmund Burke. The younger Burke appears to have been in all respects admirable, and the fondest hopes of the affectionate hearts of his parents were concentrated on Richard, who was to carry down the name

of Burke to new honour and fame. But the hopes were shattered by the untimely death of him whom the bereaved father pathetically bewails as the lost hope of his house, "the prop of his age," "his better self." When a relation had a son born to him soon after, he writes: "May he live to be the staff of your age, and close your eyes in peace, instead of your being, like me, reversing the order of nature, and having the melancholy office to close his."

In October, 1795, two pensions were at length awarded to him, at the express wish, it is said, of the king, who, especially since the appearance of his works on the French Revolution and "A Regicide Peace," had got to look upon him very favourably. The fact that the pension, the natural and honourable reward of thirty years of service, was accepted by the broken-down old man, who wished to die free from the burden of undeserved debt, was sufficient to cause a clamorous outcry among his political opponents in both Houses. The Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, in the House of Peers, especially distinguished themselves by cheap outbursts of patriotism at Burke's expense. The former, at least, had reason to rue his rashness; for indignation once more kindled the fire of old days in the breast of the veteran. The great powers that had produced the "Thoughts on the Discontents," and the "Letters to the Merchants of Bristol," were torpid, but not dead; and in his "Letter to a Noble Lord" he drew such a contrast between the pension awarded to himself in return for long years of labour, and the enormous grants of land made to the Duke's ancestors, out of the plunder of monastic foundations, that the Duke was for a time exposed to the scorn of the whole nation, who wondered how a man in his position could have had the fatuity to lay himself open to such an attack.

Within two years afterwards, Edmund Burke, the upright statesman, the persistent and eloquent denouncer of oppression and wrong, died quietly in his house at Beaconsfield, his last hours soothed by the cares of his affectionate wife. He required that his name and age alone should be inscribed on the tablet that would mark his resting-place in the quiet country church. With humble piety, he in his last will bequeathed his soul to God, "hoping for His mercy only through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." He desired to be buried near the remains of his brother and his son, "in all humility hoping that as we have lived in perfect unity together, we may together have a part in the resurrection of the just."

H. W. D.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

" He stood upon the deck and watched till dawn.
But who can tell what feelings filled his heart
When, like a cloud, the distant land arose,
Gray from the ocean,—when we left the ship,
And cleft, with rapid oars, the shallow wave,
And stood triumphant on another world!"

SOURCE.

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THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY; SEARCHING AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

IN the history of the world there are certain points which may be taken as sea-marks, standing boldly forth like mountains, or still

more like lighthouses, seen by the navigator from afar, as his bark ploughs its way through the waste of waters; at sight whereof he rejoices, for he knows that a certain part of his voyage is over, and can accurately calculate his position.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

He can now estimate accurately what is his position, can reckon the proportion of the journey still to be accomplished before he reaches his destined port, and rejoice by anticipation in the prospect of rest from his labours. Such a great point or sea-mark of history is found when the student of history reaches the period of the conclusion of the fifteenth century. He has travelled through the wide ocean of the middle ages; and the beacon that stands forth to tell him the most arduous portion of his voyage is past, has inscribed on it the record of the discovery of America, and the name of one of the greatest Worthies the world has ever beheld, the Genoese navigator, Christopher Columbus.

Among the various characteristic features that render the fifteenth century memorable among the ages, none is more prominent than the advance of geographical and especially of maritime discovery. In former times the energies of men had taken other directions; generally warlike, as evinced in the crusading spirit that, in spite of repeated and disastrous failure, sent forth hundreds of thousands to perish in an attempt whose success was in the very nature of things impossible. Wars, followed in most cases by pestilence and famine, kept down the numbers of the population in various countries. Sometimes a great plague, like the Black Death of 1348, would sweep across a continent, leaving behind it a track of desolation, and carrying off half the inhabitants of the districts it ravaged. For the more enterprising spirits, moreover, there was employment in the service of States always at war with one another, and ready to engage skilful and determined leaders of men. Age after age went by with no very marked change in the mode of life among the nations, or the appearance of any great idea to inspire them to progress and action. But in the fifteenth century all this was changed. The world woke up from the long sleep of the middle ages, and was full of intellectual activity and energy. Great inventions and discoveries, among which the art of printing stands forward in the first rank, aided every effort of progress by diffusing knowledge and bringing minds into communication. The breaking up of the old Greek empire in the middle of the century scattered throughout Europe men whose wanderings diffused throughout the nations the classic learning that had been stored up at the Byzantine Court. The splendid prosperity of the Italian republics, where "commerce proudly flourished through the State," awakened the emulation of other powers. It was a time of general energy, activity, and

enterprise. A vivifying breeze seemed blowing over Europe, carrying away the dark haze of error by which for centuries the truth had been obscured. Speculative and practical men alike were longing for more light, and seemed to feel that the winter of ignorance was over and gone, and that a time was at hand when the earth should be, so to speak, widened and enlarged, according to the words of that ancient prophecy of classic days, which set forth that, in late posterity, there should come a time when ocean would relax the boundaries of the world, and a new great land would lie revealed to the gaze of man,—when Thule should no longer be the last among the nations.

PORTUGAL FOREMOST IN THE RACE; PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR AND HIS SERVICES.

In no direction did the advancing spirit of the age show itself more decidedly than in a tendency towards maritime enterprise and discovery. It was indeed hardly to be expected that the wealth and prosperity of Italy should not excite rivalry and emulation. The products of India, for which there was an ever-increasing market in Europe, were in the middle ages carried laboriously along the routes maintained undeviatingly century after century by the slow caravans to ports on the Mediterranean; and Venice and Genoa had by far the greatest share of the profit that arose from the distribution of these costly and luxurious wares throughout Europe. But in the fifteenth century a rivalry began on the part of the state of Portugal; and this rivalry was fostered, and indeed initiated, by the exertions of an enterprising, strong-willed, courageous man, endowed with a stern resolution and with a sagacity that placed him far beyond his contemporaries—Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Sailor.

Inspired by an ardent half patriotic, half devotional, this remarkable man strove at once to promote the glory of his country and the spread of the Gospel. Under his auspices, voyages of discovery were undertaken into the Atlantic with the most important results. Madeira, Porto Santo, the Canary Islands, were successively added to the map of the world; and the cultivation of the vine and the sugar-cane in regions first inhabited by the wild Guanches, clad in goat-skins and inhabiting caves, brought a rich profit to the colonists. Then the idea arose of finding the way to India by sea without entering the Mediterranean. Voyages were undertaken with the view of getting round the south of Africa, and so across to the golden East; and

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

thus the navigators successively passed the great capes on the African coast. They were not the first to venture into those distant seas. The Norman pirates had sailed across the same regions centuries before, but had left no definite record of their wanderings, excepting the De Bethencourts, Norman barons, to one of whom, John, the sovereignty of the Canary Islands was granted by the King of Portugal; and whose motto, "*Talent de bien faire*," is singularly appropriate, as indicating the usefulness of his discoveries. Cape Bojador was rounded by Gilianez in 1433; and the accounts brought home dissipated the fallacies entertained concerning equatorial latitudes as regions uninhabitable by man. In 1441 Prince Henry—who had obtained from the Pope a grant, for the Portuguese, of all lands to be discovered beyond Cape Bojador, with the further benefit of plenary indulgence for all who should perish in voyages, one of whose avowed objects was the gaining of many heathen souls to the Christian faith—sent two other captains, Gonzales and Tristan, to prosecute discoveries south of Cape Bojador. They came to the next great promontory, another stage in the course of discovery, Cape Blanco. Thence, on another voyage, they proceeded further south, and the zeal for further exploration was stimulated by the material profit the voyages began to yield to their promoters in the shape of gold dust and negro slaves. Thus we find not single ships, but squadrons, sailing to the coast of Guinea; and in 1444 and 1446, Vicente de Lagos, a Spaniard, and Alvino de Cada Monte, a Venetian, made very important voyages in the service of the indefatigable Portuguese prince. Cada Monte afterwards succeeded in doubling Cape Verde, with its luxuriant palm groves; and a rich cargo of gums, ivory, and gold rewarded his daring and enterprise. Fortunately for his country, Prince Henrique enjoyed great revenues in his capacity of Grand Master of the wealthy Order of Christ, and these he devoted to the aim of his life—the prosecution of discovery round Africa towards the East. We can fancy the grand old man in his favourite residence at Cape St. Vincent, looking out across the wide Atlantic, thinking of the various navigators who, under his auspices, were exploring its coasts, and musing on the future glory and prosperity these voyages were to bring to his native country. For half a century he pursued his object with undeviating perseverance; and though more than a generation passed away before the problem of the maritime route to India was definitely solved, first by the voyage of Bartholomew Diaz to that "Stormy

Cape," whose name the astute John II. of Portugal judiciously changed to the more alluring appellation of Cape of Good Hope, and finally by the arrival of Vasco de Gama at Calicut, on the Malabar coast of India, the true and direct impulse to the great enterprise had been given by Henry the Navigator.

Thus did Portugal engross to herself the glorious field of maritime discovery to the East. There was, however, another direction, the exactly opposite one, in which similar distinction could be achieved. While the ships of the Portuguese were exploring the African coasts and gradually opening to it a new path for commerce by the East, a man of capacious brain, of indomitable perseverance, and of that lofty enthusiasm and unwavering belief in his destiny which is one of the chief attributes of genius, was pondering the question how India might be reached from the west; and hence was to arise an achievement unexampled in importance in the world's history, when the time should be ripe. The fulness of time for the discovery came in the year 1492; the man destined to make it was Christopher Columbus.

THE FAMILY OF COLUMBUS; THEIR POSITION AND ORIGIN.

This great navigator was born in the State of Genoa, in 1437. He was the eldest son of Dominico Columbus, a wool carder; and though his family had been reduced in circumstances, almost to actual poverty, he undoubtedly belonged to an ancient and noble race. It must be remembered, also, that in the industrial republics of Italy, as in the great towns of Flanders and Germany, handicraft was held in esteem and honour, and the trade guilds were considered honourable corporations important in the State. When exposed to insult at the hands of the proud hidalgos who, to his infinite sorrow, joined his later expeditions, the great discoverer said proudly: "I am not the first admiral of my family, let them call me what they will. David was once a shepherd, and I serve the same God who set him on a throne." He had two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, whose names afterwards derived some lustre from association with his; though indeed Bartholomew, a man of resolute character and active mind, who became the very right hand of his illustrious senior, would probably have achieved some amount of greatness on his own account. There was a sister, too, who married an artisan of Genoa, all unconscious of the fame in store for her family.

COLUMBUS A SOLDIER, A SAILOR, AND A MAN OF SCIENCE; HIS GEOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

The early life of Christopher Columbus was such as fitted him for the great part he was afterwards to play on the world's stage. His father, Dominico, recognizing undeniable proof of talent in the youth, sent him to the University of Pavia to study geometry, geography, astronomy, with its invariable concomitant in those days, astrology, and last, not least, navigation. There was plenty of employment to be found in those days by ardent and enterprising spirits in a naval career in the service of one or other of the maritime States of Italy, who were continually engaged as much in war as in commerce; and Christopher Columbus's university studies ended early, that he might begin the active business of life as a sailor in the service of the republic of Genoa. But his ardent mind had already imbibed a liking for knowledge, and for literary pursuits and investigations, that raised him far above the partisan warriors with whom he was associated, when, according to the custom of the times, he sought to win fame, position, and wealth in the service of various powers successively; at one time commanding a squadron of galleys under the banner of his native State, at another fighting as captain of a ship for the King of Naples. He was at once a soldier, a sailor, and a man of science. Almost from his infancy he had been passionately fond of cosmography and geographical science, in which he excelled; and the stirring scenes of his later life never effaced, or even weakened, the early inclinations of his thoughtful and pious mind. He had in his character, moreover, that touch of enthusiasm that is seldom wanting in lofty natures illumined by the light of genius. The bent of his thoughts was further determined by his occupation; for in the intervals of his maritime expeditions, he gained his livelihood, during many years, by drawing maps and charts; and thus his attention was continually fixed on geographical subjects. Especially his mind ran on the marvellous stories related by Marco Polo, concerning the lands of Cathay and Zipangu, now known as China and Japan. The old Venetian traveller had journeyed to these countries overland; but Columbus was seized with the idea that they might be reached by sea; and this thought lay hidden in his mind for many a year, until at last it was destined to bear fruit in a direction little anticipated even by himself, and to be the cause of a splendid discovery.

He established himself at Lisbon, where his

brother Bartholomew was already gaining a livelihood as a maker of charts for sailors; and devoted himself to the same industry, varying his occupation by voyages to England, to Guinea, to the Spanish Islands in the west, and especially by a voyage which is likely to have had a close connection with his future career; for it was to the far north, or rather to the north-west, to the coast of Greenland; and in the frozen regions there still lingered among the hardy sailors from Iceland and the bleak Norwegian coasts some traditions of those voyages said to have been undertaken to the west by the bold Northmen voyagers of earlier centuries; and obscurely and vaguely, yet with an unmistakable foundation of truth, the tales of the old times pointed to the existence of a great continent in the west, which had in former days been visited, though no record had been preserved of the route that led to it.

It was at Lisbon that Columbus met Donna Felippa de Palestrello, the daughter of a celebrated Italian pilot, who had been employed in the service of Prince Henry the Navigator. This lady became his wife; and the papers of Palestrello, including his correspondence with the famous Florentine geographer Toscanelli, placed in his possession by his wife's mother, are said to have furnished him with much information concerning India and those distant seas towards which his imagination was continually roaming. Many a great discovery has been based, in the first instance, on an erroneous calculation. "Die durch Irrthum zur Wahrheit reisten, Dass sind die Weisen," says the old German proverb, "Those are the wise who travel through error to truth;" and it was an error that set Christopher Columbus thinking on the possibility of reaching Zipangu and Cathay from the west.

TOKENS OF DISTANT LANDS.

His geographical theory was based on the system of Ptolemy and the Arabic geographers. He considered the world to be a globe, but underestimated its circumference by almost a third. In preparing his charts he had been struck by the fact that all the land on the globe seemed on one hemisphere, and consequently thought there should be some counterbalancing mass on the other side. Indeed, the old maps vaguely indicated a similar idea, by representing a region called Antilia, in the Atlantic. The more Columbus studied his charts, the more did conjecture shape itself into a settled conviction in his mind that a great and rich country was to be found on the other side of the globe. This region he supposed at first to be a prolongation

of China or India, and his ardent imagination pictured it as that land of Ophir whence Solomon had obtained gold for the Temple.

From time to time, also, the sea had carried on its bosom some waif or fragment that spoke of countries in the west, not yet explored by the nations of the known world. Branches of trees and strange reeds had been found floating on the waters of the Atlantic, carried by eastern currents; pieces of wood, carved, but evidently not with iron tools; large canoes, hollowed from the trunk of a single pine tree; and it was told how, after a strong gale had been blowing from the west, there had been found in one of these canoes driven ashore on the strand of one of the Azores the bodies of two copper-coloured men, of a type of features unknown in those islands. In his northern voyage he had also doubtless heard of those masses of driftwood, carried by the Gulf Stream from equatorial regions, and deposited on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. The one error in his theory was that he looked upon this unknown land, of whose existence he now felt entirely convinced, as a prolongation of Asia.

OBSTACLES AND DIFFICULTIES; FAMILY MISFORTUNES.

But the age was not with him. Popular ignorance had clothed the unknown seas of the west with visionary terrors, representing the ocean as towering in gigantic waves interspersed with fathomless abysses, and roaring cataracts forming an inaccessible wall at the edge of the world. Others declared that the waters rushed towards the antipodes with an irresistible force that would carry the strongest ships helplessly along with it. The general opinion represented those distant regions of the earth as guarded by a power that had proclaimed to man, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." Thus, when his aspirations took a definite shape in the mind of the navigator, and he made attempts to induce first one Government and then another to fit out an expedition for western exploration, he met everywhere with discouragement and refusal. His native Genoa verified the proverb that a prophet hath not honour in his own country. John II. of Portugal, though he listened with interest to the Italian navigator's propositions, referred them to a council, who pronounced the scheme altogether chimerical, but treacherously sent out a ship secretly, in charge of a pilot, commissioned to try and find the route to Asia on his own account. After a short cruise beyond the Azores, unable to shape his course, and terri-

fied by the novelty of his position, the navigator returned, and stigmatised the whole idea of Columbus as a delusion.

Misfortunes had meantime come upon the ardent genius so little appreciated by his contemporaries. His wife Donna Felippa was dead. His investigations had been pursued to the detriment of his worldly interests; he was in debt, and his creditors seized his very maps and charts. He was fain to quit Lisbon secretly; and with his son Diego at his hand, took the road to Spain, a penniless man, resolved to negotiate with Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile for the discovery of a new world.

COLUMBUS FINDS A PATRON; DISAPPOINTMENTS AND DELAYS; A COUNCIL.

Thus it happened that on a memorable day two travellers, one a grave, stalwart, handsome man, with locks prematurely sprinkled with gray, the other a delicate child of some seven or eight years, presented themselves, dusty and wayworn, to solicit hospitality at the gate of the Convent of La Rabida, near the then flourishing seaport of Palos, in Andalusia. The Prior, Juan Perez, a man of more enlightened mind than his contemporaries, listened with interest that heightened into wonder as the grave stranger expounded to him the grand scheme in which his whole life was absorbed. As with the calm deliberation of a settled faith, Columbus explained, step by step, his mighty project, the soul of Juan Perez caught the inspiration, and he became the first convert to the views of the navigator. He had been the confessor of the good Queen Isabella, and furnished the stranger with a letter of introduction to Fernando de Talavera, his successor in that office. Leaving his son Diego in the care of the good monk, Columbus set forth with renewed courage towards Cordova, where the court was then sojourning.

But his fair prospects of success were soon clouded with doubt and disappointment. Ferdinand and Isabella were then engaged in the task of driving the Moors from Spain; and the former would probably have felt little inclination to devote any of the resources of his kingdom to what he considered a visionary scheme. In the first instance, however, he had not the opportunity; for Ferdinand de Talavera, convinced that the applicant whose magnificent schemes contrasted so strangely with his poverty was a visionary, utterly disregarded the recommendation of Juan Perez, and never mentioned him to the King or Queen. Little did those powerful monarchs think, during the next two years,

that the disregarded stranger, earning a precarious living by his old profession of map-drawing and engraving, waiting with magnificent patience till his opportunity should come, was destined to throw the chief glory on their reign, and to achieve the work by which it should be chiefly remembered. He was repulsed from every door, says the historian Oviedo, because he was poorly clad, and because he brought no recommendation to the courtiers and ministers except the letter of a solitary Franciscan monk, who had long been forgotten at court.

One consolation, however, he had; Donna Beatriz Enriquez of Cordova became the successor of the dead Felippa in his affections; and a son, Fernando, was born to him. In the course of time he made friends; one of whom, Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, procured him the interview for which he had waited so long. In this memorable audience Columbus proved himself a great man. Afterwards he writes how he entirely forgot his own individuality in the thought of the message he brought. "I was no longer myself," he says; "I was the instrument of God, chosen and set apart to accomplish a great work." Ferdinand, cold and grave by nature, was yet impressed by the strength and genius of this unknown stranger. Isabella understood him at once, and from that first interview became his consistent and generous patroness and friend. But again his scheme was referred to a clerical council, and nearly all the members pronounced it not only visionary but impious. The assertion of the sphericity of the world was the stone of offence to these extraordinary scientists; and metaphoric texts and passages of Scripture, literally interpreted, were quoted as proofs that his geography was wrong. One member of the council alone, Diego de Deza, gave him a cordial and friendly support; the business was adjourned, and again Columbus experienced all the sickness of heart that arises from hope deferred. But the Queen came to his aid in this time of trouble. By her order, quarters were assigned to the navigator at each halting-place of the Court, which was then moving about from place to place, so that he at least was recognized as a guest of the Sovereigns.

Thus years passed on. The Moorish war was ended, and Christopher Columbus, in the train of Ferdinand and Isabella, took part in that triumphal entry into Granada, on New Year's Day of 1492, that signalized the final downfall of Moorish dominion in Spain; when poor weak Boabdil el Chico took his last tearful look at the kingdom he had lost, and his stern mother scorn-

fully bade him "weep like a woman over what he could not defend like a man."

Peace had returned at last, and the claims of the navigator were brought forward for consideration once more. The verdict of the council was against him; but Ferdinand, influenced by Isabella, gave him hopes that an expedition would be fitted out to try the question practically. Then came more delay, more hope deferred; and at length Columbus, half broken-hearted, quitted the Court, and again appeared at the gate of La Rabida, on foot, poorer and more dejected than ever. And now again the worthy Prior took up his cause, writing to Isabella herself on his behalf. This step was most fortunate. Columbus was sent for to Court, and the council was directed to reconsider its decision.

THE DEMANDS OF COLUMBUS; INTERVENTION OF ISABELLA.

A new difficulty now arose. Columbus, convinced of the reality of the scheme, had stipulated that he should receive the viceroyalty of the new possessions he would add to the dominions of Spain, and a certain proportion of the revenues thence derived; and to these demands he firmly and unwaveringly adhered. They appeared unreasonable as proceeding from a man who had everything to gain and nothing to lose; but he would make no abatement. For eighteen years he had waited for this hour, and now that it had come, he would hear of no bargain that bore the appearance of lessening the value of his thought. He resolved to quit the country that had despised his offer. His brother Bartholomew had already made overtures to Henry VII. of England. He would now himself proffer his services to the Court of France. He had already started for Cordova when a messenger overtook him, despatched by Isabella, who, by a generous inspiration, determined not to lose him on a sordid question of money. The financial transactions of the kingdoms of Aragon and Castile were kept separate, though the Sovereigns were united in marriage; and Isabella declared that all the expenses of the expedition should be charged on the revenues of Castile, which was done accordingly, and on the 17th April, 1492, a treaty was signed at Granada, between the sovereign princes of Spain on the one hand, and the Genoese adventurer on the other, for the discovery of a new world.

It was in the port of Palos that the expedition was to be fitted out. Among the chief inhabitants were three brothers, named Pinzon, able navigators, and men of wealth and position; two

of these, Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincent Yanez Pinzon, resolved to take part personally in the enterprise. Three vessels were fitted out; the first, the *Santa Maria*, was commanded by Columbus himself; the second, the *Pinta*, by Alonzo; the third, the *Nina*, by Yanez Pinzon. For the service required of them, these barks were of the smallest, the *Santa Maria*, the Admiral's ship, being the only one completely decked. The others were of the kind called caravels, open in the waist, and only decked at the forecabin and poop; such vessels as would barely be used as coasters at the present time. The crews of the three ships consisted of a hundred and twenty souls in all.

1492; COLUMBUS'S FIRST VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY; DEPARTURE FROM PALOS.

On the 3rd August, 1492, the little squadron quitted the harbour of Palos amid the mournful adieux of the populace, who augured nothing good from what appeared to them a lamentably rash enterprise, and considered they were bidding an eternal farewell to their comrades. Nor were the sailors themselves in a more cheerful mood. They looked upon themselves as sacrifices offered up to the visionary schemes of an enthusiast, and the ambition of the Queen. The Admiral alone preserved his serenity. Now at length, after infinite delays and disappointments, his theory was to be put to the test; and it was for him to animate the courage of his companions, and to impart to them, if possible, a portion of the confidence he felt himself in the issue of their enterprise.

They touched at the Canary Islands; and the terrors and despondency of the sailors, repressed for a while by their leader's exhortations, returned when they saw the Peak of Teneriffe, the last land of the known world, disappear below the horizon, and found themselves steering westward through an ocean altogether untraversed and unknown. From that time until the triumphant day when the New World greeted their sight they were generally despondent, sometimes despairing, and not unfrequently mutinous. Their discontent on several occasions took the form of open revolt, and it required all the firmness as well as the persuasion of their leader to make them keep their course, and prevent them from turning the prows of the ships homeward; for they were continually exclaiming that their lives were being sacrificed, and that the whole scheme was delusive. Columbus laboured incessantly to bring them to a better frame of mind. To use his own words, he had condemned himself not to

sleep until his enterprise should be accomplished. He described to the sailors, as though he had seen them, the riches and beauties of the lands they were about to discover. He concealed from them the daily reckoning he made of the distance traversed, as the trade winds blew them gently on in the course he wished to keep. It was impossible not to take heart under such a leader, though the spirit of opposition at times broke out in murmurs of despondency, and sometimes even in mutinous and fierce complaints. The declination of the needle, increasing as the equator was approached, terrified his pilots, who with consternation saw their trusted guide becoming apparently untrue to them. Columbus strove to reassure them by ascribing this variation to the influence of new stars shining in those regions.

The sight of some plants of the kinds that grow on rocks near the seashore, and of great floating masses of seaweed, and still more the appearance of birds of species seldom seen far from land, revived their spirits for a time, so that indeed they confidently imagined themselves near the goal of their journey; and more than once distant clouds on the horizon, being mistaken for land by the eager sailors, were hailed with eager rejoicing, that gave place to proportionate depression when the supposed land faded away in the distance. The trade winds, too, blowing them steadily along on their western course, became a source of alarm; the sailors feared that they were approaching regions whence they would never be able to return to Spain; and when the wind at last changed they insisted on having the course of the ships altered, declaring that they had done their duty, and that now they ought to be taken home. By alternate promises of reward, to encourage the timid, and threats of the King's anger to intimidate the mutinous, the Admiral contrived with infinite difficulty to preserve his influence and authority. He took advantage of a favourable moment to point the ships, whose course had been altered, once more to the west. A new terror was excited by the enormous amount of floating weed, with which the ocean in one part of their course appeared covered. The sailors declared that as they advanced these masses were increasing, and that at last the ships would be inextricably entangled in them. Everything that was new, in earth, air, and sky, awakened doubt and terror in their breasts; and amid all this fear, discouragement, and distrust, the Admiral had to preserve an appearance of perfect serenity and confidence, as the murmurs grew louder and

were threatening from sullen and mutinous groups of men.

HOPE AND SUSPENSE; LAND DISCOVERED ON OCTOBER 12TH, 1492.

Things became worse through the reaction that followed a delusive hope. One morning at daybreak the cry of "Land!" arose from the *Pinta*, Alonso Pinzon's vessel, which was sailing close to that of the Admiral; and the men, fixing their eyes on a cloudy mass on the verge of the horizon, fell on their knees and gave thanks to God, believing that the end of their troubles and dangers was at hand, and that success had come at last. But to their intense mortification the supposed land melted away on their approach, fading like an unsubstantial pageant, and leaving nothing but deep despondency in the hearts of the baffled mariners. A similar "false alarm," a few days later, from the *Nina*, which hoisted her flags and fired her guns as a token of having seen land, brought the men to the verge of despair; and Columbus himself began to be doubtful whether he had not passed the extreme point of Asia, and if he might not be entering some new and unknown ocean. Thus the days wore on, until at last such unmistakable appearances showed themselves to the experienced eyes of the Admiral that he could doubt no longer, and even the reluctant crews felt their spirits revive within them, and were assured that the wished-for land must speedily show itself, and that success was certain.

For now a freshly-uprooted reed, with earth still clinging to its fibres, came floating by the ships; branches of trees presently appeared, one of them covered with fresh berries. The colour of the water had changed, and on sounding with the lead they found bottom. And, presently, a plank, with marks of the hatchet on it, and a club carved with some cutting instrument, gave token of the handiwork of man. Even the most incredulous were now convinced, and on board the ships all was joyful expectation when the night of the 11th of October closed in. A reward had been promised by the King, in the shape of a pension, to the man who should first discover the land of the New World; and in the triumph of his heart Columbus added a costly suit of velvet as a present from himself, enjoining the crews to keep good watch. He himself remained all night on the poops of the *Santa Maria*. Suddenly he thought he saw in the distance a moving light, and called two of his companions, Pedro Gutierrez and Rodrigo Sanchez, who confirmed his opinion. The light disappeared, but

afterwards reappeared twice—a testimony that the land they were approaching was inhabited. As the morning of the 12th of October dawned, a gun, fired from the *Pinta*, which was somewhat in advance of the other vessels, announced that the mystery of the ocean was solved at length, and that the New World was found.

THE NEW WORLD; GUANAHANI, OR SAN SALVADOR; TOKENS OF GOLD.

The sailors fell on their knees, mingling with their outbursts of thankfulness and joy prayers to their Admiral that he would pardon their mutinous and disobedient behaviour. It was no time to remember offences. The heart of the Admiral was rejoiced by the realization of his life's dream; and the next duty was that of taking possession of the land thus opportunely discovered. It proved to be an island, green and beautiful to look upon, with forests rising in terraces almost from the verge of the ocean to the top of the great amphitheatre in the background. As the boats approached the shore, a number of dark-skinned natives could be seen running to and fro, evidently full of wonder at the appearance of the strangers. Afterwards it appeared that they looked upon the Spaniards as celestial visitants, thinking the ships had soared through the sky on their "woven wings," and had alighted, like huge birds, near their coasts. They are described as a friendly, simple people, these poor islanders, submissive and obliging, and anxious to do all honour to their visitors when once their timidity had been overcome. They were copper-coloured, with long wavy hair floating over their shoulders; their faces had an open expression, and they seemed true children of Nature.

The landing of Columbus and his crews on this first discovered land of the New World was effected with considerable pomp and ceremony. The *Te Deum* was chanted as the ship approached the shore. Columbus, Alonso, and Yanez Pinzon landed each from his boat, followed by a portion of the crew, bearing aloft a crucifix, and the royal standard displaying the arms and the intertwined cyphers of Ferdinand and Isabella. Reverently kneeling on the shore at the foot of the crucifix, the leader of the expedition gave thanks to the Power that had protected him and his companions amid the perils of the unknown deep, and had crowned his long-cherished hopes with triumphant fulfilment. He had on this occasion invested himself with the signs of his office as Admiral and viceroy of the countries he was to discover, and wore the purple mantle that

indicated royal dignity. His companions, who had lately been ready to throw him into the sea as a visionary and an impostor, now knelt around him, and gazed upon him with admiration little short of worship, rendering full though tardy homage to the greatness of his genius, and acknowledging the wrong they had done in doubting and thwarting him. In the Admiral's mind the feeling of thankfulness and piety, predominant over triumphant exultation, is shown in the name he gave to the island—San Salvador, or St. Saviour; thus consecrating the first portion of the New World with the name of the Master whose servant he professed himself to be.

Guanahani, as the natives called their island, was considered by Columbus as situated on the extreme confines of the Indian Ocean, which he pictured to himself as stretching far to the east of the realms of Zipangu and Cathay. Thus the name, West Indies, given to the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and the name Indians, by which the natives were designated, arose from an error of the great navigator, in which he continued till his death, and the name was retained after the error had been corrected through the more accurate knowledge brought by later discoverers.

Though the natives of Guanahani were ignorant of the use of metals, inasmuch that several cut their hands by grasping, with the curiosity of children, at the glittering Spanish sword-blades,—and though they had no idea of the relative value of things, eagerly exchanging whatever they possessed for a few glass beads or scraps of coloured cloth,—one circumstance about them speedily excited the attention and interest of the Spaniards. Many of them wore ornaments of gold—earrings and nose-rings, and thin bands round the wrists and ankles. They attached no value to these, readily exchanging them for any trifles offered by their visitors, whom they informed, by signs, that the gold came from a country to the south. In that direction, accordingly, the squadron sailed away; for the imagination of the Spaniards had been fired by the relations of Marco Polo and by traditions of yet earlier times, concerning a land where the precious metal was to be found in masses; and especially there rose before them gorgeous visions of that fabled region of Zipangu, whose king was said to dwell in palaces paved with gold. Their ships were stocked with fresh fruits and cassava by the friendly natives, who little thought that the visit of the white strangers was to be to them the commencement of a period of suffering, devastation, and ultimate ruin.

CUBA DISCOVERED; TREACHERY OF ALONZO PINZON.

Through a labyrinth of islands the voyagers threaded their way, touching at and naming several, and ever finding in the natural productions and in the natives a repetition of San Salvador. To the continually repeated questions put by means of interpreters brought with them from Guanahani, they everywhere received the same answer: the country of gold was to be sought further south, and its name was Cuba.

On the 27th of October they reached this island, which recalled to Columbus, on a more majestic scale, the image of Sicily. The gorgeousness of nature in the plant and animal world here astonished the travellers more than even in the smaller islands they had till now discovered. "This is the most beautiful island the eye of man hath ever beheld," Columbus writes in his Journal. "One would wish to live in it for ever, and cannot here conceive the idea of pain or death." Columbus, as he sailed along the eastern portion of the northern coast, felt convinced that Cuba was a prolongation of Asia. But the natives, more timid than those of Guanahani, took to flight on seeing the strangers; and it was with extreme difficulty that the fears of some of them were overcome, and by means of presents and carresses they were induced to commence an intercourse, partly by signs, partly by the help of the interpreters from Guanahani. But though the envoys despatched into the interior of the island came back with specimens of new and unknown plants and fruits, the golden visions of wealth were not realized. The natives, when interrogated as to the whereabouts of stores of gold, pointed to the east; and accordingly for the east the sails were hoisted. For by this time cupidity had entered into the hearts of the crews, and the horrible lust of gold, the fruitful parent of many crimes, and destined to sully with stains of blood many a page of the record of discovery, had taken entire possession of them. Every object of their great enterprise seemed merged in the one desire to become suddenly rich; and again the fabled tales of Cathay and Zipangu and their riches inflamed the imaginations of all. So entirely did the love of gold overpower all other feelings in the mind of Alonzo Pinzon, the commander of the *Pinta*, that he took advantage of the sailing qualities of his vessel to abandon the Admiral and the other ships of the squadron, and to make the best of his way alone, in the hope of first freighting his ship with a golden cargo, and then carrying to Europe

the news of the great discovery, and thus anticipating the fame and rewards due to Columbus.

DISCOVERY OF HAITI, OR ST. DOMINGO; THE FIRST SETTLEMENT.

Early in December the Admiral, thus abandoned by his faithless subordinate, came in sight of a great country eastward of Cuba. The natives called it Haiti; but the navigator, anxious to perpetuate the fame of the country that had sent him forth on his voyage, gave to this new land the name of Hispaniola, or Lesser Spain. It is the island now known as St. Domingo. The inhabitants are described by Columbus as in many respects superior to those of the islands he had yet seen; a handsome, good-natured race, living happy and contented under the paternal rule of their caciques or chiefs; kindly, hospitable, and simple; living amidst a nature so prodigal in its gifts that property had not yet created among them the idea of avarice or cupidity. "These men," he said, "seem as if they lived in a golden age, happy and contented in great and open gardens, that are neither surrounded with ditches nor divided by palings, nor shut in by walls. They act loyally towards one another, without laws, without books or judges. They regard him as a bad man who takes pleasure in doing another an injury." A great misfortune happened to Columbus here. While he was asleep the pilot to whom his ship had been entrusted ran her on a rock, and then fled in a boat towards the only remaining vessel, the *Nina*, with a party of sailors, under pretence of carrying an anchor ashore. The presence of mind and energy of the Admiral saved the lives of his companions, who got to land on a raft; and the friendliness of a cacique named Guacanagari, whose guest he had already been, provided a shelter for the shipwrecked men, and all the alleviation of which their situation was capable. The simple islander shed tears of compassion at the strangers' mishap; and with his men he laboured diligently to save everything that could be rescued from the wreck; and the property of the Spaniards, collected on the shore, remained as safe as the gold ornaments are said to have been that were hung up beside the English highways in the days of good King Alfred. Columbus was touched by the kindness and honesty of his hosts, and emphatically declared in his writings that there was nowhere on earth a better land or a better people.

And here, again, the display of some ornaments and coronets of pure gold, on which the islanders seemed to set no special value, excited eagerness

questioning from the Spaniards. Guacanagari gave them to understand that within his country among the mountains in the interior was a region where gold could be found in abundance; and the name *Cibao* was mentioned, whose similarity to Zipangu in sound deceived Columbus; who, convinced that he had now come to the region of untold wealth, was anxious to return as quickly as possible to Europe with the good news, rather than risk the loss of all by a longer stay. For as Martin Alonzo Pinzon had abandoned him, and his own ship had been wrecked, he had only the little caravel the *Nina* left; and unless he succeeded in bringing her back safely to Spain, the secret of his discovery might yet be buried in the sea. He accordingly made every preparation. The friendly cacique, little dreaming what misery he was preparing for his people, readily consented to the building of a fort with the timber of the wrecked ship. This fort, to which he gave the name La Navidad, Columbus left in the charge of forty men, under the command of Peter d'Arena. He furnished them with all things needful for defence, and with goods for barter with the natives, and charged them to maintain friendly relations with the cacique and his people, and by exploration and questioning to gain all possible information concerning the gold regions in the interior; and so on the 4th of January, 1493, he bade adieu to the friendly Guacanagari, and set sail for Europe.

Along the coast he fell in with the *Pinta*, and with Martin Alonzo Pinzon, whose excuse of having been separated from him by accident he received graciously, conscious that he owed much to Pinzon and his family, without whose active co-operation he would hardly have got his ships equipped at Palos; and therefore he was not inclined, with regard to his lieutenant's act of undoubted treachery, "that every nice offence should bear its comment."

THE RETURN TO EUROPE; A STORMY PASSAGE; TRIUMPH.

Together, therefore, they hoisted sail for Europe. But the return voyage was not favoured, as the outward passage had been, by fair and genial weather. Furious gales and mountainous waves menaced the very existence of the ships, and Columbus was for a time tormented by the fear that his discovery would, after all, never be made known in Europe, but that the sea would hide its secret. During that perilous passage he more than once committed to the deep, in a securely fastened receptacle, a short record of his arrival at the western world, in the hope that if he and

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

his crews perished the waves might bear the precious lines to some civilized shore, and thus rescue his great achievement from oblivion. One of these messages from the sea did actually find its way to land, after being washed to and fro for centuries in the Atlantic currents. Again the murmurs of discontent arose, and the superstitious sailors, regarding the tempest as a judgment upon their chief for his presumption in daring to uncoil the mystery of the distant and unknown shores, were ready to cast him, like Jonah, into the sea, as a propitiatory offering to the incensed genius of the storm. But some feeling of respect and awe for the Admiral's greatness restrained them; and at length the ships arrived, sorely battered and bruised, at one of the Azores, the island of St. Mary. Thence a succession of stormy days blew the little *Nina* out of her course, and drove her to the mouth of the Tagus, where she arrived on the 4th of March. Columbus was presented to King John II. of Portugal, who listened with wonder and interest to his account of his voyage. At last, on the 13th, the caravel entered the port of Palos, whence she had sailed amid such gloomy forebodings between seven and eight months before. Martin Alonso Pinzon in the *Pinta* had again parted company, and endeavoured to get to Europe first with the grand news of success. But he was outstripped in the race, arriving in Spain just after the Admiral. He died a few days afterwards, his death being hastened, if not caused, by shame and vexation. He had been guilty of a bad action in deserting his great chief, and endeavouring to appropriate to himself the fame that was another's; but it is only just that his many merits should be weighed in the scale against his one fault, and that the share of the Pinzon family in the great enterprise of 1492 should be gratefully acknowledged by posterity.

The return of Columbus to Palos was hailed with acclamations and shouts of joy. The court was then at Barcelona, and to that city the Admiral was directed at once to repair. Ferdinand and Isabella received him with every mark of honour and respect, desiring him to be seated in their presence, and receiving from his own lips the first account of the world he had discovered. The natives whom he brought with him, the strange birds of bright plumage, the unknown fruits and other vegetable productions, and, more than all the rest, the crowns and ornaments of pure gold he presented to his royal patrons, were the theme of universal admiration. He was confirmed in all the titles, dignities, and

privileges that had been promised him, and it was determined that a new expedition should be at once despatched, to complete what had been so auspiciously begun.

1793, SECOND VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS; THE SETTLEMENT OF ISABELLA; JAMAICA DISCOVERED.

The second voyage of Columbus, in 1793, was begun under very different auspices from that of the previous year. Now all was hurry and eagerness to depart. The spirit of adventure, no less than that of cupidity, had been thoroughly aroused, and hundreds were eager to assist in the work of planting the cross and the standard of Spain in the distant regions beyond the ocean. Columbus was to have the vice-royalty of all the regions he should discover; and Fonseca, Archdeacon of Seville, received the title of Patriarch of the Indies, and was entrusted with the preparations for the new and grand expedition to the west. This man afterwards became the most consistent opponent of Columbus, whose life he helped to embitter by his intrigues.

The new expedition started with every augury of success. It consisted of no fewer than seventeen ships, three of them being of large size; and no fewer than fifteen hundred men took part in the enterprise. But they were not, in general, the right men for colonists or for discoverers. Many of them were young hidalgos, impelled to join in the enterprise partly from love of adventure, partly in the hope of speedily enriching themselves. Their insubordination and turbulent disregard of authority rendered the task of controlling them difficult, if not impossible, of accomplishment; and they were far more inclined to oppress than to civilize the natives among whom they went. But nothing of this was felt at the beginning, when the fleet sailed gaily out of Cadiz Bay on the 28th of September.

As on his first voyage, the passage was fair, and the trade winds wafted the voyagers gently towards the west. On this occasion Columbus chose a more southerly course, and fresh discoveries were the consequence. On the 2nd of November, Guadaloupe was discovered: and here the voyagers became with horror aware of the customs of the Caribs, a wild people, of whom the mild inhabitants of Cuba and Haiti had already spoken with terror. Unmistakable traces of cannibalism showed the nature of these fierce people, some of whom, however, the Spaniards took prisoners. Thence, through the Antilles, Columbus steered his course for Haiti, anxious

to revisit his colony, the first ever planted in the New World.

But to answering greeted the salvo with which Columbus announced his arrival. The fort lay in ruins, the cannon half buried in the ground ; while the whitening bones strewed around told too plainly the melancholy fate of the settlement. At first the natives hid themselves, with a timidity strangely in contrast with the confidence they had shown in the previous year, but after a time, from the mouth of the cacique, the truth was learnt. It appeared that the Spaniards had, on the departure of Columbus, at once commenced towards the natives that system of tyranny and oppression which their successors but too consistently carried out, to the utter extermination of those harmless races. They had enslaved the men, and taken possession of the women and girls ; until their cruelty and their licentious wickedness had aroused the islanders to make reprisals. Massacring the natives without pity or remorse, they had at length been massacred in their turn.

At some distance from the spot where the ill-omened fort of the Nativity had stood, Columbus founded the settlement of Isabella, the first permanent European colony in the New World. He named it after his patroness and friend, the Queen of Castile. Here for a time he was actively employed, superintending the building of houses and the laying out of enclosures and plantations, the construction of roads and the organizing expeditions to the interior ; for underlying all the activity and work of the new colony was the main idea of the acquisition of gold. The mountain Cibao was not far from the settlement, and thither the hopes of the Spaniards led them ; but the supply obtained disappointed their expectations. The natives, when questioned on the subject, pointed to the south as the land whence gold was to be won ; and thither accordingly Columbus led an expedition, after leaving his brother Don Diego as lieutenant at Isabella in his absence. He skirted part of the coast of Cuba, which he still believed to belong to the mainland of Asia ; and then, sailing southward in consequence of the natives' information, came to the large and important island of Jamaica. Here they found a more warlike race of inhabitants than in Cuba and Haiti, new and splendid plants, and exquisitely beautiful scenery ; but not the gold, on which their hopes were bent. After sailing some distance southward from Jamaica, Columbus was compelled to abandon further exploration for the time, and return to Hispaniola. His health

had at length utterly given way under the continued strain of his exertions and anxieties. He suffered greatly from the gout ; and mental trouble was added in a large measure to his corporeal discomfort. He was carried on shore at Isabella in almost a dying state ; so complete was his exhaustion that recovery seemed impossible.

BARTHOLOMEW COLUMBUS ; ENVY AND CALUMNY ; AGUADO SENT AS COMMISSIONER ; SCHEME FOR A THIRD VOYAGE.

Very fortunately his brother Bartholomew had arrived in the colony shortly before ; a bold and absolute man, who proved a tower of strength to his brother. And never had such support as he could give been more needed. The colony was in a state of disorganization and mutiny. The discontented spirits had formed a faction against the governor, and calumnious reports against him were transmitted to Spain. The real truth appears to have been that many who went out with the idea of enriching themselves suddenly from the reputed gold mines, found themselves obliged not only to abandon their golden dreams for a time, but to go through the rough work inseparable from the foundation of a new colony. They accordingly were loud in their complaints against the Admiral, whom they accused of deceiving them. Some of the number actually returned to Spain, where their complaints were eagerly listened to by Fonseca, the Patriarch of the Indies, now Bishop of Badajoz, and the determined enemy of Columbus, whose authority he regarded as interfering with his own. By his influence he contrived that a commissioner should be sent out from Spain to investigate the state of affairs in the colony. This commissioner, Juan de Aguado, was a creature of his own ; and when Columbus saw in what a spirit of hostility Aguado was collecting evidence, he judged it prudent to go back to Europe himself, lest his credit with the King and Queen should be entirely destroyed. His return was very different from that after his first voyage. The grand expectation of finding masses of gold that had inflamed the imagination of the Spaniards had not been realized ; and instead of fortunate adventurers enriched beyond the dreams of avarice, there were seen landing at Cadiz a miserable set of angry and discontented men, who considered themselves deceived by the glowing reports Columbus had made of the New World, and were anxious for revenge. Columbus himself deeply felt the change in his position and understood how envy, calumny, and dis-

disappointed greed were determined to hunt him to his grave. He appeared at Burgos, where the Court was then residing, not as before, in brave apparel, but in the habit of a Franciscan, girded with the cord of the order, his venerable head and his feet bare. The gentle heart of Isabella was touched at the appearance of the grand old man, who had brought so much glory to the crown of Spain, and who now, in the evening of his life, was fain to defend himself against the accusations of rancorous enemies. Ferdinand also perceived that Columbus had been wronged, and his own ears deceived by false reports. He was sufficiently shrewd and politic, however, to see that, rightly or wrongly, the Admiral was not popular in the colony. Accordingly, while outwardly restoring him to favour, and listening to the Admiral's proposals for a new expedition further to search out the secrets of the New World, he permitted delays to be interposed, so that year after year went by, and still no fleet was equipped; and the Admiral was now beyond sixty years of age, and the hardships, anxieties, and troubles of his second voyage, with his long and severe illness, had told upon him greatly. Isabella also, whose gentle and compassionate nature revolted against the system of slavery introduced by the Spaniards among the natives, stipulated for conditions of freedom and justice with respect to the Indians that would hardly be maintained among a tyrannical and turbulent community who considered the servitude and enforced labour of the aborigines an essential part of their scheme for enriching themselves. All these things occasioned a long delay before the petition of Columbus could be granted. He begged for eight ships, two to be dispatched with supplies to Hispaniola, and the remaining six to accompany him on a fresh exploration, which he felt certain would result in the discovery of that land of Ophir whose image had so often been present to his imagination.

1498, COLUMBUS STARTS ON HIS THIRD VOYAGE; EVIL OMENS.

One reason of a very serious nature there was that increased the delay. The royal treasury was nearly empty; Ferdinand's profound and skilful schemes of policy, destined to entrust the Spanish House with a wealth and grandeur that attained their highest point under his grandson Charles V., demanded the outlay of great sums in warlike enterprises, and in the pomp and display consequent upon the great family alliances by which he was consolidating his

power; and these schemes of ambition and war for a long time stood in the way of Columbus and his claims. It was not until April, 1498, that Columbus was enabled to start on his third voyage.

Isabella, his constant friend, had done all in her power to advance his interests. He was confirmed in his titles and emoluments; the general license to navigators granted in 1496, at which Columbus had felt aggrieved as an interference with his rights, was revoked. Bartholomew Columbus, the Admiral's brother, was confirmed in the office of Adelantado bestowed on him by the Admiral. But the voyage began under evil auspices. Fonseca, bishop of Badajoz, and Intendant of the Indies, was, as he had ever been, the enemy of Columbus, and continued to throw every obstacle in his way. At the last, De Breviesca, a creature of Fonseca, treated Columbus with such open insolence on board the Admiral's own ship that the indignant veteran, losing his self-control, struck the parasite to the ground and spurned him with his foot. He quickly became sensible, however, how this natural outburst might be turned to account by his enemies, who were never weary of representing him as a headstrong, violent man, unfitted for command; and in a letter to the King and Queen, written soon after, he pathetically entreats them to believe, when his character is assailed, that he is "absent, envied, and a stranger."

DISCOVERY OF THE MAINLAND OF AMERICA; THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD; THE ORINOCO.

The reports of disappointed adventurers had caused a great revulsion of public opinion with regard to the New World. There were not now, as in 1493, fifteen hundred people anxious and willing to take part in a voyage thither; those regions were now represented as offering only poverty, hardships, and toil to the settler, and few were disposed to join the expedition. Columbus now proposed that the deficiency in numbers should be supplied by despatching to Hispaniola parties of convicts, whose crimes had not been especially heinous, hoping by this means to obtain men who in satisfaction at their ameliorated condition would work cheerfully and submissively. The measure was an unfortunate one, for it filled the settlement with a restless, always ripe for mischief, and ready to join in any project of riot and rebellion against authority.

On this third voyage Columbus pursued a more southerly route, steering south-west after leaving the Cape Verde Islands, and came into the region

"Columbus was a man whom all posterity will view with admiration and honour with applause. The ingratitude he experienced is the usual return for services too great to be repaid. The minion of power may receive an adequate reward for his degrading servilities; but he who eclipses the splendour of an original kingdom by such an accession as a new world, may excite envy, but cannot meet with a due recompense without being considered as a rival to his prince. Perhaps the grand source of the misfortunes of Columbus was his indiscreet stipulation for a joint authority in his new discoveries. His good sense might have told him, that it was impossible to be a partner with a king."

A Spanish writer of veracity gives the following character of the great navigator: "Columbus was tall of stature, had a long visage, and a majestic aspect. His nose was aquiline, his eyes grey, and his complexion clear and ruddy. When young, his hair and beard were fair; but hardships soon turned them grey. He was a man of wit and pleasantry, eloquent in discourse, yet moderately grave in his deportment. His affability to strangers, and his judicious conversation, gained him the affection of every ingenuous

mind; while an air of authority and grandeur attracted respect. He was strict in his religious observances himself, and obliged those who were under his command to show at least a decent regard to this sacred institution. He had an earnest concern for the conversion of the Indians, and endeavoured as much as was in his power to allure them, by obliging the Spaniards to lead a life in some measure corresponding to the faith they professed. His courage was undaunted: he was fond of great enterprises, temperate in living, modest in dress, patient under injuries; and much more anxious to bring his enemies to a sense of their offences, than to retaliate injustice. He remained unmoved amidst the numerous dangers and adversities that attended him, ever placing a firm reliance on Divine Providence. In short, had he lived in earlier times his conduct and his achievements would have procured him statues and temples in his honour. He would have been ranked with Hercules and Bacchus; and a constellation perhaps would have borne his name. However, he will be remembered as long as the world endures."

H. W. D.

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